

Spanked by my Boss

by Pan

Chapter 17

I was surprised by how satisfying I found the look of shock on my boss's face when I agreed to help him cum.

Mr. Peterson must have known it was a long shot when he'd suggested it. Not that he'd really wanted to, of course. I'd practically forced it out of him.

My sons think of me as nothing but a boring mother, and I'm fairly sure my boss sees me the same way...so it felt good to know I still had the capacity to surprise.

"Really?" Mr. Peterson asked, a half-smile on his face.

"Of course, sir," I said, trying to sound casual. "It's what's best for everyone."

Mr. Peterson blinked twice. "I didn't think you'd..."

He trailed off, and I worked hard to hide my glee. For a moment, I felt like I was leading a double-life. The outwardly mature, organized and together accountant that my friends and family saw. The sensible woman who'd never do something like agree to jerk off her boss.

And the risk-taker. The woman who knew what she wanted and went for it, even if she knew it was wrong. *Because* she knew it was wrong.

I was both women. Always. And it felt...good.

Not, of course, that what I was doing was a risk. If anything, it was to avoid risk – the risk of not being able to do my job properly. The risk of ruining my relationship with my boss.

But for a moment – just one, fleeting moment – I allowed myself to feel naughty.

We sat in silence, Mr. Peterson staring at me, as if trying to figure out what my angle was. I didn't flinch, just smiled politely at him as he considered what I'd just said.

I knew my motives were pure. I just wanted everything to go back to normal.

Yes, I had a small, tiny crush on my boss. But I hadn't let that influence my decision. If anything, I'd had to push past it for this to happen.

And no, what we were going to do wasn't exactly 'by the books'. But no one was getting hurt or taken advantage of, and I knew how important it was to Gio that we follow the EED's guidelines. The EED had clearly indicated I needed to get punished, and if this was the only way

that could happen...then this was what we had to do.

When it finally looked like Mr. Peterson was coming out of his reverie, it was his turn to surprise me.

“No,” he said, with a shake of his head. “I’m sorry, Amber, but...no. I can’t let you do this.”

For the third time in less than ten minutes, it felt like the floor had dropped out from under me.

“What?” I gasped. “But, sir...why not?”

“I appreciate your dedication to your job,” he said gently. “But...well, it’s obvious that you’re doing this out of a sense of duty. And I simply can’t take advantage of you like that. It wouldn’t be right.”

Part of me wanted to scream at Mr. Peterson, tell him that he could take advantage of me any way he wanted...but I held back, of course. That wouldn’t be appropriate. My desire for my boss, my crush...it had to remain secret, no matter what.

No one could ever know.

But my disappointment must have been obvious, because a contrite look immediately appeared on my boss’s face.

“I’m sorry, Amber,” he repeated. “I just can’t ask you to debase yourself like that. ”

My mind was spinning, trying to desperately find a way to convince him. Trying to discover some way - *any* way - that I could convince him to accept my offer.

I think the next words that came out of my mouth surprised us both.

“It’s not like that at all sir,” I said earnestly. “Honestly, I wouldn’t mind.”

A look of bemused disbelief appeared on Mr. Peterson’s face. “Really?”

The thrill I’d felt from surprising him was replaced by a flame of anger, caused by his patronizing tone. I doubled down.

“Of course,” I continued, trying to sound as casual as possible. “Seriously, it’s no big deal.”

As my boss’s eyebrows shot up, I tried to hide my sense of smug satisfaction. He certainly hadn’t seen *that* coming.

“No big deal?”

“Uh huh,” I said, being careful not to overdo it. “Honestly.”

“Let me get this straight,” he said slowly. “You’re telling me that giving me a handjob in my

office...is no big deal.”

My eyes widened at his words, but I tried to ignore the knot that had suddenly appeared in my stomach. God, I must have sounded like a complete slut.

But if this was the only way to continue my punishment, I knew I didn’t have a choice. I had to do it. I had to convince my boss that I was being sincere.

“Yes, sir,” I said flippantly. “Honestly, it’s...it’s something I enjoy.”

I tried to keep my breathing steady. What the hell was I saying?

