

Spanked by my Boss

by Pan

Inspired equally by my muse, Amber, and the inimitable Greyscribbler.

Chapter 1

There was one strange thing about working at Gio Industries.

Well, there were actually a few strange things. But on my first day, the only one I noticed was the music.

My boss had explained it to me as he was showing me around. Apparently Gio had put a bunch of money into developing the perfect “background music” while you worked, maximizing harmonies and brainwaves and all that sciencey stuff. All I knew was that whenever I was sitting behind my computer, I was required to have headphones playing this strange, pulsating music.

It was more than a little weird at first, but I quickly got used to it. I wouldn’t ever say I ‘liked’ it, exactly, but I was definitely okay with it.

That could also describe the other strange things I was discover about the job, now that I think about it. But I’m getting ahead of myself.

My boss was a few years older than me - Mr. Peterson. He was nice enough, all things considered. Good-natured, friendly. He really made sure that I felt welcome. A little handsy, perhaps, but not anything I hadn’t encountered before - he didn’t ‘grab me by the pussy’ or anything like that, but I noticed his hand lingering on my shoulder, slightly longer than was comfortable.

My name’s Amber. I’ve been an accountant for about a decade now. I know I’m attractive - like I said, I’d had to deal with ‘overly friendly’ bosses before. But I also know that I’m good at my job, and so when I was offered a job at Gio I knew that it was because of my work ethic, not my looks.

Well, not *just* my looks. I’m no idiot - I know that any male boss (and some female bosses, in all likelihood) were, on some level, factoring my attractiveness into it. For the first few years of my career I’d dressed to hide my curves, but it felt weird and uncomfortable, and so while I certainly didn’t wasn’t decked out like a Hooters girl, I also wasn’t covering myself like a nun.

The pay bump was significant, and they made a lot of promises - potential to manage projects, lead a team...there was even discussion of a trip to Europe, if an upcoming merger was successful. And so I accepted the job without hesitation.

Gio was much like every other job I’ve had. Standard corporate America, you know how it is. There were a lot of women - more than I was used to, in my field - but Mr. Peterson explained that Gio was an equal-opportunity employer, and they were constantly scouting for women to join the team.

Quite attractive women, I couldn’t help but notice.

But the only thing that really stood out was the music. From the moment I sat down at my desk each morning, there it was, pumping straight into my brain. And I had to admit - their research had been right. I work fast (this is how I make a living, after all) but even though I was adjusting to a new office, a different workflow, to a slightly more challenging position than my old job...I was also working faster, and making far fewer mistakes than ever before.

But not none.

That was when I discovered the second strange thing about working at Gio.

It was my second week when I got the email. I’d mostly settled in by then - I knew where the kitchen was, whose coffee-breath to avoid in the morning, and what time you had to arrive in the morning to get the good parking spaces.

“Amber,” it read simply. “Can you please come into my office? It’s about your analytics report.”

Analytic reports were, I’m not going to lie, my least favourite part of my new job. The rest of it - end-of-month close, recs, attending mostly-pointless meetings with equally-bored employees - that was all stuff I’d done at my previous job. That was all stuff that every accountant had probably done since the beginning of accountancy. Grug, calculating how many mammoth carcasses the cave would need before winter, dreading sitting down and having yet *another* boring “hunting efficiency” meeting.

Analytic reports were their own level of annoying - Gio used some proprietary system. It had a bunch of interesting data predictive tools, but it suuuucked for writing reports.

I knew the exact report he’d been talking about - I’d whipped it out at the end of an exhausting week, and my brain had been well-and-truly fried when I did. During the short walk to Mr. Peterson’s office, my mind was buzzing with what I could (or should) have done differently. I hadn’t even run the final report by any of my colleagues, despite the fact that I now oh-so-clearly remembered Mr. Peterson saying that I was welcome to.

“Sir?” I said, managing to hide the quaver in my voice as I stepped into his office.

Like I said, Mr. Peterson was a nice guy, if a little odd. In the two weeks we’d been working together, I’d learned that he had some strange habits - he’d eat peppers like they were apples, and never seemed to hold his opinions back on any subject, no matter the situation.

But he certainly wasn’t *scary*. No, my nervousness was not due to my boss - I just don’t like getting in trouble. It was as simple as that.

“Sit down, Amber,” he said, his typical grin missing from his face. “I want to talk to you about this report.”

I took a seat in front of his desk as he handed over a printed copy of the analytics report I’d been so nervous about. Scanning through, I was surprised to find that it was frankly better than I’d feared. Any complaint he had must have been about the house style, because as far as reports went, I couldn’t see any problems at all.

“Sir?” I said again, and with a heavy sigh, he gestured to the second-final paragraph on the second page.

The tax burden could of fallen on either company for the final quarter, it read, but considering the significant savings offered by the state of Florida, it is recommended that Gio and Sytricks split the income from gross dividends, in order to...

I continued reading until I reached the bottom of the page, then glanced up at my boss.

“Is that wrong, sir? Should we take on the tax burden? At my old job...”

“Amber,” he said softly. “These reports are kept on-file. They could be read - or referenced - by Gio employees for decades to come.”

I nodded, completely flummoxed as to what the issue was. To my surprise, he did nothing to elucidate me, falling silent and waiting for my reaction.

“I understand, sir. But... what’s the problem?”

Clicking his tongue in dismay, he again pointed to the second paragraph.

I silently reread it twice before looking up at him, wondering what about the seemingly-inoffensive sentence had caused him to call me in.

“Could HAVE,” he said, before once more pausing for effect.

“Sir?”

“The phrase is could HAVE, Amber. You’ve written ‘could OF’.”

A long sigh escaped my lungs - I hadn’t even realized I’d been holding my breath - and my

entire body relaxed. I mean, it was an analytics report - not something that could have bankrupted the company - but it was a relief to know that it was a simple grammatical error that he was upset about, and not something more serious.

Grammar has never been my strong suit. I'm an accountant, not a writer. Give me a spreadsheet and I can make it dance, but I have no idea how you...I dunno, conjugate the subject of a clause. Whatever.

"I'm so sorry sir," I said, trying to hide my relief. "I'll fix that immediately, and make sure it doesn't happen again. Was there anything else you wanted to discuss?"

"Well, I'm sure you'll agree...this kind of thing can't go unpunished."

My eyes narrowed.

"Sir?"

Mr. Peterson tilted his head to the side as he continued, as though confused by my confusion. "You did read the employee expectation document on your first day, right?"

Honestly, I barely skimmed it. Corporate jargon is corporate jargon, no matter the company.

"Yes, sir," I lied.

"Then you'll know that when mistakes like these are made, Gio expects employees to be punished appropriately. I think five would be sufficient for an error of this magnitude, don't you?"

Two weeks in, I'd thought I was really getting the hang of my new workplace. But since the moment I'd entered Mr. Peterson's office, I'd felt like I was on the back foot.

"Five *what*, sir?"

"Spanks," my boss replied, as though I was an idiot. "The standard punishment when an employee makes a mistake in an official company document."

Before I could respond, Mr. Peterson pulled out a copy of the EED and handed it to me. Sure enough, point 5.5.6 was very clear - what I'd done did, in fact, warrant a spanking.

My mind was racing as I stared at the text. Part of me felt like this was wrong, that I should object...or quit, or sue them.

But for what? As I asked myself that question, it was though a fog filled my brain, and I couldn't for the life of me work out what exactly I'd be suing them for. After all, it was all there, in clear black and white.

If you make a mistake at your job, you get spanked.

I'd agreed to it. And why wouldn't I? It was perfectly reasonable. Parents had been spanking their children since Grug's day - it was simple, harmless, and it worked.

"Now," Mr. Peterson said softly, "because this is your first offense, I don't mind if it's self-administered."

"Thank you sir," I said. For the second time in just a few minutes, my body filled with relief. I couldn't imagine what my husband Aaden would have thought if I'd come home and told him that I'd let my boss *spank* me.

"Of course, I'll supervise. Wouldn't want you to go easy on yourself!"

I nodded, and tried to smile, but for some reason I just wasn't in the smiling mood.

"Now, sir?"

"No time like the present."

I looked around the room. I'd never been spanked before - not as a child, not in the bedroom with my husband - and I'd certainly never spanked myself. Leaning forward over Mr. Peterson's desk, I spread my legs slightly and nervously raised my hand.

Unable to resist, I glanced up to see Mr. Peterson watching me, an almost...hungry look on

his face.

No, I must have been imagining it. He was my boss. He was simply watching his employee discipline herself. And I had no one to blame but myself, really - I remembered getting an essay back in high-school, "could of" circled in red pen. I think it had bumped me down half a letter grade.

This is my fault, I reminded myself, and my hand came down swiftly, meeting my pants-clad buttocks with a soft "WHACK."

"Good," Mr. Peterson smiled. "Count them out loud for me, will you?"

"One," I said, surprised to find myself breathing slightly harder than I had been a few minutes ago. The situation must have been making me nervous.

"Keep going," my boss encouraged.

"Two," I gasped, as my hand once more met the seat of my pants. "Three..."

I was more than halfway done. It didn't hurt, not really - and I wasn't even holding back. Honestly, the spanking was probably stinging my hand more than my ample ass.

"Yesss," Mr. Peterson said, his voice halfway between a groan and a hiss. For a moment I wondered if he was enjoying this, but I immediately dismissed the thought.

He was just doing his job, and making sure I did mine.

"Four," I said. Each time my hand made contact, it was like a wave of something passed through my body. Like I said, it wasn't pain. It was more like...warmth.

Each time I spanked my own ass, I felt my entire body getting warmer. I must have been blushing furiously.

"Five," I gasped, a part of me not wanting to stop.

"Excellent," Mr. Peterson said. He gave me a nod, and I knew that I was dismissed.

As soon as I entered the hallway, I collapsed against the wall, gulping for air. It's hard to explain what it was...my body felt so much more *electric* than it had when I'd been called into my boss's office. It was like my ass was a switch, and spanking it had turned my entire body on.

Several colleagues passed me as I sat there, breathing heavily. None of them said anything, and I carefully avoided eye-contact.

It hadn't hurt, but I had to admit...spanking myself had been a pretty effective punishment. That was *not* something I wanted to repeat any time soon.

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Chapter 2

For the next few days, I was extra diligent about my grammar. For each and every report I sent, I ran it through an advanced spell-checker, and even had a colleague or two look at it.

To my relief, nothing had changed between me and Mr. Peterson. Whenever he passed my desk, he'd give me the same small nod and smile he always had. I'd once taken my headphones off when I'd seen him approaching, but he'd shaken his head.

"No no," he said. "Keep those in. I'll let you know if I need anything."

"Yes, sir," I said.

I'd never been one to call bosses sir, not really, but that was another strange thing about Gio - they seemed to be very hierarchical. Even though I was a Senior Accountant (in title, not in years - unless you consider 32 to be senior, that is) and not a secretary, I knew that Mr. Peterson was my boss, and so I followed the examples of everyone around me, consistently addressing him as 'sir'.

About a week after my 'punishment', I sent Mr. Peterson a quick message asking permission to leave early - my son's birthday was that weekend, and the bakery I'd ordered the cake from had limited hours on Fridays.

He replied immediately, but not with what I'd been expecting.

Come into my office, his email said. *Immediately*.

When I entered, Mr. Peterson was standing up, leaning against his desk.

"Sir?" I asked, and he gestured for me to close the door behind him...something he'd only asked me to do once before.

Oh, no.

"What kind of company is this?" he asked, staring at me with an intensity that surprised me.

"An accountancy firm, sir."

"And what sort of business do we do here?"

I hesitated. It sounded like a trick question.

"Accountancy."

Mr. Peterson nodded, and I felt a wave of relief. But his stare never grew less intense, and it was obvious that he wasn't done.

"Tell me, Amber," he asked casually. "Do we sell...cosmetics?"

I narrowed my eyes.

"I don't believe so, sir."

"Interesting."

As my boss stared at me, I felt my tension return.

"Do we deal in cosmetics at all?"

I mentally tried to run through our various clients and partners - they were all consultancy firms, insurance companies, banks - from what I could remember, none of them dealt with physical products at all.

"No," I answered hesitantly. "Not that I'm aware of."

"And do we, perhaps, offer some kind of employee package involving lipstick? Mascara? Eyeliner, perhaps?"

After our last meeting, I'd read the EED front to back. I definitely hadn't noticed anything about any of that.

"No, sir," I answered confidently, and my boss nodded. I almost felt like I'd passed

whatever strange test he'd presented me with.

Almost.

Reaching behind him, Mr. Peterson grabbed a piece of paper sitting on his desk. He handed it to me.

"Read this aloud for me."

"Hi Mr. Peterson," I read. "I was wondering if I could duck out an hour early today. I'll come in early on Monday to make it up."

I looked up at him nervously. He raised one eyebrow.

"It was fairly standard at my old job," I said, trying not to let my confusion show in my voice. "I mean..."

Mr. Peterson held a single hand up, and I fell quiet.

"Read the last sentence again," he said, his lips thin.

"I'll come in early on Monday to..."

I trailed off.

"No no," he said. "Please, continue."

"...to make up."

In my haste, I'd omitted a word from my request. Suddenly his opening remark about cosmetics made a lot more sense.

"That was a typo," I said feebly. My heart sank at the cold look Mr. Peterson shot me in response.

"I'm sorry, Amber," he said with a sigh. "I know you're a hard worker. But the EED is very clear about what to do in situations like that."

"Sir," I protested. "This is an *email*."

"An email sent from an employee to her boss, through the official Gio email server. That makes it an official company document. I'm afraid I really have no recourse here."

I opened my mouth to object, but closed it again after a brief moment.

He was right. Of course he was right. It had been my mistake, and I was the one who'd have to pay the cost.

There was nothing that could be done.

"Yes, sir," I said with a sigh. "Five?"

"That's right," he nodded. I got into the same position as I had last time, but it felt... different. One week earlier, Mr. Peterson had been across the desk, watching me as I spanked myself.

Now, he was standing next to me, just inches away.

I hadn't even administered a single slap, and already I could feel the warm feeling entering my body.

"Wait!" he said, as I raised my right hand. "I let you take care of the punishment yourself last time because it was your first offense. This time, I think I'd better be the one to handle it."

My eyes widened. "Mr. Peterson...sir! You can't."

That eyebrow raised once more. "Oh can't I?"

My voice died in my throat, as I realized what I'd said.

I liked Gio. Genuinely. The people were nice, the pay was great, and the work was challenging...although made much easier by the music that the earbuds seemed to deliver directly to my brain.

But nothing comes without a cost, of course, and I knew just how rigid this company was about rules.

If the handbook said that a typo was punishable by a spanking, I knew that I'd be getting spanked.

But I couldn't just take it lying down (or, as was the case, standing up). I knew I had to say *something*.

"What will my husband think?" I asked, a slight tremble in my voice.

Mr. Peterson thought for a moment, then shrugged. "Probably best not to tell him," he said, and without warning, his hand swung down and met my buttock with a loud CRACK.

"Oh!"

My boss's hand was firm, and - as you'd expect - larger than my own. And while I thought I'd been delivering my punishment at full force, I realized now that at least part of me had been holding back.

"Count!" Mr. Peterson hissed, and without even thinking about it, I obeyed.

"One!"

My voice was somewhere between a moan and a squeak. I could feel it again - the warmth, emanating from my ass and swiftly spreading to the rest of my frame.

CRACK.

"Two!" I exclaimed, holding onto the desk like it was the only thing preventing me from falling over. My knees were weak as my boss's powerful hand swung, sharply delivering my punishment.

CRACK.

"Three!" I gasped.

As well as harder, Mr. Peterson's slaps were coming faster than mine had a week ago, and I felt like my body wasn't being given enough time to recover between each of them.

Not, of course, that I was going to complain. This was exactly what I deserved.

CRACK. CRACK.

"Four! Ungh...five!"

My voice was trembling as I counted the final two blows, given with barely a moment's pause between them. The speed of their delivery had meant that they weren't as strong as the others had been, but I still felt like every inch of me was made of jelly.

Warm jelly. Very, very warm jelly.

"That will be all, Amber," Mr. Peterson said. In no time at all, he was sitting behind his desk, tapping away at his computer as though nothing out of the ordinary had just occurred.

Not, of course, that it had. This was just a standard corporate punishment, given when an employee made a typo in a company document.

So why was I filled with dread at the idea of my husband finding out about it?

I barely made it out of my boss's office before I was once more on my knees, suddenly desperate for air. I lay there for what felt like hours, on my hands and knees, my face just inches from the carpet, feeling overwhelmed and confused and so very, very warm.

This time, to my surprise, someone stopped and sat beside me. I'd seen her around before - she worked in marketing. Tracy, I think her name was. She was an Australian.

"Punishment?" she asked, and I nodded dumbly, not sure how to respond.

"Yeah," she continued, her accent thick. "Those can be pretty full on. What was it?"

"Just a spanking," I said. It was a struggle to get the words out - I don't know why I felt so strange after being disciplined. Maybe it was guilt?

"How many?"

Not wanting to put my voicebox through any more stress, I held up a single hand, with five

fingers. Tracy nodded.

“Not too bad,” she said, and my eyes widened. I’d never even considered the possibility of receiving a *worse* punishment.

“Do you know what I find helps?” she asked, and I shook my head. At that point, I would have done near anything to feel normal again.

