

Spanked by my Boss

by Pan

Chapter 11

“Enter,” Mr. Peterson said, strangely formal.

As I stepped into his office, my eyes widened.

We weren’t alone.

“Uh, sir...” I said, and Mr. Peterson raised one eyebrow.

“Yes, Amber?”

“Who’s...”

“Oh, this is Ricky. He’s thinking of interning with us next year, and so he’s shadowing me for the day.”

My boss turned to the young man standing beside his desk, who couldn’t have been more than twenty or twenty-one at the oldest, and gestured in my direction. “This is Amber, one of our accountants. Do you remember I mentioned how strict Gio is when it comes to precision and reports, that kind of thing? Amber made a typo, and, well...”

Ricky nodded, and the pair of them turned back at me expectantly.

My eyes widened. He couldn’t...he couldn’t be expecting me to...

“Come now, Amber,” my boss nodded, and my heart sank. “We haven’t got all day.”

It was deathly silent, but I felt like my ears were ringing loud enough to fill the room with sound. Just like I had the day before, I felt this overwhelming urge to push back, to resist...but it was like I was swimming in molasses. My vocal cords froze, and all I could do was obey.

Instead of turning and running, instead of asking Mr. Peterson if we could have a moment alone, I just...moved towards his desk. Step by step, I shuffled forward, until my hands were planted on the warm oak surface.

No. *No*. What was I doing? I couldn’t...not while...

“Pants, Amber,” Mr. Peterson reminded me gently, and I nodded.

God help me, I *nodded*.

Ricky was standing just two feet away, watching curiously. I tried to tell myself that it was okay, that I was just an ordinary employee getting an ordinary punishment. There was nothing strange going on here. Nothing I’d be embarrassed to have someone watch.

This was all perfectly normal.

So why did it all feel so...

Wrong? No, definitely not. No matter how weird it might have felt, I knew to my bones that this was all very, very right.

Odd. That was the word. There was something odd about what was going on.

But before I could put my finger on exactly what it was, Mr. Peterson coughed, a gentle reminder of what my role was in this situation, and so I closed my eyes, unbuttoned my jeans, and slowly lowered them to my ankles.

My clit was throbbing. Mostly, I tried to tell myself, because of the workout I’d given it the previous night, but I knew there was more to it than that.

My panties had tried to follow my jeans, but gotten caught halfway down. Without a word, Mr. Peterson leaned down and pushed them down the rest of the way for me.

Could he smell my arousal?

Could Ricky?

My eyes were still tightly closed, and my cheeks burned with the embarrassment of exposing myself to a complete stranger. He must have been a decade younger than me.

“Amber has been having some trouble with accuracy,” my boss said, his voice a low rumble. “And so we’ve had to move to some more extreme punishments for her.”

“Oh,” Ricky said knowingly. “Like in the...”

“No,” Mr. Peterson interrupted. “No, she’s not at that stage. Not yet.”

Yet?

Before I could properly process the thought, I felt Mr. Peterson into position, and moments later a loud SMACK filled the room.

“One, sir,” I gasped, the words wrested from me before I even felt it.

It wasn’t pain, not really. There was a hint of pain, like even the most mild curry dish has a hint of spice, but it wasn’t overwhelming.

SMACK.

“Two, sir.”

What was overwhelming was the warmth. Not at first, admittedly, but as soon as my boss’s hand hit my ass, I felt it starting to build.

SMACK.

“Three, sir.”

It came in waves, almost sneakily. With each new spank, I could feel Mr. Peterson’s hand with an increased intensity...and the warmth grew at the exact same rate.

SMACK.

“Four, sir.”

But I couldn’t cum. Not again. Not with a stranger in the room. I had to ignore the warmth, ignore its shielding comfort. I hadn’t been strong enough yesterday, but today I was prepared.

SMACK.

“Five, sir.”

Unable to stop myself, I opened my eyes, desperate for a distraction. With my eyes closed, all I could think about was my boss standing behind me, the boss I’d spent all night fantasizing about.

SMACK.

“Six, sir.”

I’d tried to use my stupid crush as fuel, but it had backfired. The goal had been to get it out of my system, but now I was more aware of his presence than ever before...and the sexual associations were stronger than they’d ever, ever been.

SMACK.

“Seven, sir.”

With my eyes open, I could see the rest of the room. I could see Mr. Peterson’s desk, where he’d sat and watched me masturbate. I could see the EED, the document that clearly stated he was allowed to do what he was doing to me right now.

SMACK.

“Eight, sir.”

And I could see Ricky. I could see the perfect stranger watching me get spanked. Despite having exchanged less than a dozen words, here he was, seeing me at my most vulnerable.

SMACK.

“Nine, sir.”

He had a front-seat view of my bare ass, as Mr. Peterson’s hand repeatedly struck it, firmly and relentlessly. He could probably see the red marks forming where my boss was expertly landing his blows, again and again.

SMACK.

“Ten, sir.”

