

Spanked by my Boss
by Pan
Chapter 9

I was only two and half days into the next week at work before it really started to be an issue.

I missed it.

Honestly, I'm not normally one to miss much. While I was pregnant I missed wine and soft cheeses, but that's about it. I like to think it's because I'm self-sufficient, but maybe it's just because I pretty much have everything I want, whenever I want it.

I'm sure it's at least partially a personality thing. A few years ago, Aaden had to go to Chicago for work - he was gone for almost two weeks, and by the end of the tenth day, he wanted to be on the phone with me for an hour each night...meanwhile, I was just enjoying not having to share the blankets.

And like I said, our sex life has peaks and valleys. Never a peak quite as high as the previous week, admittedly, but we'd had valleys that had gone for months.

Whenever we broke the drought, Aaden would tell me how happy he was, how much he'd missed fucking me.

Now don't get me wrong - it wasn't like I didn't enjoy the sex we had. I just...didn't miss it when it wasn't there.

But the daily earth-shattering orgasms I was having in Mr. Peterson's office?

Yeah. You'd better believe I missed those.

Monday had passed uneventfully. I'd maybe gotten a little antsy around lunchtime, but I'd tried to bury myself in work, and even turned the music on my headphones way, way up to distract me.

When I'd gotten home, Aaden had left me a note - he'd taken the kids to go and see the latest superhero film (he knows I'm not a huge fan of the genre) and so I couldn't even take out my frustration by having him pound me as hard as he could.

Those damn movies seem to get longer every year, and by the time Aaden got home, I was practically ready to burst. I sped through the kids' nighttime routines, then threw my husband down on the bed and moaned almost loudly enough to wake them up again as I slowly lowered myself down onto his cock.

Feeling my husband's cock pulse as he filled me up felt great, don't get me wrong, but it just couldn't compare. Even before he pulled out, I felt...empty.

Empty and unsatisfied.

Now, you might think that what happened next was intentional. But I promise, and you'll have to take my word on this, it wasn't.

If it had been deliberate, I would have done it on Tuesday, when the frustration really started to get to me. But instead, I again just put my head down and worked - we'd just gotten a new client, so everyone's caseloads were a little heavy - while doing all that I could to ignore the throbbing between my legs.

By Wednesday afternoon, I was half-tempted to march into Mr. Peterson's office and demand to get off. Not that it was even a realistic option, of course - I'd been getting off in his office because I needed to cool off after my punishments; it was all completely professional and above-board.

If I'd just gone in and asked to masturbate for no reason...well, that would have been inappropriate.

Even the idea of sneaking back into the bathroom stall to masturbate was starting to hold some appeal, but I wouldn't. I couldn't.

Mr. Peterson would be so disappointed, and I wanted to be his good girl.

I'd do anything to please him.

And then on Thursday, it happened. Again, you have to believe me - I really didn't mean to. It wasn't part of a plan, I wasn't being sneaky.

It honestly was a mistake.

But, if I'm being honest, when I saw the email subject...my heart leapt.

"Yes, sir?" I said breathily. I'd all but run to Mr. Peterson's office as soon as he'd said he wanted to see me.

It's funny - he had such power over me. I mean, I guess all bosses have power over their employees, but this was something else. Something more.

Had he been disappointed, I would have been crushed. I didn't want to let him down.

I wanted to be his good girl.

"Amber," he said. Was there a smile in his voice, or was I imagining it?

Was he looking forward to this as much as I was?

"Sir?"

"Your name is Amber, correct?"

"Yes, sir..." I said, narrowing my eyes. I was out of breath and *incredibly* frustrated, but I knew I hadn't completely lost the plot.

Was I confused? Was he? Or was this like when he refused to glance at me until I said his name...was my boss playing with me?

A thrill passed through me at the thought.

I wanted to be played with.

"Then why," he said, slowly sliding a piece of paper across the desk, "did you allow someone else access to your email account?"

As I read through the email I'd sent to our payroll director, Bill, my eyes widened.