Mr. Peterson is a good boss. More than that, he’s a good man. It was clear that he was uncomfortable with the idea of receiving a sexual favor from someone who worked under him – even though we both knew it was the only way we could both perform our duties to our full potential.

There was only one way I was going to convince him to let me do this, and that was to give the impression that...god, that I was the kind of woman who gave out handjobs like they were candy.

I suddenly wanted to scream that this was wrong, that the whole situation was wrong, that I should get out of there, get back to my husband, back to safety. Back to my ordinary life where I never did anything like strip off for my boss, let him spank me to orgasm, or try to convince him to let me jerk him off...

But silencing that voice was getting easier and easier. That life wasn’t how I wanted to live. Not any more.

I wanted to be naughty.

So I smiled at my boss as he stared at me, once more trying to detect my motives.

“You’re not just saying this because you think you have to, are you?” he probed, and I shook my head immediately.

“Of course not, sir,” I said. “I promise. This is...it’s just something I like doing.”

Another thrill ran through my body at his look of surprise. There was something deeply gratifying about seeing my boss’s opinion of me shift so suddenly.

In a single conversation, his mental image of me had gone from good, obedient accountant...to a woman who enjoyed casually getting other people off.

Even her boss.

Especially her boss.

No. No, I couldn't let him know how I felt. God, that would...if Mr. Peterson realized I had a crush on him, he'd never let me touch him. He was far too sensible to risk a HR disaster like that.

"Even if this hadn't come up," I added, trying desperately to sound casual, "I probably would have offered. It's something I enjoy doing for people I work with."

Again, Mr. Peterson's shocked look sent a wave of pleasure throughout my body. "Huh," he joked. "I'm surprised none of your references brought it up."

I kept silent, hoping he wouldn't ask any further questions. If he probed too deeply into this, I knew there was no way I could substantiate my claim that it was no big deal. Unless I started jerking off random co-workers, nothing would stop my house of lies from tumbling around me.

But to my relief, after a few more moments of reflection, Mr. Peterson seemed to accept my claim.

"Well," he said, standing up from his desk. "I suppose that settles that."

"Sir?" I said, hoping he wouldn't misinterpret my eagerness.

"If it's really no big deal..."

"It's not," I said firmly. "I promise."

"Well then," he nodded, his voice flat and low. "Bend over the desk."

My fingers were trembling as I undid my trousers and lowered them to the floor. It had been less than three days since my last spanking, but it felt like a lifetime.

As I lowered my panties, Mr. Peterson moved beside me. I hoped he wouldn't see my legs shaking; it felt like I'd just been on a rollercoaster, burning through a week's worth of adrenaline in a single conversation.

I felt spent. Empty. But somehow, I knew what was going to happen next would change that.

I put my hands onto Mr. Peterson's desk and leaned over. He stood behind me, but his energy was...different, somehow.

Nervous wasn't the quite word for it. Heightened, perhaps. Almost as though he was excited.

For all the time I'd known him, my boss had been an impenetrable wall of professionalism. Aside from the occasional joke, the occasional smile, and the rare moment of vulnerability, it sometimes felt like Mr. Peterson had been created in a lab to be as corporate as possible.

Not in a bad way, mind you. There was something attractive about it. He was...dependable.

It was the main reason I'd been so comfortable letting him spank me. Letting him touch me.

I'd known he wasn't doing it for his own pleasure. He was punishing me because the EED said that was the appropriate thing to do. I was standing bottomless in front of him because that was my job.

I let him strike my bare ass because I knew he wasn't doing it for himself, but for me.

Sometimes that wall of professionalism could be frustrating. Oftentimes, I'd wanted nothing more for it to come crumbling down, for Mr. Peterson to call out for me, to lustily tell me that he wanted me. That he needed me. That he found me even an ounce as attractive as I found him.

But the rest of the time, it was reassuring. Safe.

So I wasn't sure how to feel when my boss stood behind me, giving off just a fraction more enthusiasm as normal. My eyes widened. I knew my confession had made him see me differently, but...had I pierced the veil?

Did Mr. Peterson now see me as more than just an employee? More than just any woman? Was there even the slimmest of chances that I'd sparked something more than that? Just a tiny, microscopic hint of...attraction?

SMACK.

I groaned at the feeling of my boss's hand striking my ass.