Tracy cocked her head towards the woman’s restroom, just two doors down the hall. “Head in there and have a wank. You’ll feel way better, pretty much immediately.”

My mouth fell open at the suggestion. I’d had some pretty frank conversations with co-workers before, but nothing like this...and certainly not with someone whom I’d barely met.

Tracy tilted her head, and I realized how rude I was being. After all, she was only trying to help.

With a bit of effort, I managed to emit an entire sentence. “I couldn’t do that,” I said, looking around nervously. “Is that even allowed?”

“Not technically,” Tracy replied, wrinkling her nose. “But no one will know. And I know for a fact that everyone does it.”

“Really?” I said. “But...why? It’s not sexual.”

“Of course not,” she said, as though shocked by the suggestion. “It’s just a punishment. But...well, the body doesn’t know that. It’s very easy for your arse to get confused. Popping in there for a quick wank will fix you right up.”

With that bizarre nugget of wisdom, Tracy stood up again.

“Good luck,” she said, and shot me a warm smile as she walked away. “And don’t worry...you get used to it.”

It was several more minutes before I felt like I could stand up again. I didn’t ‘pop into the dunny for a wank’...but I’d be lying if I wasn’t tempted.

For the rest of the day, I stayed at my desk, let the strange throbbing music pulsate into my head, and got as much work done as I could before leaving early to pick up my son’s cake.

That night, as soon as the kids were in bed and the dishes were done, I all but dragged my husband upstairs. He didn’t object as I stripped, fell to my knees in front of him, unzipped his jeans, and got him hard.

And he definitely wasn’t complaining as I lay him down on the bed, slowly lowering my sopping wet pussy onto his erection, then rode him to two orgasms before he came inside me.

My husband and I have a good sex life - we knew how important it was to keeping a marriage alive, especially after kids. Nothing fancy, or kinky - just two healthy adults with a strong attraction to each other.

I enjoy sex, Aaden enjoys sex. If it ain’t broke, y’know?

Normally I’m not quite so aggressive, but it wasn’t completely out of character.

What was odd was where my mind went. Normally during sex I’m very ‘in the moment’, but as I gaspingly came around my husband’s cock, one thought never left my mind. Mr. Peterson, standing behind me, his hand raining down swiftly on my ass.

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK. CRACK. CRACK.

“Five!” I gasped quietly as I reached my second orgasm.

Fortunately, Aaden didn’t notice a thing.

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Chapter 3

Monday morning had barely started before I was called into Mr. Peterson's office again.

As I walked down the hall, I somehow knew what was going to happen. And sure enough - my boss informed me that I'd missing a comma when sending a company-wide memo.

It was my fault.

The punishment was the same as last time. Five firm, hard smacks.

I deserved it.

Again, I promised to count them aloud. And as I bent over my boss's desk, my back arched, my rear presented for his hand, I couldn't help but think about Tracy's words from Friday.

I couldn't masturbate in the office, could I? It wouldn't be...proper.

CRACK.

"One, sir."

It hurt, but not intolerably so. I'd gone through childbirth - twice! I could put up with a few firm smacks.

Besides, I deserved them.

It was my fault.

CRACK.

The second spank was what triggered the warmth's arrival this time, faster than before. My mouth dropped open, and I heard myself say "Two, sir."

In my head, it had been professional. Functional. I was keeping count, so that my boss could concentrate on executing my punishment.

But it came out as a passionate whimper, a groan of pleasure. It came out like the cry of a lust-filled woman.

CRACK.

"Three, sir."

I hoped Mr. Peterson wouldn't misunderstand what was happening. I knew that the punishment was perfectly reasonable.

No, more than reasonable. Necessary.

How else would I learn?

CRACK.

"Four, sir", I moaned.

The feeling of warmth wasn't...pleasure. I mean, not really. That wouldn't be appropriate. I was at work. Mr. Peterson was my boss. And this was a *punishment*.

If I was getting off on it, it wasn't really much of a punishment.

But if it wasn't a feeling of arousal, it sure did a good impersonation. Whenever Mr. Peterson's hand struck me - the same place, each and every time - it would appear and begin to spread out, filling every inch of me, pooling between my legs.

How had Tracy described it? The body not being able to tell the difference?

Obviously *I* knew that what we were doing wasn't sexual. It was corporate policy. If you make a typo, you get punished.

But my body didn't understand that. As far as my body was concerned, this was...foreplay. This was what couples did, after all. The man spanked the woman, to get her excited.

To get excited himself.

CRACK.

I blushed at the idea. Was what we were doing...exciting him? Was it turning him on? Not intentionally, of course, but was his body - like mine - getting confused? Getting... aroused?

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK.

Mr. Peterson picked up the pace. I could feel my nipples hardening as the warmth filled my large breasts, caused me to lose focus, made me forget where I was and what we were doing...

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK.

My eyes opened as I remembered that I was supposed to be counting.

“Five!” I gasped. “Five, five, five!”

As the words left my mouth, I was reminded of the previous night. Why had I thought about *this* while I was cumming? With my husband?

It didn't make any sense.

And at the same time, it made all the sense in the world.

“Good girl,” Mr. Peterson said with a nod. His eyes briefly travelled up and down my body - I must have looked a *mess*. I could feel the sweat on my face, every inch of my skin was bright red, and my eyes were watery and unfocused. “Don't do it again.”

“I'll try not to, sir,” I said, embarrassed to hear my words coming out as a seductive purr. God, what must he think of me? First I make an embarrassing typo, then I can't even stop my body from misreading my punishment.

My eyes flicked down to his crotch, suddenly *very* curious to know what he thought of me. Was that a bulge I saw, or were my optimistic eyes just imagining it?

“Amber?”

I turned impossibly redder as I realized my eyes had flicked down to his crotch...and never returned.

“We're done here,” he said pointedly. I nodded, then all but ran out of the room.

I managed to avoid collapsing outside my boss's office this time, though it took almost every ounce of willpower I had in me.

Instead, I marched my shaking legs directly to the restroom that Tracy had gestured to on Friday. Unzipping my jeans, I was unsurprised to find that my panties were *soaked*.

Letting out a long, loud moan, I moved one finger directly to my throbbing clit. I'm not normally one to masturbate - Aaden takes *very* good care of me in that regard - but I'm not a total stranger to self-pleasure.

As I firmly began rubbing myself, jeans around my ankles, I tried to tell myself that I wasn't doing anything wrong. I was just taking care of my body's needs. It didn't understand that what we were doing wasn't sexual - as far as my pussy was concerned, the spanking had been to get her in the mood to be fucked.

My eyes widened. As soon as the image entered my head, I was unable to get it out. Mr. Peterson, his body just as confused as mine, uncontrollably turned on, aroused by what company policy forced him to do.

Me, spreading my legs, silently offering to relieve his tension...and mine.

I shook with orgasm. The fantasy was so vivid, I could almost feel it - Mr. Peterson slowly sliding his cock inside me, filling me up, giving my wanton body just what I so desperately needed...

As I came down from the most powerful orgasm I'd ever given myself, the guilt returned.

What had I *done*? I was married - happily married! And Mr. Peterson was my BOSS.

All he'd been doing was punishing me for my own mistakes, and I'd turned it into some

sick fantasy where we...where we had...

I couldn't even bring myself to think about it.

On one hand, Tracy had been right: as soon as I came, I immediately felt much calmer, more in control. I stood up, cleaned myself off as best I could, and returned to work, donning my headphones and allowing the strange music to flow through my head as I focused entirely on being the best employee I could be.

That night, I felt so guilty that I surprised Aaden with a blowjob. Oral sex is typically just foreplay for us, but this time I brought him off with my mouth, staring up at him as I swallowed his cum.

"Wow," he said with a grin. "What was that all about?"

"I just love ya," I replied, hoping that my guilt didn't show on my face.

I couldn't sleep that night. My mind felt like it was filled to the point of bursting with thoughts, emotions...memories.

More than anything, I was shocked at where my own mind had taken me. I'd had many bosses in the past, and never - NEVER before - had even a single sexual thought about any of them. And while I consider myself to be a pretty damn good employee, I'll freely admit that I'm not perfect - I'd been told off before.

But I'd never left one of those meetings and masturbated, imagining my boss between my thighs.

This was different, of course - a more physical form of discipline - but that was no excuse. My body was confused about the nature of the company-enforced punishment, but that didn't mean I had to be.

I was a happily married mother of two, and things between Mr. Peterson and myself needed to remain completely professional. There was no alternative; I had too much to lose.

And if my body couldn't be trusted not to get things confused, that left it up to me.

Going forward, I'd just have to ensure that I didn't make any more typos.

I got into work an hour early the next morning. The music was different every day; the welcome package had said that it was actually personalized to each of us, based on our work habits, natural rhythms, all that kind of thing. Today's tune, if you can even call it that, was a slow, sticky one.

As always, it worked - within forty minutes, I was done. Far faster than I'd anticipated. The music had this way of turning my brain off, allowing me to focus entirely on what I was doing.

Allowing me to focus on improving at my job. At getting better.

Getting better for Mr. Peterson.

I'd added extensions to every piece of software I used - our email client, my calendar app... even to Excel. Almost a dozen different apps would now be monitoring every word I typed, looking for typos, checking my grammar...I'd done everything I could, short of hiring an editor, to ensure that all my work correspondence would be flawless.

To my delight, it worked. Weeks flew by - my various extensions, and my even-more-diligent-than-usual eyes ensured that everything I sent out didn't contain so much as a misplaced period. I'd come into work, put my headphones on, and steadily get through my workload.

The one piece of software that I couldn't add extensions to was the proprietary reporting software, so each time I needed to export an analytics report, I'd manually copy it into another app, scan it for errors, and then go over it once myself, just to be safe.

Everything was perfect, except for one tiny fly in the ointment.

Mr. Peterson.

Spanking myself in front of him, then feeling his hand on my ass had apparently done quite a number on my poor, confused body, because even though *I* knew that I was totally, utterly, and monogamously in love with my husband...my body apparently didn't get the immaculately-typed memo.

Every time I saw him, my heart skipped a beat. If he shot me a friendly smile, I'd blush. And when he came into my cubicle to personally commend me for what a great job I'd been doing, I'm not going to lie...those few minutes of close contact with him filled me with a desire to sneak into the woman's bathroom again.

I'd hoped that this ridiculous crush would fade over time, but if anything...it seemed to get worse. I started taking it home with me - whenever Aaden and I made love, my mind would drift to the memory of Mr. Peterson's hand, against my ass.

Sometimes I'd be sitting in church when my mind would be flooded with the memory of what he'd done...what *we'd* done...and my clit would suddenly be throbbing in the house of God.

I was tempted to ask Aaden if he was interested in spanking, but I talked myself out of it. My grammar systems were good, but I knew that they weren't perfect. The day would come when Mr. Peterson needed to spank me again, and if I'd deliberately associated that completely professional act with something sexual, I was afraid my body would get even more mixed-up than it was already.

I should stress, these feelings were completely one-sided. Mr. Peterson was a perfect gentleman - even moreso than when I'd started working there. Perhaps he'd received his own discipline for being a little touchy (I smiled, imagining his boss giving him the same punishment he'd given me) because aside from the occasional handshake, or a hug on my birthday, he deliberately avoided touching me.

As much as I'd have loved for him to.

It was more than a month since I'd installed all the apps when it happened again. Once more, it was my own fault - I got careless. I'd run the analytics report through the software, but hadn't checked it as thoroughly as I should have. The past few reports hadn't reported anything (the punishment system - unorthodox as it was - worked! My grammar and spelling had improved more in six weeks at Gio than three years at college) and so I had submitted it without going over it a final time.

And so when I saw my boss's email, asking him to come into my office, my brain immediately began to panic...

...and my heart leapt.

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 4

I don't know what was worse - the long walk down the hallway to Mr. Peterson's office, or the look of disappointment in his eyes when I entered.

Though I did know the guilt I'd feel in half an hour would trump both of them.

As soon as I entered, he stood up, and my eyes - my damned, treacherous eyes - immediately dropped to his crotch.

Not that there was anything noteworthy to see, of course. This wasn't a sexual act - he was simply implementing company policy. Everyone else in the building was subject to the exact same rules as I was...but I, for some reason, had turned it sexual.

But I can't deny, I was disappointed not to see the outline of a hard-on.

I immediately returned my focus to Mr. Peterson's face, hoping he hadn't noticed where my attention had briefly been. Once more, he was holding a printout.

"Really, Amber?" he said, gesturing to the paper in his hand. "We're analysing our medical client's mental state now?"

"I'm sorry, sir," I replied, my eyes downcast. "It was a stupid mistake, and it won't happen again."

As soon as I'd gotten the email, I'd scoured my latest reports to see what I'd missed. Again, a simple typo, but one that no app was going to pick up on. I'd shared an extrapolation, based on the past three decades of data, that one of our clients (a local hospital) should see a slight uptick of...patience.

Not *patients*. PatienCE.

Again, it had been an internal report - the hospital would never see it - but I knew the rules.

"Five, sir?"

"Five. Can I trust you to count them this time?"

"Yes, sir," I nodded.

On the outside, I was projecting a completely professional image, just an accountant reporting to her boss for a routine discipline. But on the inside, I can't deny...I was excited.

Not sexually, of course. This was a punishment. There was nothing sexual about it.

But since the last time Mr. Peterson had spanked me, nothing else had given me that feeling of warmth. Nothing had made me feel so *alive*.

Riding my husband, cumming around his cock, remembering the feeling of Mr. Peterson's hand meeting my buttocks...that had come close.

But it wasn't the same.

Even before my boss stood up and moved around his desk, even before he raised a hand... just the act of bending over Mr. Peterson's desk was enough, I was surprised to discover, to begin filling me with warmth.

CRACK.

"One, sir," I said, trying desperately to keep my tone professional.

Trying, and utterly failing.

It wasn't as bad this time, admittedly - this was more of a pleasurable whimper than the outright begging I'd succumbed to during my last punishment...but it was far from the austere tone I was trying to broadcast.

CRACK.

"Two, sir," I gasped.

The feeling of my boss's hand on my rear...it was like it awoke something in me. I felt like my entire body was electrified, suddenly *alive* in a way that I couldn't help but find alarming. Alarming, and very very exciting.

The warmth had spread through my entire body, and it was all I could do to stop myself from pushing my butt out, trying to chase the hand that I so desperately wanted to make ... contact with.

CRACK.

"Three!"

I could feel my heartbeat. Adrenaline was racing through my body. Every part of me was switched on, turned on.

But not aroused, of course. That would have been inappropriate.

This was a normal interaction between a boss and his disobedient employee, nothing more.

I stood there, my eyes closed, gripping Mr. Peterson's desk, focusing with all my might on the sweet anticipation of what was coming...

...but it didn't come.

Slowly opening my eyes, I turned to see why Mr. Peterson had stopped. He was looking at me, his mouth curled with disappointment.

"Amber," he said softly. "I *am* trying."

I nodded, unsure what response he was looking for.

"We do try to be lenient here at Gio," he continued. "We're interested in giving employees all the tools we can, so they can do the best job possible."

Then get some better damn reporting software, I mentally responded. He shot me a strange look, like he knew exactly what I was thinking. I made sure my expression was that of pure innocence, and waited for him to continue.

"In return, we don't ask much, do we?"

I shook my head, too nervous to speak. What had I done? Was this going to warrant another punishment?

My clit throbbed at the idea.

"We ask for professional communication, both digitally...and in person. And sure, maybe it's a little old-fashioned, but it IS a company requirement."

"What is?" I asked nervously.

"That you call me sir," he replied, as though it was obvious. My cheeks burned at his patronizing tone, and I nodded.

"Now," he said firmly. "Would you like to try that again? What number were we at?"

"Three," I responded, barely louder than a whisper. "...sir."

He nodded, and my shoulders slumped in relief at his approval.

"As you were," he said, and I turned back to face his chair.

CRACK.

"Four, sir," I moaned.

I could imagine Mr. Peterson sitting in that chair after I left, getting hard at what we'd just done. I could imagine him counting down the days until my next punishment, wanting to spank me as much as I desperately wanted to be spanked.

It was all fantasy, of course - to him, this was no more exciting than budgeting paperclips.

But it was a fantasy I allowed myself to sink into. I pictured him pulling out his erection, touching himself at the memory of what we'd just done...just as I had.

CRACK.

“Five!” I said, prouder of myself than I should have been that I hadn’t gotten distracted.
“Sir!”

As the warmth filled my body, all I could think of was making my way into the women’s bathroom and getting off. Masturbating was the only way to relieve the tension that my spanking had built up...which was weird, really, since there had been nothing erotic about what we’d just done.

It was just a normal, everyday, routine disciplinary session...but I needed to get off. My body was on fire, and it was the only way to douse the flames.

I *needed* it. Just to calm down. I was so wired, I hadn’t felt like this since...well, since the last time my boss had punished me.

So my mind was scattered as Mr. Peterson dismissed me. I thanked him for his help, promised not to do it again, and all but ran on my shaky legs to the woman’s bathroom.

It wasn’t until I was entering the small stall and closing the door that it struck me.

Had he really called me a ‘good girl’?

No. No, that couldn’t be right. He would never be so unprofessional. That was a sexist, patronizing term, and certainly not one a man of his position would ever use. He was my boss, and he’d never treated me with anything but respect.

