

Bottoming for my Billionaire Boss
by Pandora Box

Kent knocked on his boss's door. As he nervously adjusted his tie, his mind raced. He'd been employed by Jason Steele, media magnate, for almost two months now; his official title was "personal assistant", but the one time he'd actually met Mr Steele, it was in less than favorable conditions...which was likely the reason he'd been summoned.

Steele Media had been steadily growing under Jason Steele's hand for almost two decades now; started as a single newspaper when he'd been in his early twenties, the tale of its expansion was legendary. The business-savvy risks that Jason had taken meant that it had offices in every continent, and controlled almost half of America's media.

Kent heard a firm "Come in" from the other side of the thick oak door. He swallowed loudly, ran his hand through his black hair, and straightened his tie one last time before walking through the door.

The powerful man was sitting at his desk; a hint of gray the only visible indication that he wasn't a twenty-year old any more. He looked up as his young assistant approached, and Kent had never been hit by a gaze so intensely before. Jason's piercing blue eyes made Kent momentarily recoil, but he managed to keep walking, trying to hide how powerfully affected he'd been.

There were rumors that the man went through assistants quickly, chewing them up and spitting them out within weeks, if not days. On public record, Jason Steele was as straight as an arrow, but Kent had heard more than a few whispers of discreet affairs with young male employees.

Even if it were true, Kent knew that he'd never get the chance to be one of those employees, no matter how much he might secretly yearn for it.

Standing in front of Jason's desk, Kent attempted to keep his back straight, his head high, while avoiding direct eye contact. The boss's glare was too strong for Kent; instead, he fixated on the pen in his boss's hand, waiting to see what he had to say.

"Do you know why I've called you in here, Kent?"

"No, Mr Steele." Truth be told, Kent was amazed that his boss even knew his name. This was the man who could bring down politicians; he could create and destroy industries. He The fact that he knew Kent existed (let alone his name) was more than a little bit intimidating.

"It's about the Davidson file."

Kent's heart sank. The one time he'd previously come in contact with his boss was during an important meeting with P.T. Davidson, Steele's biggest rival. Halfway through the meeting, Jason had gestured for the file containing Davidson's latest numbers. All Kent had to do was pass them, but he'd somehow managed to picked them the file up the wrong way.

Paper had gone everywhere, causing a chuckle from Davidson and a single raised eyebrow from Jason Steele. It had been a simple gaffe, but it had replayed in Kent's mind a thousand times since that day.

"You made me look unprofessional, Kent."

Jason's tone was neutral, but the hard glint in his eyes hinted at how angry he really was. Kent could tell that under his professional facade was a seething fury, bubbling just below the surface, yearning to be released.

Released onto Kent.

"I don't know how you worked before you joined us here at Steele Media, Kent, but that sort of behavior isn't tolerated here."

Kent knew what was coming before Jason even said it. He hung his head, grit his teeth and blinked hard, trying to keep back the tears he knew would inevitably be forming.

"I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go."

Nodding, still unable to attempt eye contact, Kent mumbled a response, and turned to leave. He wasn't surprised; he'd heard of people in far more prominent positions than his being fired for much lesser offenses.

He was two steps from the door when Jason spoke again - that soft, powerful voice immediately stopping him in his tracks. Never raised any louder than a whisper, yet it always commanded the attention of everyone in the room.

"Unless, of course," he softly intoned, "you can convince me that it won't happen again."

Kent froze, unsure what his boss was getting at, but knowing how lucky he'd been to get this position, and that it was worth keeping...at all costs.

"Of course, Mr Steele!" he said, still not able to bring himself to make eye contact. He walked back to where he'd been standing, in front of his boss's desk, trying to stride confidently, knowing that it looked more like a nervous scurry. "Whatever it takes, sir."

He chanced another glance at Jason's face, and wished he hadn't. The mogul's stare was unrelenting, his eyes burning into Jason's like two hot coals.

