

## Mother-In-Law Discipline

After supper, I told my wife: "Face your mother and explain the household rules ... Stop fidgeting, and stand up straight or I will give you something to dance about" With a little whimper, my wife pulled herself erect and began to recite the ritual she had practiced last night.

"Mom, when I am a naughty girl, I get my undies pulled down and my bare fanny cheeks are spanked. I am then sent to the corner, and sometimes I have to wear a punishment outfit If you live here you will have the same discipline..."

Her mother stared at us both, too amazed to speak.

"Is that all?" I said.

"No, sir," my wife responded reluctantly. "Please show how obedient I am."

"Very good ... lift your skirt slowly, front and back over your hips." Bending, she reached for the hem and very slowly raised her skirt up her long stocking covered legs. Until her very tight white bikini panties were showing front and back. I just looked at her: she had disobeyed me about the panties she was wearing and she knew it; she was supposed to have on simple cotton, school-girl panties. "Turn your back towards your mother." She pivoted 180 degrees, so that her fanny cheeks were peeking out of her panties and were on display. "Good, now lift."

My wife immediately stood on her toes so that the calf and thigh muscles on her shapely legs were straining. My eyes traveled up her long legs from her heels to that sexy muscle on the back of the leg on up to the top of the stocking, the few inches of white thigh between the end of the stocking and the edge of her undies, then on up to her rounded bottom covered by her nylon panties. "Down." "Now lift!" once again she obeyed my command.

"Down." "Lift!" "Down." "Now stand next to my lap!" When she was in position, my hand slowly moved up her legs, I began tracing my palm across the backs of her thighs at the very apex where they join the first swelling of her bottom. I took the leg band of her panties and snapped it with my hand watching her cheek shake, I did the same with her left leg band. "Now, over my lap, young lady." She groaned in dismay, but she quickly bent over my lap without complaint, her head to my left and her long legs to my right.

I lifted up her skirt over her back and looked down at her tight bikini panties. They rode up her buttocks and squeezed in between her twin globes as she bent over, exposing her backside to me. I rested my hand on her bare white fanny, slowly palming it in deliberate circles. "Why are you wearing those nylon panties ... did I give you permission."

Her mother looked at us in shock, realizing that I even controlled my wife's undies selection.

"No sir, but .. I didn't think ... I ..."

"There are no buts ... when you disobey me you get disciplined, thought you wouldn't be caught, I guess. Well, you were, now I am going to tan your back- side ..." "As for you, Kathy." I addressed my 48-year-old mother-in-law as if she were a child. "I am going to give your naughty daughter an old fashion tanning for her disobedience ... You can either leave or you can stay. If you stay, you will also learn to obey me."

She blushed furiously and averted her eyes when I said this ... but she didn't leave. Pleased with the way things were going, I took the waistband of my wife's tight white bikini's and lowered them over her hips, turning them inside out as I pulled them down to her knee hollows, effectively pinning her legs. I raised my strong right palm and smacked her twice in succession across the lower half of each buttocks.

SMAACK! SMAACK! My wife's mother twitched at each blow as if she were the one on the receiving end ... But she didn't say a word or try to interfere with her daughter's punishment. I began to wallop my wife's bare backside vigorously, one cheek then the other, over and over. I then spanked her five times on one cheek, then five on the other. I could hear her start to sob and she began to clench and unclench her cheeks in anticipation. I lowered my aim and once again smacked her at the base of her backside, the tender spot where the thighs meet the fanny cheeks. She now began to cry real tears, promising to be "Sooooo Good".

SMAACK! SMAACK! SMAACK! SMAACK! SMAACK! SMAACK! After ten minutes of spanking her bottom, it was crimson from the top to the lower part of the back of her thighs ... I ordered her off my lap.. "Now go up stairs, get ready for bed and stand in the corner. I'll be up in a little while ..." She went, leaving her panties tangled about her knees. She slowly waddled up the stairs still holding her skirt at waist level and crying softly to herself.

"Don't you dare rub," I warned. Then I looked across at my mother-in-law. Her shoulders were sloped and her head was down. "Well? ... " I probed.

"I do want to ... stay ..." she said hesitantly. "But I ... I can't let you ..."

I interrupted her: "If you want to stay, lets start your obedience lesson immediately. Raise your skirt I want to see what you are wearing under it." She looked up, surprised and shocked by my sudden humiliating order.

"I ... I want to stay ... but, please ... please don't do this ..." Her cheeks were flushed again, and now she was on the verge of panic. I held her gaze while I stood up and walked slowly towards her. Then, circling her waist, I bent her under my left arm and smacked her three quick times on the back of her skirt. It was obvious she has not been spanked, if ever, in a very long time, by the way she jumped.

"Now I am going to tell you once more to raise your skirt over your hips, Unless you want to earn additional punishment, RAISE YOUR SKIRT NOW." She hesitated for a second and then reached down for the end of the skirt and slowly lifted it and her slip up her long legs. Inch by inch her legs came into view, as her skirt reached the top of her thighs I saw that she had on old-fashioned stockings attached to a white panty girdle ...

Her face was flushed again. I reached around and tucked the hem of her skirt and slip into her waistband at the back. She whimpered a little when I did this but she didn't try to stop me. "Now, I'm going to teach you to be a good girl ... You have a spanking coming for resisting me just now, and for your general attitude. You are headstrong and spoiled ..." I scolded her, but in a soothing voice. Then, I took her by the upper arm and gently led her to the spanking chair.

