

My First Job

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Trust me to get a job with a pervy boss!

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I went to Uni after leaving Ladies College in the September of 2001, I was just seventeen and I began to enjoy the jeans and T-shirt society after the stringent school uniform of the very expensive college. By Christmas I had met my first boyfriend Jonny, a leather jacket and everything black kind of guy, a little on the dangerous side and very moody but we got it together although his cock was much less than I had expected from such a macho type. He was five years older than me and very sure of himself and yet he didn't really know how to use his dick which was very disappointing! We sort of fizzled out by the end of spring and in June the University was going on its summer break, two months of lazy summer days, bliss! Mum and Dad were off to Brazil for most of that time and I was invited to go but declined, the lure of the City was much greater and anyway, Dad was going for business reasons having property and other things there and Mum had family. Dad gave me a generous allowance so I could shop and do other things and then came the bombshell, a job! Most of the other students were taking summer jobs and Dad suggested I get one working for a local paper or magazine because that fitted in with my media studies and I really wanted to be a journalist so off I went. One of the tutors at Uni fixed me up with a temping job with a weekly rag, the theory being that if I did a good job the editor would write a report that would help with my CV so off I went into the real world of work! I started in mid June and quickly found that Mr Bradshaw, the editor, was a pervert! To give the right impression I had invested a good whack of my allowance in a tailored trouser suit in black with a feint pin stripe that cost a fortune and a similar skirt, a pencil type just above my knees. The idea was to alternate between skirt and pants with different blouses or tops with the jacket, good for giving me a veritable choice of business-like clothing with the right image for the job. Mr Bradshaw only ever spoke to my chest, his eyes even flickered from one breast to the other which I didn't particularly mind as I am quite proud of them and at a healthy 36B they do stand out because of my height. I'm only about five foot even in high heels. Back then I hadn't the money to buy the kind of shoes I get now but I had already got my fetish for four-inch stilettos and had a good choice to pick from. My hair was mid length from neck to waist at that time and I always wore it in pony-tail fashion. It was then I met Leon, he had worked for the paper for almost two years, a lanky type with wavy fair hair and a sickly complexion, twenty-one just after my eighteenth in July. I don't know why I liked him, he was nothing like my usual sort but then they had let me down almost always and I couldn't fathom

why I was attracted to risky guys. Leon was the opposite, weedy even gawky but with a kind nature, another trait missing from my usual guys. Since Jonny I had been out with a couple of guys and both had been a let-down, one seriously into drugs and the other seriously into other girls! So I went to a couple of dances with Leon, kissing and cuddling but nothing else; then came my birthday on 12 th July 2002, my big eighteenth and no parents to mess it up. Leon took me to dinner and it was great, I wore my shortest dress and longest heels and a fabulous evening was topped off by more kissing! I felt Leon run his hand up my leg almost to my panties and I was about to put mine on his crotch then he moved it and went to get us another drink, probably embarrassed that I wouldn't like it, his kind nature really starting to piss me off. So there was I, eighteen with a boyfriend and no parents about and not getting any! These days I'm horny if I don't get laid every few days but back then, it had been at least two months since I last felt a guys cock, and then he couldn't use it properly! It was about a week after my birthday I got the call to see Mr Bradshaw in his office and I could tell the minute I walked in there was some trouble brewing for me. I had run an article on a local celeb and was so sure of it I bypassed the normal route and sent it to print without any checks, unfortunately I got some of it wrong and yes, I did make some of it up and the guy's agent had been on the phone threatening legal action and just about everything else. Mr Bradshaw was livid and told my breasts in no uncertain terms that my job was just about finished, apart from some dotting of the 'i's' and crossing some 't's' he would sack me by close of business. I was gutted of course but knew I had it coming, it had been stupid and a valuable lesson learned but without his glowing report I would be just another graduate looking for a job. I couldn't afford the sack but I knew it was inevitable. Mr Bradshaw didn't look the type to be swayed by a pretty face and a short skirt, except I was wearing the pants that day so even that option was out! He was a dour sod to be honest, about fifty or so with some boring wife tucked away in the country, greying hair and an old fashioned worn out suit and tie and badly ironed shirt; I was finished. I couldn't bring myself to tell Leon so I sat on tenterhooks until home time when I was summoned to the old man's office, Leon thought I was going for an appraisal and waited for me in the coffee shop across the road as the office emptied for the day. How do you stand contritely? Is it hands behind your back, or front, or by your side, do you twiddle with your fingers or stand with arms folded? They were the questions I was asking myself as I stood in front of his desk with my hands clasped in front of my pussy triangle, as if I were protecting my womanhood from his eyes. That would be fine if his eyes were looking down there but they weren't, they were fixed to my chest as usual and anyway I was wearing my pin-striped pants with black tights underneath, no knickers because of the dreaded VPL! I had a white blouse, albeit a little tight over my boobs and my jacket hung over the back of my chair at my work station. 'I think you know what's coming,' he said curtly. I nodded like a stupid schoolgirl unable to speak. 'I thought you might be good at this Nikki,' he began, 'but we can't tolerate mistakes like these.' He waved his hand across a pile of correspondence, obviously relating to my gaff. 'At least we are not going to court, the guy has accepted a printed apology which will go out in the next edition, but it was a close thing, Nikki.' 'I'm sorry Sir,' I spluttered. 'I really didn't think. But I know better now, please give me another chance, I know I won't let you down again, honestly,' I pleaded like a simpleton. I knew I was out but it could do no harm to beg.

