

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan

Chapter 15

As I entered Mr. Peterson's room the next day, I was filled with an energy I hadn't felt in weeks.

After Mr. Peterson had cleaned himself up and dismissed me, I'd returned to my desk, thrumming with arousal. Aaden had smiled when he'd returned home to find me naked on the bed, drawing him in with my eyes, wordlessly begging him to fuck me.

He happily obliged. Again, and again, and again.

But despite the almost-excessive amount of intercourse, I still didn't cum. No matter how many times I got my husband off, no matter how tightly I closed my eyes and imagined it was Mr. Peterson under me, my orgasm eluded me.

The next morning at work, I was almost tempted to slip into the restrooms and get myself off in the cubicle. For old time's sake.

But I didn't. Partially because I didn't want to get in trouble...but mostly because I knew that as soon as the clock struck twelve, I'd be going into my boss's office.

I knew that Mr. Peterson would bend me over, spank me to satisfaction...and then get me worked up all over again.

The rest of the week continued in the same vein.

By the time I got into Mr. Peterson's office, I was soaking wet. Just at the sight of him, my entire body lit up. I got goosebumps. My clit warmed up just by being in his presence.

Not that any of this was sexual, of course. I was just a good employee for my boss.

I was a good girl for Mr. Peterson.

He'd smile at the sight of me, and my heart would leap each time. He'd stand up and move behind me, standing close enough that I could smell him, feel his warmth.

I'd lower my pants. My panties.

And then he'd spank me until I came.

I'd count to twenty for him, and without fail, on his twentieth blow I was cumming, my entire body trembling with want. No, not want. Just...release.

That's all it was. My boss was disciplining me, training me to be better for him. A better employee. It wasn't his fault that my body got confused.

It wasn't Mr. Peterson's fault that feeling his hand on my bare skin had become the only way I could cum.

After he was done, he'd sit down behind his desk. He didn't have to ask; I knew what he wanted.

I knew what only I could give him.

I'd sit, bottomless, on the leather chair in his office. I'd spread my legs slowly, almost as though I was performing for him. As if I was teasing him.

After I came, after the orgasm that Mr. Peterson's hand gave me, after each climax that wracked my entire body...my mind was foggy. And so it was easy to fool myself, to tell myself that what we were doing was...

Well, a little bit naughty.

In reality, it wasn't anything like that. What was happening was all my fault, really. It was my typos which had forced Mr. Peterson's hand. If I hadn't screwed up, he'd never have had to punish me.

And if he didn't have to punish me, he wouldn't have been so...aroused.

God, it felt so naughty just thinking about it. My boss was aroused. Because of me. Because of my body, because of what I'd done.

I'd turned him on. And so it was the least I could do to help him find release.

That was the thought that ran through my head as one hand snaked down to my dripping slit. I'd been the one to turn Mr. Peterson on. My body had done this to him. It was my responsibility – my *duty* – to help him get off.

And so even though I knew I was happily married, even though I knew nothing sexual could ever happen between us...I couldn't help but enjoy it as I touched my throbbing clit for Mr. Peterson's pleasure.

I never came. God knows I wanted to. Despite having just been brought each day to an earth-shattering orgasm, my entire body throbbed with warmth. I'd stroke my clit, grab my tits, writhe around on the chair as Mr. Peterson's arm moved rhythmically.

And I'd imagine that he wanted me. I'd imagine he wanted me as much as I...as much as *my body* wanted him.

He didn't. Deep down, I knew that. Mr. Peterson didn't see me like that, and he probably never would. But as I played with myself, as I gave my boss the best show I could, I allowed my girlish crush to blossom, and pretend that he lusted after me even a fraction as much as I lusted after him.

It always ended the same way. His eyes would bore into mine as he caught his breath, bit his lip, and shuddered with pleasure. He'd grab a tissue off the top of his desk, quickly clean up, and dismiss me as casually as he would if we'd just had a quick catch-up about Q4's figures.

I knew I shouldn't be hurt. What we were doing was...it was a favour. A professional courtesy, really. He just needed release, and it was easier for him to get it with me there, performing for him.

Not, I reminded myself bitterly, because it was *me*. Not because of who I was. Just because I was...how had Mr. Peterson so matter-of-factly put it? "You're a woman."

He didn't see Amber, the accountant who would've done anything for him. He just saw a pair of naked legs, a pink fishnet thong (since I knew Mr. Peterson was going to be seeing my underwear each day, I'd started picking out items I thought he might like). A wet pussy. A clit, winking at him.

He saw me as a body.

