

Spanked by my Boss

by Pan

Chapter 19:

I was on my knees in front of my boss. His legs were spread as he looked down at me expectantly.

I could barely believe what I'd just said. What I'd just promised.

I'd asked Mr. Peterson to let me touch him.

No, not asked. Begged. And not just touch him. I'd begged my boss to let me get him off, to use my body to please him. I'd told him that I wanted nothing more than to wrap my hand around his cock and stroke it until he came.

In that moment, I would have said anything. I'd told him that I needed it. That I needed, more than anything, to get him off.

And I wasn't even sure that I was lying.

When I'd started to beg, I'd told myself that I was only doing it so I could make him cum. After all, it was my fault - I'd been the one to get Mr. Peterson so worked up, it was only fair that I get him off.

For the past few days, he'd been masturbating himself, watching as I did the same. As I, a happily married mother of two, sat in the middle of his office, desperately touching myself for his entertainment.

We'd been sitting and staring at each other, two work professionals, touching ourselves for the others' pleasure.

It had been the single hottest experience of my life.

But today, when Mr. Peterson had told me that he didn't have the time to jerk off in front of me, I'd...oh, god. I'd offered to take care of it for him. And when he'd refused, when he'd done the right and proper and *professional* thing, and told him that was inappropriate, I hadn't accepted his refusal.

Instead, I'd begged. I'd gotten on my knees in front of him and pleaded with him until finally, he'd agreed to let me touch him.

Like a good girl.

I was Mr. Peterson's good girl.

I'd told him that I thought about him all the time. I'd begged him to let me get him off. I'd told him that I wanted nothing more than to use my body to make him cum. And I think we'd both heard the ring of truth in my words.

As I reached out for my boss's fly, I realized my mouth was watering. I'd been fantasizing about my boss's cock for months. More than ever over the past week...knowing that he was touching it - just out of sight - had almost been more than I could bear.

Now, at long last, I was going to see it. Not just see it - touch it.

I blinked twice. This was further than I'd ever meant to go. Further than I'd ever wanted to go. I...I couldn't do this, could I?

I was a married woman. This was my boss. What we were doing was wrong.

What we were doing was so, so wrong.

That was the sensible voice in the back of my head. It made so much sense. Its logic was undeniable. But the voice was...quieter. Powerless. Compared to the voice that said do it: do what I desperately wanted to do. To touch my boss's cock. To touch the cock I'd been dreaming of for so long.

My hand listened to the second voice, reaching out and unfastening Mr. Peterson's pants. Undoing his fly, and unleashing the cock that I'd been dreaming of for so long.

I paused to take it in. There it was: my boss's erection. The cock I'd been imagining. I hadn't even realized I'd been imagining it, that my mind had been working double-time trying to picture what it looked like.

It was strong and proud. Hard as steel. A little longer than I was expecting, which was honestly a welcome surprise. And at the very tip was a plump, soft, perfectly shaped head.

As I stared, my tongue longed to trace the prominent vein running up his shaft. My taste buds yearned to run over the tip, to taste my boss's pre-cum. To take my boss's hardness in my mouth.

But I couldn't. I was married. That would be cheating. That would be right.

No, I had to be sensible. Professional.

I couldn't do more than just jerk him off.

My hand twitched: I wanted to touch Mr. Peterson's cock, but I was overcome with an uncharacteristic nervousness. I've always been one to know exactly what I want, and act without hesitation (a personality trait that's gotten me in trouble more than a few times) but as I reached my hand out, I hesitated, and glanced up at my boss.

"Go ahead," he said, his voice a low whisper. It was the first thing he'd said since I'd begged.

I nodded, a shiver running up my spine.

I was Mr. Peterson's good girl. I was doing as I was told.

The thoughts gave me strength. I reached out and did as I was told. I reached out and wrapped my hand around Mr. Peterson's cock.

Steel. My boss's cock, in my hand, hard as steel.

Perfection.