And there was no doubt in my mind that he could tell the effect it was having on me. From where he was standing, I wasn't sure if he could see my...my pussy.

But I knew with full certainty that he could smell it.

“That's halfway,” Mr. Peterson said, surprising me. He'd never interrupted a punishment before. Perhaps I wasn't the only one hyperaware that we had company. “Would you like a break?”

“No, sir,” I said breathily. “We should...we should get it over with.”

“Would you like a turn?”

Mr. Peterson's question confused me, until I realized that he wasn't addressing it to me. My eyes widened in horror - he was offering Ricky, a literal stranger, the chance to spank my bare ass.

My heart was in my throat as I turned to Ricky, who looked just as shocked at the question as I was. Again, I was hit with that feeling that I should object, that I should say something - anything! - to preserve whatever was left of my dignity.

But after a few moments, my brain was unable to come up with a single good reason he shouldn't.

I needed to be disciplined, we all agreed on that. And Mr. Peterson and I had agreed that this - a bare-assed spanking - was a completely appropriate form for my punishment to take.

So why did it really matter who performed it? After all, it wasn't like it was anything sexual. It was just a punishment - in the same way as it doesn't really matter who writes the parking fine, as long as I received my dues, it didn't matter if the task was carried out by Mr. Peterson, Ricky...or hell, Tracy.

No, my hesitance was coming from the wrong place entirely.

My stupid, stupid crush.

For reasons that made no sense, my body had taken my crush on Mr. Peterson and imbued his actions with a strange sexual energy. Now, even though he was just administering a punishment that *anyone* could deliver, every smack against my bare skin carried with it a package of endorphins.

And as yesterday had evidenced, that confusion had been enough to actually make me cum.

Ridiculous. Maybe Ricky taking over would actually be a good thing. If my punishment was being delivered by someone *other* than Mr. Peterson, maybe my body would calm down and everything would go back to normal. I'd be spanked twenty times and be able to return to work, not distracted at all.

Except by the embarrassment of having a complete stranger spank my bare ass ten times.

“No,” Ricky finally responded, his voice a nervous squeak. My heart simultaneously leapt and sank as Mr. Peterson nodded.

“Very well,” he said. “Then we'd better get back to it.”

SMACK.

“Eleven, sir,” I yelped. I hadn't realized we'd started again until I'd felt the blow.

Ricky, perhaps subconsciously, licked his lips at the sight of Mr. Peterson's hand landing on my bare butt. I wanted to be annoyed, but...well, he was new to this, and his body was probably just as confused as mine. Mr. Peterson was the only one completely in control - my pussy was throbbing, telling me that this was sexual, and clearly Ricky was not viewing this as the perfectly professional interaction that it was, but as some kind of erotic show.

SMACK.

“Twelve, sir.”

And who could blame him? If you didn't know better, you wouldn't see this as a demonstration of Gio's dedication to high standards. Instead, you'd see an attractive woman (if I do say so myself) bending over a desk pantless, being spanked while she practically leaked all over the carpet.

SMACK.

“Thirteen, sir.”

Fuck. The warmth was back. There had been a slight reprieve during the pause, but as the embarrassing realization of how this must look to Ricky filled my body, the warmth provided the only refuge.

SMACK.

“Fourteen, sir.”

I wanted to sink through the floor in shame.

SMACK.

“Fifteen, sir.”

I wanted to leave Gio and never look back.

SMACK.

“Sixteen, sir.”

I wanted to beg Mr. Peterson to stop spanking me and just fuck me already.

SMACK.

“Seventeen, sir.”

I wanted to cum.

SMACK.

“Eighteen, sir.”

Had Mr. Peterson sped up, or had each strike just started to blur with the last? Ricky looked redfaced, like he'd been caught looking at a dirty magazine. I couldn't bring myself to look at his pants, but I would have bet a month's salary that I would have seen a tent.

SMACK.

“Nineteen, sir.”

If I looked at Mr. Peterson's pants, would the outline of *his* cock be visible?

SMACK.

“Twenty, sir.”

My pussy was throbbing. My entire body was throbbing. The warmth felt like it had entered my nervous system, my blood, my every muscle and every synapse of my brain. The thought of my boss's arousal - the images of his cock that had lived in my mind for so long the previous night - took over, and I could tell that my resistance was now paper-thin.

“Good girl,” Mr. Peterson said, and that was the last straw.

The sound of his words echoed through my brain, meeting the memory of his hand on my bare skin, and I found myself cumming, collapsing to the floor and convulsing with pleasure, as my boss and a twenty-year old stranger watched me.

This time, to my great relief I didn't completely black out. (Perhaps my efforts the previous night had not been *completely* in vain, after all)

I lay on the ground, my body twitching in the aftershocks of pleasure. My mind was hazy - I was vaguely aware of Mr. Peterson and Ricky discussing the details of what had just happened, but I simply didn't have the processing power to make out exactly what was being said.