"I'm of a different generation to you, Kent." The words were delivered in a simple matter-of-fact tone. "When I was young, we weren't given 'time-outs' or told to try harder.

"We were spanked."

Kent took a step back in shock and locked eyes with his boss. Bad idea. Like a mouse in the gaze of a snake, he found himself unable to look away as he nervously stammered his reply.

"I...Mr Steele...what are you getting at?"

"It's very simple, Kent." Kent noticed a fleck of saliva land on the corner of the older man's mouth, as he practically spat Kent's name. The billionaire's eyes were alive with fire, and Kent continued to stare into them, entranced. "The only way I'll be convinced that your little accident was a one-off event is if you submit to being punished. I'll personally administer the punishment, to make sure that it...sinks in.

"It's the only way that I'll be satisfied."

Every word that came out of his boss's mouth got Kent more excited, and his cock pulsed in response to the older man's passion. He had only one question, that he was far too nervous to voice - how did he know?

How did Jason Steele know that ever since he was a boy, Kent had fantasized about being dominated, being spanked like a school boy. How did Jason Steele know what Kent had never admitted to the world, had barely admitted to himself - that in his mind when he masturbated, it was an older male delivering the spanking, an older man dominating him?

How did Jason Steele know that his own visage had been in Kent's mind on more than one occasion as he pictured these scenarios?

"Yes, Mr Steele." Kent said, trying not to reveal how much he would enjoy being spanked, trying not to seem willing or over-eager. "If that's what it takes, Mr Steele."

Jason Steele smiled, and seemed to relax slightly, releasing Kent from his hypnotic stare. Kent looked down at his hands, clasped submissively in front of him, and noticed them trembling with nervousness and excitement.

His boss seemed to notice too, and his next command was softer, warmer...it verged on comforting - a word that Kent never imagined he'd use to describe his boss.

"Come here, Kent."

Kent almost stumbled in his excitement to obey, and moved forward until his thighs were up against his boss's desk. The billionaire stood up as well, and slowly leaned towards the young man, until his face was inches away from Kent's.

He stayed that way for a few seconds, staring deeply into the young man's eyes. Kent could feel his boss's hot breath on his face, and when he spoke, it was so soft that despite their proximity, Kent had to strain to hear it.

"You understand, of course, that this must remain completely professional, don't you Kent?"

Kent nodded dumbly, not trusting his mouth to utter anything in response.

"Neither of us can treat this for anything more than it is: disciplinary action.

"You realize that I have to spank you, to ensure that you deliver the high quality performance I expect from all of my employees, don't you Kent?"

He nodded once more. Jason reached up and grabbed Kent's tie, pulling his face closer, until their eyes were so close that he could have counted the older man's eyelashes. Kent's mouth was dry and he was trembling; he knew that the powerful man could tell him to jump out the window and his legs would be obeying before the order even reached his brain. He had complete control over him at that moment...

And Kent had never been so excited in his life.

"I'd like to make sure you're aware that what we're doing is nothing but a boss disciplining his employee, Kent. Why don't you call me 'Sir' when we're alone, just to guarantee that there's no confusion."

Kent swallowed, and ran his tongue over his lips. Jason's eyes darted down to follow the motion of pink flesh over dry skin.

"Yes, Sir." he responded, wondering if his boss could hear the sound of his heart. He must have been able to; never before had he heard it beat so loudly.

"Good," Jason said, letting Kent's tie go. Before Kent could straighten himself up, Jason had walked around the desk and was standing behind him. The young employee froze in nervous anticipation.

Standing less than a foot behind him, Jason suddenly fell completely silent. Kent was afraid to turn around - partially because he knew it would display the erection that had been growing since his boss had first rolled his name around that beautiful mouth of his, but mostly because he hadn't been ordered to.

If Kent hadn't been so focused on his boss's whereabouts, he would have marveled at how easily he exuded control. Jason hadn't said anything about obeying orders, the word "slave" had only been said inside Kent's head, yet they both knew that Kent wouldn't do anything without his boss's express permission.