I knew I'd been distracted, but I hadn't realized I was *that* distracted. This was more than a simple typo, or a misplaced comma. This was something no spell- or grammar-checker would ever, ever notice.

"Thanks for your help," I'd ended the email. "Sincerely....Anna."

Anna.

Anna.

I had somehow managed to end an email by signing it with the wrong name. It wasn't even close. I didn't even *know* anyone called Anna!

I glanced at my boss with trepidation.

"Bill brought this to my attention," he said with a sigh. "I'm sure you can understand, this is completely unacceptable."

"Y-yes, sir," I stammered. "I...I..."

"He offered to punish you himself, but I told him no, as your direct supervisor, it's my responsibility. Amber - if you still go by that - I just don't know what I'm going to do with you."

"I'm so sorry, sir," I said, tears welling up in my eyes. Here was the disappointment I'd been so afraid of.

Not that I could blame him, of course. How does one manage to sign off an email with the wrong *name*? It didn't make any sense!

But there it was, in black and white. I'd done it, and I had no one else to blame.

“I promise, I won’t do it again.”

“I know you won’t,” Mr. Peterson replied immediately, and my words died in my throat.

Oh, god, was he going to fire me? It was bad enough that he’d barely looked at me in days - at least I’d still gotten to see him in passing, in the corridors. His eyes had met mine once or twice, and my entire body had lit up.

And when I went home to fuck my husband, it was those casual glances that filled my mind.

“Please, sir...” I begged, and he held up a single hand, silencing me immediately.

“I know you won’t do it again,” he continued. “Because I’m going to give you a punishment you won’t ever forget.”

My boss’s eyes flitted towards the cabinet in the corner of his office, and - not for the first time - I was filled with a burning curiosity.

I had no idea what he kept in there, but I desperately wanted to know.

Or did I?

“Clearly ten wasn’t enough,” he said, his gaze reluctantly returning from his cabinet. “And perhaps a week wasn’t long enough either.”

My heart soared. Not only was I not getting fired, but this time my punishment would last more than a week.

A part of me knew I shouldn’t be so excited to be punished. It defeated the point of punishment, after all. I truly didn’t do it deliberately, but if I was looking forward to punishment...well, I’d understand why one could be suspicious of my motivations.

But I couldn’t help it. Since the moment I’d walked out of Mr. Peterson’s office on Friday, my body had craved his hand, his eyes.

His attention.

“Twenty, sir?” I offered. “And what about a month?”

Mr. Peterson shook his head. “A month is excessive,” he said. “Even for this, which technically could be considered fraud.”

I gulped. Gio took internal communications *very* seriously.

“But twenty sounds about right,” he said with a nod. “And just to be safe, it’ll have to be on your bare skin.”

My mouth dropped open, and I tried to work out if there was any other way of interpreting what my boss had just said.

“Sir?”

“I’m worried thirty would take too long, and I really can’t go above two weeks. So to make up the difference, your punishment will have to be applied directly.”

“You...you mean...”

“On your bare ass, yes,” he said, as casually as if he were telling me how he took his coffee.

Not that I took coffee orders, of course. Mr. Peterson was my boss, but I was a highly-skilled accountant, not some kind of...secretary.

“Is there a problem?” he asked, raising one eyebrow.

I had no idea how to respond. My mind was racing at my boss’s impossible suggestion.

Spanking me had been...well, that had been a punishment. Standard corporate discipline. It made total sense for my boss to smack my ass about a dozen times. How else was I to learn?

But it had always been over my clothing. My trousers, my panties - enough to keep it completely professional and above-board.

What Mr. Peterson was suggesting was his...his hand.

On my bare ass.

I almost groaned with pleasure at the thought of it.

As much as I might have secretly wanted it, I knew that we shouldn't. We *couldn't*. Mr. Peterson was my boss, and to spank my bare ass would be *completely* inappropriate.

That, I knew, was a line we couldn't cross. He couldn't...touch me. He couldn't!

If he touched me like...like that, it would be more than just a boss disciplining his employee.

It would be sexual.