He certainly wouldn’t call an accountant, a fully-grown woman, a well-paid professional... that.

His good girl.

My lust-addled mind must have imagined it.

As I sat down and spread my legs, I discovered that I was just as wet as I’d been last time. As I began to firmly rub myself, one thought was in my mind.

Good girl.

I was Mr. Peterson’s good girl.

Good girl.

My other hand reached up, and crudely grasped at my tits.

Good girl. I’m a good girl. I’m a good girl for my boss.

I’m a good girl for Mr. Peterson.

I wanted to be his good girl.

It felt like only a few moments before my orgasm hit me, and my cries of pleasure began filling the small room. It felt so good - the warmth that had built up between my legs began radiating out, filling my entire body.

Every part of me glowed as I sat there, pants around my ankles, my right breast hurting from the rough treatment I’d just given it. I was finally able to think again, and tried to make sense of what was happening.

I had a crush on my boss, that much was clear. Because of the way he made me feel - not intentionally, of course. He knew I was married, and would never do anything inappropriate. He was just doing his job.

But my body couldn’t tell the difference. All it knew was that when Mr. Peterson touched me, it felt amazing. Though it was supposed to be a punishment, something about being spanked inflamed my nerves, and my brain - normally so intelligent - had confused the signals.

Now, whenever I saw him, I was filled with endorphins. That’s all love is, really - your mind and body associating a particular person with pleasure, and my suddenly-stupid brain had managed to get it completely mixed-up.

I still loved Aaden, more than anything. He was my rock: my husband, the father to my

children. I'd built a life with him, and I knew that keeping my relationship stable - and my family together - had to be my highest priority.

And so I needed to make sure that Aaden didn't suspect a thing.

It was important that Aaden had no idea that while he slid into me at night, it was Mr. Peterson that I was thinking about.

It was vital that he had no idea that I was sitting in the bathroom stall at work, thinking about my boss as I touched myself.

I had to keep this at work, no matter what.

My husband could never know.

I bit my lip, and gently traced a pattern on my inner thighs. Aaden loved my thighs - he'd often nip at them before his tongue slipped between my legs.

But it wasn't my husband whose hand I was imagining.

It was my boss's.

I closed my eyes, and pictured Mr. Peterson standing above me, calling me a good girl.

Not that he ever would, of course. It was pure fantasy. It was part of my inane crush.

I had to keep my worlds separate. I had to keep these stupid, uncalled for feelings at work, out of the house.

And that meant I had to work off this sexual energy now, to ensure that Aaden didn't suspect a thing.

"Yes, sir," I said demurely in my fantasy, looking up at him pleadingly.

"I'm *your* good girl."

My hand slipped between my legs, and began pulling and tugging at my sparse pubic hair.

"I'll do whatever you want," I imagined myself saying. "Please, sir. *Anything*."

"Anything?" he said, his voice a low rumble.

"Uh huh," I nodded, thrusting my shoulders back, presenting my ample tits to my boss's imaginary gaze. "*Anything*."

It was less than five minutes before I was cumming again, two fingers inside my hungry pussy as I imagined my boss fucking me over his desk. Just to be safe, I got myself off twice more before returning to my desk and slipping my earbuds back in.

To my great relief (and my body's disappointment), I didn't make any more typos for the next two weeks.

This meant that I also didn't make any visits to Mr. Peterson's office. I had mixed feelings about this - on one hand, I was glad that I was contributing to the team as best I could, living up to the high standards of Gio Industries.

I was a good girl.

It also meant that I spent less time in my boss's presence, which meant less time for my body to misinterpret signals. Whenever he smiled at me, a thrill ran through my entire body... and I knew what would happen if he touched me.

God I wanted him to touch me.

But despite the reduced contact, my feelings didn't lessen. Getting spanked by my boss would have been a great excuse for the fact that I still thought of him each and every time I got off. Despite being an accountant, I knew it was impossible to count the number of hours I spent remembering exactly how it had felt when his hand smacked me.

Exactly how it felt.

I hadn't visited Mr. Peterson's office in several weeks. but I was still visiting the women's bathroom each and every day.

I'd drawn a strict line between work and home - finally achieving work/life balance, of a sort - and I didn't want Aaden to have even a vague suspicion about what was going on between my boss and I.

Not that anything was going on, of course. Not really.

Just in my head...

And so whenever the thoughts got overwhelming, I'd make my way into the woman's bathroom and I'd 'let them all out', so to speak.

Over those two weeks, Mr. Peterson fictionally took me in every position I could imagine. I pictured him bursting in on me in the bathroom, and insisting on finishing the job my slick fingers had started. I fantasized about him coming into my cubicle and insisting coming into me while I continued working.

And I imagined him spanking me again and again, before taking things further - lowering my trousers and fucking me over his desk.

A part of me was extraordinarily grateful that I hadn't revisited his office; it was getting to the point where I was worried just *looking* at his desk would be enough to make me cum. That was where this ridiculous crush of mine had been born in the first place, formed from the feeling of his strong, powerful hand. It was where I most imagined myself naked, laying under him, or slowly lowering myself onto his rod as he looked up at me, and told me I was his good girl...

But all of my fantasies took place in the office. That was important to me. Mr. Peterson was a stupid work-crush, nothing more. I only ever fantasized about him at the office, and I only ever fantasized about him AT the office.

And yes, maybe when Aaden was fucking me I'd sometimes pretend that Mr. Peterson was watching, offering guidance, reminding me that if I didn't fuck my husband as well as I possibly could, he'd have to punish me...but that was different.

While Aaden was inside me, I did everything I could to make sure that my attention was focused on him. My spouse. The love of my life.

At the moment of orgasm, however, my body would betray me. As my eyes rolled back in my head, it would be Mr. Peterson that I was imagining inside me, on top of me, using my body, telling me that this was just part of the job...calling me his good girl.

After I came, the guilt would follow, and I would enter work the next day *determined* to flush it all out of my system by getting myself off in that small stall, so I could go home and be the best mother and wife I could be.

Each and every day, I'd make my way into the woman's bathroom. I'd moan long and loud as I came, again and again, trying to smoke my crush out, doing everything I could to oversaturate my brain with thoughts of Mr. Peterson. If I could cum and cum and cum again, maybe I'd burn out on these ridiculous feelings.

It hadn't worked yet, but I was doing all I could to make it happen.

In the meantime, I'd done the impossible and grown even MORE diligent. Everything that passed my desk was checked, then double-checked, then TRIPLE-checked for grammar and spelling. I'd even broken my work/home rule and started reading books on grammar before bed, to ensure that there was no chance of mistake.

I was a good girl. I wanted to be a good girl.

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

And I suddenly knew a LOT about semicolons.

So I was completely floored when I came into work one day to discover an email from my boss.

“My office,” it simply read. “Now.”

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 5

I was tempted to go back and quickly skim the last half-dozen messages I'd sent, but Mr. Peterson's message had been crystal clear, and I didn't want to leave him waiting.

I wanted to be his good girl.

When I entered, there it was - that disappointed look that filled my heart with dread, even as my panties soaked with the knowledge of what was coming next.

"Sir?" I asked, my voice trembling.

In response, he simply pointed. My eyes widened, and I dutifully bent over his desk, warmth quickly filling my body.

"No..." he said gently. "I meant...sit down."

My face went red, and I silently dropped into the seat he'd pointed at. God, what was wrong with me? I was so excited to be disciplined that I'd completely misinterpreted his innocent gesture.

Embarrassing yourself in front of your boss is bad enough. Your boss that you have a crush on? I wanted to sink through the floor.

"Amber," he said, avoiding eye-contact. "I got a...report."

My mind began racing. Sales report? Analytics report? I'd been so, so careful, I *knew* I had. They were flawless, I was sure of it.

"Sir?"

"From one of the other..."

He coughed, and stared at the ground. My forehead creased as I stared at him. Was Mr. Peterson...embarrassed?

"...from one of the other women in the office," he said.

He was! My heart melted at the idea of my dear, sweet Mr. Peterson being embarrassed. Not that he was mine, of course.

But he was always so strict, so professional. Sometimes I jokingly thought of him as a robot.

Sometimes, when I was alone in the bathroom stall, I thought of him as a sex robot. But that was neither here nor there.

To see him like this, embarrassed, it was...cute. It made him far more human.

I smiled at the sight of a slight blush appearing on his face.

And then my heart skipped a beat as I realized what he was talking about.

One of the other women. Giving him a report that had embarrassed him.

Oh, no.

Oh *no*.

I wanted to bury my face in my hands, sink through the floor. I wanted to slink away and move to a town in the middle of nowhere, and never have to talk to anyone I knew, ever again.

I couldn't believe it. I was a professional - a woman of standing. I was a Certified Professional Accountant.

And now here I was, sitting in front of my boss, about to be disciplined for...masturbating in the office bathroom.

I couldn't have been more embarrassed if he'd told me I had to strip naked in front of my entire team. In front of the CEO. In front of *everyone*.

For what felt like a year, I just sat there, turning redder and redder, unable to look away

from my boss. He, in turn, was unable to look at me. We just sat there in the World's Most Awkward Silence, my mouth opening and closing like a fish. I'd thought I felt guilty after cumming on Aaden's cock with Mr. Peterson's face - and powerful hands - on my mind...but this was something else.

Finally I realized I had to say something.

"Sir..." I started, but he held up one hand.

"Amber..." he replied.

Oh, *god*. I'd learned to deal with the disappointment. My confused libido had, somehow, even managed to find it somewhat hot.

But the note of pity in his voice?

I had no way of dealing with pity.

"Sir," I gasped, speaking quickly despite feeling like all the air had been sucked out of the room. "Mr. Peterson, please. I can...explain."

He looked at me, and a part of me wished that he hadn't. As he stared at me, his dark brown eyes seeming to drink me in, I realized that I'd lied.

I couldn't explain what I'd done. I mean, what explanation was there? I was a fully-grown woman who had - for reasons even *I* couldn't fully comprehend - begun masturbating in the bathroom, sometimes three times in a single day.

And, if I'm being honest...I wasn't exactly being discreet about it. I wasn't even *quiet*. I've always been one to gasp and pant as I get off, and despite being in a public place, I had done nothing to hold back.

My cheeks impossibly burned even redder as I wondered...had I cried out my boss's name?

Oh, *god*...

There was another long, long silence as Mr. Peterson waited for an explanation I had no way of providing. Finally, he sighed - a sigh of disappointment that I knew I'd remember until my dying day - and handed me a copy of the Employee Expectation Document.

As if my hands were on autopilot, I took it and quickly - far more quickly than logic dictated I'd be able to - found the relevant passage.

There it was. Point 8.11.87.

Employees suspected of masturbating in the restrooms would be punished by their direct supervisor.

Which for me, of course...was Mr. Peterson.

He looked at me, and for a moment I thought I saw it...a gleam of hunger, like he wanted this to happen. It was gone almost instantly, and I shook the feeling off. Of course my boss didn't *want* me to be caught...masturbating...in the company restroom. Who would want that?

Yes, he'd have to punish me, but it wasn't like he was enjoying the process. He was just doing his job, nothing more.

"It doesn't specify the punishment, sir," I said meekly, and Mr. Peterson held out his hand.

For a moment I was filled with a ridiculous impulse - I wanted to stand up, and move my body into his outstretched hand. I wanted to place my breast on his palm, allow him to grope and roughly fondle me as he'd done in my fantasies so many times.

I wanted his hand between my legs. I wanted to make his fingers slick with my juices, then suck them clean, show him what my tongue was capable of. I wanted to lean over his desk, as I had dreamed about for what felt like years...

Shaking my head, I escaped my reverie. I didn't do any of the things I'd fantasized about. Instead, I handed him the document.

“That’s right,” he said, placing it beside on him the desk. “That means it’s at my discretion.”

He glanced at the cupboard in the corner of his room, and there it was again. For a moment, I could have sworn his eyes darkened with lust. I’d never particularly noticed the cupboard before - it was made of a dark wood, and had always been closed.

All of a sudden, I was filled with a desperate desire to know what was inside it.

But again, as soon as I noticed the expression, it was gone, and he was back to being my placid - and *extremely* cute - boss once more.

“This is a much more serious offense than a typo, of course,” he said, and I nodded. I’d screwed up...I knew it, he knew it, and I was prepared to pay the price for my mistake.

More than anything, I wanted to go back to being his good girl. I wanted to be good for Mr. Peterson. For my boss.

I wanted to make him happy.

I wanted to obey.

“How *much* more serious would you say it is?” he asked, staring straight at me.

“Um...”

I felt like an idiot. I’m a numbers gal; always have been. I’m never happier than when sitting down in front of a spreadsheet, or a Sudoku puzzle. Give me numbers, I can make them dance. They were, after all, my job.

But all of a sudden, my mind was blank. How much more serious was masturbating in the office bathroom than a typo? How was I even meant to answer that?

“Ten times more serious?” Mr. Peterson prompted. “Twenty?”

“Twenty!” I squeaked, wanting to answer him. Wanting to give my boss what he wanted.

God I wanted to give my boss what he wanted. *Whatever* he wanted.

“Very well,” he said with a nod. “I gave you five spanks for each typo. Masturbating in the office will be one hundred.”

My eyes widened. After just five spanks, I was a walking puddle. After one hundred?

I’d either soak his floor with my juices or die, and I honestly couldn’t tell you which would be worse.

“Sir!” I gasped, and he once more silenced me with a gesture of his hand.

“Not all at once,” he said, throwing me a kind smile.

God, his smile. It made me melt. I felt giddy as a schoolgirl. It was almost embarrassing.

“How does ten each day sound? That’s all of this week and next.”

“Yes, sir,” I nodded, my heart racing.

Ten? Ten, all at once? My nipples tightened just thinking about it.

Ten smacks from my boss...and I wouldn’t even be able to go to the bathroom and masturbate afterwards. I couldn’t.

Not if I wanted to be a good girl.

Mr. Peterson gestured at the desk once more. This time I hesitated, not wanting to make a fool of myself.

“Go ahead,” he said, sensing my reluctance. “Let’s get today’s out of the way. I’ll have you count them for me once more.”

“Of course, sir,” I responded.

My legs were shaky as I stood; if Mr. Peterson was watching, he would definitely have seen the tremble. I felt like an old woman.

Somehow, my boss simultaneously made me feel as shaky as an old woman and as giddy as

a little girl.

I got into position, leaning over Mr. Peterson's desk, spreading my legs, and allowing him access to my ass.

SMACK.

"One, sir," I said with a groan.

Mr. Peterson's hand was exactly as I remembered, exactly as I'd been fantasizing about. It had been so long. Until I felt the sharp pain begin to spread across my buttocks, followed inevitably by the soft warmth coursing through my body, I hadn't realized how desperately I'd been craving it.

SMACK.

"Two, sir."

Part of me wanted to march out of the office and straight back into the bathroom. Just two spanks in, I was practically glowing.

I couldn't imagine how I'd feel after one hundred.

SMACK.

"Three, sir."

My voice was soft, and pliant. It was the voice of a good girl. It was the voice of someone who wanted to obey her boss.

SMACK. SMACK.

"Four, sir. Five..."

My body felt electrified. It was like I'd been sleeping for weeks, and my boss's hand was jolting me awake.

SMACK.

"Six! Sir!"

I was suddenly so full of energy. In that moment, I felt like I could run a marathon, or climb a mountain.

I felt awake, electrified...and very, very warm.

SMACK.

"Seven, sir!"

I bit my lip as I realized how my body was going to interpret this. The endorphins that were rushing into my brain...they would just reinforce the stupid crush I had on my boss.

SMACK.

"Eight, sir!"

After this, I didn't know how I was going to ever think about Aaden during sex again.

SMACK. SMACK.

"Nine! Ten, sir. That's ten."

With that, Mr. Peterson stepped back, and I collapsed face-first into his desk. I was just lucky that there hadn't been a pen sticking up, or I could have lost an eye.

As it was, I was smearing my eyeliner into his the Employee Expectations Document (my husband hadn't noticed that I'd started wearing makeup to work, though he had complimented me on 'looking good today' a few times. Men, right?)

I wanted to stand up, but I just didn't have the energy. My legs felt like wet noodles, while my nether regions felt like...well, just plain ol' *wet*. I was so turned on, I wouldn't have been surprised to discover that I'd soaked through my jeans.

Not that what we'd done was sexual, of course. It was just a boss disciplining his employee. It wasn't Mr. Peterson's fault that my stupid body couldn't tell the stupid difference.

I tried once more to stand, but - to my great embarrassment - simply slithered off the desk. My eyes widened as I realized I'd literally collapsed onto my boss's floor. I turned to see him staring down at me, a lascivious look on his face.

I blinked twice. No, not lascivious. Worried. Of course he looked worried; he'd just spanked me so hard that I'd collapsed. He was probably worried me filing an OSHA report against him.

Not that I ever would, of course. What we'd done had been my fault. I'd deserved it.

I deserved to be punished.

My mouth opened as my brain scrambled, trying to come up with an explanation, but before I could say anything...he burst out laughing, and I was surprised to find myself joining suit.

After a few minutes, we'd calmed down, and he reached out his hand. "Here," he said with a smile. "Let me help you up."

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 6

A few years ago, my old bosses had given me an award. Like I said, I'm actually pretty good at my job.

