

# Mother and Daughter Punishment Letter Ordeal

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*Jenny and Olivia get spanked*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/mother-and-daughter-punishment-letter.aspx>

This continues the story of the mother and daughter caned by Mrs. Denver together called Mrs. Denver Spanks Mother and Daughter. Eventually Jenny had recovered enough from the caning to phone her Mother. She still didn't want her to spank her, and even knowing the argument was useless she was again the arrogant 42 year old who had survived a caning and expected to convince her Mum not to spank her but to just sign the letter. Olivia listened to her Mum as she phoned Grandma to explain she needed her to sign her discipline letter already knowing her own will just be signed as usual without the additional spanking from her Mum. Jenny said, "Yes Mother, so I need to see you." "I know. Mrs. Denver told me to expect you. I really don't understand how you would choose anyone else to spank you when you know I am on the list of approved spankers. I am so cross with you." Jenny knew her Mum and Mrs. Denver were close friends. "Yes Mother, I understand, but now I need to see you. Can I come over tonight please?" The 63 year old Grandmother was enjoying the conversation, knowing that by tonight her often rude 42 year old daughter will be across her lap having her bottom spanked, whether the 42 year old wanted it or not! "Yes of course you can. You obviously need your letter signed. What about Olivia, have you spanked her yet?" "Why do you ask Mother?" Jenny said in an annoyed tone as it was hardly her business after all. Her Mum retorted sharply, "Don't talk to me in that tone, especially when you are going across my lap tonight. Just answer me." Jenny was rather more conciliatory after her Mum's admonishment. "Well, no, not yet, I was going to do that next." "Well don't. Both of you come over, and I will deal with you both. You just haven't disciplined her enough I can tell you. Don't argue either or you can jolly well go and see Mrs. Denver and tell her I haven't signed your letter." Jenny knew she wasn't going to get anywhere and said, "Yes Mother, we will both come over tonight." "Good. Let's say 8 O'clock." Grandma put the phone down, delighted at her success. She will be spanking both her daughter and granddaughter tonight, and she intended that they be taught a sharp lesson, and not necessarily a short one. With the time settled Jenny went to find her daughter who was rubbing

cream in to her bottom. "Sorry Olivia. Your Grandmother wants to deal with both of us." "No way Mum, just sign my letter will you," she stated baldly. "I can't Olivia. Grandma said if you don't come as well she won't deal with me, and that will mean another caning for both of us tomorrow. Please Olivia." Jenny really did plead as she wasn't keen to go again to see Mrs. Denver for the cane. Her daughter pouted and exclaimed, "I bet Grandma spansks really hard." Her Mum blushed and knew exactly the answer. "Yes well, but she is insisting Olivia." They left the house together at five minutes to eight and drove the short distance in silence. Jenny knocked on the door and when the door was opened she saw a very frosty Mother. "In to the lounge you two," she instructed, and followed the women who walked in silence. They noticed a chair already pulled in to the centre of the room and a heavy wooden backed hairbrush was on the seat. Grandma went over to the chair, picked up the hairbrush, turned and sat down, crossing her legs. "Your letters please," she demanded. Olivia and Jenny went over to Grandma and handed over their letters. Grandma pointed across the room and both women obediently went back to where they had been standing and watched Grandma open each envelope and read the contents, nodding her head as she read. "Right, that is clear enough. You will both be getting a spanking before I sign your letters." Grandma stared at her daughter, daring her to argue. Their eyes met for a couple of seconds before Jenny conceded and looked at the floor, her Mother knowing she accepted her fate. 42 years old and now certain she will be put across her Mum's lap and spanked. How humiliating. Satisfied she was now fully in control Grandma looked at Olivia and demanded to know, "Why did you lie Olivia?" Olivia blushed and stammered, "Whhaatt?" "Don't either of you mess me around. Take your skirts and knickers off. Now." Not expecting the instruction they looked at each other, Olivia made to undo her skirt and involuntarily Jenny did the same. Seconds later they had both stepped out of their knickers and skirts and stood naked below the waist looking at Grandma. "Come here Olivia," Mum instructed. Olivia walked over to her Grandma who took her arm and turned her around so she was facing her Mum. Next second she felt a sting to the back of her leg and realised her Grandma had smacked her. It smarted. Next second she was smacked on the back of the other leg. She wanted to rub but didn't dare. "Will you answer me properly or shall I smack your legs again?" "No Grandma, It was just." "Stop. Go and stand next to your mother and tell me girl." Olivia scampered back across the room glad to be out of smacking range. She turned and said, "Sorry Grandma. Mum didn't drop me at the gate. We both went to the shopping mall to queue for a TV." "I know," Grandma said pointedly, and again Mum and Olivia looked at each other then slowly back at Grandma, looking perplexed. "Because you were seen, that's how," she said answering the unasked question. Olivia and her Mum glanced at each other knowing they were getting in to deeper and deeper water. Grandma asked sternly, "Why did you take the blame Olivia?" "Mum asked me to. We both thought I would get a detention, maybe the cane, but not excluded and really never thought Mum would get caned as well." "You just didn't think girl, did you?" "No Grandma." "Right, now we know, come over here, I will spank you first." Olivia went over to her Grandma who took her arm and guided her quickly across her lap. Olivia balanced with her hands on the floor knowing her bare bottom was staring right up at her Grandma, begging to be spanked. As the seconds passed her breathing became heavier, unexpectedly she was on tenterhooks, this was