And god damn it if even *that* hadn't started to turn me on. Being seen as just a body, a pair of tits and a pussy, rather than as a person. Being wanted for those things, rather than being someone.

Maybe it was a Pavlovian thing. Touching myself as someone treated me like an object... I'd started to crave that. As my husband fucked me at night, sometimes I'd close my eyes and pretend I was a sex toy.

Focusing for the rest of the day wasn't easy, but I managed. I didn't want to make any more mistakes, after all. I wanted to be a good girl for Mr. Peterson. I wanted to be the best accountant I could be.

But by the time I got home each night, I was a dripping, soggy mess. I'd drag Aaden into the bedroom and beg him to fuck me.

It helped. Even though I didn't cum with my husband any more, there was something relaxing just about being *used*. Feeling my husband's dick slide into me, his pubic hair press up against my aching clit, his cock throbbing as he came...

Imagining it was Mr. Peterson.

Imagining I was Mr. Peterson's fuckdoll.

It never lasted long enough. My husband is a good man – and a great father – but lasting in the bedroom is, alas, not one of his strengths.

As he fucked me, I'd shut my eyes tightly. I'd imagine it was my boss's body pressing down on me, his hands on my tits. I imagined I could feel how hard I made him, instead of just imagining it on the other side of the desk.

I imagined I could feel his desire for me.

I knew it was wrong, but...it was just a fantasy, right? It wasn't like Mr. Peterson and I were ever going to do anything.

At work, everything was completely professional. He was my supervisor, I was his accountant. He was my boss, and I was his good girl.

Yes, he'd spank me to orgasm, and yes, I'd put on a show for him while he got himself off behind the desk, but that was all completely above-board. Practically part of the job.

It was only at home, as my husband fucked me, that I allowed my mind to wander. That I allowed myself to imagine we were more than that. Imagine that we were lovers.

Imagine that it was Mr. Peterson taking me in my marital bed, fucking me into the sheets.

After Aaden came, I'd sometimes feel guilty. If he had any idea what I thought about while we were together, as I allowed him to use my body to get off, knowing that he could no longer return the favor...

He could never know.

Not that there was anything to know, of course. Because nothing was ever going to happen between my boss and I.

That would be crossing the line.

The weekend was torture. The boys were home so I was barely able to spend any time wrapped around Aaden's cock, and without my daily spanking, I couldn't get the release I so desperately craved. At one point I sneaked into the bathroom, and tried spanking myself, trying to imitate the way Mr. Peterson's hand felt, the warmth it created...

I failed, of course. As I knew I would.

I even considered asking Aaden if he'd spank me, but the question died on my lips. What if he suspected something? Not that there was anything to suspect, of course, not really. Just some stupid fantasies, inspired by my routine corporate punishment.

Really, I think the reason I couldn't bring myself to raise the topic was because...I knew. I knew that no matter how much my husband tried, his hand wouldn't compare to my boss's. And so I grit my teeth and persevered, trying not to let my tension show, trying not to let my worklife affect my family.

But by the time Monday rolled around, I could barely focus. As soon as I got into work I made a beeline for Mr. Peterson's office.

"Amber," he said with a smile. God, that smile.

Again, just to be clear, I knew exactly how things stood. I'm a smart woman, and I knew that Mr. Peterson just saw me as his good, obedient accountant. I knew that he would never even consider doing anything that interfered with my marriage.

I knew that in all likelihood, I wasn't even his type.

But I'd gone almost seventy-two hours without release, and my body was doing the thinking. So when Mr. Peterson smiled at me, my heart skipped a beat, and this big goofy smile appeared on my face.

“H-hello, sir,” I stammered, and he gestured to the chair in front of his desk. The chair where I’d spent so much of the previous week masturbating, as he watched. The chair where I let my wildest of fantasies run through my head. I sat, and he leaned against his desk. “I have good news,” he said, tilting his head to the side. “I’ve decided to let you off the rest of your punishment.” My eyes widened as his words slithered their way into my head like poison adders, bearing the worst news I could imagine.

“Sir?” I gasped, trying to hide my disappointment. “Sir, you can’t...I can’t...”

He held up a hand, and I immediately fell silent. As he spoke, he kept his hand up, and my tongue darted across my bottom lip.

God, that hand. That hand had brought me so much pleasure. That hand spent so much time racing around my dreams. My fantasies.

I shook my head, and tried to focus on what he was saying.

“...showed so much improvement, and they agreed. Normally once a punishment is set, there’s not much we can do about it, but the boys upstairs agreed to make an exception for you, just this once.”

