

Retribution Part 3

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Zoe has spanking rights over her father,

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The phone rang. Zoe answered it and I could tell it was Susie. I stayed facing the wall, my trousers and underpants already off, about 5 minutes away from going across my daughters lap for another exceptionally hard spanking.

Susie has been away on her holiday for three weeks with Madge from next door. Zoe was given full spanking and discipline rights over me, even though she is my 21-year-old daughter and I am 45. Here I was again, waiting for her to take me to the spanking chair, already in place behind me, the strap within easy reach for when Zoe decided she would use it, and use she would without doubt.

“Yes Mum, he has been naughty yet again. Him and Jeff were bonkers to try it. Anyway Hannah will be dealing with Jeff next door. I really don’t understand how he never learns yes this is the third one this week, so with the six he has had already it means I have spanked him 9 times in just 3 weeks.”

Zoe laughed and said “I know Mum, he’s had a reddened bottom for more than he hasn’t since you’ve been away.”

Then in a more serious tone “I know Mum, but its takes a lot of effort to thrash him properly. I just

wonder what would happen if I didn't spank him, it would be hell I guess."

There was a gap, and then Zoe said "oh really? In your drawer?"

Oh no, Susie had told her about the cane. It was her weapon of last resort. I hated the cane more than any other implement. It was dense, long, and came through the air with a whoosh. It stung like nothing else. Susie would usually give me twelve strokes when she was really cross with me. Now she has told Zoe about it, and I'm for it.

I heard Zoe say "so you spank him first, give the normal lot with the strap and just make the cane an extra punishment. Twelve? Ok, so I'll use it today and maybe that will stop his bad behaviour yes I know Hannah is finding the same with Jeff she doesn't have a cane? yes, I can lend it to her as well ok, I'll go and do it I know you are worried about me Mum, but I said I'd do it, it's just if I had really known how much effort is involved in disciplining Dad I may just have left you to it, I see why it got too much for you yes, love you Mum."

I heard Zoe go upstairs and into our bedroom, then come back downstairs and in to the lounge. She came up behind me, grabbed my penis and balls, and turned me around, glared at me and snapped "right, where is it Dad?"

I knew then I was silly to have hidden it, but I just hadn't thought about the consequences. I tried to look blank but knew I was blushing.

"Now Dad" she spat out, squeezing my balls until I gasped.

"OK, ok, I'll show you" I said.

"Point" Zoe snarled, not letting go of my balls.

I pointed back up the stairs and Zoe set off, not letting me go and still squeezing me hard. We got to the top of the stairs and I pointed to the spare bedroom, following Zoe as soon as she tugged me. Inside the bedroom I pointed to the cupboard and she pulled me over there. I opened the cupboard, moved a few clothes out of the way, and grabbed the cane, showing it to Zoe, who grabbed it from me.

“Stand still” she ordered as she let me go. I rubbed my tender balls until I heard her snap “no rubbing” followed by the whoosh I knew so well and the splat as the cane hit me across my bottom.

I shrieked as it was so unexpected and there was no warm up.

“Don’t even think of rubbing” Zoe ordered, and frankly I wasn’t sure what needed rubbing more, my squeezed and aching balls or my stinging bottom.

I heard the whoosh again and a second stroke on my bottom sent me yelping again but I held my hands to my chest to make sure I didn’t try to rub, even with the third whoosh and third yelp.

Zoe grabbed my penis again and said more pleasantly than I liked “right, let’s go back downstairs where there is more room Dad, shall we?” She gave me a tug and I followed obediently out the door down the stairs and back to the lounge.

“Face the wall again Dad and make sure your hands are firmly on top of your head” Zoe ordered.

“Nice stripes Dad” she said as I put my hands back on my head.

Zoe came up behind me and rubbed my bottom. "You are so naughty Dad. So so naughty."

"Sorry Zoe" I managed.

"It's not sorry I want Dad, it's good behaviour" she responded sternly.

"Yes dear" I conceded.

Another whoosh splat and my shriek before Zoe said sternly "don't you yes dear me, that won't wash at all."

I decided not to say anything.

There was a whoosh followed by the splat, the searing pain and the sound of my own yelp. I really did hate that cane.

"Please Zoe" I begged.

Another whoosh, splat, yelp. Crikey, that is really stinging I thought, still not clear if I was getting caned because I hid the cane or because she was just mad with me.

"Please Zoe, that's five strokes."

"Who's counting?" she spat followed by a sixth whoosh splat and yelp. I let out my first whimper.

“Is the cane hurting you little boy?” she said in a childish voice, mocking me.

“Yes” I said quietly, and she knew I was hurting.

Just then the doorbell rang.

“Stay there” Zoe hissed as she went to the door.

“Oh hi Hannah,” I heard Zoe say brightly. They entered the lounge.

“Did you do that?” Hannah asked Zoe.

“Who else?” Zoe replied, clearly delighted her friend spoke with such awe.

“So Hannah, how’s your Dad. Hopefully as sore as mine.”

“Well there’s the thing Zoe, he isn’t.”

“Oh, but you were going to spank him at yours whilst I spanked my Dad here?”

Hannah stayed silent. I knew why but didn’t say.

“Hannah, I just spoke to Mum. Your Mum is expecting to hear Jeff has been spanked and that you have come over to borrow our cane.

“Yes I know. I’m afraid though I sort of, well, lied to my Mum.”

“How much of a lie?”

“Well, I know he has told Marty, that I’ve stopped spanking him.”