so different to being across Mrs Denver's lap, she couldn't explain it though. All she knew was that she wanted the spanking to start because she was getting aroused and thought if she didn't get spanked she might well have an orgasm. Grandma then looked at Mum and snapped, "You put your hands on your head like a naughty schoolgirl." The sharp caused Olivia to gasp as she got a very pleasant tingle in her pussy. Luckily Grandma thought it was a gasp caused by knowing the spanking was to start. Jenny raised her hands and clasped them above her head, feeling foolish as she watched her daughter lie across her Grandma's lap. Grandma rubbed Olivia's bottom for a while and felt the raised weal's that lined her bottom. Olivia was also aware of the weals. She gasped again as Grandma rubbed them which somehow heightened her anticipation. She thought about the caning and how she used her vibrator afterwards. She had the same feeling now. She realised then she wanted to be spanked and raised her bottom slightly, inviting her Grandma to start. Grandma was oblivious to the thoughts of the 17 year old and said firmly, "This will hurt young lady." Grandma raised her hand and spanked Olivia's left bottom cheek with some force and Olivia gasped, but before she settled down a spank landed on her right bottom cheek. Olivia was used to being spanked by Mrs. Denver but thought this was an even harder spanking. Each spank brought a gasp from the young lady as she struggled to cope. Her Grandma was intent on making her cry, and Olivia knew it would not be long before the tears flowed. Grandma started spanking her with the hairbrush and the pain really started in earnest. Each spank sent a stinging pain across her whole bottom, and as the hard wood bit in to her bottom cheeks so she bucked and squirmed involuntarily as she tried to avoid each spank. The tears ran down her cheeks and her crying got louder and louder but her Grandma was intent on teaching the young lady that being naughty has consequences. Jenny looked on in horror as her daughter's bottom cheeks bounced around as the hairbrush hit her knowing she will have to suffer the same painful spanking in just a few minutes. One question was answered though. She wasn't getting aroused by the thought of being next to be put across the same lap and spanked hard. It wasn't the same feeling of excitement she felt when thinking about her caning yesterday. No, this was just anticipation of being put across her Mum's lap and spanked, and it was going to hurt, just as it did when she was a teenager. Disciplined, made to cry, and hating the humiliation of being across her Mum's lap. She did feel sorry for Olivia though, after all it wasn't really her fault, and she wanted to shout and scream at her Mum to go easy on Olivia and take it out on her, the real culprit. It's just that when she saw how hard Grandma was spanking she just got more and more concerned about the spanking she will be getting, not looking at all at her daughter, but focussing on Grandma's stern face, and the rising and falling hairbrush that was soon to be used on her own bottom. Grandma carried on spanking Olivia but in silence. Jenny remembered she used to be scolded almost non-stop throughout a spanking when she lived at home. Still, her daughter's bottom turned pink and then red very quickly and still the spanking continued. Jenny also remembered how her Mum seemed to be able to spank very hard for a very long time. Olivia started to beg Grandma to stop saying how very sorry she was and she won't ever be naughty again. Of course Grandma knew that wasn't true, and even Olivia knew she was only saying it to try to make the thrashing stop. Eventually Grandma decided the lesson had been learnt. Olivia was crying uncontrollably with the tears stinging her eyes,