God I needed it. I couldn't believe I'd spent even a second considering leaving, going the rest of my life without feeling his precise, controlled blow on my rear end.

Mr. Peterson coughed, and my face turned red as I realized what he was waiting for.

"One..." I said quickly, making no attempt to hide my lust.

SMACK.

"Two!"

My voice was a moan. My knees were shaking.

SMACK.

"Three!"

My head was spinning. My mind was jumping from topic to topic, like it was trying to process everything that had just happened, all at once, unable to pick a single item to focus on.

SMACK.

"Four!"

Just keeping track of the count felt like it was using half my brain power. It was so hard to

concentrate, so hard to think of anything...

SMACK.

“Five!”

Mr. Peterson’s blows were faster than normal; a further confirmation that something had changed. He was heightened. Agitated.

Excited.

SMACK.

“Six!”

Part of me hoped that I was wrong. If my boss was attracted to me, I knew it could only lead to trouble.

SMACK.

“Seven!”

Trouble...and heartbreak. After all, he was my boss. We worked together.

SMACK.

“Eight!”

Beyond all else, Mr. Peterson was a professional. If he found himself attracted to me, I knew he wouldn’t let things continue.

SMACK.

“Nine!”

He’d see the potential danger. He’d calculate the likelihood of lines being blurred. He’d know how possible it was that something could go wrong.

SMACK.

“Ten!”

Perhaps it wasn’t excitement, or attraction, but nervousness. What we were about to do, what *I* was about to do to *him* was...unprecedented.

SMACK.

“Eleven!”

Unprecedented for both of us. I was sure that Mr. Peterson, wall of professionalism that he was, had never done anything like that with a co-worker.

SMACK.

“Twelve!”

And I certainly hadn’t ever done anything like that at work. Or, for well over a decade, with anyone except my husband.

SMACK.

“Thirteen!”

Oh, god. My husband. Aaden. What had I just agreed to?? After my boss spanked me, after I came down from my orgasm, I was going to...I was going to...–

SMACK.

“Fourteen!”

No. I couldn’t. I simply couldn’t. I’d gotten so caught up in the moment, so swept away by the risk of losing everything, I’d...

SMACK.

“Fifteen!”

I’d agreed to kneel down beside my boss’s chair, unbuckle his pants, and...and...–

SMACK.

“Sixteen!”

Fuck! No. I had to get out of it. I had to tell my boss that I’d changed my mind, that I hadn’t realized what I was saying, that I’d...

SMACK.

“Seventeen!”

I’d have to tell him that I’d lied. That I wasn’t the kind of woman who would ever, ever agree to do something like that. To wrap my hands around his...

SMACK.

“Eighteen!”

Why had I done it? Why had I worked so hard to convince him that it was no big deal, that I was

completely fine – casual, even – about...about...

SMACK.

“Nineteen!”

I’d convinced my boss that I was a slut. That I was nothing but a slut, a woman whose marital vows meant nothing. A woman who would happily, regularly...

SMACK.

“Twenty...”

As my boss’s final blow landed on my glowing-red ass, I slumped forward and began to sob.

I hadn’t even noticed that my eyes were watering. That my nervers were so frayed. We’d just had such an intense conversation; I felt hollowed out. Spent.

Empty.

“Oh god, Amber...”

Mr. Peterson’s reaction was exactly what I would have expected it to be. His voice was a mixture of concern and empathy. There was no judgment, not even a hint of negativity.

It was warm. Gentle.

Caring.

I couldn’t even imagine what I must look like to him. A grown woman, a professional, openly crying while leaning over her boss’s desk. My pants and panties were around my ankles, my ass was red, and I was crying like a child.

Mr. Peterson didn’t press for answers, he didn’t demand that I explain what was happening. Instead, he reached out his arms, and I let myself be held by him.

I was wearing nothing at all below my waist, but Mr. Peterson’s arms didn’t stray. He just held me tight against him, and let me cry.

I should mention, I don’t normally have leaky eyes. You can count on one hand the number of times I’ve cried in the last decade...it happens occasionally during particularly big fights with Aaden, and a horrible boss I had a few years ago would evoke the occasional tear, but it really is a rarity.

My kids call me robot Mom for a reason, y’know?