“What!! Zoe exclaimed.

I could feel her eyes bearing down on me, but I stayed looking at the wall. I knew this would happen. First Hannah and next Zoe, particularly after she complained to Susie about how hard it was to discipline me. I reckoned the caning was just an unfortunate interlude.

“Did you know about this Dad?”

Uh oh, I wasn’t going to be able to avoid answering but I stayed looking at the wall, just in case turning around got her annoyed.

“Well yes Zoe. Jeff told me a few days ago”

“And you didn’t think to tell me?” She sounded really angry now.

"I reckoned Hannah would tell you when she wanted to. It had nothing to do with me did it love?"

Zoe came up behind me, I heard the whoosh, splat, and my yelp.

"What have I told you Dad, you speak to me with respect when I am disciplining you."

"Sorry Zoe." I was aching now.

"But your Mum is expecting to hear your Dad has been caned."

"Well yes" Hannah said urgently, "that's why I came. I am rather hoping you will lie for me, like tell her I did cane Dad."

"Where is Jeff anyway?" Zoe asked.

"He's gone out for the evening."

"Just like that? He and my Dad are both supposed to be spanked for what they did. Did you spank yours at all?"

"Well no, actually."

There was what must have been stunned silence from Zoe. I reckoned my 21-year-old daughter will

be really livid now, but her temper will be directed at Hannah. This has the makings of some fun I thought.

“Hannah, why are you staring at my Dad’s bum?”

“Oh, was I?” she said sounding innocent.

“Yes you were and then added “crikey, it’s turned you on hasn’t it? Just like our Mum’s.”

“Sort of” I heard Hannah say.

“Zoe, you have been spanking your Dad when you said you have?”

“Well yes, except not recently.”

“What?”

“I can’t help it Zoe. When I used to watch Mum spanking Dad I got turned on. I reckoned when we tried to get spanking rights that was it for me, you know, getting aroused by spanking someone. But once I tried it I realised it wasn’t that at all. I wanted to be spanked.”

“And were you?”

“Yes. I spoke to Mum about a week before they went away, and she gave a couple of spankings,

hard ones, and I can tell you they were great. Don't you ever want to try it Zoe, being spanked ?”

“No way Hannah. I don't get off on it.”

There was a short silence and then Zoe said “but judging by the way you are blushing I reckon you do, don't you.”

“Yes Zoe. Sorry.”

There was a silence broken by Hannah asking Zoe “don't you get turned on by it Zoe?”

“No I don't” she snapped. “I do it because I want Dad to stop being so childish, to stop being so embarrassing, so badly behaved. I discipline Dad because someone has to do it, properly, and Mum hasn't been. I know your Mum and my Mum found it sexy watching us spanking our Dads, and I suppose now I know you do as well, it still doesn't change it for me. Except maybe I will have to deal with you and Jeff as well.”

“What do you mean by that Zoe?” Hannah asked.

Zoe said “So let's see Hannah, you lied about spanking your Dad did you?”

“Well yes, I said that already.”

“Don't be flippant with me young lady” Zoe snapped.

Suddenly Zoe announced “OK Dad, turn around as I guess this involves you, to an extent.”

I wasn't sure what that meant, but turned around as ordered. I sort of moved my arms until Zoe said “no Dad, keep them on your head. I haven't finished with you yet.”

I said immediately “but that isn't fair Zoe, if Jeff gets away with it and I don't.”

Zoe looked at me with daggers, but relented when she must have realised I was right.

“See Hannah” she said, “look what you have done.”

“Sorry Zoe.”

“Thanks Hannah, that's just what Dad says.” Zoe was fuming.

There was silence again. I watched as Zoe was thinking, then a smile spread across her face. Not a smile that I thought would help me, and I knew that for sure when she looked at Hannah.

“So Hannah, you need me to lie for you do you?”

“Oh yes please Zoe, that would be great.”

“OK, one of you has to be caned. You or your Dad. Which one shall it be Hannah?”

Hannah's eyes almost popped out of her head. She whispered "you are joking?"

"Not at all. Discipline is discipline. If I let Dad off now then I will lose control. And if I let you off he can claim I am not being fair. So I need to give you or your Dad the cane."

Zoe swished it a couple of times and to my amazement Hannah looked like she was actually thinking about it. I wanted to tell her it hurt like hell, that she shouldn't say yes. Then I realised if I said that and she agreed with me then Jeff would have to agree to be caned and I knew Hannah had already let him off three spankings, not just one, and that Jeff had given Hannah spending money in return. Hannah saw him as a way for free money, and Jeff was pleased to give it, and it had worked for him.

"Decide Hannah" Zoe reiterated.

"OK" Hannah said, "I'll do it."

"Really?" Zoe said quietly. "I thought you would make your Dad do it."

Hannah looked at her friend and said "I can't Zoe, he's paid me to let him off and I have accepted it. That's how I bought this outfit."

"I see" Zoe said, her face hardening. "You sold out huh?"

Hannah looked at the floor and nodded her head.

“Right then, the cane it is. Take your skirt and knickers off Hannah, and Dad you pull out another chair. I’ll cane you both together.”

Well that didn’t go as planned. There I was expecting it to be the end of Zoe spanking me, and what happens instead, I am going to be disciplined side by side with 21 year Hannah, and we will both be disciplined by my daughter. Not what I expected at all, and Zoe is in a foul mood to boot. That doesn’t bode well for my bare and sore bottom does it?

To be continued...