

Jenny's Detention

By Peter242

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Jenny has to attend detention and get the cane from Mrs. Denver

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Jenny has to attend detention Jenny had been on her best behaviour nearly all week, well since her last visit to Mrs. Denver for 18 strokes of the cane followed by a visit to her Mum to have her Punishment Letter signed and the obligatory across the knee bare bottom spanking, which her Mum had happily enhanced with her large wooden backed oval hairbrush. Jenny's embarrassment wasn't helped when she returned to the Academy the following day to hand in her Punishment Letter at the same time as three students who watched smirking as Charlotte checked the letter and filled in the Punishment Book. Of course the three students could see from the Punishment Book the long list of occasions Jenny had attended Mrs. Denver's Study to be disciplined. Jenny was looking forward to the weekend. Olivia had encouraged her to speak to Lucy Fox and go with her to Mrs. Denver's on Saturday to join them and Charlotte in an afternoon of one to one discipline. Olivia had made it sound rather attractive. Lucy Fox had for some time been a helper at detention and even had a role in disciplining the students, but like Mrs. Denver and Charlotte wanted to have a relationship with an adult who might well benefit from what was commonly called 'attitude adjustment.' Her first time was Saturday midday. Lucy had explained there was Saturday morning detention first at the Academy, which ended a little before midday, Jenny would be let in to the house by the cleaner who left at about 12.30, and Mrs. Denver Charlotte and Lucy would arrive at about 12.15. It all fitted together nicely. It didn't work out as planned. On Thursday night Jenny got home to find her Mum there, in quite a bad mood. Her best chair had broken and she wanted to purchase another one and wanted Jenny to drive her in to town on Saturday morning. Jenny had other plans of course and told her Mum that, but not what they were. She didn't want to admit to her Mum she was going to Mrs. Denver where she would certainly be spanked and caned, but hoped to have a caring loving Lucy Fox tend her sore bottom and other needs. She wasn't quick enough to lie and just said she couldn't go. When questioned by her Mum Jenny just said it was nothing to do with her, it was private. "Private," her Mum huffed. "Private indeed. How do I get there without you? By bus?" Jenny lost her cool and said sharply, "For

goodness sake Mum get off your arse and just go by yourself, you're old enough aren't you?" Jenny saw the frozen look on her Mum's face and knew she had overstepped the mark badly so apologised immediately, "Mum, I'm so sorry, honestly, it's just I can't go this weekend as I have plans." "How dare you use such a word Jenny? That shows me no respect at all does it. Well, I think we both know what needs to happen now." Jenny watched her Mum stand up and go to the sideboard, take out a booklet of forms, and sit at the table. Jenny groaned. A Punishment Form which meant another trip to Mrs. Denver next week. At least that won't affect her weekend plans. Jenny stood up and took the note held out by her Mum. "Sorry Mum," Jenny said as she started to read the Form only to exclaim, "Mum! This is for a detention on Saturday, what did I just say?" Jenny's Mum glared at her daughter and said, "Give me the form back." Jenny was seething as the request was for a three hour detention from 9.00 am as well as 18 strokes of the cane. That was plain nasty she thought. Anyway her Mum was re-thinking. Jenny waited impatiently for her Mum to re-do the form and looked at it again. She was about to scream when she looked up at her Mum and could tell she was in one of her don't mess with me moods. Jenny looked again at the form. The three hour detention stayed but the request was now for 24 strokes. Jenny gasped but her Mum was resolute, saying, "I take it then you have forgotten what Saturday is my girl?" Jenny froze. It wasn't her Mum's birthday was it? No, she was sure it wasn't. She looked quizzical. Her Mum said, "You've forgotten haven't you?" Jenny looked in her diary. She blushed. Yes she had forgotten. Her Mum had asked her to take her to the theatre on Saturday night and they had tickets, at least her Mum did which is probably why Jenny had forgotten, and Mum couldn't get there by herself. Jenny had blown it and was going to pay the price. She thought for a moment. Should she cancel Lucy Fox and ask to go another weekend, or accept the detention and caning and let her Mum down. The question was answered for her, "Don't worry Jenny, I knew I couldn't trust you so asked Alicia's son to take me. I was half hoping you would remember but you haven't so you can go take the detention and maybe it will help improve your memory." Jenny was downcast. Yes she had let her Mum down so knew she needed to be disciplined. She didn't like it but reluctantly accepted she will have to do detention. Saturday morning came and Jenny set her alarm to make sure she got to the Academy on time. Jenny dressed in her detention outfit, a short sleeved white shirt, a dark blue pleated skirt just above the knee, knickers and bra, a typical student's outfit. She looked in the mirror and winked at herself, cute she thought, and went downstairs to have breakfast before putting on her coat and getting ready to leave. She stopped when Olivia shouted down from downstairs, "Detention huh Mum?" Jenny shouted back up to her daughter, "And how did you know?" Olivia came downstairs in her shortie nightie, and said laughing, "New system Mum. A list of all those attending Saturday detention is put up Friday lunchtime." Jenny knew that, but not that the whole school knew who was in detention. "You mean the parents are listed as well?" "Yup. Mind you, in yesterday's list your name is on a separate line and I got asked by loads of girls how come." Olivia was enjoying the conversation but Jenny wasn't. "What did you say Olivia?" Jenny held her breath waiting for her daughter's answer. Olivia smiled as she told her Mum, "That was easy Mum, I said that you needed to be disciplined but I didn't." Jenny shook her head in disbelief as her daughter had been the previous cause for her to attend detention, saying, "Well thank you Olivia, a great help." "No