It was a really big deal - they'd flown me to Europe (my first time outside the country) for the ceremony; a few accountants from each of our international branches had were being honored, and the ceremony was in Scotland, which is where our company had been founded.

On the night, I'd worn this greeny-blue dress, and had been buzzing with excitement - and a few glasses of wine - all evening. I'm not really one for public speaking or anything like that - this wasn't a speech, of course, but just the idea of going up in front of so many people (including my boss's boss's boss) would be enough to make anyone nervous.

The food was amazing, as you'd expect, particularly these little shrimp cocktail things. I'd joked that they must have been a Scottish delicacy.

Finally, it was time - me and the other two from my branch had our names called, we walked across the stage, then returned to our seats.

Not really a big deal, right?

Well, the moment I sat down - the *moment* I sat down - I realized that while eating one of the shrimps, I'd managed to drop a huge glob of dressing right on the front of my dress.

I'd just stood up in front of the most important people in my company...with a stain on my dress.

And it wasn't like it was a small one, either. You could have seen it from space - you could *definitely* see it from the front table where the executives were sitting.

Until the morning that my boss had called me into his office to tell me I'd been caught masturbating at work, that had definitely been the most embarrassing moment of my life.

The news I'd been caught was enough to dethrone it, and I would have bet good money on that being the reigning champion for many years to come - perhaps forever.

But then Mr. Peterson reached out his hand - the same hand that just a few minutes ago, had spanked me into a puddle.

I took it, and...god.

I took it, and the moment his skin came into contact with mine, I moaned.

Just like the stain, it wasn't a small one. For a moment - just a moment, before my lips clamped shut and my eyes opened wider than I'd known they could - my boss's office was filled by the loud, lustful moan of what sounded like a woman having a particularly intense orgasm.

Just because he'd touched my hand.

I wanted to die. I didn't want to run away to Australia and hide in the middle of the desert, I wanted to *die*.

For the past month, I'd been so, so careful about hiding my crush. I'd made sure to treat Mr. Peterson professionally, like colleagues.

Like my boss.

I'd been *such* a good girl.

But now, in an instant, I'd ruined it all. Just the feeling of his hand - that hand! - against mine, and I'd acted on impulse, unable to hide the intense attraction I felt.

He'd reached out to help me out, and I'd moaned like an animal in heat.

I didn't say anything. I *couldn't* say anything. I didn't think I could ever talk again. Not to Mr. Peterson, not to *anyone*. My kids would have to go the rest of their lives with nothing but the

memory of what their mother sounded like, because I was *never* speaking again.

“Amber,” he said gently (god he could be gentle when he wanted to), “are you okay?”

“Mm-hmm,” I said, my mouth tightly shut, my eyes so wide they were starting to water.

He opened his mouth to reply, then clearly felt like it was a bad idea. He guided me into the chair, then let go of my hand.

There was a long silence (which I used to ponder the viability of having face-and-body transplant) before my boss spoke.

“Amber,” he started, his voice firm. “I’m going to ask you something, and it’s important that you tell me the truth.”

I nodded. I’d tell him anything he wanted.

I was his good girl.

“Do you...and please, please answer honestly. Right now, do you need to masturbate?”

My life flashed before my eyes. All of it. Growing up in Albany, playing video games for hours on end, meeting Aaden, having my boys, moving out of New York State, switching jobs... in a moment, I saw everything I’d ever done, and I was ready to die.

Part of me wanted to faint. That would be a good excuse not to answer, right? I couldn’t will myself to death, but I’m sure that with a little effort, I could force myself unconscious.

But then I remembered - he’d asked me to be honest.

He’d politely requested that I tell him the truth, and I was going to obey.

I wanted to obey.

And I couldn’t lie. Not to him. Not to Mr. Peterson.

Not to my boss.

“Yes, sir,” I answered, my face beet-red. He nodded, and I was amazed he could even hear me - my response had been so quiet, a bat would have struggled to hear what I’d said.

Mr. Peterson didn’t respond, he just kept on nodding. We sat there for another eternity, him nodding, me unable to look away.

“I can’t let you do that in the bathroom again,” he said, tilting his head to the side. “It’s against company policy. Besides, then I’d have to punish you again, and it seems...”

His eyes flicked down my body, just for a moment, before once more returning my stunned gaze.

“...it seems that would be rather counter-productive, wouldn’t you say?”

“Yes, sir,” I nodded.

“I obviously can’t let you use your cubicle, so...”

He glanced around the room. I didn’t know if I was imagining it, but it seemed like his gaze paused on the wooden cabinet for a moment.

“...I suppose you’ll have to do it here.”

Just when I thought my day couldn’t get any stranger, Mr. Peterson’s suggestion managed to push it into a new level of weird.

I leaned forward, unsure if I’d heard him correctly.

“In *here*?” I asked.

“That’s right. Unless you have a better suggestion?”

My mind raced, but I had to admit...I didn’t.

I mean, I suppose I could have told him that I didn’t *need* to masturbate, but I’d promised not to lie to him. No matter what, I was going to need to get myself off before I could return to work, even if I had to go into the parking lot and rub my aching clit in my car.

The only other alternative I could think of would be to go into the women’s bathroom, but

Mr. Peterson had a point. If I was caught, that would be another hundred smacks - another ten spanking sessions. And if after each of *those* I needed to do it again...

Things would get exponential, fast. Every accountant's nightmare.

So he was right.

I'd have to masturbate in his office.

"I'd offer to leave you alone in the room," he said apologetically. "But I have so much work to do. You understand, of course."

"Yes, sir," I replied breathlessly. I didn't want to put my boss out any more than I already had.

I wanted to be his good girl.

"Very well," he said, returning to the other side of the desk.

Without a word, he sat in his chair and began going through a printed report. I recognized what he was working on - the GWT case that we'd been dealing with for the last few months.

I was slightly stunned. For a moment, a strange thought entered my mind, that what was happening was...off. Very off.

That normal bosses didn't spank their employees, and then insist that they masturbate in front of them. That the feelings I had towards Mr. Peterson were...unnatural, somehow. That the Amber of a few months ago would *never* have been caught masturbating in a toilet stall at work.

That what we were doing was wrong, like I was cheating on Aaden.

However just as quickly as they'd arrived, they were gone. There was nothing strange about being spanked by my boss - he was just disciplining me, after all. It had been my fault, for what I'd done. And yes, it wasn't something I was used to...but that was why it had confused my body. It was intense, and my hormones had confused that intensity for a crush.

But what we were doing wasn't *cheating*. It wasn't like Mr. Peterson was touching me in a way that was inappropriate. He was spanking an employee that had stepped out of line, and I was grateful that my boss was taking a personal interest in me. I was happy that Gio had such firm policies, to ensure that I was the best accountant I could be.

Spanking me was the right thing to do. It was the only way I'd learn to be a good girl for Mr. Peterson.

And I wanted nothing more than to be a good girl. I wanted to obey.

Masturbating in the toilet stall had been wrong, there was no denying that. But that was exactly why Mr. Peterson had punished me - so I wouldn't do it again.

And that's why it was important that I masturbate for him now, to ensure that I wouldn't be tempted to slip off and engage in that tawdry act once more.

I nodded, glad that I'd gotten everything straight in my head once more.

"Should I...turn the chair around?" I asked nervously, and Mr. Peterson looked up, as though he'd already forgotten I was there.

"Best not," he said simply, and returned to his work.

The feeling of unease came across me again - why did he want me to masturbate where he could see? And like it was the initial domino in a row, it set off more worries - why was I masturbating here *at all*? This was wrong, wasn't it? Something was very, very...-

Mr. Peterson coughed quietly, distracting me from my train of thought, and drawing my attention.

I slumped slightly in my chair when I realized he wasn't looking at me. I liked it when my boss looked at me. I know, it's a little naughty, but it's just a harmless fantasy. I liked to imagine he was attracted to me as I was to him.

Not, of course, that I'd ever do anything about it. I was *married*, and he was my boss. Still, it was fun to dream.

I unzipped my pants and wiggled out of them. They took my panties with them, and my blush returned as I realized all Mr. Peterson would need to do was look up, and he'd see my naked cunt.

I almost wished I'd shaved for him.

Not, of course, that he was going to look up. This wasn't a show - he was being kind enough to lend me his office so I could take care of my needs. He was doing me a favor, and making sure that I wouldn't resort to...well, to what I was now deeply ashamed of doing for more than two weeks in a row.

It wasn't like he was going to *watch* me.

As I reached between my legs, I was thoroughly unsurprised to find that I was soaking wet. It felt like I'd been wet for weeks straight now. Months.

When I masturbated in the bathroom stall, I'd close my eyes. It was easier, that way - easier to imagine it was Mr. Peterson's hand, instead of my own. Easier to imagine that he was doing more than just watching.

Not that he was watching, of course.

Instead, sitting in front of my boss, I couldn't tear my eyes away from him. He was working on the GWT file, as if everything was normal. As if his best accountant wasn't sitting in front of him, exposing herself to him.

What was I talking about? Everything *was* normal. He was saving me from myself, really. I was grateful.

I swallowed my nervousness. I knew that what we were doing was totally fine. Totally normal. Not something I'd mention to Aaden, of course, but certainly not something I was *hiding* from him.

But despite the normality of the situation, I couldn't help but feel...vulnerable.

Sitting in front of Mr. Peterson, with everything exposed. All it would take was for him to glance up - just for a moment - and he'd see it.

He'd see me.

He'd see my glistening wet pussy. He'd see my fingers, rubbing on my clit. Sating the ache from the throbbing.

God, I wanted him so bad.

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 7

Until two weeks ago, I hadn't been one to masturbate very often. My last two weeks of practice had more than caught me up; I was fast becoming a verified pro.

But I sat in front of my boss, touching myself as he carefully ignored me, it was like I'd never done it before. Like I'd forgotten exactly what buttons to press.

In the women's bathroom, I'd gotten so fast at it. If I got myself off quickly, I could get off again before returning to work.

And again, and again, and again...

It was no wonder someone had caught me. Some days I probably spent more time stroking myself than I had at my desk working.

But as my long fingers stroked my needy clit, I couldn't work it out. It felt like something was...missing.

It didn't make any sense. I'd gotten off by myself so, so many times. Why couldn't I do it now?

And then Mr. Peterson turned the page, and a loud moan involuntarily left my mouth.

Oh, fuck.

I wanted him to watch.

I knew that I shouldn't. I knew that *he* shouldn't. He was a busy man; he had work to do. I was already taking up so much of his time with my...punishments.

I wanted to be his good girl.

But when he'd turned from the analytics report to the quarterly breakdowns, just for a moment...I thought he'd been about to glance at me.

I thought he'd been about to look at me, touching myself directly in front of him.

And at the thought, the warmth returned.

All of a sudden, it was like my hand knew exactly where to go, exactly how to bring me the most pleasure. As I slipped two fingers between my slick lips, I imagined Mr. Peterson's eyes on me, imagined my boss watching me as I masturbated in front of him.

He must have wanted to. Right? If his conduct in my first week had been any indication, I knew that Mr. Peterson was at least a little bit attracted to me.

And if he didn't want to watch...why hadn't he taken me up on my offer to turn my chair around?

No! I mentally slapped back the thoughts. Sure, what we'd been doing had confused my body, but that was my cross to bear. Here I was, projecting my own perverse thoughts onto my sweet, innocent boss.

He was a good guy. He knew that I was married...*and* he was my boss. Those were two lines I knew he'd never cross, no matter how much I wanted him to.

Not, of course, that I wanted him to.

No, I was just...relieving tension.

In front of my boss. By getting off.

Right after he'd spanked me.

Before I could focus too hard on that thought process, Mr. Peterson turned another page, and I could have sworn that his eyes flicked up and looked at me - just for a second.

But a second was all it took.

"Mmmm, yess..." I moaned, as the warmth began to swell once more. My hand was

rubbing my clit, my other hand had made its way up to my neck, where it was resting lightly, and I could feel the leather of Mr. Peterson's office chairs beneath my bare, naked ass.

I was so close. I felt like I'd been close to cumming since the moment I'd seen Mr. Peterson's email, but at the idea of his eyes on me...I was so, so close.

Several minutes passed as I desperately touched myself in front of my boss, hungry for his gaze.

Here's something you should know about me. I have...I guess you could call it a streak of mischief. Rebelliousness.

Sometimes - just sometimes - I like to be a little bit naughty.

I wanted to be a good girl for my boss, of course. I wanted to obey.

But in that moment, my wild streak flared up, and I wondered if I could...attract his attention.

Mr. Peterson's a good man. And if he heard me moan, maybe he'd misinterpret it. Maybe, in his distracted state, he'd think I was in pain.

Maybe he'd look up.

If he looked up, I could cum. I knew I could. I wanted him to look at me as I touched myself in front of him.

I needed it.

"Ohh..." I gasped softly, making a sound that could easily have been interpreted as pleasure or pain. "Oh!"

My eyes never left his form as he worked. His hand - his strong, talented hand, which featured in *so* many of my fantasies - continued dutifully cross-checking the work, looking for typos.

He wouldn't find any, of course. Of that, I was sure.

"God!" I shuddered, louder than before.

Nothing.

"Oh, *fuck*," I said, hoping that no one was passing Mr. Peterson's door at the moment.

"Oh!"

He didn't move. My boss was being infuriatingly stoic, unmoving as a lighthouse on the shore.

"Oh!" I repeated, my voice practically a wail. "Oh, *Mr. Peterson!!!*"

That did it. At the sound of his name (men! They're all the same...) Mr. Peterson looked up. He looked up, and locked eyes with me.

I wasn't sure what I'd been hoping for. My legs were spread, my hand a blur between them. I guess I'd been hoping for a look of lust as he stared straight at my most private area, exposed for him to look at.

Instead, he stared straight at me, a hint of a smile dancing around his eyes.

I froze. You know when you're playing keepaway with a dog, and they finally get the toy you've been teasing them with? They don't know what to do with it. They're in it for the game, not the result.

In that moment, I realized I was the same way. I had my boss's attention...and now I didn't know what to do with it.

Until he nodded.

All of a sudden, the warmth came rushing back in waves. When Mr. Peterson spanked me, it started where his hand made contact and slowly rippled out to the rest of my body.

This time, it was like I was an island who'd just been hit by a tsunami. I felt like every inch

of my body was soaked with warmth. As if I wasn't in control, my hand twitched - brushed over my clit, incredibly gently - and I felt my orgasm beginning to hit.

"Oh my god..." I said again, this time completely involuntarily. "Oh, *Mr. Peterson!*"

My hips began thrusting as a climax rolled over me. My pussy felt so wet, and so warm. I'd never felt like this before - not with my husband, not while alone in the bathroom stall - never.

I gasped and twitched as I came. It was one of the most intense orgasms I'd ever had - the type where you feel like every inch of you is cumming, like all of your muscles are tensing up at once. And when I was done, they all relaxed at the same time - my entire body collapsed onto Mr. Peterson's chair.

And the fucker just put his head down, and returned to work.

It took several minutes for me to regain my breath. I felt like I'd just run a marathon, or bench-lifted a truck. My knees were shaky as I leaned forward.

"Will that be enough?" Mr. Peterson asked coolly, and I felt a flash of irrational rage.

I'm normally pretty in check with my emotions - sometimes my kids joke that I'm their robot Mom - but something about his offhand attitude pissed me off. I'd just cum in front of him - something that I hadn't done in front of anyone but my husband in as long as I could remember - and he was treating it like it was just another part of my job.

"Yes," I said sullenly, and my boss's brow furrowed.

"Amber? Are you okay?"

The gentle way he was checking in on me caused a wave of guilt to pass throughout my totally exhausted body, and I realized how completely unfair I was being.

This wasn't a sexual thing. Sure, I'd just cum in front of him, but not for *sexual* reasons. I'd disobeyed company policy, he'd been forced to punish me, and my body had needed release.

It was as simple as that.

It absolutely wasn't his fault. When Tracy had first suggested I use the women's restroom, she'd explicitly told me it was wrong, and I'd done it anyway.

I'd done wrong. It was my fault.

And then I'd been audacious enough to blame *him* for it.

My heart sank as I realized what I'd done:

I hadn't been his good girl.

I wanted to be my boss's good girl. More than *anything*.

"I'm sorry, sir," I said, a single tear rolling down my cheek. God...I could count on one hand the number of times I'd cried this decade and now here I was, embarrassing myself even further in front of a man who'd done nothing but try to help me.

Of course he hadn't engaged. He was trying to keep things as professional as he could.

He was trying to keep things professional, while I sat in front of him and masturbated.

I guess one of us had to.

"It's okay," he said with a smile. "Take as long as you want."

My eyes widened as I realized - he mustn't have noticed my tear, and had completely misinterpreted the situation.

He thought I wanted to get off in front of him again.

Which, I had to admit, was tempting...the orgasm that had just wracked my body was unlike anything I'd ever experienced.

But no, I couldn't. I certainly *shouldn't*.

After all, there was always tomorrow.

"Thank you, sir," I smiled, trying to act as though my moment of weakness hadn't occurred.

“I should probably get back to work.”

“Very well,” he said with a nod. “Let me know if you need anything.”

“Of course, sir,” I said, returning to my desk and putting my headphones back in.

That night, I don’t think Aaden knew what hit him. I’m sure he’d noticed that I’d been more...interested than normal.

