

# Mrs. Denver Spanks Mother and Daughter - Part One

By Peter242

Published on Lush Stories on 03 Jul 2010

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*Mrs. Denver disciplines a student and her Mum, together.*

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Jenny Howe dreaded today. The 42 year old mother was going to be given twelve strokes of the cane and that realisation made her shiver with panic. She looked again at the Parent Discipline Slip and the instruction to see Mrs. Denver at the Academy together with her 17 year old daughter Olivia who had gone AWOL the previous week when she had a test. Having been caught Olivia had to pay the penalty by being excluded for 2 days. At least that was the easy part of the penalty. Olivia's return to the Academy meant a visit to Mrs. Denver, and as it was considered her Mum was equally to blame for her daughter's absence, the Academy rules meant both mother and daughter had to face the Principal together. Mrs. Howe knew the rules. Jenny Howe is in the parent discipline scheme and no parent has the right to question being disciplined with their son or daughter. Mrs. Denver simply demands their attendance at the Academy and either the parent attends or the student is expelled. The rules state quite clearly that Mrs. Denver does not discuss discipline with a student or parent, she imposes it. The normal punishment for being excluded is twelve strokes of the cane, and so Mrs. Howe would have to suffer the same punishment. Twelve cane strokes on her bare bottom. Not easy for a 42 year old woman, but she had no choice. If she refused she would be forced to remove Olivia from the Academy and that wasn't something she wanted to do. Mrs. Howe and Olivia drove to the Academy. Both were uneasy as they entered Charlotte's office, eyeing the door to the Study, knowing as soon as it opened they would face Mrs. Denver and the cane. Charlotte was at her desk when Mrs. Howe and her daughter entered. Both were dressed as required, that is a short sleeved shirt, bra, skirt, knickers, and bare legs. Both knew in a few minutes they will be bent over and have their bare bottoms caned. Charlotte as usual looked sympathetic but knew each would get twelve strokes and as always would enjoy listening to the swish of the cane and the groans grunts and screams of those on the receiving end as the sound proofing between Mrs. Denver's Study and her office was poor to say the least. Charlotte was getting quite excited at the thought of the mother being caned as

she pressed the intercom and announced their arrival to Mrs. Denver. "Thank you," she boomed back and a few seconds later opened the Study door. "Come in please," Mrs. Denver announced without ceremony, nor any courtesy to Mrs. Howe, who at 42 years old was certainly not accustomed to having to attend Mrs. Denver to be punished. Mrs. Denver pointed to the two chairs already in place, facing away from the desk, and gave the instruction, "Stand in front of the chairs please." Mrs. Denver nodded to Charlotte and she smiled when she saw Mrs. Denver leave the door slightly ajar so Charlotte would hear every word clearly and could see the two chairs so will have a perfect albeit narrow view of the caning. Charlotte was already excited by the thought of mother and daughter being caned together so to be able to watch increased her feelings of arousal. Mother and daughter stood in front of each chair and waited patiently, not daring to look around and so neither realised the door was ajar. "So Mrs. Howe, Olivia was excluded because she played truant. You know that of course." "Yes Mrs. Denver, I am aware of that." "It is of course your responsibility to ensure she attends the Academy, so you failed in that duty. I understand Mrs. Howe you dropped Olivia off at the gates but failed to watch her come in. You just drove off and didn't see Olivia dash off. Correct? You agree?" Mrs. Howe took a deep breath and whispered, "Yes Mrs. Denver." "Do speak up please," Mrs. Denver snapped. "Yes Mrs. Denver," Mrs. Howe repeated, much more clearly, not happy at being treated like a student but not wanting to upset the woman who is about to cane her. "Right and the punishment for exclusion are twelve strokes of the cane you know?" "Yes Mrs. Denver," Mrs. Howe said again loudly enough but her voice noticeably broke. "Yes yes Mrs. Howe, I know you are not looking forward to this, but it is important. You agreed to participate in the parent student discipline programme and that means you must suffer the same punishment as the student if you share the blame, which in this case I do not think is open to question is it?" "No Mrs. Denver," Mrs. Howe said rather quieter but this time Mrs. Denver knew it meant her message was getting through to this particular parent. Mrs. Howe was thinking about all those years ago when a teenager at school. She had been a tomboy, always getting in to scrapes, and whilst she often got the slipper or ruler had never been caned. She felt she had always got away with being rude and misbehaving, but over the years had often wondered what it would have been like to be caned. She joined the parent student discipline programme half wondering if that would lead to her being caned. Now the moment had arrived she wasn't so sure now, to say the least. Olivia had also been a naughty youngster, but since coming to the Academy and being subjected to proper discipline her behaviour had improved markedly although often in fits and starts, sometimes going a month without having to be disciplined by Mrs. Denver then having to see her twice in a week. She was particularly naughty when led astray by her mother. Now they were both standing in front of the Principal's desk and knew they were about to be caned together. Poetic in a way. Olivia was far more used to being disciplined. She had attended this very Study on no less than fourteen occasions, and received a full range of punishments ranging from being put across Mrs. Denver's lap for a bare bottom hand spanking, to being spanked with the hairbrush, and then right through to several occasions receiving the senior cane. Each time she took an envelope home and each time her Mum signed it stating she had spanked her daughter again at home even though no spanking had been given. Olivia thought it was