problem Mum. Anyway are you still meeting up with Lucy Fox afterwards?" "Yes I am, but thanks to your Grandma by the time we meet up I will have several stripes across my bottom." "I know Mum, everyone does, twenty four in fact." Jenny blew up with that, "How did you know?" Olivia said with a smile, "Didn't I mention, the punishment is shown on the list. Everyone knows what you are going to get Mum. Everyone gets spanked of course but today it is quite a restricted list. Just two students, and their Mum's I think it is, who each are getting six, and you with a whopping twenty four." Jenny let out a long sigh. The system was horrible, everyone knowing the punishment to be given and to whom, and it was certainly strange discussing detentions and being caned with her 17 year old daughter particularly as it is the 42 year old parent under discipline and not the 17 year old. Strangely though Jenny felt quite scared and excited actually as today she was going to get the twenty four strokes of the cane she had always wondered about. Jenny made her way to the Academy. It was Saturday so she knew there would be plenty of students there playing sports, and as she walked towards the main building entrance she saw groups of students huddled together looking her way clearly pointing her out as the Mum who is going to get twenty four strokes of the cane. Jenny was blushing almost the whole way until she got inside the building where she was met by Charlotte who directed her towards the detention rooms. Charlotte said, "Hurry along please as you are the last one to arrive." Jenny sped up and almost trotted along the corridor until she got to the designated room which had the usual sign pinned to the door telling everyone it was where the Saturday morning detention was being held. Jenny remembered to knock and waited for Mrs. Denver to call out, "Come." All eyes turned to Jenny as she entered the room. Jenny said, "Good morning Mrs. Denver," The Principal pointed to a spare desk which Jenny walked over to eyeing the others already there. Jenny saw two students, both girls who she reckoned were in the second year so about 17 years old, and their two Mum's who like all the parent's who attended detention looked decidedly uncomfortable. Saturday detention was restricted to the students who had committed the worst of the misconduct. Charlotte and Lucy Fox entered the room. Charlotte held the Punishment Book and would enter the punishment each person received. Mrs. Denver announced, "Mrs. Fox is here to help and will carry out the discipline on the adults." Jenny looked at the other two Mums' and all of them of course Lucy, had socialised with her, and looked distinctly unhappy learning she will discipline them. Jenny didn't mind at all and rather cheered up at the news. Mrs. Denver continued, "As usual the students get punished by me at the front of the room, whilst Mrs. Fox will discipline the parents in the next room although the door will be left open so we can hear but not see." At least that remained the same. The format for the detention was always the same. Everyone had to write lines and Jenny saw on the blackboard the sentence, 'I am in detention to be taught a lesson.' Simple enough. "Start please," Mrs. Denver ordered. After a couple of minutes Mrs. Denver announced, "Sally please come up." That was the start. Sally and her Mum had to go up to the front of the room and have a 'discussion' with Mrs. Denver. Lucy Fox stood just behind her and Sally and her Mum stood facing Mrs. Denver. We could listen but were supposed to continue writing our lines and the number written would be checked from time to time and if we hadn't written enough the presumption was we had been listening to the discussion or watching the punishment rather than doing our lines and got the cane on

our hands. Jenny looked around and the others were writing away so she started herself. Mrs. Denver was running through why Sally was in detention and it turned out she had claimed she was sick when in fact the family were going on holiday on the last day of term. Mrs. Denver suitably belittled both Mum and daughter finally announcing the tariff was a spanking and six strokes of the cane. Lucy Fox led Sally's Mum to the adjacent room and Sally stood waiting for Mrs. Denver who stood up, pointed to the chair and Sally stood next to it as Mrs. Denver sat down. "Skirt and knickers off Sally," Mrs. Denver ordered. While Sally was undressing Lucy's voice was heard next door ordering her Mum to undress. Jenny watched as Sally undid her skirt and let it fall to the floor and then stepped out of her knickers, scooping up her skirt and placing both on the teacher's desk before bending Mrs. Denver's lap. Mrs. Denver rubbed Sally's bottom a couple of times, looked at the back of her head which was looking intently at the floor before raising her hand and bringing it down firmly on Sally's left bottom cheek. Mrs. Denver spanked Sally's right bottom cheek next and then continued to spank alternate bare bottom cheeks turning Sally's bottom pink quite quickly. The sound doubled as Lucy was now spanking Sally's Mum in the next door classroom and the double echoing sound continued for several minutes. Jenny looked on as the 17 year old student squirmed around on Mrs. Denver's lap as the spanking progressed apace. Sally was grunting at each spank and Jenny knew from experience her bottom will be stinging about now. Jenny wondered how Lucy Fox was doing next door and after all knew it would not be too long before she was put across her lap and spanked. Jenny wondered whether Lucy would also cane her as there was no student involved but she would have to wait and see. Mrs. Denver stopped spanking Sally and told her, "Get up Sally and bend over the stool." Sally got up and as she walked across to the stool so the sound of the spanking in the next door classroom also stopped. Jenny pictured the hapless Mum getting up from Lucy's lap and also making her way to the stool in that room. Sally had now bent over the stool and grabbed the cross rail near the floor, facing the room, her bottom away from Jenny's view. Mrs. Denver took up her position behind Sally and tapped her bottom a couple of times. Jenny saw Sally's face tense and her eyes close in anticipation as the whoosh of the cane arcing down through the air ended with a thwack as it hit Sally's bare bottom and Sally's face twisted in pain as she let out a short groan. Mrs. Denver allowed only a second before tapping the unfortunate Sally's bottom and then fiercely arcing the cane down again on her bare bottom. This time Sally's groan was longer and louder. At almost the same time the sound of a swish thwack and groan was heard from next door and everyone knew Sally's Mum had received her first stroke of the cane. Sally's third stroke resulted in an even louder groan, almost a yell, and the fourth a proper yell. The cries from next door were more muted, as though Sally's Mum was coping better, or maybe Lucy wasn't caning as hard. Jenny didn't know. Sally's fifth stroke resulted also in a full blown yell and Jenny concluded this was the first time Sally had been caned. She was crying after the sixth stroke and lay there grabbing the crossbar as hard as she could as she shook with pain. Sally lay there as her Mum was given the last three strokes each of which were followed by heavier and heavier grunts but no yells. Sally's Mum had dressed and walked back in the classroom to see Sally still slumped over the stool and Jenny saw the pity in her face as she realised how much her daughter had suffered. Sally eventually recovered and eased herself off the

