

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.

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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 peakiest 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...