Finally, after several minutes had passed, I gathered myself enough to pull my panties back up. How long had I been exposing myself to my boss and a man I'd never met before?

"Do you need anything else?" Mr. Peterson asked as I pulled my jeans back up, and I hesitated.

Was he...was he suggesting...

No. No, I had to keep reminding myself - this was an entirely professional activity for him. Even if he *was* offering me the chance to pleasure myself on his chair, he was doing it for me.

Mr. Peterson was just trying to save me the embarrassment of asking...or worse, sneaking away to get off in the ladies room.

Again.

"No, sir," I replied demurely, and Mr. Peterson dismissed me with a nod.

When I arrived back at my desk, I realized that I was experiencing an unfamiliar feeling. The feeling I'd spent the entire previous night chasing without ever getting close.

Satisfaction.

The orgasm in Mr. Peterson's office, the climax which had consumed my entire body...it had finally managed to extinguish the flame of arousal that I'd been carrying around with me all day.

A smile flitted across my face, and I settled in to do a solid few hours of uninterrupted work.

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To my surprise, the feeling of satisfaction lasted all night. After the kids went to bed, Aaden made a move, and for the first time since I'd started at Gio Industries, I actually turned him down.

I could see he was surprised, but he didn't object - before my new job, it hadn't been an odd occurrence for me to pass on sex.

Maybe this ridiculous crush was finally out of my system. Maybe I could return back to normal. A normal professional woman, with a normal relationship with her normal boss.

But the next morning, as I approached Mr. Peterson's door, I could feel it returning.

The warmth.

Before I even crossed the threshold of his office, it was there, lurking. Just at the knowledge of what was about to happen, that Mr. Peterson's firm hand was about to strike my fully-exposed backside...I could already feel myself getting aroused.

No, not aroused. It wouldn't be appropriate to be aroused at work. It wouldn't be appropriate to get turned on by the knowledge that my boss was about to see my naked ass.

And it would be completely unprofessional to allow his hand to bring me to a hot, dripping, powerful orgasm.

But I knew that it was going to happen anyway.

When I entered, I was relieved to discover that it was just the two of us. The stranger's gaze yesterday had made me strangely uncomfortable.

And (for reasons I had no interest in exploring) excited me more than a little.

Mr. Peterson's smile was warm as I approached his desk. My heart leapt at the sight of it - of course he'd had to maintain a completely professional attitude the day before. We'd had an audience (my cheeks burned at the thought of it) and he couldn't risk anyone thinking what we were doing was anything but above-board.

If he was too friendly to me, Ricky might have thought he was *enjoying* spanking me to orgasm, which could reflect poorly on the company.

As much as I might have secretly wished Mr. Peterson was aroused by spanking me, I had to remind my poor confused body that it wasn't about that.

It was strictly professional.

"Are you ready?" he asked softly, and I nodded, biting my lip as I lowered my pants and bent across his desk.

I'd thought I was ready for it this time, but as I dutifully counted down the strokes against my ass, I knew that I'd been fooling myself. By the time a ragged "Ten, sir," left my lips, I was dripping wet - I almost came at "Fifteen, sir,"...but, just as for the past two days, it wasn't until I gasped "Twenty, sir," that I allowed the warmth to enclose me, my legs shaking as I tremblingly came, my ass burning from the precise slaps that Mr. Peterson had so carefully delivered.

This time, I managed to almost entirely maintain my composure - I didn't black out, I didn't collapse onto his desk...my eyes fluttered and I bit my lip, but when my orgasm passed, I was still standing.

"Thank you, sir," I said, a slight smile on my face. It hadn't been the ground-shaking orgasm of the previous day; the satisfaction hadn't reached all the way down to my toes, but it was hard not to be grateful.

Not that Mr. Peterson was deliberately giving me an orgasm, of course – I was really more grateful that he wasn't making a big deal out of it. I would have been so embarrassed if he'd said something, or thrown me a look of judgment.

My eyes widened when I saw his brow was furrowed with worry.

“Amber,” he said, “we need to talk.”

My heart leapt to my throat.

Oh, god. I tried to slow my racing mind as it flitted from worried thought to worried thought. I was normally quite foggy after a...punishment...but my boss's short statement had cut through the fog, and sent my brain into overdrive.

What had I done wrong?

He'd been so nonchalant about the fact that I came every time he spanked me, surely he... that couldn't be the problem, could it?

No. No, I was certain that Mr. Peterson understood that when I came, that was just my body's natural response to...to...

“Sir?” I asked, suddenly self-conscious. I was standing in my boss's office, at my place of work, with my pants around my ankles. My glowing ass on display.

I tried to tell myself that it was okay, that what we were doing was fine. It was in the EED. I had just been punished for a typo, as any employee would have been.

But I knew that wasn't true.

Most employees wouldn't cum. Most employees wouldn't be brought to orgasm by their boss's hand.

Most employees didn't picture their boss deep inside them when they went home to fuck their husband.

