

Spanked by my Boss  
by Pan  
Chapter 10

As soon as Mr. Peterson's hand met my bare ass, the warmth began to spread through my body, as it always did. His hands were soft - he worked in an office all day, after all - but so firm.

The impact was sharper than normal; perhaps that was why the warmth felt more intense. Hotter. It expanded across my naked buttocks before welling in my wetness.

SMACK.

The second smack was harder than the first, or perhaps just more emphasized. Normally the fabric between Mr. Peterson's hand and my ass diffused it a little, but without such a barrier, I felt the impact more.

And it landed exactly where the first had.

"Two, sir," I gasped, my voice thick with shock and pleasure.

No, not pleasure. This was a punishment. I certainly wasn't meant to be feeling any pleasure.

I shouldn't be doing this at all.

SMACK.

"Three, sir."

My eyes widened. Fuck! How had I let it come to this? Mr. Peterson's hand - my *boss's* hand, making direct contact with my ass.

This wasn't allowed. This wasn't okay.

SMACK.

"Four, sir," I panted. As if he was an expert, as if he had practiced this for hours, on dozens of women before me, Mr. Peterson's hand was finding the exact same target each and every time.

The result was more intense than any of the punishments had been previously. And as if to counterbalance the intensity, it was causing an even greater warmth than ever before.

SMACK.

"Five, sir."

Every time he struck my naked ass, it completely derailed my train of thought.

This wasn't okay. This wasn't allowed. This was way out of line. This was essentially cheating on my...-

SMACK.

"Six, sir."

The intensity of my punishment was starting to get overwhelming. No wonder Mr. Peterson had said that thirty would be too many. I would be shocked if I could even survive twenty.

But whenever it felt like it was going to be too much, like the hardness of each stroke on my bare buttocks was going to overtake my senses and cause an overload, a new wave of warmth would fill my body.

SMACK.

"Seven, sir."

The warmth was like a blanket I could cuddle under. It was like wearing a comfortable pair of Aaden's sweatpants.

Aaden! I'd gotten so distracted by Mr. Peterson's hand, I'd completely forgotten my husband. He wouldn't approve of this. He wouldn't...

SMACK.

"Eight, sir."

My entire body shook each time Mr. Peterson struck me. Not with pain - the spanking was intense, but never to the point of painfulness. I briefly wonder if Mr. Peterson had been a blacksmith in a previous life, or had some kind of role that required him to hit the same precise spot, never missing it by so much as an inch.

But the intensity was starting to get to me. It was all I could think about, all I had the capacity to absorb - mentally OR physically.

All I could do was retreat into the warmth, allow it to overtake me. Allow it to dampen my pussy, to make my tits erect. Embrace the ache it started in my thighs, which had become a dull consistent hum.

SMACK.

“Nine, sir.”

My slit was so wet. My whole body felt raw. Awake. Could Mr. Peterson feel how turned on I was? With every spank, could he feel my clit dripping?

I should have been horrified at the thought. I should have been anxious, or furious. But my punishment had drained me, and all I could do was lean into the arousal.

SMACK.

“Ten, sir.”

Not that I was aroused. Of course not. That would be completely inappropriate, at the workplace. It would be unacceptable to get turned on by being pantless in my boss’s office, as his powerful hand spanked me into submission.

But I was too overwhelmed to question it. The warmth felt exactly like arousal, like my entire body was humming with erotic energy.

Like I was right on the verge of getting off.

SMACK.

“Eleven, sir,” I groaned in relief. Mr. Peterson had switched his attention from my right buttock to my left. If I could have seen my bare ass, I would have bet the house that a red imprint of my boss’s hand would be clearly visible.

The shift allowed the fog to lift slightly; I felt like I could peer out from the warmth I’d taken shelter in. Like I could think again.

SMACK.

“Twelve, sir,” I said automatically. I didn’t even question it any more - when Mr. Peterson spanked me, I counted aloud. It was just the way of things. That was my job.

My job. Shit! I’d been so distracted, I’d again managed to forget how completely, unacceptably inappropriate this was. Getting punished for typos, that was fair. That was reasonable. But Mr. Peterson’s hand on my bare ass? That crossed the line.

SMACK.

“Thirteen, sir.”

I struggled to concentrate on the thought. I had to hold onto it. For my marriage. For my professionalism. For my decency.

Mr. Peterson shouldn’t be...shouldn’t be spanking me. Shouldn’t be touching me. Not okay. Married.

SMACK.

“Fourteen, sir.”

But as Mr. Peterson continued administering my punishment, his hand relentlessly hitting the exact same spot on my left buttock, it drained my focus, consumed all my attention. The reprieve to my right buttock helped, but I could feel my thoughts slipping away, my body

surrendering to his.

Had to...had to be...professional. For Aaden. For...

SMACK.

“Fifteen, sir.”

Like a port in a storm, the warmth was so inviting. I could allow it to envelop me. I could allow it to soothe me, to distract me from the ceaseless onslaught to my bare ass. I could lose myself in the warmth, forget everything, use pleasure to block out what was happening.

