

Spanked by my Boss  
by Pan  
Chapter 8

When I got into work the next day, I was more than a little sleep-deprived. I'd stayed up embarrassingly late, getting myself off, imagining my boss watching me, until finally sleep had overtaken me and forced me to slumber.

And so it wasn't until I saw a new item in my calendar that I remembered.

Yesterday's punishment hadn't been a one-off event. It was going to happen every day for the next ten days.

Every day, I was going to let my boss spank me. And every day, I was going to masturbate in his office.

I suppose I didn't *have* to get off in front of him, but frankly I didn't see any other way forward. If I didn't, I'd just end up sneaking into the bathroom again.

And Mr. Peterson wouldn't like that.

I wanted to be Mr. Peterson's good girl.

So I would let him spank me, then I'd sit in front of him and get off. And then he'd dismiss me, I'd return to my desk, and I'd try - oh so desperately try - to get some work done.

Unless I took my boss up on his offer to return to his office and cum in front of him again. And again and again and again...

When I entered Mr. Peterson's office, he was waiting for me, a gentle smile on his face. I couldn't work out if he was smiling with anticipation...or pity.

My cheeks burned at the thought of it being the latter. Here I was, a fully-grown woman, a well-respected CPA, a happily married mother of two...

And each and every day, I was visiting my boss's office so he could discipline me. All because I didn't have the self-control to prevent myself from sneaking into the bathroom at work and getting off.

*Never again*, I told myself. I was going to read the Employee Expectation Document back to front, and I was going to obey every line of it.

I would obey.

"Sir," I said, giving him a small nod. He gestured to his desk, where I placed my hands shoulder-width apart, and bent over.

"Let me know when you're ready," he said gently, and I tightened my grip on the wooden edge of his desk.

"Ready when you are, sir," I said, hoping he couldn't hear the rasp in my voice.

"Count for me," he said lightly, and I nodded.

SMACK.

"One, sir."

It hit me harder than before. The warmth, that is, not my boss's hand - although maybe that as well. The moment his hand met my pants, I could feel the warmth swelling up inside me.

SMACK.

"Two, sir."

I closed my eyes, trying very hard to remind myself that this was purely professional, that he was disciplining me for disobeying company policy. That it wasn't sexual.

SMACK.

"Three, sir."

But although *I* clearly knew this, it seemed like it would be impossible to convince my body

of this simple fact. The warmth had made its way to my nipples - they swelled with arousal.

SMACK.

“Four, sir.”

I imagined tearing off my top, exposing myself to Mr. Peterson’s hungry eyes. I imagined him losing his train of thought as he observed my naked form. I pictured his cock, stiffening as I stripped for him.

SMACK.

“Five, sir.”

I wasn’t even trying to control my voice. It was all I could do to control my body, to stop myself from turning around, falling to my knees, and showing my boss exactly how good a girl I would be for him.

SMACK.

“Six, sir.”

My words came out in a gasp, deep and soft and practically dripping with arousal. I would have bet my house that they made it abundantly clear to Mr. Peterson just how much I wanted him, exactly how much he turned me on.

SMACK.

“Seven, sir.”

Not, of course, that I did. No - this was a purely professional relationship. I was happily married, to a man who had fucked me long and hard the previous night, driving into me again and again and again...

SMACK.

“Eight, sir.”

...while I’d pictured my boss’s eyes. While I’d imagined Mr. Peterson watching me cum, his piercing eyes staring at me as I touched myself in front of him.

No, not imagined.

Remembered.

SMACK.

“Nine, sir.”

Everything we’d done - everything we were *doing* - was totally normal. Completely professional. I tried desperately to remember that, even as my body tried to convince me otherwise. Even as my body tried to tell me that no, masturbating in front of your boss, no matter the circumstances, was a deeply sexual act.

SMACK.

“Ten, sir!”

Despite the fact that *I* knew we’d done nothing wrong, it was easy to pretend that we had. That exposing myself to my boss was somehow...naughty. That letting a man other than my husband watch me cum was a taboo act. That bending over his desk and letting him spank me was somehow crossing a line.

And it was impossible to deny - the imagined wrongness of it was something that I found deeply, deeply erotic.

I’ve never been one to step too far outside the box, sexually. Porn has never held much appeal, although a friend of mine from college used to write erotica. I’d asked to see some, and while it hadn’t been exactly my cup of tea, I’d definitely gotten a thrill out of reading it.

The stuff that turned me on was...taboo. Again, nothing extreme, just slightly inappropriate relationships. A woman being attracted to her sister’s boyfriend, or a schoolgirl to her teacher.

And so it made sense that my imagination was turning this - a completely normal, legitimate interaction - into something along those lines.

My crush on Mr. Peterson had combined with this slight penchant for the 'naughty', and turned a simple instance of employee discipline into some kind of...well, 'scandalous affair' would be taking it too far (I would never do anything to risk the stability of my family), but certainly something taboo.