stool, collected her clothes, stepped in to her knickers and then her skirt, and Mum and daughter stood obediently waiting for Mrs. Denver to order them back to their chairs, which she did after making them wait a few seconds. Mrs. Denver said to the class, "Pens down please," and turned to Lucy and asked, "Mrs. Fox, please check how many lines the other have written." Everyone put their pens down and it was then that Jenny gasped as she realised she had been watching the spanking and caning and not doing her lines. Lucy looked at the other students page and called out "twenty five," went to her Mum and called out, "Twenty two," and finally went to Jenny and called out, "Twelve." Everyone looked at Mrs. Denver who said to Lucy, "Two on each hand for Jenny please Mrs. Fox." Jenny stood up and looked pleadingly at Lucy but knew she had no say as she held out her left hand placing it on top of her right hand. Lucy stood to the side and placed the cane on Jenny's palm, lifted the cane and brought it down hard on Jenny's hand. Jenny closed her eyes and yelled. Lucy kept her eyes fast on Jenny's face and as soon as Jenny opened her eyes again made it clear she wanted the other hand presented to her. Jenny changed hands so the right hand was placed on top of the left and a few seconds later again closed her eyes and yelled as the cane was flicked down hard on her open palm. Jenny hated the cane on her hand the most and it was a struggle to once again present her left hand. Another yelp and Jenny knew it was just one more stroke, although all too aware it was her own fault she was getting any extras. Tears filled her eyes as the fourth stroke hit her right palm. "Sit," Mrs. Denver ordered, continuing with, "Do please concentrate Jenny, you are here to be punished not to watch others suffering." Jenny rubbed her hands together to ease the pain. Mrs. Denver said, "Continue with your lines. Abigail, please come to the front." Abigail and her Mum followed the same procedure as Sally and her Mum, but Jenny concentrated on her lines, half listening to the lecture but still writing, even when Abigail was put across Mrs. Denver's lap and spanked and the echo came from the next room, and even when Abigail was caned and the echo still came from the next room, Jenny focussed on her lines. A crying Abigail and her red faced Mum stood after getting dressed again waiting for Mrs. Denver to tell them to sit down and there was the inevitable instruction to Lucy to count all the lines. Jenny watched anxiously as Lucy picked up her page and when Lucy announced, 'Forty Five,' Jenny turned nervously to Mrs. Denver who acted as though nothing had happened so Jenny breathed a sigh of relief. Abigail and her Mum sat down, Mrs. Denver announced, "Jenny, please come to the front." Jenny got up and was conscious of all the others busily writing lines again. Jenny stood in front of Mrs. Denver with Lucy behind her and waited for Mrs. Denver to start to berate her. Mrs. Denver told Jenny to face the others and explained to the class of line writers, "Jenny is here under the Parent Discipline Scheme. She is one of the parent's who accept my discipline at the request of, well in this case, her own Mum. On this occasion I have been asked to give her twenty four strokes of the cane." No one gasped or even looked up in fact they seemed to be looking ever closer at the lines they were writing. Jenny remembered of course they already knew about the number of strokes. "Right Lucy, please take Jenny next door and give her a spanking." Jenny smiled at Lucy as after all this was what she had expected anyway. Just then the door opened and Charlotte entered with a rather stern looking woman in her fifties. Charlotte said, "Mrs. Denver, you remember Mrs. Collinson?" "Yes

