

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 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 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, as I briefly wondered if it was possible to have a face-and-body transplant, then 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,” he said with a nod. “Unless you have a better suggestion?”

My mind raced, but I had to admit...I couldn’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 working on 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 gotten 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 cost-benefit analysis, 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 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 a 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 peak 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 I 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, the 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 was certain of that, too.

Fortunately, my loving husband has never been a particularly curious man, and so after he was finally spent, 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.

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 weirdest 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...