In my mind, I wasn't just an employee getting a routine spanking from her boss...no, we were two upstanding citizens, uncontrollably attracted to each other, trying desperately not to act on their urges, craving physical contact through the only means we could acceptably get it.

Mr. Peterson wasn't just offering me his office to masturbate in because he was concerned about me breaking further rules...no, he was desperate to see my most intimate moments, to watch me touch myself because of his urges to touch me himself.

And thinking about my boss while I came around Aaden's cock? That one, I had to admit... that one really was naughty of me.

But it wasn't like it was hurting anyone. Neither my boss nor my husband had any idea, and I intended to keep it that way. Besides, it wasn't like Aaden was getting the raw end of the deal. We'd had more sex last night than on our honeymoon. He certainly wasn't going to complain about that.

"That's all of them, Amber," Mr. Peterson said.

It took me a moment to realize - a lot of time had passed since his last blow had landed. I was still bent over my boss's desk, breathing heavily, my mind working overtime to justify what we were doing, what we'd done...and what we were going to do.

Not that it needed to be justified. It was all perfectly normal.

My perverted mind was the one twisting it into something else.

"Would you like to..."

He trailed off, gesturing to the chair facing his desk. I nodded. My body felt like it was pulsing with the warmth, the unique feeling I got after my boss punished me.

It wasn't arousal, of course, but I knew that getting off would help quell it, if not eliminate it entirely.

I was starting to wonder if *anything* would put that fire out.

I sat in the chair in front of my boss's desk, my entire body pulsing with energy.

The warmth that came after my boss spanked me was throbbing through my body. The warmth that it would have been so, so easy to confuse with arousal.

The warmth that I knew would only dissipate if I came while Mr. Peterson watched.

Just like yesterday, he was immediately absorbed in his work. And just like yesterday, I tried desperately to get his attention without outright pleading for it.

As if he was playing with me, Mr. Peterson steadfastly ignored me. Nothing I did could distract him from his work - no matter how loudly I moaned, or huffed. Even when I placed my legs on the arms of his chair, lewdly presenting myself for his eyes...nothing.

I've been told I have a stubborn streak, which I don't think is entirely fair. I'm not stubborn, I just...don't like showing weakness if I don't have to. And even when I was sitting in front of my boss, soaking wet, my trousers in a pile on the floor, my panties dangling around one ankle, I recognized that my desperation for Mr. Peterson's attention was a weakness.

My fingers circled my throbbing clit, while my other hand grabbed my breast through my shirt. Part of me was tempted to unbutton my shirt, expose my bra to my boss...or take it off, and throw it on his desk.

His best accountant, sitting completely naked in front of him, mewling as she played with herself. *That*, I felt, would get his attention.

But I couldn't. I knew that I shouldn't.

Although the warmth inside me grew at the idea that he'd like it. Was Mr. Peterson a boob man?

It suddenly felt incredibly important that I find out.

But I managed - barely - to resist the urge to strip for him, and settled for touching myself, groaning loudly as I did. Finally, just as I was about to give in and moan his name...he looked up.

He looked up, and looked right past me.

"Ah," he said. "Thank you, Tracy."

My legs snapped shut - I'd been so focused on Mr. Peterson that I hadn't noticed the sound of the door opening. Standing beside me, a smirk on her freckled face, stood Tracy.

"You're welcome, sir," she said, throwing me a grin. My mouth opened to explain, but before I could say anything, my entire body flushed, and I realized.

Mr. Peterson was looking at me.

Mr. Peterson was looking at *me*.

I'd closed my legs so quickly, I hadn't had a chance to remove my hand. Before I knew what was happening, my fingers returned to my hungry clit, and my eyes locked with my boss's.

A long, loud moan left my mouth. As if I'd never stopped, my body was suddenly shivering with arousal. His eyes felt like they were directly connected to the core of my arousal, and the longer he stared, the more turned on I was.

Everything else fell away. The room, the fact that Mr. Peterson was my boss, my Australian co-worker standing beside me...

My hips twitched, and my orgasm overtook me.

I could feel my nerve endings lighting up with pleasure. As the climax coursed through my body, they seemed to light up exactly what was happening.

I was at work.

It was the middle of the workday, and I was cumming. Not hidden away in a bathroom stall where no one could see...I was cumming in the middle of my boss's action, his eyes burning into me, my hand pressed firmly against my quivering clit.

I was cumming while one of my colleagues stood beside me.

Watching.

Watching as I came. Watching as my entire body tensed with pleasure.

I was cumming in the middle of the workday, in a room with my boss and a co-worker.

As I came, my brain couldn't stop repeating the thoughts over and over again. What was Tracy going to think? She'd just walked in on her colleague, pantless, playing with herself in front of her boss.

Oh, god...

The shame just added to the mix of feelings I was experiencing as I came, and as my orgasm hit its peak, the room went white, and all I could see was stars.

When I eventually recovered, Mr. Peterson and I were alone. He was still staring at me, his intense look replaced by one of bemusement.