What was happening. Not okay. Boss. Job. Marriage. No...

SMACK.

“Sixteen, sir.”

My entire life, I'd always been the strong one. I'd borne two children while getting myself through business school. I'd supported the family while Aaden was unemployed. When there was nothing else, I'd always been able to rely on sheer force of will to get me through.

I had to be strong...

SMACK.

“Seventeen, sir.”

Every time Mr. Peterson's hand landed, it hit the same spot. Powerful blow after powerful blow - hard enough to send shockwaves throughout my entire body, but not hard enough to hurt.

My body was so confused. I knew intellectually that this was just a punishment, but my body could just feel the endorphins that it was bringing out, the heat that it was causing.

The warmth.

SMACK.

“Eighteen, sir”

My ass felt like it was glowing with enough heat to warm the entire office. It was too much. Too intense. I had to...I had to...

I could feel my will crumbling. I could feel my clit throbbing. My entire body throbbed.

I wanted to be Mr. Peterson's good girl.

SMACK.

“Nineteen, sir.”

He was punishing me for my own good. I had screwed up. It was my fault. I deserved this.

It was taking every inch of willpower to stay strong. Not to crumble. My face was red, and I was coated in so much sweat that my top was sticking to me. My slit was dripping wet. Mr. Peterson must have been able to feel it. He must have known.

I couldn't...I had to...I wanted to...

Surrender.

SMACK.

“Twenty, sir,” I gasped, before my eyes rolled back into my head, and all I could see was stars.

My entire body shook with orgasm. I'd never cum without touching my clit before, but just from the intensity of my boss's punishment, I was cumming, arousal gushing from deep within me.

I had surrendered to the warmth. I had surrendered to my boss's will.

I was Mr. Peterson's good girl.

It felt like an eternity before I came to. I was slumped over my boss's desk, and for all I knew, could have been there for a thousand years. As I tried to prop myself up on my elbows, the room was spinning.

Fuck. *Fuck*. What had we just done?

What had *I* just done?

I'd screwed up, and needed to be punished. I accepted that. Mr. Peterson was just doing his job - his role was to punish, and mine was to accept my punishment.

That is, if I wanted to be Mr. Peterson's good girl. And I did. I wanted that more than I could ever remember wanting anything.

At the time, it had felt excessive, to be spanked on my bare ass. It had felt inappropriate. Mr. Peterson's hard hand, making direct contact with my skin. Touching me where only my husband was supposed to touch me.

But it wasn't sexual. I had to remind myself of that. He was just carrying out his duty. As was I.

My duty was to do as Mr. Peterson said.

It wasn't his fault that I'd cum. My damned body - it had done it again. It had forgotten the boundary between professional and personal. It had blurred the line between disciplinary and sexual.

All my boss had been doing was trying to ensure I didn't screw up again, to give me a punishment I wouldn't forget. And, well...he'd succeeded, though presumably not in the way he'd intended.

"Amber," he coughed gently.

"Yes, sir?" I responded, my mouth shaping the words before my brain even realized he'd said anything.

"I have that meeting now..."

"Yes, sir," I said, my face flushed. Of course. God, how long had I been slumped over his desk for? Not only had I somehow managed to get off from being punished, but then I'd blacked out and potentially thrown off the rest of his day.

I quickly scurried out of the room, blushing furiously.

It wasn't until I was sat back in my cubicle, earphones back in, that I really had time to process what had just happened.

You know that feeling after something huge has happened, where it still doesn't quite feel real? Well, this wasn't like that.

The events of the past hour were crystal clear in my memory, burned into my brain. I'd gone into Mr. Peterson's office for my punishment, leaned over his desk, and he'd spanked my bare ass until I came.

No, that wasn't fair. He'd spanked me twenty times, as we'd agreed was appropriate, and *then* I'd cum.

It wasn't his fault. It was mine. I'd gotten confused. I'd allowed myself to fantasize about him. I'd missed the contact, I'd missed feeling his hand on my ass.

I'd gotten off thinking about him so many times, my body had mixed up reality and fantasy, and I'd cum at his touch.

My eyes widened as I remembered...oh, god. And I'd agreed to go back every day for a week.

Aaden didn't get home until late that night - he was at fantasy football or bowling or some boy thing. I piled the kids into their rooms and went to bed early, a woman on a mission.

I was going to get off, then get off, then get off again. I was going to wear myself out, plumb the depths of my libido, completely exhaust my sexual supply. By the time I went into Mr. Peterson's office the next day, I was going to be out of orgasms. I was going to have the

sexual energy of a piece of limp celery.

This was no time for fooling around. Or, perhaps more accurately, this was the exact time to fool around.

On the rare occasion I masturbated at home, I'd do it in the bath or shower...but this wasn't an ordinary case of self-pleasure. Never before had anyone taken playing with themselves so seriously, and I was going to want to lay down to keep my energy reserves up.