indeed, how nice to see you again Mrs. Collinson.” Jenny had heard about Mrs. Collinson from one of the parent discipline scheme evening talks. She is an Academy inspector with particular responsibility for discipline. It was she who worked with Mrs. Denver to establish the discipline regime at the Academy. Corporal punishment is a fully accepted procedure throughout the Academy’s but Mrs. Collinson always held up Mrs. Denver as the Principal who upheld discipline the best and with the strongest discipline procedures. Mrs. Collinson fully endorsed Mrs. Denver’s excursion in to joining parents in to the regime, and linking the parent to the student’s punishment was very forward thinking and one she had encouraged other Academy’s to do. Several have done so. Jenny wondered what today’s inspection would bring. Mrs. Collinson asked Mrs. Denver, “What do we have here Mrs. Denver?” “You will recall Mrs. Collinson I have established a Parent Only Discipline Participation Scheme.” “Yes indeed Mrs. Denver and I have tried to encourage others to follow your admirable lead and the first two have started their schemes this week.” “I am so pleased, so here we have Jenny Howe whose daughter Olivia is at the Academy. Mrs. Howe has registered for the parent Only Scheme and it her Mother who determines what discipline is needed. Of course this is in addition to her participation in the parent Student Scheme when she is disciplined alongside her daughter on the appropriate occasions. Today though it is just her.” Mrs. Collinson looked at the punishment sheet and raised her eyebrows and said in a surprised tone, “You have earned Twenty four strokes? Ouch.” Jenny blushed. Mrs. Collinson asked Mrs. Denver, “Is the spanking still a given?” Mrs. Denver replied, “Oh yes Mrs. Collinson.” “Please proceed Mrs. Denver.” Mrs. Denver nodded, turned to Lucy and said, “Take Jenny next door and spank her Mrs. Fox.” Mrs. Collinson said, “Why not here Mrs. Denver?” “The parents are always disciplined out of sight but the door is left open Mrs. Collinson.” “I was thinking about that Mrs. Denver. The parents are punished because the student has misbehaved and if the parent shares the punishment they are more likely to correct the student’s misbehaviour. Correct?” “Correct,” Mrs. Denver agreed. “I was discussing the same with one of the Principal’s who made the perfectly valid point that discipline is discipline and why shouldn’t the parents have the embarrassment of being spanked in front of the students. What do you think Mrs. Denver?” Jenny looked at Mrs. Denver in horror but was ignored when Mrs. Denver said, “Do you know, I think that has some merit, a lot of merit in fact.” Jenny gasped and she looked at the two parents in the classroom who were wide eyed but at least their punishments had been carried out. Mrs. Denver looked at Lucy and said, “Change of plan Mrs. Fox, spank Jenny here on my chair and cane her over my stool.” Mrs. Denver looked at Mrs. Collinson and asked, “Would I be right in thinking the others should be encouraged to watch the pain and humiliation of the parent rather than do their lines?” “Definitely,” Mrs. Collinson said firmly. Lucy sat on the chair facing the others looked at a now wretched looking Jenny, and ordered, “Please remove your skirt and knickers Jenny.” Jenny groaned as she started to undo her skirt and could not believe her ears when she heard Mrs. Collinson say firmly, “The Mrs. Denver I know would insist on the miscreant’s shirt also coming off after such a disgraceful sign of defiance.” Jenny shot a look of horror towards Mrs. Denver and pleaded, “No please, I wasn’t objecting at all, I was ..” Mrs. Denver cut Jenny short and in a bid to restore her authority said decisively, “I will not have it Jenny, you will remove your shirt and bra and see if that

makes you quiet.” Jenny gasped and covered her mouth with her hand making sure there was no noise whatsoever. She looked earnestly first at Mrs. Collinson then at Mrs. Denver but Mrs. Collinson just smiled almost arrogantly almost saying ‘I can so I do,’ and Mrs. Denver shook her head pursing her lips and Jenny knew she would get no leniency there. Jenny pursed her lips as she quickly removed her skirt and knickers followed by her shirt and bra, placing them all on the table standing facing the class naked, one hand covering her pussy and the other placed across her bare breasts as best she could, knowing her face was so red with embarrassment and she was regretting more than ever putting herself in the Parent punishment scheme. Jenny looked at the floor hoping Mrs. Denver will tell her to bend across Lucy’s lap as soon as possible on the basis anything was better than standing nude in front of the detention class and the visitors. To Jenny’s sheer misery Mrs. Denver snapped, “Hands on your head Jenny.” Mrs. Denver now felt back in control. Mrs. Collinson nodded with satisfaction happy she had steered the Academy’s discipline regime in the right direction and that Mrs. Denver would dispense with the separate room in future. Jenny didn’t care about the power play between the two women. She was now standing with her hands on her head, her breasts on display, her pussy fully in view, and she looked at the girls and Mum’s in the classroom suddenly thankful there were no boys or Dads in detention this week. Sally and Abigail were smiling as they seemed to enjoy Jenny’s suffering whilst the two Mums looked at their desk tops trying to give Jenny some privacy, fully understanding that the next time they are in detention they will be disciplined in this classroom and in front of everyone in detention, hardly an attractive prospect. They really wanted the behaviour of their girls to improve so they never again had to attend a Saturday morning detention. The thought was mirrored by Mrs. Denver who said, “In future all parents will be disciplined in this classroom so ladies please bear that in mind. I will be doing a note to everyone confirming that, and suggesting each parent has a very frank discussion with their sons and daughters to emphasise the need for their behaviour to improve and I will be recommending all parents take a far more aggressive stance on behaviour even if it means increasing the number of times they need to spank their sons and daughters. After all it is far better they discipline their sons and daughters themselves than have me do it, and of course spank you parents as well.” That wiped the grins off the girl’s faces although Jenny remained uncaring right then, well uncaring about anything other than being able to bend across Lucy’s lap so she looked less naked even though she will be having her bottom spanked. The discussion did end and Mrs. Denver looked across at Lucy and ordered, “Please proceed Miss Fox.” Lucy looked at Jenny and instructed, “Across my lap Jenny.” “Yes Miss,” Jenny said, realising how she had been the only Mum to show such verbal respect, but she had of course practiced that show of respect since agreeing to come today, though of course not to a detention. Although she blushed at the realisation she also chuckled to herself. After all she had come to be disciplined by Lucy Fox in private or maybe being watched by Mrs. Denver and Charlotte, and as it turned out she was, except for the larger watching numbers. Jenny sighed with relief as she turned to Lucy and bent down using her knee to leverage herself down across Lucy’s lap putting her hands on the floor to steady herself and squirming a few inches to get herself comfortable, well she supposed as comfortable as she could before being spanked. Lucy’s lap felt good to be across, as laps go. Her thighs felt firm, her calf