I blinked twice, not sure how to react. How could I explain to him how much I needed to feel his hand, how much I’d come to depend on our daily punishment. I couldn’t...he couldn’t...

“B-but...why, sir?” I asked, groping desperately for anything that would make sense of the news I’d just been given.

To my surprise, Mr. Peterson’s smile faded. He glanced away, and his ever-present confidence faded, just for a moment.

“Did I do something wrong?” I pressed.

I’ve always known I was a strong, independent woman. I don’t need no man, all that jazz. I don’t think it’s a secret to anyone who knows us that I wear the pants in my marriage; I love my husband to the end of the earth, but I’m the boss of the house. Always have been.

And so this feeling of desperation that Mr. Peterson’s words had wrought in me was unfamiliar and deeply, deeply uncomfortable.

If he’d told me that in order to get my daily spanking, I needed to walk through the building naked...I’m not going to lie, I would have considered it. Feeling Mr. Peterson’s touch, feeling his firm hand against my backside...god, it had become an obsession.

I needed it.

“No,” he said immediately, looking me in the eyes. His response was both comforting and unsettling – the rush of endorphins I felt at his attention wasn’t something I’d been expecting. “No, Amber, believe me – it’s nothing like that.”

“Then what is it, sir? I have to know.”

Mr. Peterson sighed, his eyes never leaving mine for a second. “It’s...it’s my fault, really.”

“Sir?”

My mind was thrumming with anxiety, developing theory after theory about what had caused his decision. Was...was my boss attracted to me? Had he realized that what we were doing was wrong? Did he feel like we’d crossed the line?

No. No, of course not. Everything we were doing was completely within the bounds of the EED. The only transgression in Mr. Peterson’s office had been mine, the stupid crush I’d developed, the confusion my body had felt at his touch.

“Sir?” I repeated urgently, hoping I didn’t sound as desperate as I felt. I hated demeaning myself like this, exposing my vulnerabilities.

But as dreadful as it felt, I knew that not feeling Mr. Peterson's touch would be so much worse.

My boss returned to his desk, and sat down. He threaded his fingers and looked at me. His tongue flicked across his lips, a sign of nervousness that looked so unfamiliar on a face that was typically so self-assured.

"This isn't a conversation I ever thought I'd have with a co-worker," he said with a nervous chuckle. "And needless to say, if anyone knew I was discussing something like this, I..."

He trailed off. Despite not yet knowing what Mr. Peterson wanted to tell me, I shook my head.

"I won't tell a soul, sir," I said earnestly. "I promise."

With another heavy sigh, he continued. "I've never been quick to..."

The final word in his sentence was masked by a cough, and my eyes widened. Had I just heard what I thought I'd heard?

"It's okay, sir."

"It's never really been a problem before," he said uncomfortably. "But since you're in here every day, and then afterwards I need to...well, your daily punishment has been taking longer than I expected when I set it. And so I thought it would be best for the company, and for everyone, if I just...let you off easy, so to speak."

I wanted to be sympathetic to Mr. Peterson's problem, I truly did. But in that moment, I couldn't help myself. All I could think about was, somewhat selfishly, my punishment.

My release.

"It's not best for everyone, sir," I pressed. "You know it's not. I...I need to complete my punishment."

Mr. Peterson looked at me, his eyes running across my face appraisingly.

After a moment, he must have seen whatever he was looking for, and dipped his head in resignation.

"I know," he said, his voice thick with guilt. "I'm sorry, Amber. I was being selfish."

"No, sir," I said, my heart breaking at the sight of my boss's pain. God, what was wrong with me? I was so desperate for Mr. Peterson's touch, I'd done the one thing I'd promised never to do: I'd hurt him.

While pursuing my own carnal needs, I'd made my boss feel bad.

"No, no," he said, his familiar confidence returning. "I was being selfish. But the fact remains: I simply take too long, and so there's nothing we can do."

My mouth opened to plead again, but I held back. I was a strong woman. I didn't...I didn't need his touch. I didn't need to be spanked.

I'd survived thirty-two years without it, and I could survive the rest of my life without it if I needed to.

God, just the thought of going the rest of my life without feeling Mr. Peterson's hand filling me with warmth, without feeling another orgasm that felt like it came from my very core...I wanted to die.

But my boss's time was valuable. I couldn't be selfish. He was in charge: if he said he didn't have the time to spank me and then get off afterwards, I...I had to respect that.

No matter how much pain it caused me.

And then, to my delight, Mr. Peterson's mouth opened again, delivering one final word.

"Unless..."