We certainly don’t have a bad sex life, I want to make that clear. Sometimes there are peaks and sometimes there are valleys, but every couple goes through that.

Ever since my punishment, it had been the peakiest of all peaks. I doubt more than two days had gone by without me tackling him to the bed, and insisting he allow me to ride him.

That night, the kids had barely been tucked in before I was undoing his belt. I don’t know what he thought of me - I must have looked like a woman in heat. My eyes flashed with lust at the sight of his erection - I would often coat his cock with saliva before sitting on top of him, but tonight I skipped that.

I was more than wet enough.

It was no more than a few minutes before he was cumming. Aaden doesn’t last long at the best of times, and my actions were clearly exciting to him. He soon unloaded inside me, filling me with a pale imitation of the warmth I felt while in my boss’s office.

“Again,” I gasped. “Please, honey. Get hard for me. I want to feel you inside me again.”

“Hold your horses,” Aaden said, a dopey grin on his face. I’m sure he had no idea what had come over me - and he never could.

Not that I was doing anything wrong, of course.

I unbuttoned my work shirt, and threw my bra to the side. If either of the kids had woken up, we would’ve had a real struggle to explain what was happening.

But in the moment, I didn’t care.

I was more turned on than I’d ever been, and I needed to feel Aaden inside me. I needed to feel close to my husband, who I loved.

And more than anything, I needed to get off.

“Fuck!” I groaned.

“Sshh,” Aaden said.

“Oh, *god*, yes!”

Each and every time I came, the same image was in my head.

Mr. Peterson’s brown eyes - although that day, I thought I’d seen a flick of green? - staring at me, as I came long and loudly in his office.

I knew it broke the rule, but I was so worked up, I didn’t care. I’d spent the rest of the day processing the monthly close, Gio’s strange music playing in my ears, trying to reconcile what I’d just done...how it had felt.

My crush on Mr. Peterson had been a factor, I was sure of that. You know how it is when you’re attracted to someone - they can be the dorkiest person in the room, but you still get aflutter when they turn their attention to you.

It had been that, magnified by a thousand.

The spanking had heightened my nerves, as it always did. And the presence of my boss, sitting in front of me, steadfastly ignoring me...it had just served to stoke the fires.

But none of that explained the intense connection I’d felt when he looked at me. When I’d cum.

If I’d felt like I did that day the week before, I likely would have spent the entire day in the restroom. It was like my nether-regions were on fire, and the only way to put it out was to cum

again and again and again and again...

But I couldn't. I was Mr. Peterson's good girl.

The only other option, of course, was return to Mr. Peterson's office and ask him if I could get off in front of him again. God, why hadn't I taken him up on his offer?

I couldn't do that. He'd think I was...well, he'd think I was exactly who I was.

Not that it was me, of course. *I* wasn't turned on. Just my body.

Just my poor, confused, irrepressibly horny body. My tits, my clit, my throbbing cunt.

And so by the time I got home, I was like a pressure cooker that had been boiling all day, ready to explode.

Fortunately, I don't think Aaden was complaining.

Finally, after several hours, Aaden pushed me away. He'd cum three times, and I felt like I'd had more orgasms than the rest of my life put together.

A part of me was worried that he would ask what had gotten into me. I had no idea what I'd answer. I couldn't tell him about Mr. Peterson, of that I was certain. What we were doing was completely normal, and professional, but Aaden...just wouldn't understand.

I just knew it.

Fortunately, my loving husband has never been a particularly curious man, and so after we was finally done, he rolled over (we'd moved to the bed after round two) and left me to lie in the wet patch and think.

What was happening? Had being spanked awoken something in me, some deeply-hidden desire that I'd never even thought to explore? Intellectually, I knew that what we were doing was just perfectly standard corporate punishment...but my body clearly wasn't interpreting it that way.

And wanting him to watch me as I came? I'd never even considered that I might have an exhibitionistic streak. And frankly, at the age of thirty-two, it wasn't something I was particularly excited to learn about. It wasn't like I could sneak around like a teenager, having sex in parked cars or while watching the latest Spider-Man film at the cinema.

As my evening with Aaden had shown, it was certainly *possible* for me to cum without being watched, but still. Something about it worried me.

And most peculiarly of all - even after the most intense orgasm of my life, even after literally fucking my husband to exhaustion, even after cumming and cumming and cumming again...

I was still horny.

A part of me wanted to explore these thoughts, see if I could work out what specifically was bothering me about them...but it was late, and I was starting to get tired, so instead I simply moved my hand between my legs, closed my eyes, and pictured Mr. Peterson, sitting behind his desk, staring directly into my eyes...

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 8

When I got into work the next day, I was more than a little sleep-deprived. I'd stayed up embarrassingly late, getting myself off, imagining my boss watching me, until finally sleep had overtaken me and forced me to slumber.

And so it wasn't until I saw a new item in my calendar that I remembered.

Yesterday's punishment hadn't been a one-off event. It was going to happen every day for the next ten days.

Every day, I was going to let my boss spank me. And every day, I was going to masturbate in his office.

I suppose I didn't *have* to get off in front of him, but frankly I didn't see any other way forward. If I didn't, I'd just end up sneaking into the bathroom again.

And Mr. Peterson wouldn't like that.

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

So I would let him spank me, then I'd sit in front of him and touch myself. And then he'd dismiss me, I'd return to my desk, and I'd try - oh so desperately try - to get some work done.

Unless I took my boss up on his offer to return to his office and cum in front of him again. And again and again and again...

When I entered Mr. Peterson's office, he was waiting for me, a gentle smile on his face. I couldn't work out if he was smiling with anticipation...or pity.

My cheeks burned at the thought of it being the latter. Here I was, a fully-grown woman, a well-respected CPA, a happily married mother of two...

And each and every day, I was visiting my boss's office so he could discipline me. All because I didn't have the self-control to prevent myself from sneaking into the bathroom at work and getting off.

Never again, I told myself. I was going to read the Employee Expectation Document back to front, and I was going to obey every line of it.

I would obey.

"Sir," I said, giving him a small nod. He gestured to his desk, where I placed my hands shoulder-width apart, and bent over.

"Let me know when you're ready," he said gently, and I tightened my grip on the wooden edge of his desk.

"Ready when you are, sir," I said, hoping he couldn't hear the rasp in my voice.

"Count for me," he said lightly, and I nodded.

SMACK.

"One, sir."

It hit me harder than before. The warmth, that is, not my boss's hand - although maybe that too. The moment his hand met my pants, I could feel the warmth swelling up inside me.

SMACK.

"Two, sir."

I closed my eyes, trying very hard to remind myself that this was purely professional, that he was disciplining me for disobeying company policy. That it wasn't sexual.

SMACK.

"Three, sir."

But although *I* clearly knew this, it seemed like it would be impossible to convince my body

of this simple fact. The warmth had made its way to my nipples - they swelled with arousal.

SMACK.

“Four, sir.”

I imagined tearing off my top, exposing myself to Mr. Peterson’s hungry eyes. I imagined him losing his train of thought as he observed my naked form. I pictured his cock, stiffening as I stripped for him.

SMACK.

“Five, sir.”

I wasn’t even trying to control my voice. It was all I could do to control my body, to stop myself from turning around, falling to my knees, and showing my boss exactly how good a girl I could be for him.

SMACK.

“Six, sir.”

My words came out in a gasp, deep and soft and practically dripping with arousal. I would have bet my house that Mr. Peterson knew just how much I wanted him, exactly how much he turned me on, just from the tone of my voice.

SMACK.

“Seven, sir.”

Not, of course, that I did. No - this was a purely professional relationship. I was happily married, to a man who had fucked me long and hard the previous night, driving into me again and again and again...

SMACK.

“Eight, sir.”

...while I’d pictured my boss’s eyes. While I’d imagined Mr. Peterson watching me cum, his piercing eyes staring at me as I touched myself in front of him.

No, not imagined.

Remembered.

SMACK.

“Nine, sir.”

Everything we’d done - everything we were *doing* - was totally normal. Completely professional. I tried desperately to remember that, even as my body tried to convince me otherwise. Even as my body tried to tell me that no, masturbating in front of your boss, no matter the circumstances, was a deeply sexual act.

SMACK.

“Ten, sir!”

Despite the fact that *I* knew we’d done nothing wrong, it was easy to pretend that we had. That exposing myself to my boss was somehow...naughty. That letting a man other than my husband watch me cum was a taboo act. That bending over his desk and letting him spank me was somehow crossing a line.

And it was impossible to deny - the imagined wrongness of it was something that I found deeply, deeply erotic.

I’ve never been one to step too far outside the box, sexually. Porn has never held much appeal, although a friend of mine from college used to write erotica. I’d asked to see some, and while it hadn’t been exactly my cup of tea, I’d definitely gotten a thrill out of reading it.

The stuff that turned me on was...taboo. Again, nothing extreme, just slightly inappropriate relationships. A woman being attracted to her sister’s boyfriend, or a schoolgirl to her teacher.

And so it made sense that my imagination was turning this - a completely normal, legitimate interaction - into something along those lines.

A stupid crush on Mr. Peterson had combined with my slight penchant for the 'naughty', and turned a simple instance of employee discipline into some kind of...well, 'scandalous affair' would be taking it too far (I would never do anything to risk the stability of my family), but certainly something taboo.

In my mind, I wasn't just an employee getting a routine spanking from her boss...no, we were two upstanding citizens, uncontrollably attracted to each other, trying desperately not to act on their urges, craving physical contact through the only means we could acceptably get it.

Mr. Peterson wasn't just offering me his office to masturbate in because he was concerned about me breaking further rules...no, he was desperate to see my most intimate moments, to watch me touch myself because of how much he wanted me.

And thinking about my boss while I came around Aaden's cock? That one, I had to admit... that one really was naughty of me.

But it wasn't like it was hurting anyone. Neither my boss nor my husband had any idea, and I intended to keep it that way. Besides, it wasn't like Aaden was getting the raw end of the deal. We'd had more sex last night than on our honeymoon. He certainly wasn't going to complain about that.

"That's all of them, Amber," Mr. Peterson said.

It took me a moment to realize - quite some time had passed since his last blow had landed. I was still bent over my boss's desk, breathing heavily, my mind working overtime to justify what we were doing, what we'd done...and what we were going to do.

Not that it needed to be justified. It was all perfectly normal.

My perverted mind was the one twisting it into something else.

"Would you like to..."

He trailed off, gesturing to the chair facing his desk. I nodded. My body felt like it was pulsing with the warmth, the unique feeling of need I got after my boss punished me.

It wasn't arousal, of course, but I knew that getting off would help quell it, if not eliminate it entirely.

I was starting to wonder if *anything* could put that fire out.

I sat in the chair in front of my boss's desk, my entire body pulsing with energy.

The warmth that came after my boss spanked me was throbbing through my body. The warmth that it would have been so, so easy to confuse with arousal.

The warmth that I knew would only dissipate if I came while Mr. Peterson watched.

Just like yesterday, he was immediately absorbed in his work. And just like yesterday, I tried desperately to get his attention without outright pleading for it.

As if he was playing with me, Mr. Peterson steadfastly ignored me. Nothing I did could distract him from his work - no matter how loudly I moaned, groaned, or huffed. Even when I placed my legs on the arms of his chair, lewdly presenting myself for his eyes...nothing.

I've been told I have a stubborn streak, which I don't think is entirely fair. I'm not stubborn, I just...don't like showing weakness if I don't have to. And even as I sat in front of my boss, soaking wet, my trousers in a pile on the floor, my panties dangling from one ankle, I could recognize that my desperation for Mr. Peterson's attention was a weakness.

My fingers circled my throbbing clit, while my other hand grabbed my breast through my shirt. Part of me was tempted to unbutton my shirt, expose my bra to my boss...or take it off, and throw it on his desk.

His best accountant, sitting completely naked in front of him, mewling as she played with herself. *That*, I felt, would get his attention.

But I couldn't. I knew that I shouldn't.

Although the warmth inside me grew at the idea that he'd like it. Was Mr. Peterson a boob man?

It suddenly felt incredibly important that I find out.

But I managed - barely - to resist the urge to strip for him, and settled for touching myself, groaning loudly as I did. Finally, just as I was about to give in and moan his name...he looked up.

He looked up, and looked right past me.

"Ah," he said. "Thank you, Tracy."

My legs snapped shut - I'd been so focused on Mr. Peterson that I hadn't noticed the sound of the door opening. Standing beside me, a smirk on her freckled face, stood Tracy.

"You're welcome, sir," she said in her thick Australian accent as she threw me a grin. My mouth opened to explain, but before I could say anything, my entire body flushed, and I realized.

Mr. Peterson was looking at me.

Mr. Peterson was looking at *me*.

I'd closed my legs so quickly, I hadn't had a chance to remove my hand. Before I knew what was happening, my fingers returned to my hungry clit, and my eyes locked with my boss's.

A long, loud moan left my mouth. As if I'd never stopped, my body was suddenly shivering with arousal. His eyes felt like they were directly connected to the core of my arousal, and the longer he stared, the more turned on I was.

Everything else fell away. The room, the fact that Mr. Peterson was my boss, my female co-worker standing beside me...

My hips twitched, and my orgasm overtook me.

I could feel my nerve endings lighting up with pleasure. As the climax coursed through my body, the light seemed to illuminate exactly what was happening.

I was at work.

It was the middle of the workday, and I was cumming. Not hidden away in a bathroom stall where no one could see...I was cumming in the middle of my boss's action, his eyes burning into me, my hand pressed firmly against my quivering clit.

I was cumming while one of my colleagues stood beside me.

Watching.

Watching as I came. Watching as my entire body tensed with pleasure.

I was cumming in the middle of the workday, in a room with my boss and a co-worker.

As I came, my brain couldn't stop repeating the thoughts over and over again. What was Tracy going to think? She'd just walked in on her colleague, pantless, playing with herself in front of her boss.

Oh, god...

The shame just added to the mix of feelings I was experiencing as I came, and as my orgasm hit its peak, the room went white, and all I could see was stars.

When I eventually recovered, Mr. Peterson and I were alone. He was still staring at me, his intense look replaced by one of bemusement.

"Do let me know if you need anything else," he said. I was too exhausted even to be mad - the intense spanking, followed by the even more intense orgasm, and the wave of emotions that had come with being caught by Tracy...

I nodded, and left the room, absolutely spent.

Part of me feared that Tracy would be waiting outside Mr. Peterson's office, wanting to talk about what had just happened. But the corridor was empty, thank the heavens, which allowed me to scamper back to my desk without making eye-contact with anyone else at the company.

I had no idea what I would have even said to her - I'd never felt so exposed in front of anyone in my life. She'd not only witnessed me sitting in my boss's chair, completely pantless, but it had been obvious what I'd been doing. I'd *wanted* it to be obvious, to show off for Mr. Peterson. I'd been desperate to get his attention - in my arousal (well, not arousal - that wouldn't be appropriate) I'd been so worked up, I would have done anything to get him to focus on me.

And then, to make matters worse, I'd cum. God, what had Tracy thought of that? It wasn't like I'd been quiet about it - I have no idea how long Tracy had been there for, but at the very least she would have been witness to the start of my long, loud orgasm.

A co-worker who I'd only spoken to a handful of times had watched - and heard - me cum. At work.

There were no words to express how mortifying I found the entire situation.

In an attempt to stop myself from being able to think about it, I threw myself into the day's tasks. It helped - more than I'd expected. As my ears filled with the odd, tuneless music, I immediately began to relax. And as I worked on setting up templates for the new offices we were opening in Dubai, I started to wonder if my reaction wasn't perhaps a bit much.

Yes, obviously it was embarrassing to be caught with your trousers down in the middle of the workplace. But Tracy had been with Gio for a while - she knew how things worked.

She knew how seriously the company took disciplinary matters.

And yes, she'd heard me getting off...but honestly, it probably hadn't been the first time. I'd practically lived in that bathroom stall, loudly getting off every day. Anyone could have heard me - in all likelihood, Tracy was *very* familiar with the sound of my orgasms.

After all, she'd been the one to suggest the washroom in the first place.

She knew how the body got after a punishment. She'd told me the only way to quell the problem.

If anything, she'd probably been happy that I'd found an alternative. It was very natural to feel ashamed, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized it didn't really make sense. Yes, I'd been masturbating in Mr. Peterson's office after he spanked me. Who wouldn't?

Tracy would understand that. Anyone at the company would.

By the time I'd caught up on work that evening, any trace of embarrassment had completely disappeared. I'd done nothing to be ashamed of. I'd gotten off at work after a spanking. What else was a girl to do?

I was Mr. Peterson's good girl.

Later that night as I packed up my desk, I saw Tracy coming across the office, and I didn't even try to hide. She was passing through to see one of my colleagues, but when she caught me looking at her, she threw me a wink.

And, I'm proud to say, I didn't flinch or hide my face.

Instead, I winked right back.

The rest of the week continued much the same way. As soon as I got into work, Mr. Peterson would spank me. Then, I'd touch myself, doing everything I could to get his attention.

I never ended up stripping completely naked for him, but the idea crossed my mind each and every day. I could imagine it so clearly - standing completely naked in Mr. Peterson's office, exposing myself to him. After two kids, I don't have a perfect body, but in my fantasies Mr.

