

# Mrs Denver's Parent Discipline Scheme

By Peter242

Published on Lush Stories on 17 Feb 2013

**This story is fiction and deals with spanking, corporal punishment and sexual acts. If such subjects are offensive, uninteresting or if you are a minor please leave now. This work is copyright by the author and commercial use is prohibited without permission.**

*The Headmistress disciplines a student and her mother*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/mrs-denvers-parent-discipline-scheme.aspx>

Part 1 Sally Denver , the 45-year-old Headmistress, was in her Study when the buzzer sounded. She looked at her watch. It was 2.30 pm so they were right on time. Sally pressed the button of the intercom. "Yes?" she asked sternly. Her Secretary, 25 year old Charlotte , replied, " Mrs Carson and Emma are both here, Mrs Denver." "Send them in please," Mrs Denver ordered in her strict tone of voice that students knew to fear. Mrs Denver watched sombrely as 36-year-old Mrs Elizabeth Carson and her 17- year-old daughter Emma entered the Study and closed the door behind them. Mrs. Carson was slim, slightly taller than her daughter, with shoulder length hair. She wore a short sleeved black dress that clung to her nicely shaped body, a leather belt around her waist, and noticeably bare legs. Emma was dressed in her regulation school skirt with the hem set just above the knee, a short sleeved blouse, and a tie. Her hair was in the regulation bun with a fetching fringe although normally flowed down her back. Mrs. Denver stayed seated and said brusquely, "Please take a seat both of you." Mother and daughter crossed the room. Emma glanced at the chair that Mrs Denver sat on to spank the students and the table that the students had to bend over when being caned. Emma had experienced both being spanked and caned on numerous occasions. She knew that today was even more serious as she and her mum were here to discuss whether she should be expelled. Emma had told her mum about both the chair and the table. Elizabeth also glanced at them grimacing as she didn't need much imagination to picture herself on both. Mrs Denver looked down at the papers on the desk. Mrs Carson and Emma sat quietly waiting for Mrs. Denver to finish reading. Silence reigned until she had finished. Mrs. Denver then leaned back and said gravely, "Not pleasant reading I have to say, Mrs Carson." "I suppose not," Mrs. Carson replied in a respectful tone. Mrs. Denver continued, "The question is, what shall we do about Emma's behaviour? Should I give her another chance? If I do then how sure can I be that she will be better behaved in future, do her work, and pass her exams?" Mrs. Carson said with more confidence than she felt, "Mrs. Denver, I can assure you that I will watch Emma very carefully and make sure she behaves and does everything she needs to do."

“So not like you have done to date then Mrs. Carson?” Mrs. Denver went straight to the nub as usual. She had little regard to the fact that Mrs. Carson is a mother and not just one of her students. Mrs. Carson was not the first mother to have to attend a meeting like this. Mrs. Denver had put in place a fledgling new discipline system involving the parents. She started with the parents who seemed to have little regard for discipline at home. The ones who declined her recommendation to punish at home any student who was disciplined that day by Mrs. Denver. Under the scheme, if no additional punishment was given by the parent and the student continued to misbehave, it was open to Mrs. Denver to summons the parent to her Study. The parent is then given a choice. The student can be expelled; or the student can be spanked and caned and the parent spanked and caned straight afterwards. It was intended to fully incentivise the parent to participate in and indeed take responsibility for the student’s behaviour. Mrs. Carson was now the third parent summonsed to see Mrs. Denver. The first two agreed to join what was aptly called the Parent Discipline Scheme. Both those parents have been spanked and caned since by Mrs. Denver. However, not surprisingly, after just a few punishments the behaviour of the student’s involved improved. Having proven its validity it is now a policy that Mrs. Denver was extending to other parents, and Mrs. Carson was an ideal candidate. Mrs. Denver explained to Mrs. Carson the basis of the scheme. She expected parents to play their part in the education process. The teaching staff can only do so much during the day. Whilst they can mete out penalties if homework isn’t done, that doesn’t help if the student persists in failing to complete their assignments. Experience told Mrs. Denver in those cases exams will be failed which reflects badly on the school. Therefore if the student fails to improve Mrs. Denver takes a more direct approach by inviting one of the parents in for a discussion. Mrs. Carson quite quickly and inevitably admitted she had not been the best at supervising her daughter. That was so despite several notes that had been sent home asking her to be more insistent with her daughter. Once the admission was extracted Mrs. Denver explained that she had decided the situation could not continue. Her approach was as usual direct. “Mrs. Carson, we have to make a decision today. I need to be satisfied that if Emma is to remain at the school you understand your obligations and will impose a disciplined approach.” Mrs. Carson replied in a definite tone, “I said I will and I will, Mrs. Denver.” Mrs. Carson knew that Mrs. Denver won’t rest with just that assurance and expected what was coming. Mrs. Denver asked, “So is it worth my while persisting with Emma and disciplining her for her latest failure to submit her homework?” Mrs. Carson knew what it meant if she said yes, but she had no choice. She said rather more abjectly, “Yes, Mrs. Denver, it is.” Mrs. Denver continued, “Will you accept the consequences yourself?” “Yes, Mrs. Denver,” Mrs. Carson replied quietly. By agreeing she knew that she will have to be a much more responsible parent and discipline her daughter. Additionally, she must also participate in the dreaded Parent Discipline Scheme. That is, dreaded by those parents who are forced to join and suffer the same discipline from Mrs. Denver as the students. Worse still was that, just like Emma, she will be given a Discipline Letter by Charlotte and have someone else sign it. That meant she must receive a second spanking from that signatory by the end of today. So Elizabeth Carson knew that what she was agreeing to was being spanked and caned by both by Mrs. Denver, and then someone else afterwards. That was the essence of the