"The demonstration in obedience that your daughter showed is what I will expect from you while you're staying in my house. I realize it will be awhile before you will be as good as she is, but we will work on it ..." I sat down. Then I reached up, and worked my fingers into the waistband of her panty girdle. I began pulling the tight spandex girdle inside out over her full hips. She gasped and stiffened, but I continued tugging it down without any interference for her, working the garment over her full buttocks and down her legs until the waistband was down just below her knees. The legs of the panty girdle had been turned inside out and the garters dangled loosely, still attached to her nylon stockings. Her pink nylon panties, stretched tightly over her large hips and plump buttocks were all that remained to be removed I took her wrist and pulled her forward over my knees ...

Then, I lowered her panties and pushed them right down her legs until they were wedged behind her garters in front, and dangling down almost to her knee hollows in back. I could see the goose bumps forming on her soft cheeks and thighs from the cool air hitting them, and I knew she felt vulnerable and very aware of her big female behind sticking up, all bare. I then reached over and got the hairbrush off the table. No little-girl hand spanking for a mature woman like this, I'd decided.

"You know, Kathy, this is where the hairbrush will have the most effect." I said as I gently rubbed her fleshy upper thighs with the smooth wooden side of the hairbrush. "You won't be able to sit comfortably the entire weekend without thinking of the spanking I gave you. I am going to cover your entire backside and make every inch sting." I could hear her quietly whimpering as I adjusted her position over my lap, but it was too late now for her to get away.

"Before I start, turn your toes towards the inside so you won't clench your cheeks." She did as she was told. I lifted the hairbrush, and brought it down hard, making her flesh wobble! She gasped and jerked involuntarily First, I struck across both her cheeks, then one globe and the other, over and over. Up one side of her buttocks and down the other. I could see the red splotches forming on her fanny cheeks.

"Put your head down further and lift your buttocks up higher ... Keep both hands out of the way! If you try and fall off my lap, I will spank you for the next hour." I raised my arm and with a quick wrist flick, whacked her right and left cheek in quick succession. I held her waist with my left hand and started on the top of her thighs, five on one side and five on the other. I was determined to teach her a lesson she would not forget. She tried to kick her legs but was restrained by her undies and girdle at her legs.

**CRAACK!! CRAACK!! CRAACK!! CRAACK!! CRAACK!!**

"OWWWW!... Oh, God!" She started yelping and crying almost immediately, and pleading like a child: "Oh, please ... Plea..se ... stop ... I will be goood." Then her crying turned into loud gasps as she tried to catch her breath ... Still, she managed to stay in position and she didn't try to cover her bottom with her hands.

CRAACK! CRAACK! CRAACK! CRAACK! CRAACK! CRAACK! I finished spanking my mother-in-law, finally, and set her on her feet. She immediately grasped her burning bottom with both hands and rubbed it to ease the pain.

This annoyed me. "Stop rubbing, NOW! ... Didn't you hear what I said to you daughter." She looked up in alarm, and snatched her hands away as if they had been stung. Her hair was a mess, her mascara all smeared, and her backside was an angry, blotchy red. She was still sniffing and tears ran down her cheeks, so I put the hairbrush down and took out my handkerchief. Then I stood up and made her blow her nose like a little girl.

"Okay, Kathy, now it's time to wash out your mouth with soap .. as punishment for that outburst at dinner" I took her by her ear and made her shuffle over to the kitchen, her girdle and undies still dangling from her knees. She had no choice but to follow, her head hunched over, her underpants sliding down her legs to her ankles,

"No PLEEEASE ... Not that! I'm sorry ... PLEEEASE don't," she cried, but I kept her moving with an extra tug on the ear.

"I intend to stop all your swearing and your rudeness," I said roughly. I led her over to the kitchen sink and released my hold on her earlobe. She had no time to recover as she saw me pick up the half-used bar of soap from the soap dish.

"No, please," she begged. For some reason, the idea of a mouthsoaping seemed to horrify her even more than a spanking. She took a step back.

"Don't you DARE MOVE!" I ordered. She stopped, frozen, while I held the soap under the water and worked up a good lather. When I was satisfied, I pulled the whimpering woman towards me and leaned her over the sink, holding her by the back of the neck. The lathered-up bar was in my other hand, poised for action.

"Noooo" That was exactly what I was waiting for. When she opened her mouth to say "no", I slid the bar of Palmolive in between my mother-in-law's lips. "You will not sass me again.

Kathy ... From now on, you won't speak unless you're spoken to, understand!" I lectured her, twisting and turning the bar of soap as I spoke. A soapy foam began dribbling down her chin and blouse. The taste was obviously horrible. She half-gagged as the acrid-tasting soap coated her tongue and permeated every part of her mouth. Still, I toyed with the soap, moving it back and forth and in and out.

"Are you learning something?" She nodded her head as much as my other hand would allow. I withdrew the soap and allowed her to spit out the remains into the sink. She coughed and gasped,

but she wasn't going to get a drink for a long while and the soapy taste would remain in her mouth for hours. She still had foam on her mouth, and the front of her blouse was covered with dark wet stains.

"All right, Madame!", I stated emphatically, "Its time for the last part of your lesson! ... March yourself into the living room, find the nearest corner, put your nose flat against the wall and place your hands on top of your head." The mouthsoaping had taken all the resistance out her ...

She turned obediently, almost tripping because of her underclothes, stumbled quickly to a corner and put both hands on her head. Then she began sobbing again, noisily, out of self pity, and that bothered me. So I came over, pinched her nose to make her open her mouth, and inserted the bar of soap.

"Hold it there until I tell you otherwise!" I sat down, and looked over the defeated figure of my mother-in-law with satisfaction.

"On the weekend, we will be going shopping for punishment clothes more suited to your true age," I told her. "A little frock perhaps, and a sleeper for bedtime. The clothes you have on are much too 'adult' ..."

She moaned and shifted with renewed embarrassment, but she still stayed in position, dutifully. She was obviously a quick learner, just like her daughter ...

"Insecure\_one"