muscle well defined, Lucy was taller than her Mum and when she saw below the chair her own legs seemed to dangle higher above the ground. Yes, she liked it across Lucy's lap. Jenny looked sideways to the classroom and saw various faces looking at her, students, their Mums who had already endured their punishment although for them at least the privacy of being spanked in the next door room out of sight, and they were dressed above the waist unlike Jenny who through her own back chat had talked herself naked, as an additional punishment she knew, but because of the verbal fight between the Principal and the Inspector. Jenny felt Lucy's hand on her bottom and her other hand on her waist as though to keep the 42 year old in position whilst spanking her. Jenny felt Lucy's thigh tense and saw her calf muscle stiffen and knew her hand was on its way down to spank her bare unprotected bottom. Jenny felt the hand thrash down and she gasped as the stinging pain spread across her bottom. On the one hand she hated the spanking itself but on the other she looked forward to the sensation afterwards, the warmth, the soreness. Today though, here, now, across Lucy's lap and being spanked by her, she felt something else, a tingling in her pussy, a wetness she knew she already had, and so she raised her bottom, welcoming Lucy's next spank which soon thrashed down on her other bottom cheek but undeterred she raised her bottom again and again as each spank followed spank. Soon though Jenny knew this was a different spanking to maternal ones given to her by her Mum, or the strict punishment spankings given by Mrs. Denver. This she found sensual, maybe because it was so hard but she felt loving. She remembered what Olivia had told her, that Lucy Fox spans very long and very very hard. This was certainly all of that, but although she must have given dozens of spanks without any gap she would then rub Jenny's bottom, round and round, rub her legs up and down, and inside her thighs, all the time scolding Jenny, looking at the various faces in the classroom, meeting them eye to eye and forcing them to show their submission by looking at their desks, even got Ms. Denver Charlotte and Mrs. Collinson look at the girls and Mums in detention with a sharp word of admonishment to one of the Mum's, and when she felt no one watched she slipped her hands between Jenny's legs and ran her fingers along her vagina, not for any sexual reason, well other than to see if she was wet, and was delighted to find a vagina that was very wet to her touch. Jenny gasped as she felt Lucy's fingers brush her moist vaginal lips, but Lucy was already thinking ahead. Even as Jenny was gasping in erotic surprise so Jenny's hand had already been raised above her head and her hand was a split second away from a particularly hard spank aimed at Jenny's sit spot and so engineered a loud yelp from Jenny which hid her sensual gasp. As all eyes reverted to Jenny's ever reddening bottom so Lucy was again spanking Jenny apace, spank after spank, expertly causing her to squeal and gasp and gag as Jenny spanked the same spot two dozen times or more before spanking another spot time and time and time again. Jenny was no longer raising her bottom, she was squirming around on Lucy's lap like she rarely did with anyone else, and whilst she wondered just how long the spanking will last she also knew once the spanking stopped she will have to bend over the stool and receive twenty four cane strokes, an amount she had wondered about, feared even, but so wanted to receive, to suffer. The moment did arrive, the spanking stopped, Lucy's thigh relaxed. Her calf muscle returned to its beautiful shape, her hand stayed still on her bottom, no loving rubbing, just discipline in mind now, as Lucy looked forward

to caning her 42 year old charge. She ordered, "Get up Jenny and bend over the stool please." Jenny eased herself up and through her wet tear filled eyes looked around at the silent still faces looking back at her from the classroom but also the unsympathetic faces of Mrs. Denver and Mrs. Collinson who were so intent on ensuring the Mum who is in detention on her own learns a valuable lesson. Mrs. Collinson asked Lucy, "Have you used the cane before Mrs. Fox?" Lucy seemed surprised and realised it was a deliberate attempt by the Inspector to embarrass Jenny, or maybe just another attempt to enforce her control. She replied firmly, "Oh yes Mrs. Collinson, I have used the cane rather a lot." Mrs. Collinson replied flatly, "Good." Lucy felt she had won that round and as Jenny hadn't yet moved to the stool she took one step over to Jenny, and stood behind her swinging her hand and giving her a hard spank on her bottom followed by, "When I say bend over the stool Jenny I mean now and not just when you fancy." A stunned Jenny almost jumped towards the stool not conscious of just how her bare breasts bounced up as she did, but those watching did and even giggled at the sight of the naked 42 year old Mum who had a shocked look on her face quickly bent across the stool and grasped the cross bar at the bottom, just she had seen the students do. Jenny saw her legs swinging behind her and knew her breasts were drooping downwards but hoped they were not on show although knew if ever she tensed her back and rose up with the pain her breasts will be fully on show. She also quickly became aware of her hardening nipples with the combined emotions of fear and longing to be caned and wondered if those watching would see them erect and wonder at her ultimate enjoyment at being caned. Certainly they would lose any sympathy they might have for her. Lucy looked down on Jenny's deep pink coloured bottom and enjoyed her handiwork. She knew she could spank very hard and equally found the power over others so sexually stirring, thrilling even, and with Jenny she had control over an adult she found attractive, with to her eyes an exquisite bottom that was ripe to be spanked hard, and according to Olivia enjoyed being spanked hard. Lucy had to smile to herself that Olivia arranged for her Mum who she knew enjoyed being disciplined to link up with a woman who was so dominant and enjoyed administering discipline, and how both became sexually aroused by it. Lucy pulled herself out of her thoughts just as Jenny felt the cane tapped on her waiting bottom. Jenny lifted her head again and looked at each person watching her and at that moment knew her humiliation would stretch well beyond today as she would be known as the first parent spanked and caned in detention in the same room as the students. It would take weeks for others to suffer the same humiliation and she knew several would. Mrs. Denver was less happy with the new structure as now it was established parents should be disciplined in front of the students she reckoned more students will be disciplined at home for fear by the parents of public humiliation, which will reduce the numbers she will be called upon to discipline. Mind you she knew that won't apply to Jenny because she won't be spanking Olivia as that was her Grandma's gift, so Jenny at least would continue to be a regular attendee. Lucy pulled her arm back, Jenny was looking at her leg and saw her muscles tense, the whoosh was clearly heard by everyone in the room, the thwack also, everyone took a quick breath and waited, only Jenny shrieked as she felt the pain spread across her bottom. Her only thought was there was no way she would be able to take twenty four strokes like that, no way at all. Jenny felt the tap tap of the cane again, looked forward and saw the many faces looking