cool how she got away with her Mum not spanking her. She didn't feel cool now though, not faced with the cane yet again. Mrs. Denver turned to Olivia. "So Olivia, you played truant and knew you would suffer this punishment?" "Yes Mrs. Denver." "Well, there is no need to prolong this so we shall get on." Mrs. Howe and Olivia glanced at each other but remained silent. Mrs. Denver watched Mrs. Howe in particular as she had never disciplined her before. Plenty of other parents had passed through her Study, leaving it with red eyes, often a wet face, and certainly a sore and lined bottom. "Right, please remove your skirts and knickers." Mrs. Denver watched sombrely as they both lowered their skirts and stepped out of them. Olivia removed her regulation blue school knickers whilst Mrs. Denver stepped out of thin lacy ones. Charlotte watched enamoured by how quickly Mrs. Howe followed the instructions, knowing this was going to be far more painful than the mother imagined. Charlotte remembered the first time she was caned, and whilst it is much easier to take now, it is always painful when actually being punished. Mrs. Denver nodded to herself when both women had removed their skirts and knickers and then ordered, "Please bend over," and watched them both grab hold of the seats of the two chairs placed just inches away from each other. Once she was happy they were positioned correctly she walked over to the cupboard and took down a senior cane. Mrs. Howe's head was bowed as she waited, whilst Olivia kept her head higher, listening to where Mrs. Denver was, and was conscious of her standing now behind them and to their left. Mrs. Denver tapped Mrs. Howe's bottom a couple of times, and then Olivia's bottom and both tensed. Mrs. Denver had their full attention she knew. "I will be caning you both at the same time. For the first six strokes I will cane Olivia first immediately followed by you Mrs. Howe. I will change for the last six. I must also emphasise that you do not let go of the chair. If you do that stroke will not count, but remember you will both get the same number of strokes so if one of you gets up you will both get the extra stroke. Understood?" "Yes Mrs. Denver," they both said together. Mrs. Denver again tapped the cane on Olivia's bottom and then on Mrs. Howe's bottom, pulled her arm back, and with a whoosh delivered the first stroke on Olivia's waiting bottom, followed a short second later with an equally hard stroke on Mrs. Howe's bottom. Olivia gasped, but knowing how much it would hurt from past experience was able to hang on to the seat and just wriggle her bottom to try to hide the pain. Mrs. Howe though had no such previous experience and as the cane bit in to her bottom she screamed out, stood up, rubbed her bottom fiercely and jumped from foot to foot. Never in her wildest dreams did she expect the cane to hurt so much. Mrs. Denver allowed her to rub away, smiling when Olivia said loudly, "Mum, I told you it would hurt but you mustn't stand up. Now that stroke won't count." Mrs. Howe opened her eyes wide in horror, looked at her daughter, then at Mrs. Denver, and said apologetically, "I am so sorry Mrs. Denver, it's just that it hurt so much, please let me off one mistake, surely you will?" Mrs. Denver shook her head and said, "Rules are rules Mrs. Howe, and not only did you know full well what is expected of you, I even repeated it just a few moments ago. You will bend over, hold on to the chair, and not get up until I tell you. Understood this time Mrs. Howe?" The 42 year old Mrs. Howe blushed, sniffed, and said quite reluctantly, "Yes Mrs. Denver." She turned back to the chair and again bent over. Mrs. Howe felt deflated and annoyed with herself all at the same time. Olivia had told her not to stand up and yet that is exactly what she did do, and at what a cost, to them both. She obediently

