

Spanked by my Boss

by Pan

Chapter 18

Mr. Peterson was hard.

Holding me in his office, my boss had a hard-on. Possibly because he'd just spanked me, or because I was pantless, or because I'd just offered to jerk him off...

My recently-calmed heartrate sped back up, my clit hardened, and one of my hands twitched, as though desperate to wrap itself around Mr. Peterson's cock.

Which I would, I realized. In just a few minutes, my hand would be wrapped around Mr. Peterson's cock.

Oh, god.

I couldn't fucking wait.

Pulling back, I gave my boss a watery smile. "Sorry about that," I said lightly. "That was...that was a big one."

"It's okay," he said gently. "It's completely fine."

I shook my head, trying to keep my tone airy. "Don't worry, it was nothing to do with you. Just...a big weekend, is all."

He returned my smile, but I could tell he didn't believe me.

I tried to change the subject. The last thing I wanted to do was dive into a deep, emotional conversation. (Not just with Mr. Peterson; with anyone. If you were to write out all of my least favorite things to do, discussing feelings would be pretty high on the list.)

"Shall we?" I asked, gesturing to his chair. Mr. Peterson's eyes narrowed. After his embrace, my heart had been soaring so high, but his next words made it plummet to the ground.

"Amber, no. It's okay...we don't have to do that. You should get back to work."

"W-what?"

Mr. Peterson winced. "It was very nice of you to offer, but...it's obvious that isn't something you want to do."

In that moment, I can honestly say that there was nothing I would rather have been doing. It had been days since I'd cum, I'd just been spanked to within an inch of orgasm, and it turned out 'holding me and making me feel safe' was a helluva turn-on.

Besides, I'd promised. And I was, after all, a woman of my word.

"I really do," I said, trying not to sound desperate. "Please, sir. We had a deal."

"And I'm letting you off," he said with a soft smile. "I promise, I'm not mad. This isn't something you need to do."

If it wasn't for the fact that I'd literally just felt the evidence pressing against my legs, it would have been easy to convince myself that Mr. Peterson had found my display of emotion a huge turn-off.

That would've been a solution, I suppose. Each day after he spanked me, I could just burst into tears and wilt his erection.

But I knew that wasn't the case. I'd felt his hardness against my legs. I wanted to feel it in my hands. I wanted to wrap my hands around his erection, and make him cum. I wanted to show him how good I could make him feel.

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

He was turned on, and I wanted to give him release. There was nothing standing in our way; this was a safe, ethical way for us both to get what we wanted.

Besides, I figured at least *one* of us should cum.

"I want to," I pressed. "Seriously. I want this." He looked me up and down, then pursed his lips.

"I'm sorry," my boss said, shaking his head slightly. "I just...I don't believe you."

My eyes widened.

"You don't believe me?" I said, wrinkling my nose.

"I don't believe you," he repeated.

Here's something I've never mentioned: I can be a little competitive.

Well, no, that's not true. I can be a *lot* competitive. And whether or not he knew it, my boss had just thrown down the gauntlet.

I'm not much of a liar, but I'm even less of a loser. Mr. Peterson had just challenged me, and there was no way in hell I was walking out of that room without winning at this little game.

No matter what, I was going to wrap my hands around my boss's cock and get him off. If it was the last damn thing I did on God's green earth, I would make my boss cum.

I paused, trying to work out the best way to play it. I could shrug off his comments, get dressed and go to leave...but that's the thing about dealing with an implacable wall. If I knew one thing,

it was that Mr. Peterson would quite happily call my bluff.

I could go in the other direction, and fervently try to convince him. But something told me that wouldn't work; the harder you try to convince someone of a lie, the more obvious the untruth becomes.

No, if I was going to win this little battle of wits, I had to play the player. What did I know about Mr. Peterson?

He was calm. Placid. Infuriatingly so, at times. Above all else, he was a professional: he cared about his job, and he cared about his team.

And besides myself, he was probably the most matter-of-fact person I knew.

