

Nina

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38 year old Nina is the boss at the office, but accepts her Mothers discipline at home

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I'm 38 years old, standing on the naughty spot in the living room, my hands on my head, facing the wall, and waiting for Mum to put me across her knee and give me a long hard bare bottom spanking. Mum has spanked me throughout my adult life so for me it is business as usual.

The cause of my imminent spanking started at the office when at lunchtime I called Mum to discuss what we were going to do at the weekend. She wanted to do one thing and me another. Unfortunately I wasn't concentrating solely on my discussion as I was so busy and didn't realise I was being far too abrupt.

"Mum listen to me will you, let me tell you why my idea is better." I knew I sounded irritated.

She snapped back "No Nina, let me tell you" and when I realised what was going to be said I clicked off the loudspeaker and lifted the receiver to my ear just in time to hear Mum say "we will discuss it tonight after you have spent 10 minutes on the naughty spot and have been across my lap for a spanking."

I had been rather more direct than Mum liked. I half fancied being spanked today as it had been several days since my last one but this happened quicker than I expected, as though Mum wanted to teach me a lesson. I knew I was blushing when I glanced up and saw my assistant looking at me. I said “Mothers, anyway I’ll get it sorted out tonight.”

My assistant smiled and said “knowing you Nina she will come round to your point of view in no time.”

“Of course” I said sounding confident. After all I was a Senior Account Manager with a reputation for winning Clients and getting my own way. My staff underestimated me at their peril.

Right now though in reality I wanted a moment to think about tonight and went to the bathroom to calm myself down. I looked in the mirror and saw how smartly dressed I was, a proper Manager, in charge, reasonably popular, known as being firm but fair. I had bought this outfit just last week. I loved my white shirt with three quarter sleeves, my black straight skirt with jacket to match, my very comfortably expensive matching bra and knickers, and my cool stockings. These are the clothes that make me feel confident.

Yet I knew when I got home and changed in to my house clothes I will revert to being the obedient daughter my Mother loved, although tonight like on so many other occasions that maternal love will take the form of an across her knee bare bottom spanking that will have me crying my eyes out. I sort of intended earning that spanking when I made the call, but didn’t expect her to decide so quickly. Still, at least I knew I was going to be disciplined tonight. Mum will give me a long hard hand spanking, at least I hoped it would just be with her hand, but at least after that I would have a sore and red bottom which after dinner I will take to my room where I will put my hand between my legs and sort myself out in bed. I was really looking forward to that part of the evening in fact. So in the privacy of the cubicle in the ladies toilets at work I felt my silk knickers and knew I was already wet just thinking about it.

Calmer now I took a deep breath and returned to my office, knowing I must see the work day out in my usual efficient manner. Tonight will be very different. Tonight should be nice at least after my tears have dried.

I got home at my normal time. Mum was waiting for me. She opened the door and I could tell from her face she had not forgotten. She never did. Thankfully.

“Right Nina. Get ready and stand on your naughty spot in the living room for 10 minutes. Have a good think about what you said and we will then continue with our discussion. You have really earned the spanking I am going to give you.”

“Yes Mum, I know” I said in acceptance and went first to my bedroom. I looked at myself in the mirror as I removed my jacket and skirt and hung them in my cupboard. I could feel my office confidence ebbing away and being replaced by my girl at home mode, which was very different but also very acceptable. Taking off my Victoria’s Secret silk underwear and my silk stockings was the removal of my final adult vestige which I had to replace with the everyday briefs Mum expected me to wear when I am being disciplined. There could be nothing adult about my demeanour as I submitted to her discipline and as I looked at myself in the mirror in my everyday cheap briefs, my long red hair covering my bare shoulders, knowing how I was a little overweight, perhaps 10 pounds or so, but still looked good, because of my time in the gym. My curvy figure though, full breasts, curvy waist but a stomach I still needed to work on. One last glance before I put on my t shirt to complete the only clothes I was allowed to wear when being disciplined.

Even so I loved my Mum, and I don’t think she could love me more and both knew her spanking me was as much a show of love as anything. Me being 38 years old made no difference to that.

Dressed only in my t shirt and cheap knickers, my long red hair spilling over my shoulders, I went back downstairs and popped my head round the kitchen door where Mum was standing by the sink making dinner. 62 years old but looked younger, she was usually a happy soul, always doing her housework in a motherly manner. I noticed she was wearing her short sleeved white shirt and dark blue skirt that went just below the knee, a favourite outfit of hers for when she had to discipline me. The shirt was loose fitting so did not restrict her arm movement and the skirt had a slit down the right hand side so she could stand astride if she needed to swing a belt or strap, which she readily used if I needed to be taught an extra special lesson. I said to the back of her head “I’m ready Mum and going to the naughty spot.”