Parent Discipline Scheme. Although she was aware of the rudiments of the scheme right now, she knew only too well that she will know much more before she left Mrs. Denver's study. Mrs. Denver was satisfied Mrs. Carson really will accept the discipline she had earned. However, first things first. She took a deep satisfying breath and said, turning to Emma, "OK, the tariff for you young lady is a bare bottom spanking and 12 strokes of the cane. Understood?" "Yes, Mrs. Denver," Emma replied. Emma had already had the discussion with her mum and assured her that she will do all her homework in future, and on time. On the back of that assurance her mum accepted she will do what she has to do to keep her daughter at the school. Mrs. Denver looked sternly at Mrs Carson and said, "When you get home you will give discipline Emma again tonight before she goes to bed, and for good measure give her another spanking in the morning before school." "Yes, Mrs Denver," Mrs Carson readily agreed with more than a touch of revenge in her voice. Then came what Mrs. Carson knew would come. Mrs. Denver said, "After I have dealt with Emma, you, Mrs. Carson, will also be spanked and then given 24 strokes of the cane. Both will be given on your bare bottom. Do you understand?" "Yes, Mrs. Denver," Mrs Carson replied quietly, swallowing hard. Mrs. Denver continued, "Emma will no doubt have told you, Mrs. Carson, that I take discipline very seriously?" Mrs. Carson wasn't enjoying the conversation at all but knew it was best to remain respectful. "Yes indeed, Mrs. Denver. She even told me that over recent weeks you have caned her rather harder than you used to." "Yes I have, with all the students. I, erm, discovered that some of the students found being caned rather easy to take. So when I discovered that I, well, took some advice, and learned to cane harder. It hasn't done the students any harm. In fact, I must say it has worked on several of the students whose behaviour has suddenly improved," Mrs. Denver said with a sarcastic tone. She looked at Emma and added sternly, "But not in Emma's case. Not yet, anyway." Emma blushed. Mrs. Carson looked crossly at her daughter then back to Mrs. Denver who after all was in charge of this situation. Mrs. Denver said firmly, "Right Emma, as your mother is sure of her decision to submit to my discipline we will get this done. Please take your knickers off and stand by the chair." Emma said respectfully, "Yes Miss." She stepped out of her knickers putting them on a spare chair, and then stood by the spanking chair with her skirt lifted up well up above her waist. She was feeling suitably humiliated with her pussy hair on show. She looked at the floor still blushing as Mrs. Denver got up and walked around the desk and over to the chair. Mrs. Denver sat down flattening her skirt, looked at Emma, and ordered tersely, "Over my lap please, Emma." Emma took a deep breath at the order. It's not that she minded being spanked and caned. Far from it. She fantasised about several women she would like to be spanked by. Mrs. Denver was still one of those women, although in her case fantasy so often became reality. Like right now in fact. The 17-year-old quickly stepped forward and eased herself across the Headmistress's lap, resting her hands on the floor for balance. As usual she saw her legs under the far side of the chair. Emma felt Mrs. Denver's hand on her bottom, but instead of immediately spanking her Mrs. Denver ordered her mum, "I think you should get ready to follow suit, Mrs. Carson." Mrs. Carson blushed, licked her lips, and stood up. The 36-year-old felt totally humiliated as she stepped out of her knickers and put them with her daughters on the spare chair. Mrs. Denver ordered sternly, "Please tuck your skirt in to the belt. I want to see just bare skin