The seconds ticked by, Kent acutely aware of each and every one of them. *What is he doing?*, Kent wondered. *Is he having second thoughts?*

Dear God, I hope not.

Finally, after what felt like an hour (but was likely less than a minute) Kent felt his boss's hand reached out and touching his pant-leg.

"Hmmm," the man growled, clearly discontent.

"Sir?" Kent responded, hoping desperately that it wasn't him that his boss was unhappy with...but reveling in the possibility for punishment if it was.

"These pants...I'm afraid the fabric is too thick. I'm not sure my punishment will...drive its point home, if you continue to wear these."

“I can go home and change, Sir?” Kent said, willing to do whatever it took to please the powerful man standing behind him, inspecting him. Without conscious thought, he had already bent over the desk in preparation for his punishment.

“Time is money, Kent, you should know that.”

“Of course, Mr Stee-...Sir.” Kent’s cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. He wasn’t sure what game his boss was playing, but he knew that he was lucky to be a part of it...he’d read once that Jason Steele earned almost a million dollars an hour. Of course he wasn’t going to stand around and wait for Kent to change.

“No,” the older man said slowly, practically chewing each word in his mouth before delivering them. “There’s only one solution that comes to mind, Kent.

“You’re going to have to take them off.”

Kent’s eyes widened at the thought, but there was no hesitation in his reply.

“Yes, Sir.” he said, and immediately started to unbuckle his belt.

He didn’t see Jason’s smile as his pants were lowered, and by the time his hands were back on the desk in front of him, Jason’s look of satisfaction at having found such an obedient employee was gone.

Kent wore simple black boxer-briefs, and he couldn’t help but wonder if Jason was admiring his muscular legs, the firmness of his ass. He’d been running for a decade, and though his busy corporate life-style didn’t allow him time to exercise as much as he once had, he still ran on the weekends, and kept his toned figure.

Jason leaned forward once more, and Kent could feel his stubble as he whispered directly into Kent’s ear, the only indication of his feelings towards their current situation that he’d given so far.

“I’ll try not to enjoy this too much,” he murmured. “We are professionals, after all.”

Before his words had even reached the young man’s brain, Jason pulled his hand back, and suddenly Kent felt an almighty THWACK on his barely-covered ass. None of Kent’s lovers had ever expressed any interest in rough play, and he’d been too embarrassed to ask.

Feeling overwhelmed by emotion - one of his strongest fantasies coming true, combined with the first taste of BDSM that he’d craved for so long - Kent fell to his knees, leaning on the desk with his elbows.

He felt the rough grasp of Jason’s hand on his hair as he pulled him up to a standing position, and again spoke directly into his ear, louder than he’d ever heard the man’s voice before.

“You will **not** move unless you are expressly commanded to, do you understand me?”

“Y-...yes...”

“Yes **what**, Kent?” Jason hissed.

“Yes Sir!” Kent replied, and immediately felt another sharp blow on his backside. This time he was more ready for the rush that it provided, and though his knees grew weak and his head swam with excitement and arousal, he stayed standing.

“I don’t put up with slovenly behavior in my employees, Kent.” Jason said, his hot breath against Kent’s ear. “Not in their appearance, not in their work...and especially not when they’re receiving punishment.”

So there have been others, Kent thought, before another smack was delivered, clearing his mind of any thoughts and causing a burning pain which quickly turned to pleasure.

“Yes, Sir...”

The words were barely out of his mouth when his handsome boss struck him again and

again, controlled, precise blows. Kent had expected them to be wild, frantic, allowing the man to release some of the anger that Kent had seen simmering below the surface earlier, but it seemed that Jason Steele was a man completely in control at all times.

Each time Jason's hand made contact with Kent's firm ass, he shuddered in a combination of pain and pleasure, and realized he'd been aching for as long as he could remember. By the time the sound - SMACK - hit his ears, the sensations of being punished and being treated like a naughty boy were radiating throughout his body.