She didn’t look around but kept doing whatever she was doing to the food and said over her shoulder

“OK dear, you just think carefully about what you have done wrong to deserve this, and I’ll be along soon to deal with you.”

I was well aware of what “deal with you” meant. As usual my time out will be followed by a spanking. When I walked in to the living room the spanking chair, well one of the dining room chairs but we both called it the spanking chair, was already facing in to the room. I could feel myself getting moist between my legs as I thought about what was going to happen very soon.

I went to the wall and stood there looking at the same mark on the wall I had looked at so often, put my hands on my head, and waited. I wasn’t concerned that at 38 years old my Mum still made me stand on a naughty spot and then spanked me. I had always been spanked, when naughty.

Mum did ask when I was 17 years old whether she shouldn’t spank me anymore. We had a very open and frank discussion and I remember I was ever so nervous about talking about it particularly as I told her I preferred it if she continued to discipline me. The difficult bit was admitting to her that I found being spanked erotic, and was quite often naughty on purpose, pushing her until she put me across her lap. I even told her I masturbated afterwards. Happily, Mum being Mum she understood my feelings and said she was quite happy to spank me as long as I felt I needed it just so long as I don’t masturbate in front of her. That became a standing rule punishable by a far more intense spanking than I liked. I was careful to make sure I only masturbated in my room.

Anyway, I was delighted with the outcome of the discussion. Mum became an enthusiastic disciplinarian and decreed that so long as I accepted her discipline my status in the home would remain the equivalent of a teenager no matter what my actual age. That means she does all the household chores and I needn’t do anything. She looks after me, does all the cooking, does all my laundry and ironing and even puts my clothes away for me. In other words she looks after me as though I am still a helpless teenager, if they exist.

On the other hand she continues to discipline me as though I am a teenager. That means she spanks me whenever she says. She is also adamant that when she spanks me it is very hard because in her book spankings are designed to teach me a lesson so she doesn’t stop until I am crying my eyes out. I was quite happy to accept that because the thought of being spanked made me wet and the thought of being spanked hard by my Mum made me wetter still.

It soon settled down and it became clear that Mum quite preferred to be in charge and make all the home decisions for me, whilst I willingly accepted her decisions to spank me whenever she judged I deserved one. In fact she is such a control freak she can even switch from loving mother to disciplinary mother in the time I am standing on the naughty spot so when I am put across her lap she is so furious she only ever gives me the hardest of spankings.

She gives me no leeway whatsoever, and being so strict means she spanks me regularly and has the knack of spanking me exactly when I don't want one, maybe on purpose. Still I have to accept it. She rules and I obey. She has full disciplinary control over me and spanks me when she says so, and I go across her lap to be disciplined on her command.

By the time I was 20 we reckoned I was the only one of my friends still being spanked. Mum asked me again if I thought she should stop and deal with me in a more adult way, but I was quite happy with Mum looking after me so well that I reckoned being spanked was a small price to pay. My friends also argued incessantly with their parents and I knew I would go the same way if not disciplined which I really didn't want to happen. I was settled in to the regime and as the years rolled by the subject never came up again.

That's how come Mum is still spanking me at 38. I do argue with her sometimes, and even snap at her when I shouldn't, but I soon get brought back down to earth with a thump, or across her knee and with a lengthy and often intense spanking to be more precise. On average I get spanked by her five or six times a month.

Whilst I have lots of girlfriend's I was too career focussed to find a man worth settling down with so living at home was good for me. Mum likes having me around as well but being very much in charge and a stickler for obedience she continues to discipline me if I disobey her.

Mum also tells me how much satisfaction she gets from disciplining me because there are no long drawn out arguments or bad feelings for her. Why should there be when she can and does just order me across her lap to clear the air immediately. That is a pleasure her friends don't get. Two of Mum's friends, Eve and Jean, know she spanks me, and both have watched on several occasions. If a spanking occurs when they are around then they watch. They often tell Mum how they envy how well

she and I get on. They argue incessantly with their own adult kids and have said on many an occasion, as I am being spanked in front of them, how they wish their kids would agree to the same regime.