Peterson didn't care.

I pictured myself revealing my stretch marks to him, instead of doing everything I could to hide them (as I do when I'm naked in front of my husband). I imagined his eyes running up my naked form, his face going slack with lust, his attention lighting me on fire, turning me on...

We didn't have any more guests, but after my day of reflection I think I would have been okay with it. That was the great thing working about Gio - the culture. Everyone had a copy of the EED, so everyone knew exactly what was expected of you.

The CEO could have walked in as I was touching myself in front of Mr. Peterson, and I wouldn't have blinked an eye.

And every evening, I'd go home and ride my husband to as many orgasms as I could get out of him. I was insatiable - after just a few days, he would laugh pleadingly as he pushed me away, trying to tell me that he was but a mere mortal...

But I didn't care. I wanted him. I needed him. My boss's spankings, getting off in front of him - it filled me with a powerful energy, and I needed to feel a cock inside me. I needed to get off.

I needed to think about Mr. Peterson as I did.

After my long, bone-shaking orgasm on Friday morning, Mr. Peterson almost looked disappointed...or was I just projecting my own disappointment?

"That's all she wrote," he said casually. "I hope that you've learned a valuable lesson from all this."

"Yes, sir," I said, still a little hazy. No matter how many times I came around Aaden's cock - or my own fingers, late at night - they paled in comparison to the climaxes I'd reach with Mr. Peterson's eyes on me. It was almost like they were a completely different category - so deeply satisfying, like they managed to extract my very soul, wring it out, then gently reinsert it.

Satisfying, but in a way that awoke a deep hunger within me. I couldn't remember the last time I'd cum without thinking of Mr. Peterson's eyes on me.

"And you'll be more careful, in the future?" he said, his eyes flitting down to my still-sticky fingers. A shiver of arousal passed through my body, as it always did when he paid attention to me.

"Of course, sir," I said firmly. I wanted to be his good girl. I wanted to make him happy. It was all that I wanted.

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 9

I was only two and half days into the next week at work before it really started to be an issue.

I missed it.

Honestly, I'm not normally one to miss much. While I was pregnant I missed wine and soft cheeses, but that's about it. I like to think it's because I'm self-sufficient, but maybe it's just because I pretty much have everything I want, whenever I want it.

I'm sure it's at least partially a personality thing. A few years ago, Aaden had to go to Chicago for work - he was gone for almost two weeks, and by the end of the tenth day, he wanted to be on the phone with me for an hour each night...meanwhile, I was just enjoying not having to share the blankets.

And like I said, our sex life has peaks and valleys. Never a peak quite as high as the previous week, admittedly, but we'd had valleys that had gone for months.

Whenever we broke the drought, Aaden would tell me how happy he was, how much he'd missed fucking me.

Now don't get me wrong - it wasn't like I didn't enjoy the sex we had. I just...didn't miss it when it wasn't there.

But the daily earth-shattering orgasms I was having in Mr. Peterson's office?

Yeah. You'd better believe I missed those.

Monday had passed uneventfully. I'd maybe gotten a little antsy around lunchtime, but I'd tried to bury myself in work, and even turned the music on my headphones way, way up to distract me.

When I'd gotten home, Aaden had left me a note - he'd taken the kids to go and see the latest superhero film (he knows I'm not a huge fan of the genre) and so I couldn't even take out my frustration by having him pound me as hard as he could.

Those damn movies seem to get longer every year, and by the time Aaden got home, I was practically ready to burst. I sped through the kids' nighttime routines, then threw my husband down on the bed and moaned almost loudly enough to wake them up again as I slowly lowered myself down onto his cock.

Feeling my husband's cock pulse as he filled me up felt great, don't get me wrong, but it just couldn't compare. Even before he pulled out, I felt...empty.

Empty and unsatisfied.

Now, you might think that what happened next was intentional. But I promise, and you'll have to take my word on this, it wasn't.

If it had been deliberate, I would have done it on Tuesday, when the frustration really started to get to me. But instead, I again just put my head down and worked - we'd just gotten a new client, so everyone's caseloads were a little heavy - while doing all that I could to ignore the throbbing between my legs.

By Wednesday afternoon, I was half-tempted to march into Mr. Peterson's office and demand to get off. Not that it was even a realistic option, of course - I'd been getting off in his office because I needed to cool off after my punishments; it was all completely professional and above-board.

If I'd just gone in and asked to masturbate for no reason...well, that would have been inappropriate.

Even the idea of sneaking back into the bathroom stall to masturbate was starting to hold some appeal, but I wouldn't. I couldn't.

Mr. Peterson would be so disappointed, and I wanted to be his good girl.

I'd do anything to please him.

And then on Thursday, it happened. Again, you have to believe me - I really didn't mean to. It wasn't part of a plan, I wasn't being sneaky.

It honestly was a mistake.

But, if I'm being honest, when I saw the email subject...my heart leapt.

"Yes, sir?" I said breathily. I'd all but run to Mr. Peterson's office as soon as he'd said he wanted to see me.

It's funny - he had such power over me. I mean, I guess all bosses have power over their employees, but this was something else. Something more.

Had he been disappointed, I would have been crushed. I didn't want to let him down.

I wanted to be his good girl.

"Amber," he said. Was there a smile in his voice, or was I imagining it?

Was he looking forward to this as much as I was?

"Sir?"

"Your name is Amber, correct?"

"Yes, sir..." I said, narrowing my eyes. I was out of breath and *incredibly* frustrated, but I knew I hadn't completely lost the plot.

Was I confused? Was he? Or was this like when he refused to glance at me until I said his name...was my boss playing with me?

A thrill passed through me at the thought.

I wanted to be played with.

"Then why," he said, slowly sliding a piece of paper across the desk, "did you allow someone else access to your email account?"

As I read through the email I'd sent to our payroll director, Bill, my eyes widened.

I knew I'd been distracted, but I hadn't realized I was *that* distracted. This was more than a simple typo, or a misplaced comma. This was something no spell- or grammar-checker would ever, ever notice.

"Thanks for your help," I'd ended the email. "Sincerely....Anna."

Anna.

Anna.

I had somehow managed to end an email by signing it with the wrong name. It wasn't even close. I didn't even *know* anyone called Anna!

I glanced at my boss with trepidation.

"Bill brought this to my attention," he said with a sigh. "I'm sure you can understand, this is completely unacceptable."

"Y-yes, sir," I stammered. "I...I..."

"He offered to punish you himself, but I told him no, as your direct supervisor, it's my responsibility. Amber - if you still go by that - I just don't know what I'm going to do with you."

"I'm so sorry, sir," I said, tears welling up in my eyes. Here was the disappointment I'd been so afraid of.

Not that I could blame him, of course. How does one manage to sign off an email with the wrong *name*? It didn't make any sense!

But there it was, in black and white. I'd done it, and I had no one else to blame.

“I promise, I won’t do it again.”

“I know you won’t,” Mr. Peterson replied immediately, and my words died in my throat.

Oh, god, was he going to fire me? It was bad enough that he’d barely looked at me in days - at least I’d still gotten to see him in passing, in the corridors. His eyes had met mine once or twice, and my entire body had lit up.

And when I went home to fuck my husband, it was those casual glances that filled my mind.

“Please, sir...” I begged, and he held up a single hand, silencing me immediately.

“I know you won’t do it again,” he continued. “Because I’m going to give you a punishment you won’t ever forget.”

My boss’s eyes flitted towards the cabinet in the corner of his office, and - not for the first time - I was filled with a burning curiosity.

I had no idea what he kept in there, but I desperately wanted to know.

Or did I?

“Clearly ten wasn’t enough,” he said, his gaze reluctantly returning from his cabinet. “And perhaps a week wasn’t long enough either.”

My heart soared. Not only was I not getting fired, but this time my punishment would last more than a week.

A part of me knew I shouldn’t be so excited to be punished. It defeated the point of punishment, after all. I truly didn’t do it deliberately, but if I was looking forward to punishment...well, I’d understand why one could be suspicious of my motivations.

But I couldn’t help it. Since the moment I’d walked out of Mr. Peterson’s office on Friday, my body had craved his hand, his eyes.

His attention.

“Twenty, sir?” I offered. “And what about a month?”

Mr. Peterson shook his head. “A month is excessive,” he said. “Even for this, which technically could be considered fraud.”

I gulped. Gio took internal communications *very* seriously.

“But twenty sounds about right,” he said with a nod. “And just to be safe, it’ll have to be on your bare skin.”

My mouth dropped open, and I tried to work out if there was any other way of interpreting what my boss had just said.

“Sir?”

“I’m worried thirty would take too long, and I really can’t go above two weeks. So to make up the difference, your punishment will have to be applied directly.”

“You...you mean...”

“On your bare ass, yes,” he said, as casually as if he were telling me how he took his coffee.

Not that I took coffee orders, of course. Mr. Peterson was my boss, but I was a highly-skilled accountant, not some kind of...secretary.

“Is there a problem?” he asked, raising one eyebrow.

I had no idea how to respond. My mind was racing at my boss’s impossible suggestion.

Spanking me had been...well, that had been a punishment. Standard corporate discipline. It made total sense for my boss to smack my ass about a dozen times. How else was I to learn?

But it had always been over my clothing. My trousers, my panties - enough to keep it completely professional and above-board.

What Mr. Peterson was suggesting was his...his hand.

On my bare ass.

I almost groaned with pleasure at the thought of it.

As much as I might have secretly wanted it, I knew that we shouldn't. We *couldn't*. Mr. Peterson was my boss, and to spank my bare ass would be *completely* inappropriate.

That, I knew, was a line we couldn't cross. He couldn't...touch me. He couldn't!

If he touched me like...like that, it would be more than just a boss disciplining his employee.

It would be sexual.

An image of Aaden flashed into my mind. Despite my stupid crush on my boss, despite my body's confusion, I'd always made sure not to do anything to cross the line. Okay, yes, thinking about my boss while Aaden's cock was deep inside me...that was wrong. But our sex life had been so much better for it, it had been easy to justify.

Letting my boss spank my bare ass? There was no way to justify that. It would be overtly sexual. Intimate.

And hot as hell.

I shook my head. I couldn't allow it. I *couldn't*. I had to stop what was going to happen. For my family. For my husband.

For Aaden.

"Sir," I said. "I...I don't think that would be appropriate."

A puzzled look came across Mr. Peterson's face. "How so?"

"You shouldn't...touch me...there," I said. For some reason, it was a real strain to get the words out; my voice was thick and heavy. When I finally finished, I felt strangely exhausted, as though I'd just run a marathon.

As though I'd just had a body-quaking orgasm in front of my boss. But without any of the endorphins.

"Amber..." he said, his voice low. Every muscle in my body tensed up at the disappointment in his tone.

I wanted to please my boss.

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

I'd do anything to avoid disappointing him.

"Do you really think I'd suggest anything...inappropriate?"

"No, sir," I gasped, my eyes widening as I realized what I'd just said. Every instinct in my confused body had been screaming at me to agree with him, and the words were out of my mouth before I'd even had time to process them.

"You understand these punishments aren't sexual, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said, again not even knowing what I was saying until I heard my own voice saying it.

"And I would only be touching you there to make sure that you understand. Identity theft is not a joke."

"Of course, sir," I said, my eyes wide. Identity theft? If it got out that I'd been let go because of identity theft, I'd never work again. No one wants to work with an accountant they can't trust.

"Then that's settled," he said with a smile. "Let's get started."

Mr. Peterson stood up and gestured to his desk.

Wait.

What had I just agreed to?

"Uh..."

“Quickly, Amber,” he said, glancing at his watch. “I have a meeting straight after this, so I want to get this over with as fast as we can.”

Before I knew what was happening, I was bent over my boss's desk, my ass pointed expectantly in his direction.

Get this over with. He really was treating this like it was just a standard punishment. Just a normal instance of boss to employee discipline. Just a regular, professional spanking.

Like he wasn't going to touch me. Like his strong hand wasn't going to make contact with my bare ass. Like I wasn't going to expose myself to him, allow him to see my naked rear.

No, not just see.

Touch.

Spank.

God I wanted to feel his hand on me again. I wanted him to fill me with that beautiful warmth, and then...

My eyes widened. Had he said he had a meeting straight after? Did that mean I wouldn't have a chance to...-

“Pants, Amber,” Mr. Peterson barked, interrupting my thought process.

Oh, crap.

I'd agreed to let him spank my bare ass.

I'd agreed to let him spank my bare ass, and I wouldn't even be able to get off afterwards.

My hands trembled as I tried to work out what to do. I...I couldn't let him spank me, right? Not without my pants in the way. My pants were what made it acceptable. Professional.

To feel his naked hand on my naked ass would be...well, not exactly 'cheating', but certainly closer to cheating than I was comfortable with.

On the other hand, I couldn't disobey him. He was my boss.

I wanted to please him.

And if I didn't do as he said, who knew what the consequences would be?

I shivered at the thought. The EED had been very clear about what happened to employees who tried to circumvent Gio's standard disciplinary process. It held no appeal.

Mr. Peterson was standing so close behind me, I could feel the warmth of his body. His scent filled my nostrils, and all of a sudden, it was clear what I had to do.

It felt so wrong. We shouldn't be doing this. A line was being crossed.

But I had no choice.

“Good girl,” he said, as my pants dropped to the floor. A rush of warmth filled my body at his words.

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

“Those too,” he said, and as I lowered my panties, I hoped he wouldn't notice that the front was already dark with arousal.

No, not 'arousal'. It was just the body's natural response to...obeying your boss.

Right?

Before I could think too hard about it, Mr. Peterson's hand met my ass.

SMACK.

“One, sir.”

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.

Spanked by my Boss

by Pan

Chapter 11

“Enter,” Mr. Peterson said, strangely formal.

As I stepped into his office, my eyes widened.

We weren’t alone.

“Uh, sir...” I said, and Mr. Peterson raised one eyebrow.

“Yes, Amber?”

“Who’s...”

“Oh, this is Ricky. He’s thinking of interning with us next year, and so he’s shadowing me for the day.”

My boss turned to the young man standing beside his desk, who couldn’t have been more than twenty or twenty-one at the oldest, and gestured in my direction. “This is Amber, one of our accountants. Do you remember I mentioned how strict Gio is when it comes to precision and reports, that kind of thing? Amber made a typo, and, well...”

Ricky nodded, and the pair of them turned back at me expectantly.

My eyes widened. He couldn’t...he couldn’t be expecting me to...

“Come now, Amber,” my boss nodded, and my heart sank. “We haven’t got all day.”

It was deathly silent, but I felt like my ears were ringing loud enough to fill the room with sound. Just like I had the day before, I felt this overwhelming urge to push back, to resist...but it was like I was swimming in molasses. My vocal cords froze, and all I could do was obey.

Instead of turning and running, instead of asking Mr. Peterson if we could have a moment alone, I just...moved towards his desk. Step by step, I shuffled forward, until my hands were planted on the warm oak surface.

No. *No*. What was I doing? I couldn’t...not while...

“Pants, Amber,” Mr. Peterson reminded me gently, and I nodded.

God help me, I *nodded*.

Ricky was standing just two feet away, watching curiously. I tried to tell myself that it was okay, that I was just an ordinary employee getting an ordinary punishment. There was nothing strange going on here. Nothing I’d be embarrassed to have someone watch.

This was all perfectly normal.

So why did it all feel so...

Wrong? No, definitely not. No matter how weird it might have felt, I knew to my bones that this was all very, very right.

Odd. That was the word. There was something odd about what was going on.

But before I could put my finger on exactly what it was, Mr. Peterson coughed, a gentle reminder of what my role was in this situation, and so I closed my eyes, unbuttoned my jeans, and slowly lowered them to my ankles.

My clit was throbbing. Mostly, I tried to tell myself, because of the workout I’d given it the previous night, but I knew there was more to it than that.

My panties had tried to follow my jeans, but gotten caught halfway down. Without a word, Mr. Peterson leaned down and pushed them down the rest of the way for me.

Could he smell my arousal?

Could Ricky?

My eyes were still tightly closed, and my cheeks burned with the embarrassment of exposing myself to a complete stranger. He must have been a decade younger than me.

“Amber has been having some trouble with accuracy,” my boss said, his voice a low rumble. “And so we’ve had to move to some more extreme punishments for her.”

“Oh,” Ricky said knowingly. “Like in the...”

“No,” Mr. Peterson interrupted. “No, she’s not at that stage. Not yet.”

Yet?

Before I could properly process the thought, I felt Mr. Peterson into position, and moments later a loud SMACK filled the room.

“One, sir,” I gasped, the words wrested from me before I even felt it.

It wasn’t pain, not really. There was a hint of pain, like even the most mild curry dish has a hint of spice, but it wasn’t overwhelming.

SMACK.

“Two, sir.”

What was overwhelming was the warmth. Not at first, admittedly, but as soon as my boss’s hand hit my ass, I felt it starting to build.

SMACK.

“Three, sir.”

It came in waves, almost sneakily. With each new spank, I could feel Mr. Peterson’s hand with an increased intensity...and the warmth grew at the exact same rate.

SMACK.

“Four, sir.”

But I couldn’t cum. Not again. Not with a stranger in the room. I had to ignore the warmth, ignore its shielding comfort. I hadn’t been strong enough yesterday, but today I was prepared.

SMACK.

“Five, sir.”