stuck her bottom out. This is not what she had expected when fantasising about being caned. "Right then, the first stroke again," Mrs. Denver said, staring at the nice red line across each of the two bare bottoms, then decided to add, "Just so you know Mrs. Howe, on one occasion twelve strokes became nineteen strokes because the parent stood up so often, but please believe me you are not leaving this Study until you have taken twelve strokes properly. Now stick your bottom out for me." No one heard Charlotte gasp at seeing Mrs. Howe's pussy as she stuck her bottom right up. Olivia's pussy was nearly hidden from view. Mrs. Denver tapped the two bottoms again, pulled her arm back, and again delivered one hard stroke to both Olivia and her Mum in quick succession. This time whilst Olivia again gave a short squeal, her Mum gasped and made a far louder noise but managed to keep hold of the chair. The pain spread across her bottom and she remembered what Olivia had told her to do and wiggled her bottom and bent her knees to divert the pain. She soon realised it didn't help with the pain except the movement was enough to allow her to keep hold of the chair. She now understood that is precisely what the movement was for and was thankful her daughter was so experienced at being caned. She was sure she would have laughed at that thought if she wasn't being caned right now. Mrs. Denver saw the two straight red lines across each of the bare bottoms. Without a gap of more than a few seconds she pulled her arm back and again delivered two hard strokes, first to Olivia and half a second later to her Mum, which were met again by two loud gasps. Mrs. Howe again held on to the chair. Another two strokes were quickly delivered followed by two more, a slightly louder gasp from Olivia and a more controlled one from Mrs. Howe, who was now coping much better than at first. A few seconds later and Mrs. Denver delivered the fifth stroke to each bare bottom and now Olivia was squealing louder than her Mum. The sixth stroke soon followed and perhaps because she knew there would be a gap once the stroke was delivered Mrs. Howe lowered her head, bent her legs and let out a long groan. Mrs. Denver was content that Mrs. Howe was coping well enough, albeit with seven straight red lines across her bottom, three of which had now formed raised ridged weals. The Principal looked at the two bare bottoms that she was making suffer so much and smirked a wicked grin. She enjoyed her position of unquestioned authority. There were fewer and fewer places where she can dispense such a painful range of punishments, but she enjoyed being the disciplinarian, and with Charlotte she had the perfect assistant, one who accepted her discipline, almost begged for it, and welcomed the lovemaking afterwards. Mrs. Denver watched the 42 year old closely. She knew Olivia would keep control of herself. The 17 year old sobbed and gasped just like so many of the other students who were punished with the cane but knew she would stay bent down waiting for each stroke to bite home, counting them out in her mind, not thinking it was humiliating to have her bare bottom caned but just a fact of Academy life. An albeit painful fact. She was less sure of Mrs. Howe though. She had started badly enough, and had given the Principal the added pleasure of being able to give each of the ladies an extra stroke of the cane. Maybe the mother would earn them both more extra strokes. Mrs. Denver hoped so as she raised the cane and took careful aim. Olivia looked across at her Mum and through her tears saw she was coping well. Thank goodness she thought as at least she didn't want there to be any more extra strokes. When she received that first extra stroke she was reckoning on getting several more if her Mum fell apart, but now things had

calmed down she just wanted it to be over with, go home, and rub her bottom. She knew she would get plenty of phone calls from her friends who knew she and her Mum were going to be caned together. She had been quite brazen about it beforehand, although everyone knew that boldness soon disappeared when actually being caned. Olivia's constant wiggling bottom was proof of that indeed. Jenny was trying so hard not to cry. She could hear her daughter sobbing away and glanced sideways to see tears streaming down her face as she stepped from foot to foot in what everyone at the Academy knew as the dance of the cane. She felt sorry for her daughter knowing this was really her fault, because far from leaving her daughter at the entrance to school she in fact coerced her to come with her to the shopping mall. Admittedly Olivia didn't need much coercing but she had fully expected just to go to the Academy and sit her test. Instead both mother and daughter were standing next to each other, well bending actually and grabbing a chair each, their bare bottoms presented, stuck right out whenever told to be by Mrs. Denver, and were waiting for six more hard, almost unbearable, strokes of the cane. This was a far cry from the fantasy Jenny had carried for all those years, through her teens twenties and thirties. Her fantasy was being caned but coping easily with the pain, in fact begging for harder and harder strokes as she stroked her pussy and had orgasm after orgasm as each stroke fell. This was so different. Pain she could not have imagined. Her daughter continued to sob as they waited for Mrs. Denver to decide the next strokes are to be given. Slowly Olivia's sobs subsided, and almost because of that Mrs. Denver uttered the words all the students, and some of the parents, had come to dread. "Stick your bottoms right out again, and these will be harder than the first six." Olivia sobbed, Jenny groaned, Mrs. Denver smiled as she readied herself to teach the two ladies a good hard lesson, whilst in the outer office Charlotte ogled the two bare bottoms, with criss cross red lines across both bottom cheeks, their pussy's clearly on view, Mrs. Howe's neatly trimmed she noted. She had her own hand deep inside her knickers caressing her own pussy, edging her fingers faster and faster catching her clit, gasping in delight, and when she heard Mrs. Denver's strict voice telling both ladies to prepare for the next stroke she came in what she knew would be only the first orgasm of the day. If you enjoyed the story please read Part Two now.