It took him a minute to realize that Jason had stopped, and was standing above him, panting loudly, perfectly still.

"More!" Kent cried, not caring if he got punished for speaking out of turn, just craving the touch of the other man's hand on his rear once more.

His eyes were closed, and so he missed what was almost a once in a lifetime event - Jason hesitating, a puzzled look on his face. The confusion quickly turned into a wicked grin though, as he reached for the ruler sitting on the end of his desk.

Jason leaned over, and spoke directly into Kent's ear once again.

"More *what*, Kent?"

"Just...just...just more!"

Jason struck Kent's rear with the ruler - as the sound echoed around the room, tears sprung to Kent's eyes. The force of the strike was the same, but the pain was more precise, more pure.

He loved it.

"More *what*, Kent?" Jason asked again, and despite the endorphins fogging up Kent's brain and the slow burn of pain-turned-pleasure on his stinging ass, something clicked in his mind, and he realized what his employer was asking.

"More, sir. Please. Please sir, more."

The manic look of glee on Jason's face may have terrified Kent if he'd seen it, but all he could see was red as his employer resumed spanking him, using the metal ruler to punish the young man for his disobedience. If Kent had been able to think at all, he'd have wondered how Jason managed to hit the same spot over and over, how he managed to so effectively tan his backside, but all he could do was focus on continuing to stand, and not letting the overwhelming combination of pleasure and pain cause him to fall in exhaustion.

Finally, the blows came to an end, and Jason put the ruler down. He stepped forward, and Kent could feel the man's hardness pressing, throbbing against Kent's sore ass.

Jason leaned forward, causing Kent's body to sing everywhere it made contact with the older man's. Their bodies pressed against each other - Jason put his hands atop his assistant's, and the two men stood there for what felt like hours, breathing heavily, savoring the contact.

Kent wishing desperately that he'd do more than just press his erection against his ass, that he'd rip the small pair of pants off and take him, fill him up, love him...

Finally, Jason spoke, that low whisper that sent shivers up Kent's spine.

"What do we say, Kent?" he asked huskily.

"Thank you," Kent replied, and was answered with another hard smack. His body hadn't been prepared for that, and it made his arms buckle, causing him to lean on his chest, bent over Jason Steele's twenty-thousand dollar desk.

"What do we say, Kent?" Jason repeated.

"Thank you...Sir."

"Very good," Jason said dispassionately, and let go, taking a step backwards, causing Kent to let out a small moan of pain and loss.

Jason strode back around his enormous desk, and within a few seconds he was sitting behind his computer and tapping away at it as if nothing had ever happened.

It took Kent a few seconds to realize that he'd been dismissed, and he reluctantly lifted his pants. From where Jason was sitting, he had a direct line of sight to Kent's obvious erection, but he hadn't so much as glanced at it.

What just happened? Kent thought, and nervously turned to walk towards the door. He paused with his hand on the doorknob, waiting for Jason to stop him, to say something, to somehow acknowledge the moment they'd just shared.

But he didn't, and Kent let himself out, disappointed.

Instead of going straight to his desk, Kent made a short detour to the bathroom. After the experience he'd just had, he was cumming within minutes, one hand on his dick, the other tracing the hard line left on his ass by the ruler. As he came, he murmured "Yes Sir," over and over again.

"Please sir, more!"

When he got back to his office, he found a new email waiting for him.

Don't let it happen again. it said, and was simply signed "-J".

Kent smiled. He knew that it wasn't over. Not yet.

Two weeks later:

Kent woke with a start. He was having the dream again.

It had felt like an eternity since Kent had been summoned to his boss's office. For almost three months he'd been under the media magnate's employ, but in all that time he'd only met him twice - the first time, Kent had managed to embarrass his boss in front of a rival, and the second time he'd been punished for his mistake.