By the time Aaden arrived home, I was a hot mess. In order to expedite the process, I'd thrown all my usual rules out the window - the name of the game was getting off, and I wasn't going to let anything stand in my way. And so I had closed my eyes, moved one hand between my legs, and allowed myself to think the unthinkable:

I imagined my boss was there, watching me. No, more than watching me - touching me. His hands moving across my body, grasping, groping, taking me like he owned me.

"I am Mr. Peterson's good girl," I told myself through gritted teeth, one hand firmly rubbing my clit. "Yes, sir..."

Allowing myself to think such forbidden thoughts worked, and it was only a few minutes before I felt an orgasm wash across my body. It wasn't as intense as the climax I'd reached after Mr. Peterson had spanked me, but in all fairness, it was hard to imagine any orgasm ever would be again.

But that wouldn't stop me trying.

As I lay there gasping, I moved one finger between the swollen lips of my pussy. I was completely soaked; after dipping two fingers into my wetness, I returned them to my clit, and began methodically stroking it once more.

This time, I allowed myself to go further in my imagining. This time, my boss wasn't just touching my sides, he was grabbing my ass. My tits. I gasped as I came once more, but this time I didn't slow down - and nor did the Mr. Peterson of my imagination.

"Touch me, sir," I groaned, imagining Mr. Peterson's hand moving between my legs. Closing my eyes, it was easy to imagine him standing over me, his hand in the place of mine. I'd already felt how skilled his hands were; it wasn't much of a stretch to imagine him touching me, rubbing me to orgasm.

"Yess..."

After a small break for air, I resumed my mission. I imagined myself bending over the bed, pictured Mr. Peterson spanking me, just as he had that morning. I could so clearly remember the feeling of his hand on my bare ass, the feeling of my entire body tensing up before each SMACK, SMACK, SMACK...

Unlike that morning, I came again and again, reliving the experience I'd had that morning, knowing it was going to repeat the next day. Every day for a week...god, how was I going to survive *every day for a week*?

By doing exactly what I was doing now, I reminded myself, redoubling my efforts. As I felt another orgasm wrack my body, I didn't let up for a moment. The Mr. Peterson of my imagination grew bolder, pressing his body against mine, making me aware of his erection nestled between my ass-cheeks.

God, his erection. How many weeks had I spent now, fantasizing about my boss's cock? Censoring my thoughts wasn't going to help me now, so I allowed my mind to run wild - I pictured him pulling it out, forcing it into my mouth, a smile on his face as I choked on it.

I could practically taste his pre-cum as I came. My clit was starting to get sore, but I knew I couldn't stop - I had to completely wear myself out sexually, get every orgasm out of my body

so I could go into work tomorrow completely drained, utterly spent.

But the ache between my legs wasn't one of soreness, but of want. I wanted to feel my boss fuck me. I wanted him to position his cock between my legs and push, not even waiting for permission. I wanted him to be so turned on, he couldn't resist - he was always so reserved, so professional.

I wanted to turn my boss into an animal, unlock his primal urges, and have him take me.

I wanted to give myself to my boss. I wanted him to cum inside me, to use me for his pleasure.

I wanted to be his good girl.

"Amber?" my husband asked, when he finally stumbled into our room, more than a little drunk.

I don't blame him for his confusion; normally when he got home from Dungeons and Dragons or whatever it was, I was fast asleep. Sometimes I'd still be up, reading or watching television...but I'd never been laying naked on the bed, coated in sweat, rubbing myself like my sanity depended on it.

"Fuck me," I moaned, and a grin crossed his face. "Please, Aaden...fuck me."

Over the past several hours, I'd cum more times than I usually did in a year, but the well of lust inside me appeared to be impossible to drain. No matter how perverse the situations I imagined - Mr. Peterson fucking me in the conference room in the middle of a meeting, or taking me in the back seat of a car while my husband drove us to the movies - my arousal was impossible to sate.

For the first time in my life, I'd found myself wishing I had sex toys. Imagining Mr. Peterson's cock inside me had left me feeling empty and unfulfilled, a dull ache that I knew could only be cured by being well and truly fucked.

"Okay," he replied, a dopey grin on his face, and quickly shed his clothes to do exactly that.

My clit was quickly growing numb, but as Aaden's cock entered me, I reached down to give it some gentle, loving attention.

"Fuck me," I hissed, and Aaden immediately took the hint, taking me as roughly as he think he ever has before.

It wasn't long before I reached yet another climax, my umpteenth of the night. The plan had been to go to work the next day completely and utterly satisfied, but like throwing water on an oil fire, it felt like all I'd done was feed the flames.

By the time my husband came inside me, I'd cum twice more, horrified to discover that even Aaden's rough fucking wasn't enough to quell my arousal.

"Again," I gasped, but Aaden's grumbling response was quickly followed by the sound of his snores.

As I lay there, coated in sweat, my clit throbbing from arousal and overuse, I realized...it hadn't worked.

Whatever Mr. Peterson had awoken in me, it couldn't be satisfied. I'd have to face him again the next day, subject myself to his ...punishment and, in all likelihood, cum at his hands once more.