I was kneeling at my boss's feet, my bare ass red from the spanking he'd just delivered, my pants and shoes on the other side of his desk. Mr. Peterson was fully-dressed, his cock sticking out of his unzipped pants, my hand wrapped around it. It felt like it fit perfectly, as though it was made for me to hold.

No - as though my hand had been made to hold it.

Neither of us said anything as I began slowly stroking my boss's cock, my thumb running over his plump head every time I reached the tip. I swallowed nervously - like most things I try my hand at, I normally had no doubts about my capabilities, but...this was different. What if he didn't like it as much as Aaden always had? What if I wasn't able to make him cum?

I knew from the last week of experience that Mr. Peterson took longer to climax than any man I'd been with, far longer than my husband. I knew that we might be here for the long haul, so I settled back onto my legs as I continued stroking his cock up and down, my eyes never leaving his as I did.

Mr. Peterson gave me a soft smile as I moved my hand up and down his erection. His approval gave me strength.

I was his good girl.

I was his good girl. His good girl. I was my boss's good girl. Mr. Peterson's good girl.

I shivered again, and suddenly realized I was soaked. I couldn't remember ever being this turned on - it was like the very center of my being was throbbing. It was like my body was preparing itself for my boss to enter me. To fuck me.

No. No, that...that could never happen. That could never happen.

We had to keep it professional.

Mr. Peterson gave me another small nod, and I obediently moved my other hand between my legs, gasping as my fingertips made contact with my throbbing clit.

As I began playing with myself, stroking Mr. Peterson's cock and my own clit in unison, I lost myself. My mind is normally running at a million miles a minute, flitting from topic to topic and problem to problem, but as I simultaneously touched myself and my boss, I felt my mind slowing down as I worked towards the new goal with a singular focus.

It was like when I got lost in a particularly engaging problem at work, or when I had incredible sex with my husband. I was suddenly hyperfocused, and the outside world drifted away.

I couldn't have told you how long I stroked Mr. Peterson's cock, how long I touched myself while staring into his eyes, while playing with his long shaft, his balls. I fought the temptation to lean forward and take his head into my mouth, to show him what I could do with my tongue...after all, I was a married woman. That wouldn't be appropriate. That wouldn't be professional.

But I did all I could to familiarize myself with Mr. Peterson's beautiful erection, as I brought myself closer and closer to orgasm.

"I'm going to cum," Mr. Peterson murmured, snapping me out of my trance. "Amber...you're going to make me cum."

"Yessss," I hissed, forgetting myself. "Please, sir. Please, cum for me. Cum for me. Cum on your good girl, sir, please..."

I don't know if it was my words that did it, but with a soft grunt, Mr. Peterson's hips thrust forward. I had the foresight to aim his cock away from my face as his balls contracted, pumping four thick loads onto my top. As if in a trance, I

milked the last few drops of my boss's seed from his softening cock. At the sight of the milky fluid dribbling out of his cockhead, I felt my own orgasm approach.

"Oh, *fuck*," I moaned, falling back onto the floor as I mercilessly rubbed my clit, feeling my own orgasm overtake my body. My hips thrust forward, and it felt as though my entire body tightened as I came, writhing around on the floor next to my boss's desk, his cum splattered across my white shirt.

I lay there for several minutes, breathing deeply, not speaking as my foggy mind returned to reality. When I finally felt lucid once more, I sat up, staring at my boss in awe.

"Well done, Amber," he said with a perfunctory nod, and despite the shortness of his response, I felt my entire body filling with pride.

I'd done it. I'd made my boss cum. I'd brought my boss off with my hand.

I was his good girl.

But just as quickly as it had arrived, the feeling faded.

Fuck. Fuck! What had we just done? What had *I* done?

The sensible voice that I'd so easily managed to tune out before came back, more powerful than ever before. Without my arousal - no, the *warmness*, that's all it was - there to distract me, I suddenly realized what I'd done. Aaden...my job... I'd...-

Before I could fall too deep into those thoughts, a smile crossed Mr. Peterson's face, and he glanced down at my top.