He'd walked into the office expecting Jason Steele to fire him. Instead, he'd suggested a much stranger course of action - a spanking.

Since then, he'd heard absolutely nothing from Jason. Every day, Kent went into work hoping to be summoned once more, but after almost a month, he was starting to lose hope. The only time he saw the mogul was from a distance...and in his dreams at night.

Publicly, Jason was as straight as an arrow. He'd never married, but there were more than enough stories of affairs with high-profile women to ensure that no one ever doubted his sexuality. Kent was the same way - his fantasies of being dominated by an older man were something that he'd never once shared.

But somehow, Jason had known.

Even before their encounter, Kent had heard stories of Jason's conquests, rumors that he used his personal assistants to play out certain fantasies. Only in passing, and only within the company - anyone speaking about such things outside Steele Media would quickly find themselves without a job, and likely the target of a lawsuit as well.

Why me? Kent had been wondering ever since the day his boss had bent him over his desk and tanned his hide. *Why am I next in his line of **personal** personal assistants? Did he know? Is that why he hired me? Or was it a guess?*

Kent hadn't been able to come up with an answer, and as he drifted off to sleep, he hoped that his subconscious mind would be able to help provide a solution.

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"Yes, sir." Kent said. This time they weren't in Jason's personal office. This dream was

taking place at Kent's old high school, where his fantasies had first begun to manifest. His algebra teacher, Mr Higgs, had been a strong, powerful, domineering man. He'd once gone on a spiel about corporal punishment, and it had triggered something in Kent's brain.

He'd never mentioned it to anyone, not even the girl he was dating at the time, but had secretly fantasized about Mr Higgs spanking him ever since.

It wasn't Higgs at the front of the class, however, it was Jason. Rather than being dressed in the sharp suit he typically wore, he was in Higgs' dowdy old tweed jacket, with the leather on the elbows. Looking around, Jason could see his old class-mates, each of them exactly as he remembered them.

Looking down at himself, Kent could see that he was still in his mid-twenties, but somehow managing to fit into his old schoolboy outfit. Everything else was unchanged, from the old clock on the wall to the schoolyard outside - everything was identical to how it had been ten years ago, except for himself and Jason.

"Then why," Jason continued, and Kent suddenly realized (in the way that one only does during a dream) that he had just admitted to cheating off the boy next to him, "do you continue to flaunt the school's strict rules?"

Kent stood in sudden silence, and Jason continued, taking on the sardonic phrasing that Mr Higgs had loved so much.

"Please, don't hesitate. I'm sure we'd all *love* to hear your explanation. Or perhaps you should just come up here, for your...punishment."

He didn't move, but somehow Kent was now at the front of the class. The rest of the students continued working, as if nothing was unusual, but Kent had that familiar feeling of fear that always rose up in his chest when he was in front of the class.

Jason leaned close - his face was clearly that of the billionaire Kent worked for, but his breath was that of Mr Higgs. He could smell it, as Jason's face came to within a few inches of his.

"Don't scream now, Kent," he said. "We wouldn't want you to distract the other students."

And with that, Kent could feel the pain of Jason's hand striking his rear, over and over. He'd relived the moment in his dreams every night since it had happened, and every time he masturbated while awake, but nothing even came close to the real thing, it just made him crave a repeat...and much more.

"Good boy, Kent," Jason said, his stubble against Kent's ear. "And now it's time...for my reward."

Kent felt himself being lowered, Jason's strong hands on his head, pushing down, pushing him towards the erect member that he'd only felt once, briefly, through the older man's pants.

"You're a good boy, Kent," Jason said, smiling. "You're a good boy..."

And once more, Kent felt the dream slipping away, just as he was close to getting what he'd craved for so long.

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The next morning, Kent went into work with a renewed sense of purpose. After awakening last night and pleasuring himself to the memory of his dream, he'd realized what his subconscious was trying to tell him. He was a good boy who was seeking punishment - a contradiction that was getting him nowhere.