And so it wasn’t until I’d been weeping on my boss’s shoulder for a few minutes that I even started to wonder what had caused this.

Part of it was just that I'm not a liar. I'm not claiming to be George Washington or anything like that, but deception doesn't come naturally to me. I'd organized a surprise party for Aaden's thirtieth, and the months of sneaking around had almost broken me.

I don't like lying, especially to people I care about. And so telling Mr. Peterson an outright fib, something fundamentally untrue about myself – even for good reasons – had been harder than I'd expected.

Secondly, I think the magnitude of what I'd agreed to hadn't really struck me. I'd been reeling from the news that my punishments might be stopping, and hadn't considered exactly what I was promising. This wasn't like my daily punishments, or my secret crush. This was...real.

I had committed to jerking Mr. Peterson off. Every day. What's more, I'd acted like it was no big deal, like this was just something I liked to do.

Not only had I told my boss I was going to touch his...touch *him*, I had pretended that it was nothing to me, the opposite of the truth. It wasn't cheating, no more than my punishments were. It was just...

Well, it was touching Mr. Peterson. On the Peterson, if you will. Something I'd dreamed of ever since I started at Gio. Something I thought about night and day, knowing it could never happen.

Now, it was happening.

It had to. I knew that. It had to be done, so I could keep performing my job as well as possible. This wasn't a situation I'd engineered to fulfil a fantasy. It had just happened that way; my fantasy and reality had lined up.

No wonder I was overwhelmed.

As my sobs subsided, I realized the third reason I'd suddenly been overcome by tears:

I hadn't cum.

I'd been on edge for days. Riding Aaden had helped, but it hadn't been enough to provide the release I so desperately needed. No, I'd come to accept that the only thing that could do that was Mr. Peterson's hand, firmly striking my ass.

And now it seemed even *that* wasn't enough.

After three days of riding my nerves, after one of the most intense conversations I'd ever had, where I'd lied to my boss – to my crush! – where I'd agreed to jerk him off...after all that, I hadn't even cum.

God I needed it.

Before this job, I feel like I'd happily been able to go months without cumming. Now, after just three days, I was a hot mess. My face was streaked with tears, my cheeks were red as a tomato...

and my brain was being inundated with urgent messages, coming from between my legs.

“Please,” they seemed to say. “Please, Amber – we need this.”

So do I, I mentally sent back. But if my daily spanking hadn’t given me release, what would?

My breathing had returned to normal. My mind was feeling calmer – I wouldn’t say “at peace”, but my thoughts were no longer bouncing around like a pinball. I felt better. Not good, just... better.

I could have pulled away. I *should* have pulled away. But there was something so nice about standing there, in Mr. Peterson’s arms. Just letting me...hold him.

He wasn’t judging me. I don’t know how I knew that, but I did. He was happy to just be there for me, my damp face held firmly against his chest, his hand gently stroking my hair.

Mr. Peterson didn’t care that I’d been crying, or that I wasn’t wearing any pants. He wasn’t put off by the fact that his employee had just offered to jerk him off, then abruptly burst into tears. He was just...there for me, like a port in a storm. He made me feel safe. Secure.

Loved.

I knew it was just my irrational crush, my body being confused by what really was nothing but a professional relationship...but I was stressed. So even though I knew I was being stupid, I leaned into it. I leaned into the fantasy, leaned into my boss, and just let him hold me and stroke my hair.

My head was against his chest, my arms hanging limply by my side. Mr. Peterson had one arm wrapped tightly around me, holding me against his body, while his other hand ran from the tip of my head to the bottom of my long hair, carefully avoiding my bare-ass ass.

As my legs stopped trembling, and my pulse returned to a normal speed, I suddenly realized something.

He was hard.

My legs weren’t firmly pressed against his trousers or anything like that, but our embrace (and I feel like it couldn’t really be called anything else) was such that I couldn’t help but notice...my boss’s erection.

I’d known that he got hard during my punishment. I’d never felt it before, but his request last week had made it pretty clear: spanking my bare ass, watching me cum...it turned him on.

But knowing something intellectually isn’t the same as feeling it. And in that moment, my bare legs could feel Mr. Peterson’s hard cock through his trousers.

All of a sudden, I could think about nothing else.