“Well, sir,” I said calmly, without breaking eye-contact. “What could I do to convince you?”

A smile slowly spread across Mr. Peterson's face, as though he'd worked out that we were now playing a game...and that he was just as determined not to let me win.

That wasn't the case, of course. My boss isn't exactly the game-playing type. He tends to be a straight-shooter. As far as he was concerned, this was a serious situation – if anyone even learned what we were *talking* about, he'd probably be fired.

No, from his end, this was anything but fun and games.

But for some reason, it was more fun to imagine that he was playing me just as ruthlessly as I was playing him.

“I don't think you could,” he answered smoothly. “I appreciate the offer, I really do. And I promise, I won't let any of this affect our working relationship. But I really think it's best if you return to work, and we pretend this conversation never happened.”

“We had a deal,” I repeated. “I'm a woman of my word, sir. I'd feel much more comfortable if I...delivered on my promise.”

“Amber...” he softly protested, but I cut him off before his silken tongue could weave any more words.

“Besides,” I said, my big blue eyes wide as I stared at him. “You said if you didn't get relief, you wouldn't be able to punish me any more.”

“Don't worry about that,” he said, waving my protest away. “I should never have put that on you. I'll find a way to make it work. You don't have to do anything; just leave it with me. You'll get your punishment every day. I promise.”

I could have walked away. Perhaps I *should* have walked away. He'd just given me everything I wanted, every reason I'd had for making the agreement in the first place.

But that wasn't true any more. I didn't just want to continue getting punished.

I wanted to feel Mr. Peterson's cock in my hand. I wanted to use my hand to pleasure him, until I could feel him throbbing with orgasm.

I wanted to win.

"Sir, I won't take no for an answer. There must be some way I can convince you that I'm serious about this."

"Amber..."

"I mean it. I want to help you out, sir. It's really not a big deal."

"Even if I did believe you, I couldn't accept your help if you were only doing it as a favor."

"I'm not," I replied immediately. "It's not something I'm just doing for you; I really want to."

I waited for the small pang of guilt that always came when I lied, but to my surprise it never came. Was I so determined to convince him that I didn't even feel bad about it?

Or...was I even lying? The idea of milking the cum out of my boss's cock...I knew I *shouldn't* want it, but it was hard to deny that I did.

God, I wanted it so bad.

"Really?" Mr. Peterson asked, and my eyes lit up. I was making progress.

"Really," I confirmed earnestly. "I really, really want this."

Saying it made me realize...I did. I pushed *that* uncomfortable thought aside, and decided to wait until later to dig into it.

Or maybe I could just ignore it forever. Yes, that sounded like a much better option.

"There must be some way I can convince you," I pressed, and joy rushed through my every pore as Mr. Peterson nodded.

"Well," he said thoughtfully. "I suppose there is one way."

"Anything," I replied. "Please."

"I like to think we've gotten to know each other pretty well over the time you've worked here."

"Me too, sir," I said with a slight blush.

"And so...well, I hope you won't take it the wrong way when I say: I've always seen you as a proud woman."

“Sir?”

“I mean, you’ve always seemed quite self-assured. Confident.”

I nodded, unsure where he was going with this.

“So if you’re telling the truth, if this really is something you want to do...–”

“It is,” I interjected. “I promise.”

“...and it’s not just something you feel obliged to do, because of what I said earlier.”

“No, sir,” I lied. “I would have offered either way.”

“Then I suppose there’s one way you could convince me you really mean it.”

“Anything, sir.” I prompted. “Just name it.”

“Well,” he said, and for a moment I thought I saw a gleam of mischief in his eyes. “...you could beg.”

I blinked twice.

“Sir?”

“As I said, you’ve always seemed so self-assured. Strong.”

It was true. These were traits I prided myself on.

“But...–”

“And so,” Mr. Peterson continued, as if I hadn’t tried to interrupt, “the only way I’ll really be convinced that this is something you truly want...is if you beg for it.”