And he was determined to remedy that.

One of Jason's numerous personal assistants requesting access to his office wasn't unusual, and so when Kent talked to the secretary at the front desk, claiming to have forgotten a file, he

was immediately given a puzzled look and permission.

Less than ten seconds later he'd left again, dropping by the front desk once more and ensuring the secretary knew exactly who had been in Jason's office.

He imagined the look on Jason's face when he returned to his desk, to see a single file out of place, spilled on the ground, like Kent had accidentally done in the meeting last month. Would his sharp mind piece it together straight away, or would it only be when he asked his secretary who had been in his space that he'd work it out?

Would he smile; not the flashy smile that he gave for the cameras, but his real smile, the thin one that Kent thought he'd seen last time he'd visited his boss's office? Or would he be mad, furious at Kent's impertinence, his hand itching, waiting to deliver the punishment that Kent knew he deserved...

It was over an hour before Jason was due back, but to Kent, sitting nervously in anticipation, it felt like hours. He was constantly erect, and just as he was on the verge of going to the bathroom to get some release, his phone rang.

"Kent Harris," he answered professionally, and a chill went up his spine as he recognized Jason's husky tones on the other end of the line.

"My office," he said simply. "Now."

The elevator ride seemed to be dragging out just to taunt Kent, and as he ascended the floors he wondered if he was going to get fired.

It'd be worth it. he quickly realized. *Anything would be better than the waiting.*

When he reached the top floor, he stepped out and walked past Jason's private secretary for the second time that day. She was quite attractive - Kent briefly wondered if that was to keep up appearances, or perhaps Jason genuinely did enjoy multiple genders in his private life.

Perhaps Jason was even lying to himself.

Kent gave her a quick nod, and stepped into Jason's office.

It was as though he'd stepped from day into night - the huge blinds on Jason's windows had all been drawn, and it took Kent's eyes a few seconds to adjust. The effect was chilling, and Kent wondered why he'd gone to all the effort. The billionaire clearly wasn't aiming for romance. No matter what they did, Kent knew that Jason would never be able to directly address it, refer to it in anything but oblique business terms.

Kent knew that Jason would never be able to admit that deep down, he needed this just as much as Kent did.

"Kent," the older man intoned, and Kent jumped at the sound. Intimidation, he suddenly realized - that was why he'd lowered the blinds. Not that he needed to; just being in the presence of the powerful man was enough to get Kent's blood pumping, but the darkness had its desired effect, and Kent realized he didn't even know where Jason was.

He spun around reflexively, and looked for the source of the voice. Jason spoke again.

"I see our lesson didn't stick, Kent."

Kent turned once more, and realized that Jason was exactly where one would expect him to be - sitting at his desk. Kent's eyes had adjusted enough to see that Jason was leaning forward on his arms, dressed impeccably (as always) and staring straight at the younger man.

"We may have to do something more...permanent."

Kent gulped in fear, and stepped forward nervously. Although this was what he'd been craving for the last month, he was suddenly overcome with nerves. He didn't know what was coming, and the complete lack of control had his heart racing.

Jason turned his computer screen on, and Kent's eyes once more had to adjust. He soon

realized that the computer's glare perfectly highlighted the files that he'd carefully splayed on Jason's thickly-carpeted floor.

"Pick them up." Jason said, simply, and Kent nodded.

The silence was palpable, and the room was tense as Kent deliberately stood between Jason and the files, and bent to pick them up. As he did, he wished that he could see behind him - was Jason staring at his obviously-presented rear? Was that even attractive to him? Or was he unaffected by the younger man's body? What was Kent to him?

Despite his attempts to stretch the task out, it only takes so long to pick up a handful of sheets, and when Kent turned around, he was pleased to see that Jason was still facing him, hadn't turned around to reply to emails or been bored by the view. He seemed to be breathing more heavily as well, but the billionaire had near-perfect control, and without closer inspection, Kent couldn't be sure that there was any difference compared to his boss's normal state.