back with a shocked look and Jenny knew they also knew the strength of the stroke must have been only just bearable, Jenny looked Lucy's leg muscle just in time to see it tense, heard the whoosh, felt the searing pain but the thwack was only heard by the others who again watched as Jenny lifted her head and shrieked in pain, and her arms tensed as she gripped the cross bar harder to keep herself in place. Jenny looked at the bare bottom in front of her and was deciding where to place the third stroke. The first two were neatly placed on Jenny's left bottom cheek and she decided to place the third there as well before moving to the right bottom cheek. The third stroke landed just below the first two and Jenny watched the wicked red line appear, enjoyed watching Jenny throw her head up in pain and her breasts followed her, bouncing twice and then again leaving her sight as Jenny recovered although her arms remained tense around the cross bar of the stool. Jenny took a small step to the side and now focussed on Jenny's right bottom cheek, so far still pink for the spanking but with no weal marks. That changed after a couple of light taps and again the whoosh and thwack were followed by the shriek, the flash of Jenny's breasts, and now only Lucy could properly see a kick of the legs. Lucy glanced across as Mrs. Denver who had seen Jenny's legs kicking and knew what it meant. Jenny was learning her lesson and Mrs. Denver was keen for Lucy to continue so after a nod Lucy steadied herself, took aim, raised the cane and brought it down slightly harder and for the fifth time Jenny shrieked, her legs clicked harder and she struggled more. Jenny lifted the cane the sixth time and got the loudest shriek so far, Jenny's head was raised for longer, her breasts flashed for longer, and Jenny's first tears wet her face indicating her submission. There was the usual gap after the sixth stroke and whilst Jenny's breathing was deep and laboured and there was the slightest of sobs, Mrs. Collinson stepped forward. "As I'm here would you mind if I administered the next six strokes," holding out her hand as though there could be no objection. Lucy looked at Mrs. Denver who gave a very reluctant nod of her head so Lucy handed over the cane and stepped away. Mrs. Collinson took up her position and said, "A nice job so far Mrs. Fox," Mrs. Collinson conceded but had every intention of increasing the strength of the cane strokes. First though she stepped right behind Jenny and ordered, "Legs apart Jenny," Mrs. Collinson flicked the cane between Jenny's inner thighs until her legs were spread fully apart and she could see her pussy stretched apart. She flicked the cane upwards hitting the open vagina and when Jenny let out a loud gasp but kept her legs apart so she knew Jenny was coping. To be fair she only ever did that to the adults but as they were able to suffer much more pain than the students she did not see anything wrong with humiliating them that way. She particularly enjoyed flicking the Dad's balls like that. Satisfied Jenny was coping and without any pre tapping of the cane Mrs. Collinson raised the cane back and those watching heard the audible increase in the strength of the whoosh and thwack evidenced by Jenny's head rising even higher, her breasts hanging front wards even longer and her legs kicking more intently. Lucy was the only one to notice her nipples were taut so she moved behind Jenny and looked towards her pussy. It was glistening. Lucy smiled. She knew what Jenny was doing. Mrs. Denver told her. This was the first time Jenny was getting twenty four strokes. When she got eighteen strokes it was clear Jenny was elated when they were over, an achievement. Twenty four is taken in the same vein, a target to be broken. Mrs. Denver had no doubt Jenny would return for thirty strokes before long. That's why Lucy