below the waist. I find it helps prepare for the pain you are going to suffer.” Mrs. Carson expected this would happen having spoken to one of the other mothers who suffered the same misfortune. That’s why she wore the belt. To ensure she could tuck in the whole of her dress so it would stay in place. She also knew what was coming next so wasn’t surprised when Mrs. Denver ordered, “Please put your hands on your head and watch, Mrs. Carson.” Mrs. Carson raised her hands and clasped them together above her head, conscious that now her own pussy was on show. Her humiliation intensified. She was in detention herself the last time she had to put her hands on her head, and those memories came flooding back. “At least Emma doesn’t have the same cut,” Mrs Denver said caustically about Mrs. Carson’s Brazilian. Mrs. Carson blushed. Maybe her humiliation wasn’t yet as intense as it will be, she thought to herself? Mrs. Denver asked Mrs. Carson, “How hard should I spank Emma, Mrs. Carson?” Mrs. Carson said, feeling angry at her own humiliation, “Very hard please, Mrs. Denver.” “As you wish,” Mrs. Denver replied, now ready to start the spanking of the 17-year-old across her lap. Emma groaned but knew it didn’t matter what her mum had said as it was always going to be a hard spanking. Mrs. Denver didn’t seem to know anything other than hard. A few weeks ago being disciplined was easy, and even enjoyable. She enjoyed submitting and the pain sent flutters through her pussy. Mrs. Denver’s discipline wasn’t hard enough to make her want to do her homework anyway. Then something happened. Something changed. She didn’t know what, but Mrs. Denver started to spank harder and cane harder. Quite a few of her friends started to tow the line. She was one of the few who still showed the bravado to put her social life first, and her homework second. She never really minded the humiliation of being put across Mrs. Denver lap. The punishment was harder to take now but that was OK in her mind. Having her mum watch was embarrassing but then maybe it will drive her to discipline her at home in future. Emma was sure her mum would. So Emma was one of the girls who just accepted being disciplined was a penalty for doing her own thing. Two of her friends felt the same. They laughed about it, and how they even got aroused by having stinging bottoms. Sometimes the three of them would get in to trouble together so all three were sent to the Headmistress together. They watched each other being spanked and caned. Then after school they went back to whoever’s house was empty and masturbated together. It was so much better than doing their homework. Afterwards they each had to show their Discipline Letter to their mums, but Emma’s never spanked her so, which she regretted. Emma just signed it herself. After all she didn’t need to be spanked two days in a row so. Anyway, she signed her own letters until she was caught. Then it all escalated and she and her mum ended up here, now. Emma’s spanking was already stinging. She still felt a quiver in her pussy and knew that lovely tingling feeling will intensify beautifully when she is caned. This was how Emma loved to be aroused. That is why Emma didn’t mind being here to be disciplined. She didn’t even mind that her mum will be sure to discipline her at home as well. Hers was another lap she will quickly get used to going across. She just didn’t want her mum to know she got all aroused by being spanked. That would be far too embarrassing for her. Mrs. Denver was pretty certain that Emma was one of the girls who, like Nikki Pearson before her, enjoyed being spanked and had often achieved an orgasm when being caned. However, she also knew that since having been ‘educated’ by Mrs. Pearson she had managed to