Was that what Mr. Peterson wanted to talk about? My stupid crush? Had he worked out how I felt about him?

God, if he even had an inkling that I fantasized about him whenever I felt Aaden inside me, I knew I would die. Everything else was completely within the bounds of professionalism, but that: that was crossing the line.

No. How could he know? He couldn't know.

Could he?

Maybe the way I looked at him, the way I trembled with pleasure whenever he touched me. The way I got giddy when he glanced at me, my head spinning whenever I knew he was paying attention to me.

The way my pussy got so wet at the feeling of his firm hand, spanking my ass.

My boss took a deep breath, and I realized I was holding mine. I just wanted him to approve of me. I just wanted to be the best employee I could. I wanted to be good for him.

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

“I have a problem,” he said, and I nodded frantically.

“Something I was wondering if you could help me with.”

“Anything,” I wanted to blurt out. “I'll do anything I can to help you.”

It was true. I've always been a model employee – except for my recent, inexplicable bout of typos. Combined with the way I felt about Mr. Peterson...I would have done anything he'd asked.

There was a feeling of devotion, deep inside my core. I hadn't realized until then, but I was completely and utterly devoted to my boss. To Mr. Peterson.

And to my job, of course.

But I managed to hold back my girlish exclamation, and just nodded once more.

My boss's office was air-conditioned; something I didn't realize until I felt the cool air against my wetness. I could feel my face heating up, in contrast to the room's temperature.

Part of me felt like I should get redressed. After all, whatever Mr. Peterson needed help with...I was sure that it wouldn't require my pants to be lowered.

Would it? My cheeks burned at the thought.

No. No, of course it wouldn't. My boss was a professional. I was the one who'd made it weird.

My stupid crush and my sick mind had perverted a perfectly ordinary instance of employee discipline, and made it...dirty. Wrong.

Hot.

Mr. Peterson returned behind his desk. As he sat down, I was acutely aware that his eye-level was at my exposed pussy. I was tall enough that the surface of his desk did nothing to hide my wetness from his eyes.

He didn't look, of course. But I wanted him to.

Not just a part of me. Most of my body craved his attention. I wanted to feel his eyes on my cunt, I wanted him to see what he'd done. How wet he'd made me.

How I throbbed for him.

For a moment – just one sweet, beautiful moment – I thought I saw his eyes flicker down to my exposed pubic hair. But it was so fast, I couldn't even tell if I'd imagined it, and his gaze was affixed to my face.

"I need..."

He hesitated. I wanted to lean forward, to let him know that I'd do anything to help him, but I couldn't cross the line. Letting him spank my bare ass until he brought me to a powerful climax was already getting dangerously close to unprofessionalism; there was no way we could take things any further.

We couldn't.

No matter how much either of us wanted to.

No matter how much I wanted him.

And so I waited as he mentally struggled with his request.

After a few moments, he slumped back in his chair.

"Never mind," he said with a sigh. "I shouldn't have said anything."

My eyes widened. "Sir??" I asked, immediately wanting to bite my tongue.

All the urgency, all the desperation I'd worked so hard to conceal – it had all come out in that single word. I must have sounded like a mad woman.

I watched Mr. Peterson carefully, but to my great relief, he hadn't reacted to my desperate plea. It looked like he was still internally grappling with whatever was bothering him.

It was strange to see. For all the time I'd been working for him, my boss had seemed like a man of great resolve. Whether it was setting timelines, solving problems, or deciding an appropriate punishment, I'd never seen him struggle with something like this.

If you'd asked me before now, I would have said that his confidence was his most attractive quality. But there was something oddly appealing about seeing him vulnerable like this.

As if my dumb crush didn't have enough fuel already.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "I really shouldn't have said anything. It wouldn't be..."

As he paused on the last word, my worries spiked once more. Was it something I'd done? At my last job, I'd always gotten along with my boss – he'd been wonderful in many ways, but



giving employee feedback was not one of them.

Whenever he'd had to tell us something was wrong or share bad news, he'd ummed and ahed like Mr. Peterson was now.

"...appropriate," he finished.

My temples were pounding with every beat of my heart. Two possibilities immediately sprung to mind.

It made sense for Mr. Peterson to have realized how I felt about him. Aaden often teases me about how transparent I am, how obviously I wear my emotions on my face. And it would explain his hesitance, too: how do you talk to your employee about their inappropriate feelings for you? Especially when your job requires you to strip them down and discipline them regularly?

So that was the first option.

The second was...well, the adrenaline flooding my system wasn't purely driven by fear. If Mr. Peterson was having inappropriate thoughts about me, I'd...I'd...

I froze. Honestly, I didn't know what I'd do.

*He won't, I reminded myself. He doesn't.*

*He's a professional. He's my boss.*

*Of course he doesn't want me the way I want him.*

But...what if he did?

Part of me wanted to pound my fists on Mr. Peterson's desk and demand that he tell me what the problem was.