and she kept crying even after the spanking stopped, the pain was so intense. Olivia slowly recovered her composure but stayed in position, flopped across Grandma's lap, her bottom being rubbed but not spanked anymore which was a rather nice feeling. The teenager felt safe, knowing her Grandma had punished her, but as the rubbing continued and her Grandma started to shush shush her to try to stop her crying so she felt calmer. Her crying turned to sniffing and the occasional sob until Grandma was happy she had recovered sufficiently. "You can get up Olivia," Grandma instructed. Olivia stood up and looked at her Grandma, clasping her bottom and rubbing swiftly but the pain would not go. "I know you wanted to get to the Academy on time, the person who saw you heard you trying to tell your mother to stop queuing. You had second thoughts didn't you Olivia." Olivia nodded and kept sniffing. Her Grandma fixed her with a stare and said, "Well let that be a lesson, listening to your Mum can get you spanked long and hard." Olivia sniffed again and let out a sob. Grandma then said, "But on the bright side I will sign your letter for you." Olivia nodded again, still rubbing her bottom, still sobbing. Her Grandma was tough all right. Grandma turned to Jenny and said, "Right, your turn then." The 17 year old walked back across the room and turned to watch as her Mum stood next to Grandma who took her arm and put her across her lap. Olivia gasped at the sight, a grown woman placed so easily across Grandma's lap, Grandma's face leaving no misunderstanding. She was annoyed and was about to make the subject of her annoyance, her 42-year-old daughter, very sorry indeed. Grandma rubbed Jenny's bottom whilst berating her. Olivia found the strict tone compelling and stood quite still in case the voice was suddenly directed at her. She watched her Mum as she lay fully across Grandma's lap, trying to squirm around and look at her Mother as she was told off, biting her lip as she became more and more concerned about how strongly Grandma felt about the whole situation. "Well Jenny, you are much more to blame, allowing your Olivia to take the blame, your own daughter who you should be protecting not using, and all for what, a TV. Did you get it?" "No Mum, we were beaten to it." "How appropriate then that you are to be beaten again," she said sarcastically, still rubbing her daughters bottom. "These weal's are really high. Did the caning hurt?" "Yes," Jenny replied looking more and more sorry for herself. "Good. You deserve it," as she lifted her hand and delivered the first spank. Jenny gasped, just as Olivia had done, and kept gasping as each spank hit home, time and again. It was a long time since she had been put across her Mum's lap but all the memories flooded back as she lay there, looking at the carpet, squirming uncontrollably knowing her Mum was too experienced a spanker to make any allowances for tears or begging, nor for the caning she had already received. She knew it would be long and hard, and it was. Her Mum scolded her throughout, telling her how bad a mother she was to let her daughter take the blame, going on and on about it, and as she scolded so she spanked. Grandma broke off for a second to pick up the hairbrush, then scolded Jenny again as she spanked her with the wooden backed hairbrush. Jenny wasn't listening any more, she was crying, bucking her bottom around on her Mum's lap, her bottom cheeks bouncing uncontrollably as the hard brush bit home. On and on the spanking went, Olivia wondering how her Mum was able to just lie there, squirming but not trying to get up as the hairbrush was raised only to be crashed down again on her Mum's reddened bottom. Olivia even thought she could see the spanked bottom going blue with bruising. She could not take her eyes off her Mum's

