

Spanked by my Boss  
by Pan

Chapter 14

“Good girl,” Mr. Peterson said with a relieved smile. “I hoped you’d be accommodating.”

Now it was my turn to lick my lips. I felt completely drained. Between the powerful orgasm I’d just experienced, and what felt like a life-changing decision...in that moment, I would have killed for a Gatorade.

“You can use the chair, if you like,” my boss said kindly. “This can sometimes take a while.”

I blinked twice. Wait. What had I just agreed to?

I’d been determined to say no and leave. I was going to hold onto my dignity. My integrity. The sanctity of my marriage.

The plan had been to politely decline and return to work. Return to my desk, put my headphones on, and get a solid day of work done.

But instead, for reasons I couldn’t explain, I’d...I’d agreed.

To what?

“Sir?”

“I’d feel self-conscious if I were the only one masturbating,” he explained smoothly. At my agreement, his nervousness had completely dissipated, and the self-assured man I was used to was back. “And I’m far from, uh, ‘quick’, so you might want to sit down.”

As if in a trance, I made my way to the black leather chair. It was cool against my bare ass, which was still tender from the day’s punishment.

I heard the sound of Mr. Peterson’s fly as he stared at me intently.

“Begin,” he instructed simply, and – not sure what else to do – I obeyed.

It had been just a few months earlier that I’d been sitting on this same chair, touching myself, desperately wishing that my boss would throw me even a sliver of attention.

Now, I shifted uncomfortably under the intensity of his gaze. Until now, I’d never so viscerally understood the expression “too much of a good thing”.

My hand moved between my legs, and I began stroking my wet lips. Mr. Peterson’s expression was unchanging as he watched me, but at the sight of his right arm beginning to move, a pulse of arousal travelled through my entire body.

I still wasn’t caught up with exactly how we’d gotten here, but...it was happening.

My body was giving Mr. Peterson pleasure. My boss was looking at me and touching himself.

Oh, fuck.

All of a sudden, I felt the frenzy return. I’d thought that being spanked to orgasm had quenched it, but all of a sudden it was back, the desperate need to be touched.

To touch myself.

If Aaden had been there, I would have thrown him onto the floor and straddled him, riding him to orgasm after orgasm. I cursed myself for turning down his advances the previous night – Mr. Peterson’s cool gaze had me more hot and bothered than ever before, and all I wanted was to fuck.

It felt like my entire body was throbbing as I touched myself. I didn’t remember unclipping it, but my long hair was down around my back.

I was lust. I was want.

I was a sexual goddess, and I needed to be worshipped.

My husband wasn't there, but Mr. Peterson was. His gaze had once more turned me into this explosion of need. I could never do anything with him, of course – I was married, and he was my boss – but what we were doing was fine.

The words that had caused me such hurt just a few minutes earlier...in that moment, I grabbed them like a lifeline.

If Mr. Peterson had wanted me, if he'd had the same attraction to me that I had for him, this would have been completely out of line. But the fact that he *didn't* want me, the fact that this had nothing to do with me...

It meant that he was just scratching an itch. It wasn't like he could control his body's reactions – as he'd said, she was an attractive woman. Of course spanking her to orgasm was going to have an effect on him.

A wave of relief ran over my body. To think, I'd almost turned him down. I'd been right on the verge of leaving the office, of ending the story.

If I'd closed that door behind me, my boss would have been so frustrated. So unfulfilled. And it would have been all my fault.

As it was, I got to help him. I got to help Mr. Peterson.

I got to be his good girl.

It was this thought that filled me as I smiled at my boss. His expression hadn't changed – he was still staring at me with the same expression of cool detachment that he so often had on his face. It would have been easy to consider that an insult; instead, I saw it for what it really was: a blessing.

Mr. Peterson didn't want me. On one level, that was obviously a disappointment. It would have been very flattering if he'd followed the script I'd mentally written for him the previous night, ordering me to be his fuckdoll, spreading my legs on the desk and fucking me to orgasm after orgasm.

But if he'd done that, I would have been forced to say no. Obviously.

Flattering in theory, completely over the line in reality. If Mr. Peterson had announced his undying lust for me, I would have had to march out of that office and file a complaint.

But Mr. Peterson didn't want me. And that meant that what we were doing was fine.

No, more than fine. What we were doing was great. It was two co-workers, helping each other out. My boss had helped me so much – his punishments had made me a better employee, and he'd done me the huge favor of letting me masturbate in his office.

He'd probably saved my job.

Now, I got to return the favor. I got to help relieve Mr. Peterson's frustration. He was watching me masturbate, as he'd done so many times before, and I got to help him find release.

