

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 research - 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 propriety 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 correspondance 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 more so 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.