Mum makes sure I learn from my spankings. Like the time I was 25 and was telling her how I had masturbated the night before following a spanking in the afternoon. She didn't seem to mind because I did it in private and we chatted about it for a while. Without really thinking though I asked her if she ever she got herself off, maybe after spanking me. She glared at me and in a really frosty voice told me to stay exactly where I was. She got up and walked out of the room. I laughed to myself thinking I had touched a nerve. I stopped laughing a minute later when she came back in to the room holding her wooden paddle hairbrush, walked over to me, took me by the arm and pulled me off the chair, sat herself down and a moment later my knickers were down and she put me across her lap. Even though my bottom was still sore from the previous day she spanked me so hard. She was quite deliberate as she spanked in such a way that she spanked much harder than usual. She gave me a dozen hard spanks then made them light, lots of them, the occasional heavy one then light again, getting harder as time went on. The severity built up and was much harder because of the way she warmed me up. I was squirming around her lap and in floods of tears well before she finished. After what seemed an age she gave me a final hard spank on each sore bottom cheek and top of each leg and said "no, and never ask me again." I learnt my lesson and didn't. She sent me to my room.

I ran up the stairs still crying and lay on my bed. I cried for ages. I could not remember her ever spanking me so hard before. I rubbed my bottom but the pain didn't subside. Eventually, my crying turned to heavy sobs and rubbing my bottom led to stroking my moist vagina. I turned on my side and eventually ventured on to my back, I bent my legs and spread them wide and caressed my vaginal lips, now much more moist. I stretched and opened my drawer and took out my vibrator and within seconds I was moaning and sighing, feeling myself coming and then I exploded in orgasm. A few minutes later came my second huge orgasm. I had never felt so alive, so aroused, and realized it was brought on by the intense thrashing Mum had given me. I brought myself to a third orgasm before feeling so exhausted I fell in to a deep sleep.

So, today I am on one of the many naughty spots in the house. I have one in the kitchen, as well as in all three living rooms, my bedroom and Mum's bedroom. Over the years I have had to stand obediently on each one countless times. Always facing the wall with my hands on my head.

I knew my ten minutes on the naughty spot was coming. Mum came to stand behind me and asked if I had thought carefully about how abrupt I had been that lunchtime. I said I had and she told me to

turn around. She held me by the upper arm, firmly, and I accepted her authority as she led me to the chair and sat down. I had to stand in front of her, my hands still on my head, as she remonstrated with me, making me understand why I needed to be spanked, before telling me she was going to put me across her lap for that very spanking.

“Knickers off now Nina” Mum instructed.

I immediately obeyed, slipping my thumbs inside the elastic waistband of my knickers and pulling them down, stepping out of them and letting them fall on the floor to Mum’s left. She insisted I had my knickers in view when I went across her lap, to remind me my bottom was already bare, as though I needed to be reminded but it was one of Mum’s to do’s, so I did it

Mum patted her thigh, a motion that always sent a tingle between my legs, and I knew the time had arrived.

Slowly I bent fully across her lap with my hands stretched out in front, my bare unprotected bottom on her right thigh, my legs dangling at the back, a position that told Mum I gave her unquestioned obedience. There was nothing adult about this position at all. Mum was totally in control, and the fact I was 38 years old was of no consequence at all. I had been naughty and was going to be disciplined.

The spanking never lasted less than 15 minutes and was usually rather longer. She was able to spank me incredibly hard, each spank stinging, each subsequent spank stinging worse than the one before. I was squirming around on her lap after the first couple of dozen spanks, gasping out loud after only a few minutes and didn’t stop gasping until she was finished.

I had no control once across Mum’s lap. She had all the control, the power, the intent to make me suffer as she had for dozens of years, the child inside my 38 year old body being disciplined as only a mother can to her wayward offspring, spanking hard knowing the lesson will be learnt, for a little while anyway.

When I go across Mum's lap for a hand spanking it feels erotic and I know I become more and more moist between my legs when waiting for the first spank. Mum knows that which is why she enforces the rules so strictly and will introduce an implement for the slightest reason. She knows I will take enjoyment from being disciplined, but she gets the added satisfaction of knowing I don't enjoy the spanking itself.

In my early teens I engineered many a hand spanking, but when Mum heard my vibrator too often afterwards she realised what I was doing and stepped up the severity of the discipline. She noted my behaviour improved and the number of times she spanked me reduced and since then her policy has been to make the spanking uncomfortable for me, if that is the right phrase, so it stings, I cry, and I remember it for as long as possible afterwards, knowing I will use the memory once in bed.

During the spanking she continues to scold me as I look at the floor, always reminding me why I am being disciplined again. Mum makes sure she covers every square inch of my bottom whilst my mind is taken up with the sting each spank produces, and the emphasis of whether each spank falls on alternate cheeks or on the same spot, whether she spans just my bottom or extends to the tops of my legs.

Eventually she decides my bottom was red enough, my sobbing sincere enough, my lesson learnt. As usual my spanking was followed by another period on the naughty spot so I could properly learn my lesson.