I was Mr. Peterson's good girl.

My clit was throbbing as I gently drew circles around it. My entire core was pulsing as I slipped a finger inside myself, then another. I hoped that Mr. Peterson was enjoying the show. I wanted to use my body to bring him pleasure.

I wanted to use my body to get him off.

And I didn't even have to feel guilty about it.

I couldn't have told you how long it took for Mr. Peterson to cum. I completely lost myself in the experience; my entire body was alight with pleasure as I played with myself for his entertainment. I was aware of myself in a way that I'd never been before – the sight of my pussy, the sounds I made as I touched myself, the scent of my juices filling the air.

And all the while, I stared at my boss. I stared straight into his eyes, and he stared at me. Only three things stopped it from being a perfect experience.

The first was that I didn't cum. That one surprised me the most; I was so worked up, so turned on...before we started, I would have bet good money that I would have reached a climax well before my boss, if not more than one.

But even as I watched Mr. Peterson's mouth drop open, his eyes glaze over, and his body twitch as he came, my own orgasm remained tantalizingly out of reach. Several times I thought I felt its approach, but each time it evaded me, as though chased away by something larger.

The second was that despite putting myself on display for Mr. Peterson's pleasure, I didn't get to see his cock.

It made sense, of course. He knew from experience that I could get off without needing him to expose himself to me, and so why would he feel flash me? He had no way of knowing about my crush, about how many nights I'd spent imagining his erection, craving a peek at the rod that he was stroking...

Obviously I wasn't going to ask. "Hey boss, can I see your wang?" I couldn't even begin to imagine how uncomfortable Mr. Peterson would have felt if he knew how I felt about him.

If this was going to continue, it was important that he had no idea about my stupid feelings. And dear god did I want this to continue.

The third fly in the ointment was exactly what let us do this in the first place: the knowledge that Mr. Peterson didn't want *me*.

Yes, he was staring at my half-naked body as he got off. And I certainly took some solace in the knowledge that it was spanking my ass that had gotten him so worked up in the first place.

But it wasn't Amber the Accountant who was getting him off. And it certainly wasn't Amber the Mother of Two.

As far as Mr. Peterson was concerned, I was just a woman. Just a pussy. Any ass that he'd spanked would probably have gotten him this worked up. (Well, maybe not Adrian's.)

It made his desk feel like an infinite divide. Not only was it blocking me from the view of the cock I so desperately wanted to see, it clearly sorted us.

On one side was me. I couldn't see Mr. Peterson's cock, I couldn't see his strong hand wrapped around it. If I had been able to, I would have noted how he touched himself, how my boss liked to be touched...

Not that we'd ever do anything like that, of course. Just to *know*.

I couldn't see anything sexual, not really. All I could see was Mr. Peterson.

And fuck, even though I couldn't see 'the goods' (as Aaden often calls his junk)...that was enough. More than enough.

The knowledge that Mr. Peterson was touching himself and looking at me, jerking off to my image.

Fuck.

That was more than enough for me. I didn't want to see *a* cock, I wanted to see *his* cock. I didn't want just anyone jerking off on the other side of the room, I wanted *him* jerking off on the other side of the room.

I wanted Mr. Peterson. I wanted my boss. I knew it was wrong, of course it was wrong. But the heart wants what the heart wants.

Although in this case, if I'm being honest, I don't think my heart was the one steering.

I couldn't see anything that wouldn't be allowed on network television. But despite that, it was the hottest damn thing I'd ever seen in my life.

Because it was him.

And on the other side was Mr. Peterson. And as important as it was, as necessary as it was...it was truly crushing to know that on the other side of his stupid black desk, my boss was having almost the exact opposite experience to me.

He didn't want me. He couldn't have made that more clear. He wasn't jerking off because of who I was.

I could've been anyone. You could have installed a screen to cover my face, and Mr. Peterson would have had the exact same experience.

I hated it.

I hated it, but if Mr. Peterson had been even slightly attracted to me, this could never have happened. Any of it. If Mr. Peterson wanted me even a fraction as much as I wanted him, I would have to walk out of the room (after putting on my trousers, of course) and left him to suffer.

It was like that old story, the man who sells his watch to buy his wife a comb, while she sells her hair to buy him a watch-chain. The only way of getting what I wanted was to ensure that I wouldn't enjoy it when I did.

And yet, despite my frustration, despite my heartache, despite the paradoxical torture I was putting myself through...it was all worth it.

We weren't doing anything wrong *and* my body was bringing Mr. Peterson pleasure. For that, I would have suffered any torture.