"Put them here," Jason said, and Kent placed them on the desk where he gestured. The two men were only a foot apart now, and Kent was trying desperately to keep eye contact, to appreciate every moment of what was happening. This was an experience he knew he may never get again...if it was going to play out in his fantasies for the rest of his life, he wanted to remember as much as possible.

The billionaire and the young man stood, breathing heavily and staring at each other for several seconds before Kent's willpower finally caved, and he broke eye contact, looking down.

He inadvertently found himself staring at Jason's pants, where a clearly-visible erection had formed. Before he could say anything, Jason started speaking again, and Kent kept his gaze where it was, transfixed by the older man's member.

"I'd hoped you would behave, Kent," Jason said, a slight smile audible in his words. "But here we are again...this time, I'll have to make sure you remember your punishment.

"Turn around."

Kent turned, and could hear the sound of a drawer being opened. His mind lit up with possibilities, and every cell in his body fought the urge to turn around and see what Jason was holding.

"Bend over."

Kent bent. The light behind him would, he realized, highlight his muscular ass.

"Hold your ankles, Kent."

Kent did as he was told. Between his legs, he could see Jason's perfectly-polished shoes, his crisp black trousers, and the bottom of what looked like...a cane.

"Hold on tight, Kent." Jason said, his voice as quiet as a whisper. He did, and almost immediately felt the cane striking him.

WHACK.

The pain rocketed through his body, simultaneously delighting and alarming him. This was the reality of it - his vague memories of what had occurred in this very room a few weeks ago disappeared, vanquished by the very real pain he now felt. Perhaps because his ass was tense (his whole body had been tense, in fact) or perhaps Jason was simply not holding back this time, but the pain seemed much greater than the last time he'd been in this position.

"You see," Jason started, and hit Kent with the cane once more, just as hard - WHACK - "last time I did this, I was trying to teach you a lesson. I was trying to make sure..."

WHACK.

Kent winced as the cane struck him a third time.

"I was trying to make sure that we wouldn't be in this position again. That we wouldn't

have to...see each other again.”

WHACK. WHACK. WHACK.

A fourth, fifth, and a sixth blow rained down on Kent’s ass. It was taking all his effort to hold on to his ankles - a part of him wanted to give up, to pass out from the pain, but the rest of him was reveling in the sheer erotic pleasure of the situation. He was being punished. He was being punished by Jason Steele.

“It’s **important**, Kent.” WHACK. Jason punctuated his sentence with swipes of the cane. “It’s **important** that you **understand** the **lessons** I’m trying to **teach** you. **Discipline** and **obedience**.”

WHACK. WHACK. WHACK. WHACK. WHACK.

“Repeat after me.”

“Discipline,” Kent panted, tears of pain starting to spring from his eyes. “Discipline...and obedience.”

“You will **obey** me,” Jason roared.

WHACK.

“I will obey you, sir! I will obey!”

“You! Will! Obey!”

For the first time since he’d entered the room, Kent felt genuine fear - Jason seemed to have worked himself into some kind of frenzy, striking at Kent’s back without regard for anything other than getting his point across. Kent winced each time the cane made contact with his back - even through his pants, even through his underthings, he wondered if there was any chance that the billionaire’s efforts would draw blood.

Finally, Jason seemed to wear himself out. He threw the cane aside, and leaned forward, just as he had last time. Again, Kent could feel the older man’s hardness pressing against his ass. Again, his boss put his hands on Kent, and leaned him against the desk, his mouth at Kent’s ear.

“You need a permanent reminder, Kent,” he said huskily, breathing heavily against Kent’s face. “I’ve given you something to ensure you don’t disobey me again. I’ve left a mark, this time – the pain wasn’t just for your enjoyment, my dear boy, it was to cause a bruise.

“You’ll carry this bruise with you for the rest of the week, and every time you sit down, you’ll be reminded that you have to obey me. You’ll be reminded that my word is your command. You’ll be reminded that your will is mine to bend as I wish, Kent. Do you understand?”