Unable to stop myself, I opened my eyes, desperate for a distraction. With my eyes closed, all I could think about was my boss standing behind me, the boss I’d spent all night fantasizing about.

SMACK.

“Six, sir.”

I’d tried to use my stupid crush as fuel, but it had backfired. The goal had been to get it out of my system, but now I was more aware of his presence than ever before...and the sexual associations were stronger than they’d ever, ever been.

SMACK.

“Seven, sir.”

With my eyes open, I could see the rest of the room. I could see Mr. Peterson’s desk, where he’d sat and watched me masturbate. I could see the EED, the document that clearly stated he was allowed to do what he was doing to me right now.

SMACK.

“Eight, sir.”

And I could see Ricky. I could see the perfect stranger watching me get spanked. Despite having exchanged less than a dozen words, here he was, seeing me at my most vulnerable.

SMACK.

“Nine, sir.”

He had a front-seat view of my bare ass, as Mr. Peterson’s hand repeatedly struck it, firmly and relentlessly. He could probably see the red marks forming where my boss was expertly landing his blows, again and again.

SMACK.

“Ten, sir.”

And there was no doubt in my mind that he could tell the effect it was having on me. From where he was standing, I wasn't sure if he could see my...my pussy.

But I knew with full certainty that he could smell it.

“That's halfway,” Mr. Peterson said, surprising me. He'd never interrupted a punishment before. Perhaps I wasn't the only one hyperaware that we had company. “Would you like a break?”

“No, sir,” I said breathily. “We should...we should get it over with.”

“Would you like a turn?”

Mr. Peterson's question confused me, until I realized that he wasn't addressing it to me. My eyes widened in horror - he was offering Ricky, a literal stranger, the chance to spank my bare ass.

My heart was in my throat as I turned to Ricky, who looked just as shocked at the question as I was. Again, I was hit with that feeling that I should object, that I should say something - anything! - to preserve whatever was left of my dignity.

But after a few moments, my brain was unable to come up with a single good reason he shouldn't.

I needed to be disciplined, we all agreed on that. And Mr. Peterson and I had agreed that this - a bare-assed spanking - was a completely appropriate form for my punishment to take.

So why did it really matter who performed it? After all, it wasn't like it was anything sexual. It was just a punishment - in the same way as it doesn't really matter who writes the parking fine, as long as I received my dues, it didn't matter if the task was carried out by Mr. Peterson, Ricky...or hell, Tracy.

No, my hesitance was coming from the wrong place entirely.

My stupid, stupid crush.

For reasons that made no sense, my body had taken my crush on Mr. Peterson and imbued his actions with a strange sexual energy. Now, even though he was just administering a punishment that *anyone* could deliver, every smack against my bare skin carried with it a package of endorphins.

And as yesterday had evidenced, that confusion had been enough to actually make me cum.

Ridiculous. Maybe Ricky taking over would actually be a good thing. If my punishment was being delivered by someone *other* than Mr. Peterson, maybe my body would calm down and everything would go back to normal. I'd be spanked twenty times and be able to return to work, not distracted at all.

Except by the embarrassment of having a complete stranger spank my bare ass ten times.

“No,” Ricky finally responded, his voice a nervous squeak. My heart simultaneously leapt and sank as Mr. Peterson nodded.

“Very well,” he said. “Then we'd better get back to it.”

SMACK.

“Eleven, sir,” I yelped. I hadn't realized we'd started again until I'd felt the blow.

Ricky, perhaps subconsciously, licked his lips at the sight of Mr. Peterson's hand landing on my bare butt. I wanted to be annoyed, but...well, he was new to this, and his body was probably just as confused as mine. Mr. Peterson was the only one completely in control - my pussy was throbbing, telling me that this was sexual, and clearly Ricky was not viewing this as the perfectly professional interaction that it was, but as some kind of erotic show.

SMACK.

“Twelve, sir.”

And who could blame him? If you didn't know better, you wouldn't see this as a demonstration of Gio's dedication to high standards. Instead, you'd see an attractive woman (if I do say so myself) bending over a desk pantless, being spanked while she practically leaked all over the carpet.

SMACK.

“Thirteen, sir.”

Fuck. The warmth was back. There had been a slight reprieve during the pause, but as the embarrassing realization of how this must look to Ricky filled my body, the warmth provided the only refuge.

SMACK.

“Fourteen, sir.”

I wanted to sink through the floor in shame.

SMACK.

“Fifteen, sir.”

I wanted to leave Gio and never look back.

SMACK.

“Sixteen, sir.”

I wanted to beg Mr. Peterson to stop spanking me and just fuck me already.

SMACK.

“Seventeen, sir.”

I wanted to cum.

SMACK.

“Eighteen, sir.”

Had Mr. Peterson sped up, or had each strike just started to blur with the last? Ricky looked redfaced, like he'd been caught looking at a dirty magazine. I couldn't bring myself to look at his pants, but I would have bet a month's salary that I would have seen a tent.

SMACK.

“Nineteen, sir.”

If I looked at Mr. Peterson's pants, would the outline of *his* cock be visible?

SMACK.

“Twenty, sir.”

My pussy was throbbing. My entire body was throbbing. The warmth felt like it had entered my nervous system, my blood, my every muscle and every synapse of my brain. The thought of my boss's arousal - the images of his cock that had lived in my mind for so long the previous night - took over, and I could tell that my resistance was now paper-thin.

“Good girl,” Mr. Peterson said, and that was the last straw.

The sound of his words echoed through my brain, meeting the memory of his hand on my bare skin, and I found myself cumming, collapsing to the floor and convulsing with pleasure, as my boss and a twenty-year old stranger watched me.

This time, to my great relief I didn't completely black out. (Perhaps my efforts the previous night had not been *completely* in vain, after all)

I lay on the ground, my body twitching in the aftershocks of pleasure. My mind was hazy - I was vaguely aware of Mr. Peterson and Ricky discussing the details of what had just happened, but I simply didn't have the processing power to make out exactly what was being said.

Finally, after several minutes had passed, I gathered myself enough to pull my panties back up. How long had I been exposing myself to my boss and a man I'd never met before?

"Do you need anything else?" Mr. Peterson asked as I pulled my jeans back up, and I hesitated.

Was he...was he suggesting...

No. No, I had to keep reminding myself - this was an entirely professional activity for him. Even if he *was* offering me the chance to pleasure myself on his chair, he was doing it for me.

Mr. Peterson was just trying to save me the embarrassment of asking...or worse, sneaking away to get off in the ladies room.

Again.

"No, sir," I replied demurely, and Mr. Peterson dismissed me with a nod.

When I arrived back at my desk, I realized that I was experiencing an unfamiliar feeling. The feeling I'd spent the entire previous night chasing without ever getting close.

Satisfaction.

The orgasm in Mr. Peterson's office, the climax which had consumed my entire body...it had finally managed to extinguish the flame of arousal that I'd been carrying around with me all day.

A smile flitted across my face, and I settled in to do a solid few hours of uninterrupted work.

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 12

To my surprise, the feeling of satisfaction lasted all night. After the kids went to bed, Aaden made a move, and for the first time since I'd started at Gio Industries, I actually turned him down.

I could see he was surprised, but he didn't object - before my new job, it hadn't been an odd occurrence for me to pass on sex.

Maybe this ridiculous crush was finally out of my system. Maybe I could return back to normal. A normal professional woman, with a normal relationship with her normal boss.

But the next morning, as I approached Mr. Peterson's door, I could feel it returning.

The warmth.

Before I even crossed the threshold of his office, it was there, lurking. Just at the knowledge of what was about to happen, that Mr. Peterson's firm hand was about to strike my fully-exposed backside...I could already feel myself getting aroused.

No, not aroused. It wouldn't be appropriate to be aroused at work. It wouldn't be appropriate to get turned on by the knowledge that my boss was about to see my naked ass.

And it would be completely unprofessional to allow his hand to bring me to a hot, dripping, powerful orgasm.

But I knew that it was going to happen anyway.

When I entered, I was relieved to discover that it was just the two of us. The stranger's gaze yesterday had made me strangely uncomfortable.

And (for reasons I had no interest in exploring) excited me more than a little.

Mr. Peterson's smile was warm as I approached his desk. My heart leapt at the sight of it - of course he'd had to maintain a completely professional attitude the day before. We'd had an audience (my cheeks burned at the thought of it) and he couldn't risk anyone thinking what we were doing was anything but above-board.

If he was too friendly to me, Ricky might have thought he was *enjoying* spanking me to orgasm, which could reflect poorly on the company.

As much as I might have secretly wished Mr. Peterson was aroused by spanking me, I had to remind my poor confused body that it wasn't about that.

It was strictly professional.

"Are you ready?" he asked softly, and I nodded, biting my lip as I lowered my pants and bent across his desk.

I'd thought I was ready for it this time, but as I dutifully counted down the strokes against my ass, I knew that I'd been fooling myself. By the time a ragged "Ten, sir," left my lips, I was dripping wet - I almost came at "Fifteen, sir,"...but, just as for the past two days, it wasn't until I gasped "Twenty, sir," that I allowed the warmth to enclose me, my legs shaking as I tremblingly came, my ass burning from the precise slaps that Mr. Peterson had so carefully delivered.

This time, I managed to almost entirely maintain my composure - I didn't black out, I didn't collapse onto his desk...my eyes fluttered and I bit my lip, but when my orgasm passed, I was still standing.

"Thank you, sir," I said, a slight smile on my face. It hadn't been the ground-shaking orgasm of the previous day; the satisfaction hadn't reached all the way down to my toes, but it was hard not to be grateful.

Not that Mr. Peterson was deliberately giving me an orgasm, of course – I was really more grateful that he wasn't making a big deal out of it. I would have been so embarrassed if he'd said something, or thrown me a look of judgment.

My eyes widened when I saw his brow was furrowed with worry.

“Amber,” he said, “we need to talk.”

My heart leapt to my throat.

Oh, god. I tried to slow my racing mind as it flitted from worried thought to worried thought. I was normally quite foggy after a...punishment...but my boss's short statement had cut through the fog, and sent my brain into overdrive.

What had I done wrong?

He'd been so nonchalant about the fact that I came every time he spanked me, surely he... that couldn't be the problem, could it?

No. No, I was certain that Mr. Peterson understood that when I came, that was just my body's natural response to...to...

“Sir?” I asked, suddenly self-conscious. I was standing in my boss's office, at my place of work, with my pants around my ankles. My glowing ass on display.

I tried to tell myself that it was okay, that what we were doing was fine. It was in the EED. I had just been punished for a typo, as any employee would have been.

But I knew that wasn't true.

Most employees wouldn't cum. Most employees wouldn't be brought to orgasm by their boss's hand.

Most employees didn't picture their boss deep inside them when they went home to fuck their husband.

Was that what Mr. Peterson wanted to talk about? My stupid crush? Had he worked out how I felt about him?

God, if he even had an inkling that I fantasized about him whenever I felt Aaden inside me, I knew I would die. Everything else was completely within the bounds of professionalism, but that: that was crossing the line.

No. How could he know? He couldn't know.

Could he?

Maybe the way I looked at him, the way I trembled with pleasure whenever he touched me. The way I got giddy when he glanced at me, my head spinning whenever I knew he was paying attention to me.

The way my pussy got so wet at the feeling of his firm hand, spanking my ass.

My boss took a deep breath, and I realized I was holding mine. I just wanted him to approve of me. I just wanted to be the best employee I could. I wanted to be good for him.

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

“I have a problem,” he said, and I nodded frantically.

“Something I was wondering if you could help me with.”

“Anything,” I wanted to blurt out. “I'll do anything I can to help you.”

It was true. I've always been a model employee – except for my recent, inexplicable bout of typos. Combined with the way I felt about Mr. Peterson...I would have done anything he'd asked.

There was a feeling of devotion, deep inside my core. I hadn't realized until then, but I was completely and utterly devoted to my boss. To Mr. Peterson.

And to my job, of course.

But I managed to hold back my girlish exclamation, and just nodded once more.

My boss's office was air-conditioned; something I didn't realize until I felt the cool air against my wetness. I could feel my face heating up, in contrast to the room's temperature.

Part of me felt like I should get redressed. After all, whatever Mr. Peterson needed help with...I was sure that it wouldn't require my pants to be lowered.

Would it? My cheeks burned at the thought.

No. No, of course it wouldn't. My boss was a professional. I was the one who'd made it weird.

My stupid crush and my sick mind had perverted a perfectly ordinary instance of employee discipline, and made it...dirty. Wrong.

Hot.

Mr. Peterson returned behind his desk. As he sat down, I was acutely aware that his eye-level was at my exposed pussy. I was tall enough that the surface of his desk did nothing to hide my wetness from his eyes.

He didn't look, of course. But I wanted him to.

Not just a part of me. Most of my body craved his attention. I wanted to feel his eyes on my cunt, I wanted him to see what he'd done. How wet he'd made me.

How I throbbed for him.

For a moment – just one sweet, beautiful moment – I thought I saw his eyes flicker down to my exposed pubic hair. But it was so fast, I couldn't even tell if I'd imagined it, and his gaze was affixed to my face.

"I need..."

He hesitated. I wanted to lean forward, to let him know that I'd do anything to help him, but I couldn't cross the line. Letting him spank my bare ass until he brought me to a powerful climax was already getting dangerously close to unprofessionalism; there was no way we could take things any further.

We couldn't.

No matter how much either of us wanted to.

No matter how much I wanted him.

And so I waited as he mentally struggled with his request.

After a few moments, he slumped back in his chair.

"Never mind," he said with a sigh. "I shouldn't have said anything."

My eyes widened. "Sir??" I asked, immediately wanting to bite my tongue.

All the urgency, all the desperation I'd worked so hard to conceal – it had all come out in that single word. I must have sounded like a mad woman.

I watched Mr. Peterson carefully, but to my great relief, he hadn't reacted to my desperate plea. It looked like he was still internally grappling with whatever was bothering him.

It was strange to see. For all the time I'd been working for him, my boss had seemed like a man of great resolve. Whether it was setting timelines, solving problems, or deciding an appropriate punishment, I'd never seen him struggle with something like this.

If you'd asked me before now, I would have said that his confidence was his most attractive quality. But there was something oddly appealing about seeing him vulnerable like this.

As if my dumb crush didn't have enough fuel already.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "I really shouldn't have said anything. It wouldn't be..."

As he paused on the last word, my worries spiked once more. Was it something I'd done? At my last job, I'd always gotten along with my boss – he'd been wonderful in many ways, but

giving employee feedback was not one of them.

Whenever he'd had to tell us something was wrong or share bad news, he'd ummed and ahed like Mr. Peterson was now.

"...appropriate," he finished.

My temples were pounding with every beat of my heart. Two possibilities immediately sprung to mind.

It made sense for Mr. Peterson to have realized how I felt about him. Aaden often teases me about how transparent I am, how obviously I wear my emotions on my face. And it would explain his hesitance, too: how do you talk to your employee about their inappropriate feelings for you? Especially when your job requires you to strip them down and discipline them regularly?

So that was the first option.

The second was...well, the adrenaline flooding my system wasn't purely driven by fear. If Mr. Peterson was having inappropriate thoughts about me, I'd...I'd...

I froze. Honestly, I didn't know what I'd do.

He won't, I reminded myself. He doesn't.

He's a professional. He's my boss.

Of course he doesn't want me the way I want him.

But...what if he did?

Part of me wanted to pound my fists on Mr. Peterson's desk and demand that he tell me what the problem was.

Another part of me wanted to drop to my knees and promise him that whatever it was, I'd help him solve it. That I'd do anything he asked.

Anything.

But I did neither. Instead, as I always strive to, I listened to my professional side. I fastened my pants (did Mr. Peterson glance at my pussy before it disappeared from view, or was that just wishful thinking?) and silently walked to the door.

"Thank you, Amber," Mr. Peterson said quietly. I returned his smile, and returned to my desk.

Normally after my daily discipline, my mind was foggy with arousal.

Today, it was burning with questions.

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 13

If I hadn't been concerned it would cause suspicion, I would have turned down Aaden's advances that night.

Over the past few weeks, I'd been insatiable. I'd practically been forcing myself onto him, so desperate for his touch, his mouth. His cock.

But feeling Mr. Peterson's hand on my bare ass, being disciplined, being spanked my boss until I came...it was the most satisfying thing I'd ever experienced. I felt complete, physically, sexually.

The feeling of his hand on my skin made me feel like a woman, and when I came, it was as though all my tensions were being relieved at once.

But I'd essentially trained my husband to expect nightly sex from me, and so I didn't resist as he moved his hand between my thighs. I did nothing as he removed my panties, spread my legs, and knelt down beside me.

As Aaden ate me out, however, my mind wasn't there.

It was on Mr. Peterson.

What had he wanted? What had he been about to tell me?

The more I thought about it, the more I was convinced he'd been about to ask me something. He wanted...something from me.

Something inappropriate.

I shivered with pleasure at the thought. My husband, sweet man that he is, interpreted that as a reaction to what his tongue was doing, and redoubled his efforts. As Aaden's tongue lightly strummed against my clit, I tried to imagine what Mr. Peterson wanted.

For the most part, I'm a sensible woman. I'm not often taken to flights of fancy. I go to work, I do my job, I try to be a good wife and mother, and the best employee I can be.