'I've learnt my lesson, Sir. That's why I'm here, to learn, yes?' 'There are lessons, and there are punishments,' he said evenly. 'If you were my daughter I'd be punishing you over my knee but as you are not I'm afraid it's dismissal. I'll pay you to the end of the month but you may as well clear your desk right now.' I was gutted, no really gutted! I knew it was coming but now it had I was mortified. I didn't need the money of course, but I could have used the report for my CV but actually I was bothered more by the fact that I had blown my very first job and I felt really bad. I should have turned away right then but I didn't, I just looked him square in the eyes. 'I don't think that its right you should fire me just like that,' I squeaked almost in tears. 'I'm only eighteen, I'm still learning and besides if you would allow your daughter to stay then I think you should do the same for me.' I was blabbing uncontrollably, not really aware of what I was saying. 'You want me to put you over my knee and spank your bottom then?' he quizzed. 'No, yes... what?' I blurted. 'You said you wanted to be treated like my daughter.' 'No, I er... I just want to keep my job, what's wrong with that?' 'Then come here and I'll give you a good spanking.' 'What? Yes ... I mean no,' I didn't know what I meant then the clouds lifted from my brain. 'You mean I can keep my job if I let you spank me?' 'Only for now.' He agreed. 'I will keep a close eye on you and any more mistakes will earn you another punishment.' I was still in shock, trying to assimilate the conversation from the beginning. Had I agreed to be spanked? Did I want him to spank me? I want my job. 'Okay,' I said weakly. 'Spank me and let me stay.' He lifted himself out of his chair and rounded the desk coming along side me, sitting on its corner one leg to the floor the other crooked obviously waiting for me. 'Come here Nikki,' he said calmly. Did I expect some sort of preamble, ceremony or something, I didn't know not having been spanked before, not even as a little girl, this was a whole new game to me but something told me I just had to do it! I sidled up to him relieved I was wearing a pant suit then I shivered cold at the thought, 'what if he planned to pull my pants down!' He hadn't said how or what he was going to do to me, just a spanking over his knee, but what did that mean? I cursed myself for not having asked but it was too late now. I tottered unsteadily on my high heels as he drew me to his thigh with his hand on my bum his eyes as usual fixated on my breasts now heaving quickly beneath my tight blouse. 'You are a very pretty girl Nikki,' he said to my boobs, 'but I expect a lot of men have told you that.' Well actually, not many had as far as I can remember; I didn't know if I was supposed to say something so I just kept quiet. His hand went up my back and stroked my hair before returning to my bottom, patting it gently. 'Are you sure you want this, Nikki?' he said softly. What was I supposed to say to that, yes please give me a good spanking over your knee, Sir, just what I need oh please spank me, Sir. 'I want to keep my job, Sir,' I spluttered. 'Bend over my knee,' he said. At last an instruction, I just wanted it over with. I did as I was told and bent over his knee, perching my pussy area against his thigh and reaching over with both arms in front of me. My blouse strained across my breasts and I was afraid the buttons might give and my bottom seemed to swell against the material of my suit pants tightening across it to bursting point. One hand circled my waist, gripping me not tightly but securely, the other arrived on my bottom smoothing over each side in turn before patting me lightly, my stomach churned and oddly, my pussy began to tingle from clit to just inside me. I hadn't expected that and wasn't sure what I was feeling, his knee beneath me seemed made of rock, then he hitched