"Looks like we made a bit of a mess..."

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I looked down. I'm not sure what I expected - I mean, I knew what had just happened. I was very, very aware of what had just happened.

Of what I'd just done.

I'd just...jerked my boss off. I'd lowered his pants, wrapped my hand around his cock, and stroked it until he came.

On me.

I'd betrayed my husband. My wedding vows. I'd just irreparably

damaged my marriage.

Aaden would never forgive me. He was extremely possessive; once he found out what I'd done, he'd be disgusted. Ashamed. Hurt. He'd never touch me again. He'd divorce me and take custody of the kids and--

"Thank you," my boss said gently, completely disrupting my train of thought. "I should have said that before. Thank you, Amber. That was amazing."

My eyes shot up. He was looking at me with...admiration? Pride?

My entire body felt warm. Mr. Peterson had praised me before, of course. I was damn good at what I did, and he was an excellent boss. When you did something wrong, you heard about it...but conversely, when you met his high standards, he wasn't afraid to let you know.

But it wasn't common, and so I felt like I was glowing. Mr. Peterson was happy with what I'd done. No, more than happy - he'd said it was amazing.

*Amazing.*

What I'd done. What I'd...what we'd done.

It was *amazing*.

"You're welcome," I said, aware that I was blushing. The warmth had spread to every part of my body, from my head to my toes.

Amazing. I was amazing.

Mr. Peterson thought I was amazing.

It was almost embarrassing, honestly. I was a fully-grown woman, a professional at the top of my field. No one's words should have had this much of an impact on me.

But when Mr. Peterson said those words...

My blush deepened. I knew exactly what was causing it: my stupid crush. It felt like when I'd developed a crush on my music teacher in middle school. He'd complimented my clarinet playing, and I'd been riding high on his words for a week.

"Nice work, Amber. You're really getting good at this."

I'd hated the clarinet, but I'd kept going for almost two more years, fueled on by his words.

But I hadn't hated what I'd just done...

And neither, it seemed, had Mr. Peterson.

'Amazing'. *Amazing*. I'd carry that to my grave.

"Now, you really should..."

I'd thought that I was blushing as hard as a human could blush, but as I glanced down at my top again, I realized I could get redder still. How had I forgotten *again*?

"Of course..."

I looked around the office, though I'm not honestly sure why. I knew this office better than I knew my cubicle; I would've noticed if Mr. Peterson had a towel laying around. He didn't even have a box of tissues. "I, uh..."

I trailed off, my mind racing. My blouse was covered in cum, and I had nothing to wipe it off with. I couldn't exactly take it off, and it wasn't like my boss randomly had a woman's shirt that I could borrow.

My eyebrows shot up. "I have a spare shirt in my car," I realized. "Could you, um..."

Mr. Peterson just stared at me in silence, and I suddenly felt very small. Had I really been about to ask him to run out to the car for me?

What next, was I going to ask him to come by and mow my lawn?

"I'm really sorry, sir," I said, the words tumbling out of my mouth before I could stop them. "I'll just, um..."

"Go and change?" he said guilelessly, and I nodded. Yes. Of course. Mr. Peterson was busy - he'd punished me, he'd gotten his relief. He needed to get back to work.

As did I.

"Yes sir," I nodded. He smiled.

"Good girl."

Those were the words that carried me out of his office. The feeling of being called Mr. Peterson's good girl were so strong, they overpowered my sense of shame.

My boss thought I was good a good girl. My boss thought I was *amazing*.

"Good girl," the words rang in my ears as I slipped my pants back on. I mentally repeated them as I made my way through the office, holding my head up high. Part of me was screaming, part of me was mortified at the fact that everyone saw me leaving my boss's office, my chest coated in what was clearly cum...but I didn't care.

I was Mr. Peterson's good girl. He thought I was amazing. And that was enough to carry me to the parking lot without melting down.

