

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.”

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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."