'convert' at least three students. That is, they no longer found being disciplined sexually arousing but just intensely painful. Just what Mrs. Denver had aimed for in fact. Emma was proving a difficult student to educate though. So Mrs. Denver was playing her trump card. Educate Emma's mum and see where that took things. As Mrs. Denver spanked Emma ever harder, Elizabeth Carson watched enthralled at how hard the spanking was - knowing it will soon be her turn. She watched with a mixture of anticipation and wonderment. Indeed, Mrs. Carson was far from being concerned about her daughter's bottom, nor her own. Her pussy shuddered with excitement as she increasingly wondered about how her own bottom will feel when it was her turn to go across Mrs. Denver's lap and be spanked. Mrs. Carson remembered again her own student days. How she too was more interested in enjoying life rather than work. How she had regularly been sent to the Headmistress and was spanked and caned. How she used to masturbate afterwards. She also remembered how she had to change her ways because otherwise she would have wasted her school life and failed to get to University. That is why she was content to be disciplined now. To help ensure her daughter did enough work to get to Uni. Elizabeth Carson watched as Mrs. Denver spanked her daughter and admired how dominant the Headmistress was. They knew each other outside school. Both played at the same bridge club and quite often played together. Elizabeth rather liked playing with Sally Denver. Sally was a good player and quick to explain to Elizabeth where she made mistakes. Although she explained pretty much like a school mistress, Elizabeth understood and her game improved. She knew Sally was her daughters Headmistress but that was just by the by. She enjoyed her company. So now watching Sally, her bridge partner, spank her 17-year-old daughter, she saw Sally quickly turning Emma's bottom a darker and darker shade of red. When Sally spanked the backs of Emma's legs her daughter squirmed around on the Headmistress's lap while yelping louder and louder. Elizabeth watched Sally's face which was resolute. Equally she knew her 17-year-old daughter could deal with the pain. Mrs. Denver stopped spanking and rubbed Emma's bottom, then the backs of her legs. Elizabeth saw Emma part her legs. So Emma did want Mrs. Denver to rub her pussy. Emma was aroused by the spanking. Just like she used to be all those years ago. Elizabeth smiled to herself. Like mother like daughter she thought cheerfully. Mrs. Denver looked at the back of Emma's head suspiciously, as though knowing Emma was aroused. She said sternly, "Let's see how you like the cane Emma. Up you get." Emma slid off Mrs. Denver lap glancing briefly at her mum, blushing. She heard what Mrs. Denver said and was worried her mum would realise she enjoyed the spanking. In horror, Emma saw the look of realisation on her mum's face and quickly went to the table, bent down, and grabbed the far end. She hoped her mum hadn't spotted her part her legs when across Mrs. Denver lap. Mrs. Denver picked up the cane and stood behind Emma. "12 strokes," she announced sternly. Elizabeth watched the Headmistress lift her arm with the cane held firmly. She heard the swish and watched the cane arc downwards and heard the thwack as it bit into Emma's bottom. She saw her daughter's bottom cave in as the cane bit in to her bare cheeks. When the cane was pulled back she saw the fierce red line across Emma's two bottom cheeks. It was only afterwards Elizabeth realised the shriek that filled the room was Emma's shriek. Emma's head jerked back as the cane bit in to her bottom but even so she kept a firm hold of the far side of the desk. Her head settled

back and her breathing relaxed as well. Seconds later, the cane arced down again and Elizabeth focused more on the whole caning action. The cane again bit in to Emma's bottom. She saw Emma's head jerk back and she yelped as the cane was lifted away from her bottom. The second fierce red line appeared. The shriek still resounded around the room as Emma's head fell back down again between her outstretched arms. Elizabeth was impressed that her daughter managed to stay in position. Mrs. Denver glanced at Elizabeth and for her benefit said loudly, "If the student gets up I give two extra strokes. I believe that if the student is naughty enough to deserve a caning then it's up to her to stay in position." She added after a moment, "You will need to bear that in mind, Mrs. Carson." Emma breathed heavily as the cane was raised again. What Elizabeth saw next surprised her even more. Emma raised her bottom ever so slightly but still noticeably enough. Elizabeth knew her daughter was inviting Mrs. Denver to cane her harder. The cane arced down and once again Emma's head jerked upwards, her yelp was louder, and the third red line appeared. Again Emma held on tightly as her upper body shook, but she once again held on. Elizabeth watched Mrs. Denver's face as the cane was raised again. The Headmistress looked briefly at the back of Emma's head, maybe to check all was well, before pursing her lips and whipping the cane downwards again. A deliberate flick of her wrist at the last moment intensified the stroke. As the cane bit in to Emma's bottom, Elizabeth's attention was again diverted by her daughter's head as it jerked backwards, and by her cry of pain. This was followed by Emma again lowering her head, and her long hair flooded over her face and arms. Emma gasped loudly as the cane again bit in to her bottom but she still held on tightly to the far side of the table. The strokes were every bit as hard as she had expected and was glad they were. Even as she gasped she felt her pussy quiver and was close to cumming. Her mum was there though and she fought against having an orgasm. That will have to wait this time. Still, Emma supposed her mum will struggle much more than she was when it was her bottom that was bared and she lay across this same table. Emma smiled to herself as she pictured her mum screaming out. It was her own fault though. If she had been a tougher mother and disciplined her, then she doubted Mrs. Denver would have called them both in today to be punished. Hopefully this will teach her mum to discipline her in future. Like her friends mums disciplined them. She so hoped so. The strokes continued with just a few seconds gap between each one. Still Emma stayed in place, her arms stretching to the far end of the table, her bare bottom unprotected and now with several harsh red lines across it. Nine strokes, nine red lines. Mrs. Carson watched Emma sobbing, and even with her lush hair covering her face she saw the tears flowing down her daughter's face. Again the 36-year-old mother felt her pussy quiver as her own punishment by the dominant Headmistress came ever closer. Now she was here she wanted to submit to her punishment just as her daughter was. Emma couldn't stop the tears but neither did she want to. She loved this position of submission. Yes it hurt, stung, but she knew afterwards when she was alone that stinging will flow in to her pussy which was already quivering excitedly. The cane arced downwards again and as Emma's head jerked backwards her shriek again filled the air. This time there was no gap between strokes. Mrs. Denver raised the cane immediately and brought the cane down hard again bringing a second shriek. The cane was immediately raised again and brought down for a third successive stroke in the space of a