asked Olivia if her Mum would like to participate in the discipline session with Mrs. Denver and Charlotte. At that time she was eager to give Jenny those twenty four strokes and was elated when she was going to give them anyway at detention. She was very disappointed and quite put out when Mrs. Collinson stepped in. She would still need to give Jenny the whole twenty four strokes, but another time. Tight now she stood and watched as Mrs. Collinson applied stroke after stroke and Jenny kept her legs apart like a true submissive, one who showed respect to the person caning her by her demeanour, legs apart, bottom up, head down, waiting patiently, breathing heavily, just like Jenny was behaving now. Jenny saw the leg standing by her was different. It wasn't Lucy, the voice belonged to the Inspector, that horrid woman who decided her punishment will be in public. She hated her, but was now being caned by her. Four strokes already and she watched the horrid woman's leg tense again and felt the pain spread right across her bottom which was now on fire. Jenny's main intent was to cling on to the cross bar and not worry about how much her legs kicked or her head bucked up or her breasts swung and flopped or how loudly she shrieked, or whether sobbed or openly cried, or whether the tears ran down her face and splashed on to the floor. All these things she did without shame because she was coping when she knew others would not. What she also knew was that's he just had to cling on to the cross bar and survive the stroke. Twelve strokes done and so twelve to go. Jenny had her head well down and looked at the legs change again. Still not Jenny though. How come? Of course yes she had seen those legs before. Mrs. Denver. That's OK she thought. Mrs. Denver had caned her plenty of times. She heard Mrs. Denver say, "My turn," She tapped Jenny's bottom and started the first stroke, arm back, focus on the target area, arc the cane downwards, a flick at the end, a loud thwack, Jenny screamed, kicked, raised her head, her breasts flashed upwards. Jenny had kept her legs apart and Lucy saw her pussy was still wet as her head dropped back, her legs stopped kicking, and the sound of her laboured breathing filled the room. Lucy looked at the watching faces. Most had seen girls get twelve strokes, maybe one or two will have seen eighteen given, but doubted anyone had seen twenty four. They looked in awe as Jenny coped better and better as the punishment proceeded and when Mrs. Denver finished the eighteenth stroke Jenny visibly gasped in delight, almost smiled through the pain, as there were only six strokes left. Mrs. Collinson had seen enough, and announced, "Mrs. Denver, thank you for your time, and it was a delight to be able to participate in your excellent discipline schemes, but now I need to be elsewhere and if it is OK will leave you to it." Mrs. Denver was more than pleased to see the Inspector leave and said, "It was good of you to spend some time with us Mrs. Collinson and I hope it won't be too long before you come and see us again. Charlotte can see you to your car." Charlotte didn't want to leave as she was so enjoying watching Jenny being caned but said obediently, "Please follow me Mrs. Collinson." Mrs. Collinson and Charlotte left the classroom as Lucy again had the cane and stood behind Jenny. First she rubbed Jenny's bottom. Jenny gasped at the touch as Lucy realised she had felt along two of the weals. Jenny caught her breath as Jenny's hand dropped down between her legs and brushed her pussy, out of sight of the classroom, only Lucy knew she was feeling a very wet pussy, the pussy of a woman intent on completing a punishment and was looking forward to enjoying the sensational stinging soreness afterwards as well as the erotic feeling of satisfaction, a sensation

Lucy intended matching with her own as she knew her own pussy was just as wet, her sexual excitement just as high, her wanting Jenny just as great. Lucy tapped Jenny's bottom and started the last six strokes where she had left off, strong strokes, intended to discipline, intended to punish, intended to impose her unquestioned control over Jenny, the Mum who wanted to be disciplined punished and controlled. Willingly. Unquestioning. She wanted Jenny to hold her closely afterwards, to caress her, take her. After the last six strokes. The cane bit in to her bottom and Jenny screamed and kicked and raised her head, and when the pain peaked and Jenny sank back down she silently said five, five more strokes. Just five. Next second it was four and a few seconds after that three and then two. Lucy didn't go easy at all. She couldn't, mustn't show any leniency as Jenny wouldn't thank her for that, they must be twenty four full bloodied strokes to ensure she completed her record. Jenny screamed as the second to last thrashed home, she opened her eyes and saw Lucy's leg, felt the tap tap of the cane on her bottom, breathed in until she saw Lucy's leg tense and breathed out as she heard the final whoosh and thwack and the pain and she knew she screamed out and kicked her legs but she was euphoric as she met her target, twenty four strokes of the cane. Jenny lowered her head still grasping the bottom cross rail of the stool as she sobbed, openly cried, with the pain but also the euphoria. Those watching didn't realise any of those feelings. They saw 42 year old woman crying after getting twenty four very solid strokes of the cane and wished beyond wishes they never ever had to suffer the same. Lucy knew though and so did Mrs. Denver and Charlotte. Mrs. Denver announced sternly, "Get up Jenny get dressed and sit." Jenny eased herself up and still sobbing with tears flowing down her cheeks put back on her bra and shirt, decided to leave her knickers off for a while but put her skirt back on and went back to her seat, easing herself gently down on to the hard wood, gasped as the cold wood touched her very hot and wealed bottom, sighed as she lowered herself fully on to the seat, licked her lips as she succeeded to sit up and looked out front. Charlotte came back to find Jenny's punishment had finished and although disappointed to have missed the final strokes of the cane knew her job wasn't yet over. Mrs. Denver announced, "Students, Charlotte will complete your entries in the Punishment Book and give you your punishment letters which I am sure your Mum's here will be more than delighted to fill in after giving you well deserved spankings at home." The Mum's nodded their heads and the students blushed. Mrs. Denver announced to the room, "Jenny, as you are in the Parent Scheme you will get a letter as well so stand with the girls please," Jenny scrunched her face up as she struggled to stand up and stood last in line, the 42 year old behind the students, and listened as Charlotte had them say out loud why they had been put in detention and what discipline they had received, and then took the envelope with their punishment letter in. Each girl was able to leave with her Mum until only Jenny was left but still she had to speak out loud answering Charlotte's questions and took the envelope just like the others sighing as she thought how much her Mum would enjoy spanking her tonight. Mrs. Denver and Charlotte said they were going to the Study. When they were alone Lucy came up to Jenny and said, "If you are still happy to spend the rest of the weekend as we had arranged then I will sign it off for you." Jenny was smiling broadly. Jenny smiled back and asked, "Really?" Jenny added, "I was so turned on but were you, caning me I mean?" Lucy laughed. "Why should it just be you turned on? Don't you think I can