bottom, the bouncing was just so sexy and again she felt aroused at the sight of her Mum being spanked. She was also quite taken though at the power exerted by her Grandma, a woman who knew how to inflict a lot of pain. She had strange feelings as she watched, like those before when she would take out her vibrator and use it. Sexual feelings she didn't yet fully understand. When Grandma eventually stopped her Mum was crying, her back heaving with deep attempts to breath, the whole of her bottom bright red, a bottom that was unlikely to be used for sitting on for quite some time. "Get up girl," she demanded. Jenny edged her way up to standing, rubbing her bottom, unable to focus her eyes. Grandma stood up, dismissing the two punished women and went over to the table. She signed the two letters and put them back in their envelopes, sticking them both back down and signing over the flap. "Hand these to Mrs. Denver and do not open them. Understood?" Both women nodded. Grandma sat on the chair listening to the sound of the two women crying, and watching the two of them still rubbing their bottoms. Eventually she condescended and ordered, "You can get dressed now, I have made dinner." The two spanked women looked at each other and both put their skirts on, deciding their knickers were too tight. Grandma noticed but decided not to say anything. Olivia excused herself and went to the bathroom. She couldn't wait to get home so she sat on the pan, quickly lifted her skirt and ran her fingers along her pussy, already wet with anticipation, her eyes closed as she pictured herself across her Grandma's lap being spanked and then watching her Mum being spanked, a grown room, just so so sexy. She had her orgasm quickly, making sure she didn't make too much noise. The older women went to the kitchen and there were hard chairs waiting for them. Grandma sat down immediately but Jenny could only edge down gently, oohing and aahing until she sat gingerly in place. Grandma was still annoyed with her 42 year old daughter. "I am still so cross with you Jenny. You lying is such a bad example for Olivia. She is only learning bad habits from you. She needs some good old fashioned maternal discipline to set her right." Grandma looked at her daughter and said, "You need some good maternal discipline as well my girl and well you know it." "I'm 42 Mum," Jenny said desperately. "Well, 42 years old and sitting uncomfortably on a well spanked bottom." Jenny looked embarrassed. She knew she was always lying, although was glad her Mum didn't know she didn't ever spank Olivia. How horrendous would that be if she found out? Her Mum continued. "You even make your daughter take the blame for you? That is awful." Jenny felt even more embarrassed. Yes she had lied, well she couldn't stop herself could she. Was she such a bad Mum? Maybe she was. Olivia joined them and sat down, more easily than her Mum, enjoying the soreness of her bottom on the hard wood. She had heard Grandma berating her Mum, and wondered what it might be like to have her Grandma discipline her. The thought of again being put across her Grandma's lap and spanked sent another ripple of arousal through her pussy as she thought how exciting that would be. Terrifying as well but definitely arousing. Jenny and Olivia were deep in their own thoughts looking like the two naughty girls they were who had just been punished and were still in the company of the person who had spanked them. What the 63 year old Grandma couldn't know was that her 42 year old daughter had hated being spanked by her Mum which she saw as degrading and just out-and-out painful and never wanted to be spanked by her Mum again. On the other hand 17-year-old Olivia was excited by her spanking and was working out how to get her Grandma to

spank her again. Grandma noticed the pondering look on both their faces and reckoned she was starting to instil discipline in them both. She was going to make sure today was not the last spanking she gave either of them, not the last one by far. "Right then," Grandma said, looking from one to the other, "Now that is out of the way how else was your day?" Grandma asked happily, content that both mother and daughter had been taught the first of many a good lesson. Story to be continued ...