second. Mrs. Denver watched impassively as Emma struggled to hold on, but did so. Elizabeth counted twelve clear red lines across her daughter's bottom. Emma felt the three strokes merge in to one. She lost control as the last stroke bit in to her bottom, and as the stinging spread right across her bottom she could not prevent her orgasm. She gasped as the erotic sensation sent shivers through her pussy, and she shuddered with delight. Shocked that she had cum in front of her mum, she gripped the edge of the desk. As her orgasm subsided, she managed to remain in place. Her breathing was beautifully heavy. She sobbed freely. As her tears ran down her face she waited to see if her mum realised she had had an orgasm. Nothing was said for several moments, and Emma was hopeful that her writhing was taken to be the result of the pain and not her orgasm. Emma finally relaxed and enjoyed the final remnants of her orgasm. Mrs. Denver looked at Elizabeth who was blushing and then back at Emma. "Get up Emma, your punishment is over." Emma slowly stood up. Her hands flew to her bottom and she rubbed as fast as she could. Only 12 strokes though. She had wanted more and would earn more another time soon. Once she had received 18 strokes and the feeling in her pussy afterwards was so much better; far more intense. Everyone in the study knew though that today was not about punishing Emma, well not only about that. Mrs. Denver will be punishing her mum in a few minutes. Mrs. Denver will also reiterate that Elizabeth discipline Emma at home. Not just today but whenever Emma earned a spanking. Mrs. Denver knew that every mother put in to this position had always disciplined their daughters severely after being disciplined by her. They all became very strict, super strict. Mrs. Denver allowed Emma to rub her bottom for a few moments before saying sternly, "Right Emma, get dressed and go and see Miss Thomson so she can enter your punishment in the Punishment Book and give you your Discipline Letter. Then get back to class. I will be dealing with your mother now." Still sobbing, Emma quickly stepped back in to her knickers and pushed her skirt back in to place, confident that in future her mum will spank her whenever she gets a discipline letter. Emma said a respectful, "Thank you for my caning, Miss." Emma turned and glanced at her mum, still standing with her hands on her head, biting her lip, looking concerned, anxious even. Emma felt a pang of conscious, aware her mum was about to be disciplined and it was really her fault. She was about to plead for her mum, but when she turned back to Mrs. Denver she saw the Headmistress looked in no mood for a discussion. Emma quickly walked to the door and left the Study. Outside, Emma went to Charlotte Thomson's desk and waited for the Secretary to look up. "Oh my, Emma," Charlotte said sympathetically. "What did you get?" Emma was still sobbing and rubbing her bottom. "A spanking and 12 strokes, Miss," she replied. Charlotte made the entry in the Punishment Book before filling out the Discipline Letter. Handing it to Emma she asked, "How is your mum taking it?" "I guess not well, Miss." Just then there was the unmistakeable sound of a hand spanking a bare bottom. Emma and Charlotte exchanged looks. Emma felt sorry for her mum. Charlotte though was getting more and more jealous of the students and parents who were punished by her boss. She really wanted to see what it was like, but was reconciled to masturbating again tonight just imagining it. Emma took the letter, and listened again to the sound of her mum being spanked. She then thanked Charlotte and left the office. She walked along the corridor towards her class. She knew sitting would be a problem. The whole class will know she has been disciplined.

Still, some of the girls will joke with her about it. Emma smiled as she entered the classroom. The teacher, Miss Bentner, gave her a, 'Do not interrupt, and sit down quickly,' look. Miss Bentner was one of the women Emma fantasised about being spanked by, and still hoped to be one day. Emma gasped as she sat down on her hard seat and listened to the whispers around her. She didn't care though. She was thinking about later on, when her mum will be certain to spank her. She was really looking forward to that. To be continued ... 36-year-old Elizabeth will be spanked and caned by Mrs Denver next.