Another part of me wanted to drop to my knees and promise him that whatever it was, I'd help him solve it. That I'd do anything he asked.

Anything.

But I did neither. Instead, as I always strive to, I listened to my professional side. I fastened my pants (did Mr. Peterson glance at my pussy before it disappeared from view, or was that just wishful thinking?) and silently walked to the door.

"Thank you, Amber," Mr. Peterson said quietly. I returned his smile, and returned to my desk.

Normally after my daily discipline, my mind was foggy with arousal.

Today, it was burning with questions.

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If I hadn't been concerned it would cause suspicion, I would have turned down Aaden's advances that night.

Over the past few weeks, I'd been insatiable. I'd practically been forcing myself onto him, so desperate for his touch, his mouth. His cock.

But feeling Mr. Peterson's hand on my bare ass, being disciplined, being spanked by my boss until I came...it was the most satisfying thing I'd ever experienced. I felt complete, physically, sexually.

The feeling of his hand on my skin made me feel like a woman, and when I came, it was as though all my tensions were being relieved at once.

But I'd essentially trained my husband to expect nightly sex from me, and so I didn't resist as he moved his hand between my thighs. I did nothing as he removed my panties, spread my legs, and knelt down beside me.

As Aaden ate me out, however, my mind wasn't there.

It was on Mr. Peterson.

What had he wanted? What had he been about to tell me?

The more I thought about it, the more I was convinced he'd been about to ask me something. He wanted...something from me.

Something inappropriate.

I shivered with pleasure at the thought. My husband, sweet man that he is, interpreted that as a reaction to what his tongue was doing, and redoubled his efforts. As Aaden's tongue lightly strummed against my clit, I tried to imagine what Mr. Peterson wanted.

For the most part, I'm a sensible woman. I'm not often taken to flights of fancy. I go to work, I do my job, I try to be a good wife and mother, and the best employee I can be.

I try to be a good girl for Mr. Peterson.

But while two of Aaden's hands gingerly entered me, I couldn't help myself, and allowed my fantasies to run wild.

"I want to fuck you," I imagined Mr. Peterson saying. "I want you more than I've ever wanted another woman. I know that it's wrong, but I need you. Spanking you, touching you, seeing you every day – it's driven me more wild than I can put into words."

In my reverie, the hesitance I'd seen on his face earlier that day was gone. This was the Mr. Peterson I knew. This was the man of strong resolve, who knew what he wanted, and wasn't afraid to take it.

And in my imagination, as my husband ate me out, what he wanted was me.

"Yes, sir," I pictured myself nodding demurely. In my fantasy, I was completely naked. My entire body was on display for my boss. For his pleasure.

He could have me. He could have all of me.

"Lay down on my desk," I imagined Mr. Peterson growling. There was an animalistic look on his face, one that I'd never seen in real life...but that I'd dreamed of, so many times. "I'm going to take you."

"Yes, sir," I repeated.

In my imagination, Mr. Peterson glanced at the large cabinet in the corner of his room, as he'd done so many times while punishing me. But, just as in real life, he turned away from it, as

if to say...not yet.

Not until she's ready.

I'd never seen my boss's cock – I mean, of course I hadn't, that would be completely inappropriate. So as Aaden's tongue ran up and down my pussy-lips, his fingers sawing in and out of me, I couldn't pretend to imagine what it would look like.

But I could imagine what it would feel like.

My husband grinned at the loud groan that I emitted, imagining the feeling of Mr. Peterson's cock entering me for the first time. Imagining what it would feel like to really be taken by him, to truly be his. The fullness, as my vaginal muscles stretched to take him inside me.

The feeling of being owned.

"Yesss," I moaned aloud. "Oh, god, yes..."

I could all but feel it. I could feel Mr. Peterson's cock, driving inside me. I could see the intense look on his face as he fucked me, as his cock filled me up, throbbing inside me.

My imagination was running wild, and I knew I was about to...I was about to...

And then, just as I was about to crest, it all faded away. My boss, his cock, the office, my orgasm...in an instant, all gone.

"Wha...?"

I could hear how groggy I sounded as I looked around the room. My imaginings had been so vivid, it had felt like I'd just been teleported across town.

"You're so fucking hot," Aaden declared. "I couldn't wait any longer."

With a grin, my husband licked his fingers clean and stripped off. He didn't even bother taking my top off, just lay me down on the bed and slid his cock into my wetness.

*That's Mr. Peterson's...* I thought to myself, still discombobulated from the orgasm that I'd lost. Aaden had thought that his mouth and his fingers had caused my arousal, but I knew the truth.

It was for Mr. Peterson. My entire body was for Mr. Peterson.

As my husband crudely thrust inside me, it took serious effort to hide my disappointment. I'd been so close, so close to cumming around Mr. Peterson's cock. I considered revisiting the fantasy, but I knew there was no point: my husband never takes long. By the time I rebuilt the scene, he'd be done, and I'd be left more frustrated than before.