I narrowed my eyes, not sure how to react. Like I said – my boss wasn’t really the type to play games, but this seemed like a play straight out of *Mind Games for Dummies*.

He wanted me to *beg*. My boss, my direct supervisor, the person who was directly in charge of me...wanted me to get down on my knees and beg to jerk him off.

I shuddered an unexpected shudder of arousal. God. Why did *that* turn me on.

I wouldn’t do it, of course. That would be...demeaning.

My boss had pegged me exactly: I *was* a proud woman. At work, at home; I was always the one in charge. Not always directly, but even when I was taking orders from someone else, I was still the one in control.

I wasn't just going to get down on my knees and...and beg.

Mr. Peterson was watching me carefully, and all of a sudden, I realized what he was doing. He wasn't playing games. At least, not in the conventional way. He was testing me.

I have no idea how this man I'd only known for a few months seemed to know me better than my husband, but it was impossible to deny: he had picked the one thing that, under normal circumstances, I would never, ever have agreed to.

Unless my children's lives were in danger, there was nothing on earth that would have compelled me to beg. For *anything*. Aaden could have threatened to leave and take our life savings with him unless I begged, and I would have just stood there and watch him walk out the door.

But Mr. Peterson had seen through my lie. He'd worked out that I hadn't been honest with him, and he'd picked the one thing that would force me to show my hand.

If I didn't beg, he'd know he was right.

He'd have won.

My boss would keep spanking me. He'd act as if everything was normal. He'd never rub it in my face, or confirm how easily he'd seen through me...but he'd know.

We'd both know.

I couldn't let that happen.

Slowly, deliberately, I moved to beside Mr. Peterson's empty chair. I fell to my knees, and put my hands together as though I was at church.

"Please, sir," I said, my head turned to face him. "Please...let me jerk you off."

A wave of satisfaction passed over my body as I saw Mr. Peterson's eyebrows raise. This man who (not inaccurately) thought he knew me *so well*...every time I managed to catch him off-guard, it felt better than sex.

Well, better than sex with my husband.

And *that* was another thought to push down and never think about again.

Mr. Peterson didn't say anything, just slowly moved to his chair and sat down. "Why?" he replied, his voice a low grumble.

"Because I want to," I pleaded. "Because I want nothing more than to wrap my hand around your cock."

My boss didn't say anything, just stared at me. I couldn't tell if he was waiting for more, or

appraising my performance...but either way, I knew what I had to do.

"Please, sir," I repeated, allowing desperation to creep into my voice, the needy tone that I'd worked so hard to hide all day. "God, I want it. I want your...your cock. I want to feel you cum.

"I want to *make* you cum."

"More," Mr. Peterson said, his voice barely louder than a whisper. I didn't hold back, throwing my entire body into the performance.

"Please, let me make you cum. Let me feel how hard you are. Let me use my body to bring you pleasure...I think about it all the time. I just want to please you. Please, sir, please. I...I need it. I need to make you cum.

*"Please."*

I paused, worried I'd gone too far. I felt like I'd gotten carried away, revealed more with my begging than I'd intended. The plan had been to convince Mr. Peterson that this was no big deal, that this was something I did for fun. Casually, like how some people give neckrubs. Not to expose myself as a wanton slut who spent her free time lusting after his cock.

The last thing I wanted was for him to suspect I had a crush on him. If he did, not only would I never get to jerk him off...I'd be lucky if he ever spoke to me again.

The silence stretched on, as Mr. Peterson stared at me, kneeling beside his chair. I felt this intense pressure to break it, to say something...it got almost unbearable, and to my horror, I felt my mouth opening, and my stream of pleas continued.

"I can make you feel so good," I whimpered. "Just give me a chance. Let me make you cum. I'll make you cum so hard. Just...let me try."

There was another long pause. I didn't realize I was holding my breath until Mr. Peterson's reaction, when I let all the air out of my lungs in one long breath.

He nodded.

My boss nodded, then leaned back in his chair and slowly spread his legs.