An image of Aaden flashed into my mind. Despite my stupid crush on my boss, despite my body's confusion, I'd always made sure not to do anything to cross the line. Okay, yes, thinking about my boss while Aaden's cock was deep inside me...that was wrong. But our sex life had been so much better for it, it had been easy to justify.

Letting my boss spank my bare ass? There was no way to justify that. It would be overtly sexual. Intimate.

And hot as hell.

I shook my head. I couldn't allow it. I *couldn't*. I had to stop what was going to happen. For my family. For my husband.

For Aaden.

"Sir," I said. "I...I don't think that would be appropriate."

A puzzled look came across Mr. Peterson's face. "How so?"

"You shouldn't...touch me...there," I said. For some reason, it was a real strain to get the words out; my voice was thick and heavy. When I finally finished, I felt strangely exhausted, as though I'd just run a marathon.

As though I'd just had a body-quaking orgasm in front of my boss. But without any of the endorphins.

"Amber..." he said, his voice low. Every muscle in my body tensed up at the disappointment in his tone.

I wanted to please my boss.

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

I'd do anything to avoid disappointing him.

"Do you really think I'd suggest anything...inappropriate?"

"No, sir," I gasped, my eyes widening as I realized what I'd just said. Every instinct in my confused body had been screaming at me to agree with him, and the words were out of my mouth before I'd even had time to process them.

"You understand these punishments aren't sexual, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said, again not even knowing what I was saying until I heard my own voice saying it.

"And I would only be touching you there to make sure that you understand. Identity theft is not a joke."

"Of course, sir," I said, my eyes wide. Identity theft? If it got out that I'd been let go because of identity theft, I'd never work again. No one wants to work with an accountant they can't trust.

"Then that's settled," he said with a smile. "Let's get started."

Mr. Peterson stood up and gestured to his desk.

Wait.

What had I just agreed to?

"Uh..."

“Quickly, Amber,” he said, glancing at his watch. “I have a meeting straight after this, so I want to get this over with as fast as we can.”

Before I knew what was happening, I was bent over my boss's desk, my ass pointed expectantly in his direction.

Get this over with. He really was treating this like it was just a standard punishment. Just a normal instance of boss to employee discipline. Just a regular, professional spanking.

Like he wasn't going to touch me. Like his strong hand wasn't going to make contact with my bare ass. Like I wasn't going to expose myself to him, allow him to see my naked rear.

No, not just see.

Touch.

Spank.

God I wanted to feel his hand on me again. I wanted him to fill me with that beautiful warmth, and then...

My eyes widened. Had he said he had a meeting straight after? Did that mean I wouldn't have a chance to...-

“Pants, Amber,” Mr. Peterson barked, interrupting my thought process.

Oh, crap.

I'd agreed to let him spank my bare ass.

I'd agreed to let him spank my bare ass, and I wouldn't even be able to get off afterwards.

My hands trembled as I tried to work out what to do. I...I couldn't let him spank me, right? Not without my pants in the way. My pants were what made it acceptable. Professional.

To feel his naked hand on my naked ass would be...well, not exactly 'cheating', but certainly closer to cheating than I was comfortable with.

On the other hand, I couldn't disobey him. He was my boss.

I wanted to please him.

And if I didn't do as he said, who knew what the consequences would be?

I shivered at the thought. The EED had been very clear about what happened to employees who tried to circumvent Gio's standard disciplinary process. It held no appeal.

Mr. Peterson was standing so close behind me, I could feel the warmth of his body. His scent filled my nostrils, and all of a sudden, it was clear what I had to do.

It felt so wrong. We shouldn't be doing this. A line was being crossed.

But I had no choice.

“Good girl,” he said, as my pants dropped to the floor. A rush of warmth filled my body at his words.

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

“Those too,” he said, and as I lowered my panties, I hoped he wouldn't notice that the front was already dark with arousal.

No, not 'arousal'. It was just the body's natural response to...obeying your boss.

Right?

Before I could think too hard about it, Mr. Peterson's hand met my ass.

SMACK.

“One, sir.”