Instead, I took the time to reflect. Obviously the scenario had been pure fantasy; my workplace had a clear sexual harassment policy...and even if he *did* want me, he'd never do anything to risk his position.

Also, Mr. Peterson obviously didn't want me. Even as I'd masturbated in front of him, he'd barely given me a second look. No, if he really wanted me, he wouldn't have been able to resist.

It was all in my head.

But if, hypothetically, he *had* wanted me, and he *had* made a move...

I would've said no.

Of course I would have said no. He was my boss. I was happily married.

It would've been completely inappropriate.

Aaden let out a shuddering sigh as he came inside me. He raised his head to look at me expectantly, and I tried to fake a look of satisfaction, of pleasure.

Bad as I am at hiding my true feelings, it was enough to fool Aaden. Before long, he was laying beside me, snoring loudly.

I'd say no, of course. No matter how intense it was, I couldn't risk my job – my marriage –

over a stupid crush.

Even if Mr. Peterson had given me the most fulfilling sexual experiences of my life, I...I couldn't.

Of course I'd say no.

Of course.

As I entered Mr. Peterson's room the next day, I don't know what I was expecting.

He'd decided not to say anything the previous day, and he wasn't one to go back on his decisions. So while I hadn't been expecting him to open the conversation with "Amber, good morning! Here's the problem I decided not to share with you yesterday," I...

Well, I guess I'd hoped that I'd read him wrong.

But instead, he gestured to his desk, glanced briefly at his cabinet, and watched (or perhaps I'd just hoped he was watching) as I lowered my pants.

"Let me know when you're ready," he'd said courteously. After bracing myself, I nodded.

SMACK.

"One."

The previous night, after Aaden had gone to sleep, I'd considered playing with myself. Imagining Mr. Peterson inside me, I'd been so close...

SMACK.

"Two."

But I'd decided to sleep, instead. For what felt like months, I'd been so worked up, so frenzied...

SMACK.

"Three."

I'd practically been running home from work, dragging Aaden into the bedroom.

SMACK.

"Four."

Stripping him naked, taking him in my mouth, in my pussy.

SMACK.

"Five."

On the outside, I'd looked like an accountant. A mother of two. A loving, devoted wife.

SMACK.

"Sex."

But on the inside, I'd been...

Oh, shit.

"Um. Six. Sorry, sir."

"Don't let it happen again," Mr. Peterson replied, a tinge of humor in his voice.

"Of course not, sir."

SMACK.

"Seven."

But on the inside, I'd been sex. Just a walking tangle of sex. Needing to be touched. Needing to be fucked. Needing to cum, cum, cum...

SMACK.

"Eight."

My punishments had lit a flame inside me. A flame that I somehow knew would never go out, not entirely.

SMACK.

“Nine.”

And for a time, the flame had felt like it had consumed me.

SMACK.

“Ten.”

The flame had burned so large, so bright...it was all that I was. My body was alight, aflame. I needed sex, like a fish needed water.

SMACK.

“Eleven.”

But feeling Mr. Peterson’s hand firmly spanking my bare ass...

SMACK.

“Twelve!”

I’d expected it to be like fuel for the fire.

SMACK.

“Thirteen!”

I’d expected it to stoke the flames, until I couldn’t contain it any more. Until I was doing more than begging Aaden for sex...

SMACK.

“Fourteen!”

I’d worried it would make me lose control, sink to my knees in front of my boss, and confess my lust.

SMACK.

“Ungh! Fifteen!”

Admit to Mr. Peterson how much I needed him. Beg him to take me. Throw away the sensible façade and expose myself for the cock-hungry slut I felt like I’d become.

SMACK.

“S-sixteen!”

But somehow, against all reason, it had done the opposite.

SMACK.

“Oh! Seventeen!”

Somehow, my daily punishment had quelled the flames.

SMACK.

“Eight! Teen!”

Every day, I was coming into Mr. Peterson’s office, presenting my bare ass to him...and he was spanking me until I was completely and utterly satisfied.

SMACK.

“N-nineteen! Sir!”

And so I hadn’t masturbated the previous night. I hadn’t gotten myself off because...I’d known there was no need.

SMACK.

“Twen...twenty! Ohhhh...”

I hadn’t pleased myself, because I knew that if I just waited a few hours, Mr. Peterson’s hand would do it for me.

By the time the room stopped spinning, Mr. Peterson was already sitting back at his desk. I smiled blearily at him.

My mind is a soggy mess after a particularly powerful orgasm, and that might have been my most intense yet. The strangest thought popped into my head: *That was so good*, I mused. *I*

*wonder if I should leave a tip?*

As my vision returned, I quickly sobered up.

It was back.

The look of worry on Peter's face.

I tried to remind myself that our relationship was purely professional. We'd never so much as gone out for after-work drinks together; the entirety of my experiences with this man had been within the Gio walls.

We were colleagues, not friends.