I stood snivelling facing the wall, slowly recovering my composure. I could hear Mum in the kitchen and I was starting to itch for my time out to end. My bottom was throbbing but I wasn't allowed to rub. Not here.

Then I made an error of judgement. I knew I was wet between my legs and as I thought I was safe with Mum well away in the kitchen I felt my hair mound and yes it was pleasantly moist. I was already thinking about going to my room tonight as I kept rubbing my finger along my moist vaginal lips and then took my other hand from my head and caressed my breast, my nipples were so taut, I was playing the spanking over in my mind. I started to moan and rubbed faster, harder. This was wonderful. I wish I had my vibrator.

Then there was an abrupt “What are you doing Nina? How dare you?” Mum was furious, and I was caught red handed.

I turned, horrified. How could I have been so stupid as to masturbate when I knew what Mum would do if she caught me.

“Right, to the bathroom, you dirty dirty girl.”

Yes, I knew what she was going to do all right. I could argue that at 38 years old I should be entitled to masturbate when I want, but even I knew that when under discipline that argument held less than no water. So I turned and followed Mum upstairs knowing I was going to be humiliated. Mum entered the bathroom first and ran the bath.

“Right, get undressed. We have to wash you clean my girl” she said sternly. She watched as I removed my t shirt and bra and stood naked in front of her, with my hands on my head so I couldn’t touch myself again.

“I may as well do something useful as we wait for the bath to fill and Mum came behind me and smacked my bottom time and time again and all I could do was watch and wait for the bath to fill. It seemed to take forever.

“OK, into the bath.”

At last, with tears already forming in my eyes I stepped over the side and sat down. Mum kneeled by the side and took the soap, soaping her hands, then took one of my arm’s and washed all the way up to under my armpit before doing the same with my other arm. This was going to be bath time Mum style. Next she washed my back. I knew next was going to get embarrassing as she soaped her hands and started to wash my chest, paying very careful attention to my breasts.

“I assume you squeezed your nipples so I need to make sure they are clean now” she said as she washed first my left breast lifting it up and washing underneath and then my right breast. 38 years old and being bathed. I was blushing from top to toe. I never could get used to it.

“On all fours please” Mum demanded.

I groaned but twisted around and got on my knees before putting my hands back in the water. Of course my bottom was ideally presented for more smacks and as expected they came. Several of them as Mum said once again that she is only having to bath me because I masturbated downstairs.

Mum soaped her hands again and asked “did you touch your bottom as well?”

“No Mum, I didn’t.”

“I’ll just do it anyway” and with that she ran one hand right down my bottom crack and the other went under my tummy and along my vagina, both hands meeting underneath and then separating again, in my most personal parts. Several times. I sobbed as she did it.

“I need to make sure I wash you properly you know” she said sharply as she continued to wash me.

I gasped as she smacked my bottom again, indicating the washing was over.

“Out you get” she ordered. I knew the ordeal wasn’t over yet.

Mum held out the towel and she engulfed me in it before proceeding to dry me as intently as when she washed me. First my arms then my back and then my breasts again drying them individually. I looked away as she lifted each one up and again dried them carefully..

She sat down and told me “right, one leg on the chair between my legs, and as I stood balancing on one foot, the other now perched on the seat of the chair, the towel fell away from my shoulders and I was again naked above the waist. Mum dried my leg and I had to wait for her to indicate I must change legs, which she did by smacking my inner thigh half a dozen times, sharp stinging smacks that left me in tears as I changed legs. By the time the second half dozen smacks hit my inner thigh I was sobbing.

“Calm down girl, legs apart now” she said as she first dried my bottom and then rubbed the towel against my pussy. My Mum was rubbing my pussy with only the thin towel between her bare hand and my bare pussy. My Mum for goodness sake, as she slowly rubbed my hair mound dry whilst the tears streamed down my face. Tears of utter humiliation as much as pain.

When she was finished she left her hand firmly on my pussy and looked up at me.

“Let this be a lesson to you” she snapped when she was satisfied I was dry. She turned me around and as a final part of this particular indignity she hand spanked me as I stood there, naked as the towel had fallen to the floor, time and again to maximise my embarrassment.

“Right my girl, at least you are now clean. Go back downstairs and face the wall for another 10 minutes and think hard young lady, very hard, about what you have done and how I am going to spank you again much harder than I have already.”

I nodded and with wet red eyes I made my way downstairs, still naked and humiliated, back to my naughty spot and pressed my nose against the wall, to wait for Mum to reappear and continue my punishment.

To be continued ...