be as well?" "Are you?" Jenny was amazed but then supposed why not indeed. "Go on, check me out then," Lucy dared. Jenny put her hand under Lucy's skirt, watching carefully in case at any second she was once again ordered over the stool, got to between her legs and put her hand fully over Lucy's pussy and immediately felt how wet her knickers were. Lucy gasped at Jenny's touch and licked her lips as she momentarily closed her eyes. Yes Jenny knew Lucy was turned on. Lucy was thinking very different thoughts, how if she had asked Don to 'check her out' he would have felt her breasts, whereas Jenny felt her pussy. Jenny was thinking ahead now and asked, "You came very hard Lucy." Lucy gave Jenny a hard stare, grabbed her shoulder and spun her around and lifted her skirt up before landing two hard smacks on each bottom cheek. "Miss Fox young lady." Jenny gasped, turned back to face Lucy and said obediently, "Yes Miss Fox." Lucy cupped her hands on Jenny's face bent down and kissed her full on the lips. Jenny was expecting it but still needed to know something she had dared not ask before, "What about Don?" Lucy scoffed, "Him? Look Jenny, Don can come in twenty seconds in bed so I get my own back by using him as my whipping boy afterwards and he at least then puts his face between my legs and satisfies me, but you know I still have to finish myself off. . You are different. I know you can give me what I need in bed and I am so turned on by you. I knew I would be. I know you have faults, who doesn't, but I also know I can correct those for you, if you let me. Anyway, I am turned on when I spank you in a way I'm not with Don. So, what do you say?" Jenny thought a moment, looked deep in to Lucy's eyes, and said, "Yes Miss, please correct me." Lucy bent back down, her arms around Jenny's neck, Jenny looked up, put her arms around Lucy's waist, and they clinched, their lips met, Jenny's lips parted and Lucy's tongue shot in, their tongues now intertwined, Lucy slipping her hand under Jenny's skirt and rubbing her still hot bottom, Lucy's hand slipping inside Lucy's knickers and cupping her wet pussy. They kissed and hugged each other until Lucy pulled herself away and said breathlessly, "The nurse's room is two doors away. Come on." Lucy took Jenny's hand and led her out of the classroom. The hallway was empty as the students playing sports had always gone by 11 O'clock and Lucy led Jenny to the nurse's room, inside and shut the door. Lucy undid her skirt and let it drop to the floor, Jenny took her lead and did the same, each removing their shirts and bras, Jenny smiling when only Lucy had knickers to step out of, as both lay on the bed, their mouths again open, their tongues intertwined, caressing each other, both with their hands on the others breasts knowing the other nipples were already taut, both kissing their way to the others stomach and beyond to the others pussy, kissing it, sucking it, edging her tongue inside the other, leaving room for their fingers to caress the others vaginal lips, to edge inside and find the others clit, to flick it, rub it, listen to the others heavier and deeper breathing, until together they came, deep long lasting gasps as they reached orgasm together, as they kept kissing the other woman, both still aroused, both wanting more of the other. Still so aroused they held each other. Lucy listened out and still heard no one. Lucy gave Jenny a final kiss, long, sensual, lingering, before saying, "Come on, let's get dressed and go to the others." They dressed laughing with each other and hand in hand they walked along the corridor until they got to Charlotte's office. Lucy opened the door and walked in, Jenny followed. It was empty. Lucy knocked on Mrs. Denver's door and when there was a sharp, "Come," Lucy opened the door and

again Jenny followed Lucy in to the Study. It was clear to Jenny that Charlotte and Mrs. Denver had just done exactly the same as they had done but on Mrs. Denver's sofa. Mrs. Denver asked a simple, "Well Mrs. Fox?" Lucy smiled and replied, "Jenny will be joining us and I will be dealing with her punishment letter." Jenny remained silent, reckoning Lucy had spoken for her and her silence would be taken as her agreement. She got a tingle in her pussy at the thought of it. She knew her bottom had that lovely post discipline stinging sensation she always looked forward to, and knew her bottom would be burning again before long. "I will tell your Mum your letter will be dealt with by Mrs. Fox then," Mrs. Denver said looking at Jenny, who felt she had no choice but to answer, saying politely, "Thank you Mrs. Denver." Mrs. Denver Lucy and Charlotte burst out laughing. Mrs. Denver explained how yes it was going to be two women spanking two other women, but in their chosen role-play. It was good Jenny accepted her submissive role so easily, but for now they are four equal women, who have to travel back to Mrs. Denver's house. Later Jenny will need to show every aspect of respect to Lucy, will have to address her as Miss Fox or face the consequences, but they will have fun, lots of fun. Jenny saw the funny side, caught Lucy's eye, saw the look of fun on her face, and knew this weekend was going to be something special. "One thing though Jenny, just so you know. Hayley, you know, my 19 year old daughter, will be at home over the weekend so she will know you are under discipline. Is that OK as she knows Olivia of course? Jenny thought about it a second. Her own daughter enjoyed being disciplined just like she did, and Olivia had introduced the idea of her meeting up with Lucy of course, so it shouldn't be a problem. Maybe Olivia should join them, but it wasn't for her to ask. Jenny shook her head and said smiling, "No Mrs. Denver, Hayley being there will be just fine." Jenny was smiling to herself rubbing her now pleasingly stinging bottom knowing she will soon be ready for a good hard over the knee spanking, in fact was longing for one now that the searing pain of the caning had delightfully subsided, and looked up and blushed when she saw Lucy looking at her. Lucy knew. Jenny knew Lucy knew. Jenny wasn't thinking too much about Hayley. She had got through twenty four strokes and was euphoric, so what she was really wondering about as well as the yearning for a spanking from the beautiful Miss Fox was what thirty strokes of the cane would be like, and hoped Lucy would be the woman to give them to her.