But no matter how insistently I told my head that, my heart didn't listen. When someone gives you the best orgasms of your life, I think developing feelings for them is inevitable, no matter how stupid it is.

And so when I saw the consternation on his brow, I couldn't think of him as my boss.

He was just...mine.

He was mine, he was struggling, and I wanted to help.

I'd do whatever I could to help.

I'd do anything.

"Sir," I said, surprising myself with my confidence. "You have to tell me what's wrong."

"I promise, Amber," he said, brushing it off. "It's nothing."

His voice was resolute, but his eyes gave him away. Unlike the piercing stare he so often met me with, he was looking askance. And not even at the cabinet in the corner of his room; at his desk, the ceiling, the walls.

Anywhere but me.

"Whatever it is," I said softly. "I know I can help. Please, sir. Let me help."

He sighed, and a thrill ran up my spine as his gaze finally met mine.

"I wish that were the case," he said softly. "But...it just isn't worth it."

My heart quickened, but I tried not to let my sudden excitement show on my face. Was it possible? Had my boss been unknowingly sharing my fantasies? Had he been wanting me, as much as I wanted him?

Not that it could ever happen, I reminded myself. The fog had lifted; without the distraction of arousal, I was able to think clearer. Even if my boss suddenly declared his overwhelming lust for me, we could never do anything.

I was married. He was my boss.

It was wrong. No matter how right it felt, I knew...it was wrong.

But just the idea of him wanting me was enough to make me tingle.

"What is it, sir? I'm not leaving until you tell me."

The steel in my voice seemed to amuse him, and his grin was contagious. I quickly realized the ridiculousness of the situation - I was wearing a white button-down shirt, a black blazer, and my bottom half was as bare as Donald Duck's as I told my boss that I wasn't going to take no for an answer.

As well as that, the room still smelled of my juices, and I was breathing heavily from the intensity of my punishment.

Still, I stood strong.

"Amber..."

"Please, sir," I said demurely, and for some reason that was what broke him.

"Very well," he replied with a heavy sigh. "I'll tell you. But I'm not telling you this as my boss. If you walk out the door right now, there won't be any professional consequences."

“Of course, sir.” The confusion in my voice was evident, and when he hesitated briefly once more, added a line that had so often worked on my kids: “I promise not to be mad.”

“You’re a...woman,” he said reluctantly. His tone sounded more like he was telling me that his corner-cabinet held a dead body than someone stating a simple biological fact. “And I’m a man.”

The cheekier side of me was tempted to offer him a medal for his incredible observational skills, but I bit my tongue. I wanted to see where he was going with this, what had caused him such stress.

Because so far, I had to admit: I liked where it was going.

“Mm-hmm,” I said noncommittally.

“And obviously these punishments are purely professional,” he continued, and I nodded quickly.

“Yes, sir.”

“After we’re done...”

The hesitance was back. I tried desperately to look as open and non-judgmental as I possibly could, so he would continue.

I needed him to continue.

“...sometimes, you’ve needed to...relieve yourself.”

I bit back a smile. I don’t know exactly how it had happened, but the tables had turned. The first time Mr. Peterson had asked me if I needed to masturbate, it had been all I could do to stop myself fainting. Now, just a few weeks (or had it been a few months?) later, he couldn’t even use the word.

“Yes, sir.”

My boss’s eyes were staring into mine, burning into mine. Even as his words came out haltingly, his gaze was fierce. Strong.

Possessive.

“Well, I’m a man...”

I managed to stop myself from pointing out that he’d already said that, and let him continue.

“And you’re a...very attractive woman.”

Immediately, I felt like we were in familiar ground. The blood drained from my face. Had he just said...had my boss just told me...

Oh, god.

There are about 1.5 gallons of blood in the human body. My eldest son had gone through a phase where more than anything, he wanted to be a doctor, and so I’d spent some time learning creepy facts about the human body on a daily basis.

The blood left my face as quickly as it could, and made its way straight to my nether-regions. Despite having just experienced the most powerful orgasm of my life, I was suddenly throbbing: a job that requires quite a lot of blood.

If the room hadn’t already smelled of my arousal, I guarantee that Mr. Peterson would have been able to tell the effect his words had on me.

“Oh, god,” he groaned. “Amber, I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“S-sir?” I stammered, before realizing what had happened. He’d interpreted my reaction as one of repulsion. Disgust.

He was probably terrified I was going to report him to HR.

“You should leave,” he said shortly, but before I knew what was happening, I’d leaned forward.

“Please, sir. Tell me what’s wrong. I want to know.”

I was close enough to my boss that I could kiss him. Not that I would ever do that, of course. He was my superior. We had a purely professional relationship.

Also, I was married.

As I stared into his eyes, matching the intensity he often used to gaze into mine, he took a deep breath, and I could see him make a decision.

“This is not an instruction,” he said cautiously. “This is not something you have to do as part of your job. This is…”

He paused once more, and part of me wanted to throttle him.