As soon as I was alone, as soon as I had my t-shirt (the only spare shirt I had) in my hand, I lost it a little. The feeling of the fabric in my hand, the confirmation that yes, the milky-white substance on my shirt was *extremely* visible, the realization of what I'd just done...

It all combined, it all joined together and moved into my head, where it became a buzz, a loud hotness, and then left through my eyes in the form of fat tears, dripping down my face, down my chin, and joining Mr. Peterson's emissions on my shirt.

Oh, god. What had I *done*?

I'd just walked through the office with cum on my shirt. I hadn't even tried to hide it. I could have...I don't know, scooped it up, or gone to the bathroom down the hall to dab it away with a paper towel.

But instead, I'd walked to the parking lot. The parking lot was at the complete opposite end of the building to Mr. Peterson's office, so I'd just...I'd just walked past everyone.

Everyone had seen me. Everyone. My colleagues, the people I'd be working with for years. Co-workers who would meet Aaden at the office Christmas party.

Everyone I worked with had just seen me leave the office, my chest coated with cum.

I could never go back. The thought hit me with an icy clarity. I could never go back into the office again. I'd just change shirt, drive home, tell Aaden that I quit my job today, and... never go back.

He'd never find out. And I'd never have to face any of my coworkers again. I'd never have to deal with the consequences of what I'd just done.



I could feel their eyes on me. So many eyes, staring at me as I marched between the cubicles, head held high, as though what I was doing was normal. As though it was perfectly normal to walk through the office with your boss's cum on your shirt.

I wanted to throw up.

I wanted to scream.

I wanted to run.

I wanted to drive home, tell Aaden what had just happened. I wanted to beg for his forgiveness, tell him that I knew it was wrong, tell him that...that I'd been scared for my job.

No. No, I couldn't lie to him. I'd wanted to do it. Hell, I'd *begged* to do it.

I'd begged to do it, I'd begged until my boss let me. *Let* me. I'd wanted it more than he did - I couldn't go home and lie to my husband. I couldn't throw Mr. Peterson under the bus when he'd done nothing wrong.

He'd only done what I'd begged - *begged* - for him to do. To give me permission to...to jerk him off.

I closed my eyes and leaned against the side of the car. I felt like everything was spinning, like my world was collapsing. I'd begged my boss to let me jerk him off, I'd told him that it was strictly professional. I'd begged him to cum. Not just cum - I'd begged him to cum on me. I'd begged him to coat my shirt with his cum.

I glanced down at it again, a tangible reminder that this was real. This wasn't some sick fantasy, this had actually happened. I'd begged my boss to cum on my chest, and he'd obliged.

And then I'd cum. I'd all but rolled around on the floor of his office, coated in his cum. I'd had one of the most satisfying orgasms of my life, rubbing myself like my life depended on it, coated in Mr. Peterson's seed. In the seed I'd just milked out of him.

I'd cum with his cum on me. And then I'd shown the entire office who I was. What I had become. Tracy, Mike, the copier boy, the mail clerk, the receptionist - I'd shown them all. They'd all seen who I really was.

I'd shown the entire office.

I could never go back. Ever. I had to get in my car, right now, and drive home. Then I would be free of whatever had happened to me lately. My heart would be free of this stupid crush, my body would be free of this desperate need. This wasn't who I was. This wasn't who I used to be.

If I drove away right now, I'd never have to see any of them again.

I made it to the driver's seat before I realized.

If I drove away right now, I'd never see any of them again. I'd never see *any* of them again.

If I left the parking lot, returned home, recommitted to my marriage, Aaden would never know. He'd never know what I'd done, what temporary insanity had overcome me. He'd never know that I'd spent the day thinking with my pussy.

He'd never know that I'd touched another man's cock. He'd never know that I'd lost myself, jerking off my boss.

If I left now, I'd never see any of them again.

Which meant that I'd never see Mr. Peterson again.