"Do let me know if you need anything else," he said. I was too exhausted even to be mad - the intense spanking, followed by the even more intense orgasm, and the wave of emotions that had come with being caught by Tracy...

I nodded, and left the room, absolutely spent.

Part of me feared that Tracy would be waiting outside Mr. Peterson's office, wanting to talk about what had just happened. But the corridor was empty, thank the heavens, which allowed me to scamper back to my desk without making eye-contact with anyone else at the company.

I had no idea what I would have even said to her - I'd never felt so exposed in front of anyone in my life. She'd not only witnessed me sitting in my boss's chair, completely pantless, but it had been obvious what I'd been doing. I'd *wanted* it to be obvious, to show off for Mr. Peterson. I'd been desperately trying to get his attention - in my arousal (well, not arousal - that wouldn't be appropriate) I'd been so worked up, I would have done anything to get him to focus on me.

And then, to make matters worse, I'd cum. God, what would Tracy have made of that? It wasn't like I'd been quiet about it - I have no idea how long Tracy had been there for, but at the very least she would've been witness to the start of my long, loud orgasm.

A co-worker who I'd only spoken to a handful of times had watched - and heard - me cum. At work.

There were no words to express how mortifying I found the entire situation.

In an attempt to stop myself from being able to think about it, I threw myself into the day's forms. It helped - more than I'd expected. As my ears filled with the odd, tuneless music, I immediately began to relax. And as I worked on setting up templates for the new offices we were opening in Dubai, I started to wonder if I wasn't perhaps taking things a little far.

Yes, obviously it was embarrassing to be caught with your trousers down in the middle of the workplace. But Tracy had been with Gio for a while - she knew how things worked.

She knew how seriously the company took discipline.

And yes, she'd heard me getting off...but honestly, it probably hadn't been the first time. I'd practically lived in that bathroom stall, loudly getting off every day. Anyone could have heard me - in all likelihood, Tracy was *very* familiar with the sound of my orgasms.

After all, she'd been the one to suggest the washroom in the first place.

She knew how the body got after a punishment. She'd told me the only way to quell the problem.

If anything, she'd probably been happy that I'd found an alternative. It was very natural to feel ashamed, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized it didn't really make sense. Yes, I'd been masturbating in Mr. Peterson's office after he spanked me. Who wouldn't?

Tracy would understand that. Anyone at the company would.

By the time I'd caught up on work that evening, any trace of embarrassment had completely disappeared. I'd done nothing to be ashamed of. I'd gotten off at work after a spanking. What else was a girl to do?

Later that night as I packed up my desk, I saw Tracy coming across the office, and I didn't even try to hide. She was passing through to see one of my colleagues, but when she caught me looking at her, she threw me a wink.

And, I'm proud to say, I didn't flinch or hide my face.

I winked right back.

The rest of the week continued much the same way. As soon as I got into work, Mr. Peterson would spank me. Then, I'd touch myself, doing everything I could to get his attention.

I never ended up stripping completely naked for him, but the idea crossed my mind each and every day. I could imagine it so clearly - standing completely naked in Mr. Peterson's office, exposing myself to him. After two kids, I don't have a perfect body, but in my fantasies Mr.

Peterson didn't care.

I pictured myself revealing my stretch marks to him, instead of doing everything I could to hide them (as I do when I'm naked in front of my husband). I imagined his eyes running up my naked form, his face going slack with lust, his attention lighting me on fire, turning me on...

We didn't have any more guests, but after my day of reflection I think I would have been okay with it. That was the great thing working about Gio - the culture. Everyone had a copy of the EED, so everyone knew exactly what was expected of you.

The CEO could have walked in as I was touching myself in front of Mr. Peterson, and I wouldn't have blinked an eye.

And every evening, I'd go home and ride my husband to as many orgasms as I could get out of him. I was insatiable - after just a few days, he would laugh pleadingly as he pushed me away, trying to tell me that he was but a mere mortal...

But I didn't care. I wanted him. I needed him. My boss's spankings, getting off in front of him - it filled me with a powerful energy, and I needed to feel a cock inside me. I needed to get off.

I needed to think about Mr. Peterson as I did.

After my long, bone-shaking orgasm on Friday morning, Mr. Peterson almost looked disappointed...or was I just projecting my own disappointment?

"That's all she wrote," he said casually. "I hope that you've learned a valuable lesson from all this."

"Yes, sir," I said, still a little hazy. No matter how many times I came around Aaden's cock - or my own fingers, late at night - they paled in comparison to the climaxes I'd reach with Mr. Peterson's eyes on me. It was almost like they were a completely different category - so deeply satisfying, like they pulled out my very soul to wring it out.

Satisfying, but in a way that awoke a deep hunger within me. I couldn't remember the last time I'd cum without thinking of Mr. Peterson's eyes on me.

"And you'll be more careful, in the future?" he said, his eyes flitting down to my still-sticky fingers. A shiver of arousal passed through my body, as it always did when he paid attention to me.

"Of course, sir," I said firmly. I wanted to be his good girl. I wanted to make him happy. It was all that I wanted.