“...this is just me telling you about a personal problem I’m having. You have no obligation to do anything about it. Capiisce?”

I nodded. “Yes, sir.”

He licked his lips, and my pussy throbbed again. It was so easy to imagine that tongue, those lips...

*Down, girl. I told myself. Focus.*

“After your punishments, you sometimes need to relieve yourself,” he repeated. My eyes must have flared in worry, because his next words were quick and reassuring. “It’s okay – it’s perfectly natural. Just the body’s natural reaction to stimulation.”

“Of course,” I said, hoping that I didn’t sound as awkward as I felt, even though I knew full well that I did.

“Well, I’m a man, and you’re a very attractive woman. And so after your punishment each day...I have the same needs.”

I took a sharp breath as I realized what he was saying.

“It’s nothing to do with you,” he said in response to my reaction. It was obvious that he thought he was being helpful, but his words couldn’t have been more cutting as he cluelessly doubled down. “I promise, I have no attraction to you personally. Our relationship is purely professional.”

“Of course, sir,” I replied quietly, trying to hide my heartbreak. So often in my life I’d wished I could be the robot that my kids teasingly said I was. I feel like life would be so much easier if I didn’t feel so many damned feelings, and could just go through life getting stuff down without bring encumbered by them.

Of course he didn’t feel any attraction to me. I was nothing to him but a co-worker, a colleague. It would have been completely, completely inappropriate if he felt that way.

If he felt like I did.

My stupid crush was completely unacceptable. I knew that. I’d known that all along. And if Mr. Peterson had known about it, he probably would have...I don’t know, had me moved to another department.

As he should have.

Nothing he was saying was a surprise. I was just one of his employees, one who he was tasked with punishing. He probably would have felt the same way if he’d been punishing Tracey, or...I don’t know, Ricky.

But there’s knowing something, and then there’s hearing it. I could have written an essay about how Mr. Peterson felt about me and probably said exactly what he’d just told me. But hearing it?

Hearing it was like a machete to the heart.

I was surprised to discover I was blinking back tears. As I stood bottomless in front of my



boss, and he told me that he didn't see me that way, my stupid tear ducts were making stupid tears, for no stupid reason.

And so it took me a few moments to process what he said next.

"So please, don't take this as a come-on, or an indication of inappropriate interest," Mr. Peterson said, staring at me. I prayed to God that he couldn't tell that I was on the verge of tears...or worse, that he'd notice and misinterpret them.

My boss had just opened up to me. Admittedly, what he'd shared felt like the worst thing anyone had ever told me, but at least he'd told me something outside of a professional context.

Even with how awful it had been, I didn't want to undo that. Despite his words telling me that he basically considered me as attractive as his damned laptop, just the act of sharing it with me had been one of closeness.

If he thought that I was crying because he'd been inappropriate, I knew that the wall would go back up. And so I swallowed my tears and tried to force a smile to my face.

"Of course not, sir," I said, doing all I could to sound cheerful. "I promise."

"But I would find it extremely helpful if you'd...return the favor, so to speak."

My brow furrowed, and I stared at Mr. Peterson in confusion.

Did my boss want me to...spank him?

"Sir?"

He licked his lips once more, and my attention was drawn to how soft they were. Such soft lips on such a hard man.

I would have bet my house he was a hell of a kisser.

"It would be...helpful," he repeated. "If I could relieve myself in front of you."

My eyes widened, and the full impact of what Mr. Peterson was asking hit me.

He wanted to...he wanted to...

Oh, god.

Oh, *god*.

I couldn't. Could I?

I remembered what I'd just been telling myself just a few minutes earlier. That no matter how much I wanted Mr. Peterson, no matter how much I wanted to help him, I...I couldn't.

There were lines I could never cross. Seeing my boss's hardness was a fantasy. It was something I idly thought about while my husband went down on me. It was something I pictured while masturbating.

It was just a harmless, idle fantasy.

It wasn't...I couldn't...

I couldn't *really*.

"No," I wanted to say. "While I appreciate your candor, sir, that crosses a line for me. I'm a married woman, and it would be completely inappropriate for me to be present while you masturbated yourself. I appreciate that it's difficult for you, but you were right to be hesitant – that's not something that I can offer."

The words began forming on my tongue. It was an eloquent response. Professional. It was what I should say. For my reputation.

For my marriage.

Sometimes when I'm caught at a crossroads, I ask myself: "What would the ideal Amber do?"

And in this case, the answer seemed crystal clear. Even though it would certainly cause a gap to form between us, it was the right thing to do. He would go back to being my boss, and I

would go back to being nothing more than the employee he spanked to orgasm every day.

But then, just as I was about to reply, another thought struck me...

I'd said I'd do anything to help him.

*Anything.*

Mr. Peterson needed my help. Mr. Peterson needed me. Mr. Peterson needed his good girl.

"Of course, sir," I found myself saying. "Whatever you need."