I try to be a good girl for Mr. Peterson.

But while two of Aaden's hands gingerly entered me, I couldn't help myself, and allowed my fantasies to run wild.

"I want to fuck you," I imagined Mr. Peterson saying. "I want you more than I've ever wanted another woman. I know that it's wrong, but I need you. Spanking you, touching you, seeing you every day – it's driven me more wild than I can put into words."

In my reverie, the hesitance I'd seen on his face earlier that day was gone. This was the Mr. Peterson I knew. This was the man of strong resolve, who knew what he wanted, and wasn't afraid to take it.

And in my imagination, as my husband ate me out, what he wanted was me.

"Yes, sir," I pictured myself nodding demurely. In my fantasy, I was completely naked. My entire body was on display for my boss. For his pleasure.

He could have me. He could have all of me.

"Lay down on my desk," I imagined Mr. Peterson growling. There was an animalistic look on his face, one that I'd never seen in real life...but that I'd dreamed of, so many times. "I'm going to take you."

"Yes, sir," I repeated.

In my imagination, Mr. Peterson glanced at the large cabinet in the corner of his room, as he'd done so many times while punishing me. But, just as in real life, he turned away from it, as

if to say...not yet.

Not until she's ready.

I'd never seen my boss's cock – I mean, of course I hadn't, that would be completely inappropriate. So as Aaden's tongue ran up and down my pussy-lips, his fingers sawing in and out of me, I couldn't pretend to imagine what it would look like.

But I could imagine what it would feel like.

My husband grinned at the loud groan that I emitted, imagining the feeling of Mr. Peterson's cock entering me for the first time. Imagining what it would feel like to really be taken by him, to truly be his. The fullness, as my vaginal muscles stretched to take him inside me.

The feeling of being owned.

"Yesss," I moaned aloud. "Oh, god, yes..."

I could all but feel it. I could feel Mr. Peterson's cock, driving inside me. I could see the intense look on his face as he fucked me, as his cock filled me up, throbbing inside me.

My imagination was running wild, and I knew I was about to...I was about to...

And then, just as I was about to crest, it all faded away. My boss, his cock, the office, my orgasm...in an instant, all gone.

"Wha...?"

I could hear how groggy I sounded as I looked around the room. My imaginings had been so vivid, it had felt like I'd just been teleported across town.

"You're so fucking hot," Aaden declared. "I couldn't wait any longer."

With a grin, my husband licked his fingers clean and stripped off. He didn't even bother taking my top off, just lay me down on the bed and slid his cock into my wetness.

That's Mr. Peterson's... I thought to myself, still discombobulated from the orgasm that I'd lost. Aaden had thought that his mouth and his fingers had caused my arousal, but I knew the truth.

It was for Mr. Peterson. My entire body was for Mr. Peterson.

As my husband crudely thrust inside me, it took serious effort to hide my disappointment. I'd been so close, so close to cumming around Mr. Peterson's cock. I considered revisiting the fantasy, but I knew there was no point: my husband never takes long. By the time I rebuilt the scene, he'd be done, and I'd be left more frustrated than before.

Instead, I took the time to reflect. Obviously the scenario had been pure fantasy; my workplace had a clear sexual harassment policy...and even if he *did* want me, he'd never do anything to risk his position.

Also, Mr. Peterson obviously didn't want me. Even as I'd masturbated in front of him, he'd barely given me a second look. No, if he really wanted me, he wouldn't have been able to resist.

It was all in my head.

But if, hypothetically, he *had* wanted me, and he *had* made a move...

I would've said no.

Of course I would have said no. He was my boss. I was happily married.

It would've been completely inappropriate.

Aaden let out a shuddering sigh as he came inside me. He raised his head to look at me expectantly, and I tried to fake a look of satisfaction, of pleasure.

Bad as I am at hiding my true feelings, it was enough to fool Aaden. Before long, he was laying beside me, snoring loudly.

I'd say no, of course. No matter how intense it was, I couldn't risk my job – my marriage –

over a stupid crush.

Even if Mr. Peterson had given me the most fulfilling sexual experiences of my life, I...I couldn't.

Of course I'd say no.

Of course.

As I entered Mr. Peterson's room the next day, I don't know what I was expecting.

He'd decided not to say anything the previous day, and he wasn't one to go back on his decisions. So while I hadn't been expecting him to open the conversation with "Amber, good morning! Here's the problem I decided not to share with you yesterday," I...

Well, I guess I'd hoped that I'd read him wrong.

But instead, he gestured to his desk, glanced briefly at his cabinet, and watched (or perhaps I'd just hoped he was watching) as I lowered my pants.

"Let me know when you're ready," he'd said courteously. After bracing myself, I nodded.

SMACK.

"One."

The previous night, after Aaden had gone to sleep, I'd considered playing with myself. Imagining Mr. Peterson inside me, I'd been so close...

SMACK.

"Two."

But I'd decided to sleep, instead. For what felt like months, I'd been so worked up, so frenzied...

SMACK.

"Three."

I'd practically been running home from work, dragging Aaden into the bedroom.

SMACK.

"Four."

Stripping him naked, taking him in my mouth, in my pussy.

SMACK.

"Five."

On the outside, I'd looked like an accountant. A mother of two. A loving, devoted wife.

SMACK.

"Sex."

But on the inside, I'd been...

Oh, shit.

"Um. Six. Sorry, sir."

"Don't let it happen again," Mr. Peterson replied, a tinge of humor in his voice.

"Of course not, sir."

SMACK.

"Seven."

But on the inside, I'd been sex. Just a walking tangle of sex. Needing to be touched. Needing to be fucked. Needing to cum, cum, cum...

SMACK.

"Eight."

My punishments had lit a flame inside me. A flame that I somehow knew would never go out, not entirely.

SMACK.

“Nine.”

And for a time, the flame had felt like it had consumed me.

SMACK.

“Ten.”

The flame had burned so large, so bright...it was all that I was. My body was alight, aflame. I needed sex, like a fish needed water.

SMACK.

“Eleven.”

But feeling Mr. Peterson’s hand firmly spanking my bare ass...

SMACK.

“Twelve!”

I’d expected it to be like fuel for the fire.

SMACK.

“Thirteen!”

I’d expected it to stoke the flames, until I couldn’t contain it any more. Until I was doing more than begging Aaden for sex...

SMACK.

“Fourteen!”

I’d worried it would make me lose control, sink to my knees in front of my boss, and confess my lust.

SMACK.

“Ungh! Fifteen!”

Admit to Mr. Peterson how much I needed him. Beg him to take me. Throw away the sensible façade and expose myself for the cock-hungry slut I felt like I’d become.

SMACK.

“S-sixteen!”

But somehow, against all reason, it had done the opposite.

SMACK.

“Oh! Seventeen!”

Somehow, my daily punishment had quelled the flames.

SMACK.

“Eight! Teen!”

Every day, I was coming into Mr. Peterson’s office, presenting my bare ass to him...and he was spanking me until I was completely and utterly satisfied.

SMACK.

“N-nineteen! Sir!”

And so I hadn’t masturbated the previous night. I hadn’t gotten myself off because...I’d known there was no need.

SMACK.

“Twen...twenty! Ohhhh...”

I hadn’t pleased myself, because I knew that if I just waited a few hours, Mr. Peterson’s hand would do it for me.

By the time the room stopped spinning, Mr. Peterson was already sitting back at his desk. I smiled blearily at him.

My mind is a soggy mess after a particularly powerful orgasm, and that might have been my most intense yet. The strangest thought popped into my head: *That was so good*, I mused. *I*

wonder if I should leave a tip?

As my vision returned, I quickly sobered up.

It was back.

The look of worry on Peter's face.

I tried to remind myself that our relationship was purely professional. We'd never so much as gone out for after-work drinks together; the entirety of my experiences with this man had been within the Gio walls.

We were colleagues, not friends.

But no matter how insistently I told my head that, my heart didn't listen. When someone gives you the best orgasms of your life, I think developing feelings for them is inevitable, no matter how stupid it is.

And so when I saw the consternation on his brow, I couldn't think of him as my boss.

He was just...mine.

He was mine, he was struggling, and I wanted to help.

I'd do whatever I could to help.

I'd do anything.

"Sir," I said, surprising myself with my confidence. "You have to tell me what's wrong."

"I promise, Amber," he said, brushing it off. "It's nothing."

His voice was resolute, but his eyes gave him away. Unlike the piercing stare he so often met me with, he was looking askance. And not even at the cabinet in the corner of his room; at his desk, the ceiling, the walls.

Anywhere but me.

"Whatever it is," I said softly. "I know I can help. Please, sir. Let me help."

He sighed, and a thrill ran up my spine as his gaze finally met mine.

"I wish that were the case," he said softly. "But...it just isn't worth it."

My heart quickened, but I tried not to let my sudden excitement show on my face. Was it possible? Had my boss been unknowingly sharing my fantasies? Had he been wanting me, as much as I wanted him?

Not that it could ever happen, I reminded myself. The fog had lifted; without the distraction of arousal, I was able to think clearer. Even if my boss suddenly declared his overwhelming lust for me, we could never do anything.

I was married. He was my boss.

It was wrong. No matter how right it felt, I knew...it was wrong.

But just the idea of him wanting me was enough to make me tingle.

"What is it, sir? I'm not leaving until you tell me."

The steel in my voice seemed to amuse him, and his grin was contagious. I quickly realized the ridiculousness of the situation - I was wearing a white button-down shirt, a black blazer, and my bottom half was as bare as Donald Duck's as I told my boss that I wasn't going to take no for an answer.

As well as that, the room still smelled of my juices, and I was breathing heavily from the intensity of my punishment.

Still, I stood strong.

"Amber..."

"Please, sir," I said demurely, and for some reason that was what broke him.

"Very well," he replied with a heavy sigh. "I'll tell you. But I'm not telling you this as my boss. If you walk out the door right now, there won't be any professional consequences."

“Of course, sir.” The confusion in my voice was evident, and when he hesitated briefly once more, added a line that had so often worked on my kids: “I promise not to be mad.”

“You’re a...woman,” he said reluctantly. His tone sounded more like he was telling me that his corner-cabinet held a dead body than someone stating a simple biological fact. “And I’m a man.”

The cheekier side of me was tempted to offer him a medal for his incredible observational skills, but I bit my tongue. I wanted to see where he was going with this, what had caused him such stress.

Because so far, I had to admit: I liked where it was going.

“Mm-hmm,” I said noncommittally.

“And obviously these punishments are purely professional,” he continued, and I nodded quickly.

“Yes, sir.”

“After we’re done...”

The hesitance was back. I tried desperately to look as open and non-judgmental as I possibly could, so he would continue.

I needed him to continue.

“...sometimes, you’ve needed to...relieve yourself.”

I bit back a smile. I don’t know exactly how it had happened, but the tables had turned. The first time Mr. Peterson had asked me if I needed to masturbate, it had been all I could do to stop myself fainting. Now, just a few weeks (or had it been a few months?) later, he couldn’t even use the word.

“Yes, sir.”

My boss’s eyes were staring into mine, burning into mine. Even as his words came out haltingly, his gaze was fierce. Strong.

Possessive.

“Well, I’m a man...”

I managed to stop myself from pointing out that he’d already said that, and let him continue.

“And you’re a...very attractive woman.”

Immediately, I felt like we were in familiar ground. The blood drained from my face. Had he just said...had my boss just told me...

Oh, god.

There are about 1.5 gallons of blood in the human body. My eldest son had gone through a phase where more than anything, he wanted to be a doctor, and so I’d spent some time learning creepy facts about the human body on a daily basis.

The blood left my face as quickly as it could, and made its way straight to my nether-regions. Despite having just experienced the most powerful orgasm of my life, I was suddenly throbbing: a job that requires quite a lot of blood.

If the room hadn’t already smelled of my arousal, I guarantee that Mr. Peterson would have been able to tell the effect his words had on me.

“Oh, god,” he groaned. “Amber, I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“S-sir?” I stammered, before realizing what had happened. He’d interpreted my reaction as one of repulsion. Disgust.

He was probably terrified I was going to report him to HR.

“You should leave,” he said shortly, but before I knew what was happening, I’d leaned forward.

“Please, sir. Tell me what’s wrong. I want to know.”

I was close enough to my boss that I could kiss him. Not that I would ever do that, of course. He was my superior. We had a purely professional relationship.

Also, I was married.

As I stared into his eyes, matching the intensity he often used to gaze into mine, he took a deep breath, and I could see him make a decision.

“This is not an instruction,” he said cautiously. “This is not something you have to do as part of your job. This is…”

He paused once more, and part of me wanted to throttle him.

“...this is just me telling you about a personal problem I’m having. You have no obligation to do anything about it. Capiisce?”

I nodded. “Yes, sir.”

He licked his lips, and my pussy throbbed again. It was so easy to imagine that tongue, those lips...

Down, girl. I told myself. Focus.

“After your punishments, you sometimes need to relieve yourself,” he repeated. My eyes must have flared in worry, because his next words were quick and reassuring. “It’s okay – it’s perfectly natural. Just the body’s natural reaction to stimulation.”

“Of course,” I said, hoping that I didn’t sound as awkward as I felt, even though I knew full well that I did.

“Well, I’m a man, and you’re a very attractive woman. And so after your punishment each day...I have the same needs.”

I took a sharp breath as I realized what he was saying.

“It’s nothing to do with you,” he said in response to my reaction. It was obvious that he thought he was being helpful, but his words couldn’t have been more cutting as he cluelessly doubled down. “I promise, I have no attraction to you personally. Our relationship is purely professional.”

“Of course, sir,” I replied quietly, trying to hide my heartbreak. So often in my life I’d wished I could be the robot that my kids teasingly said I was. I feel like life would be so much easier if I didn’t feel so many damned feelings, and could just go through life getting stuff down without bring encumbered by them.

Of course he didn’t feel any attraction to me. I was nothing to him but a co-worker, a colleague. It would have been completely, completely inappropriate if he felt that way.

If he felt like I did.

My stupid crush was completely unacceptable. I knew that. I’d known that all along. And if Mr. Peterson had known about it, he probably would have...I don’t know, had me moved to another department.

As he should have.

Nothing he was saying was a surprise. I was just one of his employees, one who he was tasked with punishing. He probably would have felt the same way if he’d been punishing Tracey, or...I don’t know, Ricky.

But there’s knowing something, and then there’s hearing it. I could have written an essay about how Mr. Peterson felt about me and probably said exactly what he’d just told me. But hearing it?

Hearing it was like a machete to the heart.

I was surprised to discover I was blinking back tears. As I stood bottomless in front of my

boss, and he told me that he didn't see me that way, my stupid tear ducts were making stupid tears, for no stupid reason.

And so it took me a few moments to process what he said next.

"So please, don't take this as a come-on, or an indication of inappropriate interest," Mr. Peterson said, staring at me. I prayed to God that he couldn't tell that I was on the verge of tears...or worse, that he'd notice and misinterpret them.

My boss had just opened up to me. Admittedly, what he'd shared felt like the worst thing anyone had ever told me, but at least he'd told me something outside of a professional context.

Even with how awful it had been, I didn't want to undo that. Despite his words telling me that he basically considered me as attractive as his damned laptop, just the act of sharing it with me had been one of closeness.

If he thought that I was crying because he'd been inappropriate, I knew that the wall would go back up. And so I swallowed my tears and tried to force a smile to my face.

"Of course not, sir," I said, doing all I could to sound cheerful. "I promise."

"But I would find it extremely helpful if you'd...return the favor, so to speak."

My brow furrowed, and I stared at Mr. Peterson in confusion.

Did my boss want me to...spank him?

"Sir?"

He licked his lips once more, and my attention was drawn to how soft they were. Such soft lips on such a hard man.

I would have bet my house he was a hell of a kisser.

"It would be...helpful," he repeated. "If I could relieve myself in front of you."

My eyes widened, and the full impact of what Mr. Peterson was asking hit me.

He wanted to...he wanted to...

Oh, god.

Oh, *god*.

I couldn't. Could I?

I remembered what I'd just been telling myself just a few minutes earlier. That no matter how much I wanted Mr. Peterson, no matter how much I wanted to help him, I...I couldn't.

There were lines I could never cross. Seeing my boss's hardness was a fantasy. It was something I idly thought about while my husband went down on me. It was something I pictured while masturbating.

It was just a harmless, idle fantasy.

It wasn't...I couldn't...

I couldn't *really*.

"No," I wanted to say. "While I appreciate your candor, sir, that crosses a line for me. I'm a married woman, and it would be completely inappropriate for me to be present while you masturbated yourself. I appreciate that it's difficult for you, but you were right to be hesitant – that's not something that I can offer."

The words began forming on my tongue. It was an eloquent response. Professional. It was what I should say. For my reputation.

For my marriage.

Sometimes when I'm caught at a crossroads, I ask myself: "What would the ideal Amber do?"

And in this case, the answer seemed crystal clear. Even though it would certainly cause a gap to form between us, it was the right thing to do. He would go back to being my boss, and I

would go back to being nothing more than the employee he spanked to orgasm every day.

But then, just as I was about to reply, another thought struck me...

I'd said I'd do anything to help him.

Anything.

Mr. Peterson needed my help. Mr. Peterson needed me. Mr. Peterson needed his good girl.

"Of course, sir," I found myself saying. "Whatever you need."