Kent hesitated before he replied. His head was swimming - the pain was overwhelming, and mixed with the intense eroticism of the situation, he was having trouble plucking his thoughts from the pink mist. He gulped, trying to find the words, and Jason tightened his grip on Kent’s arms, pushing his erection further into the younger man’s body.

“Do you *understand*, Kent?” he asked again, urgently, almost...needingly. Kent was already confused, but the almost pleading nature of his boss’s request forced an answer from him immediately.

“Yes, sir. Of course I do, sir.

“Anything you need from me, sir.”

He could feel Jason’s smile, not only against his cheek, but in every part of his body.

“Let me see,” Jason said, his voice suddenly crisp and professional once more. He spoke as if inspecting the accounts of a new merger, as if the past few minutes hadn’t even occurred.

“Yes, sir.” Kent replied, trying to match his boss’s tone, before his brain had even caught up with his mouth. It was if Jason’s spankings had worked, as if he’d been trained to obey without

thinking. “See what, sir?”

“Your reminder, Kent. What’s the purpose in marking you if I can’t be sure that my lesson has...taken hold?”

Despite the situation, Kent still had trouble believing what he was being asked. Even though they’d jumped over every professional line or boundary, being told to expose his rear to his boss seemed strange to Kent.

“Now, Kent.” Jason said insistently, his voice chillingly professional.

Kent immediately, unquestioningly obeyed, unbuckling his belt and lowering his trousers and boxer-briefs, exposing his muscular and bruised rear for Jason’s eyes.

Jason stepped forward again, and lightly traced the bruises he’d caused. Kent shuddered in pleasure as Jason’s movement caused a slight breeze to waft across his exposed erection. The entire experience had been so erotic that he knew almost any stimulation of his sensitive head would cause him to cum.

To Kent’s surprise, he heard the sound that he’d dreamed last night, and a slight rustling. *Is this it?* he thought. *Is my boss going to take me? Is he going to fuck me? Is this why he was training me, so that I’d be obedient enough to let him use my ass?*

Anticipating the older man’s cock pressing against his ass, its head slowly splitting his cheeks as it painfully began to enter his virgin hole, Kent instead felt a light touch against his bruises, as if Jason was once more tracing over them with his fingers.

It took Kent a few seconds to realize that his boss was instead touching him with his erection, stimulating himself using Kent’s bruised behind. He almost moaned in frustration that he wasn’t the one being stimulated, but determined to be obedient, stood still while Jason pleased himself.

It was mere minutes before he felt the warmth of Jason’s cum landing on his exposed ass, and once more he tried to take in everything he could about the moment, experience it in full, capture every sensation, every image, ensure that when he fantasized about it, he’d have as much of it stored in his brain as possible.

Almost immediately, Kent heard Jason’s fly again, and a few seconds later, the blinds all raised simultaneously, and Kent was almost blinded by the light.

“That will be all, Kent.” Jason said, and Kent turned to see him sitting at his computer, loading up a spreadsheet as if there wasn’t a half-exposed man standing in his office, cum slowly dripping from his ass.

Suddenly aware of the world outside, Kent raised his pants as quickly as he could, as if there were risk of anyone seeing his exposed member on the top floor of the skyscraper. He left, puzzled by Jason’s complete dismissal of him, harder than he’d ever been.

As he walked out of the billionaire’s office, he could feel the older man’s rapidly-drying cum on his ass. He again made his way into the bathroom as quickly as he could, and two orgasms later, finally felt calm enough to return to work.

Just as he’d hoped, there was an email waiting for him when he returned to his office.

Come and see me again, it read, when the bruises disappear.

Don’t disappoint me, Kent. I have high hopes for you.

-J

Kent smiled, finally feeling at peace. He worked the rest of the day, and even after he got home, didn’t change his boxers until his shower the next morning.

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