*"Good girl. That was amazing."*

He'd said I was *amazing*.

I felt the warmth spreading throughout my entire body again, starting from my head, and working its way down to my toes.

It was like a drug. Like alcohol. Like that first time when me and my best friend and her boyfriend snuck whisky into the cinema and I'd gotten drunk for the first time watching Tobey Maguire as *Spider-Man*.

Like I said, Mr. Peterson wasn't miserly about his compliments. I could think of countless times when he'd told me I'd done a good job, or that he liked the formatting of my report.

But I don't know that he'd ever said I was *amazing* before...

I was *amazing*.

And I was his good girl.

My stupid crush. My stupid, stupid crush. When Mr. Peterson called me his good girl, it got in my head and wouldn't leave. I felt giddy, just thinking about it.

I was Mr. Peterson's good girl. And I'd done more than a good job, my efforts had been far beyond adequate.

I was *amazing*.

I bit my lip and looked down at my chest again. All of a sudden, what I saw didn't seem shameful or embarrassing. It felt...it looked..

Like an accomplishment.

I'd done that. *I'd* done it. I'd wrapped my hand around Mr. Peterson's cock and I hadn't stopped until he came. And, like mine, I don't think it had just been any orgasm.

*Amazing*.

The word reverberated through my mind, echoing in my skull.

Amazing.

It had been amazing.

I'd just jerked my boss off. And it had been amazing. For both of us, if I'm being honest. Even now, remembering it, my body felt like it was on fire. I felt warm all over, like when Mr. Peterson spanked me.

His cum on my chest...it was like he'd marked me. Like he'd staked his claim. Like he'd decided that I was his.

Like he'd decided that I was his good girl. *His* good girl.

I moaned at the thought, before glancing around. The parking lot was empty, of course. It was the middle of the day - who was going to be leaving or arriving at work at this hour?

No one was in their cars. No one except the woman who'd gone to change her shirt, after jerking her boss off.

After doing an *amazing* job of jerking her boss off.

After being her boss's good girl.

I closed the door. I was sitting alone in my car in the parking lot, but I wasn't going to leave. I couldn't leave. Not after what I'd just done.

Not after the amazing job I'd just done.

Even though I'd just cum, I moved my hand between my legs. I'd cried twice that day, and now I was going to cum twice as

well.

I needed to.

A shiver ran through my entire body as my hand slipped inside my pants. My panties were damp, soaked through with arousal. I slowly stroked my clit as I thought about what had happened.

I was a good girl.

I was Mr. Peterson's good girl.

Of course I couldn't leave. I'd promised to jerk him off every day. Every day, we were going to repeat what we'd just done.

Well, hopefully without the tears.

I bit my lip as I imagined it. Every day, I was going to kneel in front of my boss and jerk him off. Every day, Mr. Peterson's cock would be in my hands. Every day, Mr. Peterson would thank me for a job well done and then reward me by...by..

I gasped, as I realized my fingers had entered me, two at once.

"You're a good girl," Mr. Peterson's words echoed in my ears. "You're such a good girl. You're amazing, Amber. You're my good girl...and I'm going to mark you. I'm going to show the world that you're mine, by marking you with my cum."

The eyes of everyone in the office were on me again, but my shame was gone, replaced with pride. Everyone knew. Everyone knew that Mr. Peterson had marked me. Everyone knew what an amazing job I'd done, what a good girl I was.

Everyone knew that I was Mr. Peterson's good girl.

I moaned as my orgasm crashed over me. I trembled as the waves of pleasure rolled through my body, each one higher than the last. It was like what had happened in the office had just been the first half of the orgasm, and I was finally experiencing the rest. It was like my orgasm was a mountain, and as I climbed it, it only got higher, bigger, stronger. It was like my entire life was climbing this mountain, serving Mr. Peterson, being his good girl...

...until all of a sudden it was over, and I was alone, gasping for breath in the middle of the parking lot.