me over a little more and my hair slid from my back over the top of my head onto the carpet in front of me. I could feel my tights and pants surging up the cleft of my bottom and between my legs, I wished I had worn knickers! 'Oooooow!' I squealed, his hand clapped against my pants bringing a real sting with it, then he did it again and I yelped along with it, bucking on his knee but restrained by his arm around me. 'Oooooow! ... Oouuuch!' I shouted in unison with the strange sound of his hand on my seat, I just couldn't help kicking out with my feet. Now he was speeding up, whacking me without a pause, one side then the other bringing my bottom up to boiling point making me writhe about like an eel on his knee. My voice was getting more shrill with each smack until it sounded deafening even to me and then I was being hoisted off his knee, teetering on my heels to regain my stance, my hair all over the place. I shook my head to clear my face and looked at him, smoothing his hands together in some sort of satisfaction a smug smile on his lips. I couldn't resist clamping my hands to my burning behind, rubbing it gently to ease off the tingling radiating from it, even my face felt on fire and my pussy, I was embarrassed even to think about it. 'Pants down,' he said matter-of-factly. I was still trying to understand his words when his fingers had already popped the button on the front of my pin-striped pants and pulled the zip. Cold air fanned my bottom as he pulled my tights and pants down and put me back over his knee his hand wasting no time spanking my bare bottom. I was mortified; he had actually pulled everything down! Had he seen me, you know, down there? I hadn't even had time to put a hand there to protect my pussy triangle; they were still on my bottom when I went back over, it had all been too quick so I reckon he hadn't seen anything. Then I went hot, not from the spanking but from the realization he could now see everything! My little oval love entrance would be perching on his knee high between my legs, just below where his fingers were busy smacking my bottom; no way could he miss my secret place. Ooooooh! My legs were kicking in all directions as the heat percolated deep into me, enveloping both my poor rear end and my entire pussy area! I know I was squealing but it seemed to come from someplace else. Again I was off his knee in a flash as soon as he stopped but this time my hands forgot about my blazing backside as I wriggled up my tights and pants as quickly as I could. Everything was hot, my bum, my face and even worse, my pussy, that was probably the hottest. 'Next time Nikki, I'll use a special little paddle on that pretty bottom of yours,' he grinned as his hand unconsciously stroked the restrained bulge pinned to the side of his thigh. I shuddered, the thought of arousing the cock of a man older than my dad was weird. 'You can go.' I didn't say anything, just left that office as quickly as is possible on high heels whilst still trying to button up my pants, I grabbed my jacket and handbag and was gone. *** 'You okay, Nikki?' Leon asked as I found him in the coffee shop. 'How did the appraisal go?' I winced as I sat down. 'Yeah, er... yeah fine. At least I still have a job.' 'I'm glad, thought you might be a goner after that fiasco over the article. You must have flashed something at him,' he grinned ordering a coffee for me when the waitress arrived. I looked at him ruefully; I had flashed something at him alright, my everything. I felt my face flush hot then to conceal it panted, 'Shall we have something to eat, like a pizza or something?' Leon agreed and ordered two Americana's. 'You want to be careful of old Bradshaw, he's a bit of a pervert and you being, well, you know, really pretty...' My pussy tingled even more, he had said it, just like the old man had said, 'guys must be saying you are pretty all the

time,' Leon had said it albeit in his usual flustered way. My bottom was really sore yet my pussy ached for some attention, I was hot, horny even, from being spanked by an old guy! I wolfed the pizza urging Leon to do the same. 'Do you fancy me?' I found myself blurting. Leon almost dropped his slice into his lap. He was babbling again but somehow said, 'Yeah, course I do, you're really hot.' Now his face was flushed. 'Then why not make a move on me, we've been going out for three weeks Leon?' 'I did,' he mumbled. 'On your birthday, but I reckoned you are too good for me. I know I'm a bit sort of geeky and you, well you can have any guy you want, why would that be me?' I pushed the last of the pizza in my face and pushed my chair back. 'Just leave that Leon,' I shrieked. 'Take me to yours and fuck me, for god's sake just fuck me, okay?' some heads turned towards us and I realized my eager voice had carried over the next few tables. Leon pushed back his chair and pushed a couple of notes into the hand of the grinning waitress, now hovering to hear more, grabbing my hand and pulling me out into the street. It was just a short walk to his small bedsit and within five minutes we were in, his hand unwittingly stroking my sore backside and mine stroking what appeared to be quite a bulge in the front of his trousers. I had a problem! I couldn't let Leon see my bright red behind and yet I was going to have to be undressed to get it off with him. 'You get ready in the bathroom and I'll be ready for you here in just a minute,' I husked, giving him a reassuring rub across his growing cock. 'I'm a bit shy.' I lied. Leon was as sweet as usual. 'Sure, Nikki, sorry I didn't realize,' he mumbled and immediately exited the little bedroom. I felt a bit of a cheat but it was necessary, stripping off my jacket and blouse, unsnicking the bra and letting my boob's drop forward before unfastening the pants kicking off my shoes and stepping out of them quickly. I applied a quick squirt of 'Touch of Pink' before snapping it back into my handbag then off with my tights and straight into his single divan. Lying on my back I pulled the sheet up just to my waist. 'Ready,' I shouted. The bathroom door squeaked open a fraction and Leon peeped into the room tentatively, seeing me in bed he came in, completely naked with both hands covering his cock. His eyes popped out on stalks seeing my bare boobs for the first time then sidling to the side of the bed he removed his hands. Now it was my turn to stare. 'OMG Leon,' I shrieked. 'How the hell have you managed to keep that hidden from me?' His cock was hugemongus! He must have been a full ten inch, the biggest I'd ever seen up until then, with a clean cut pink helmet and as hard as a rock. 'Is it okay?' Leon said half whispering, suddenly becoming self conscious. 'It's just beautiful, Leon,' I propped up onto my elbows and reached out for his erection, threading my fingers around its endless length, he flinched at my touch and I knew I just had to suck him. He didn't move as I slid his helmet between my lips then he groaned loudly as he vanished to the back of my throat. I sucked him greedily before realizing this may be his first time, I didn't feel I should ask and I didn't want him to cum before we had done it. 'Get into bed,' I whispered. The sex was fantastic, his cock felt like nothing before and he knew how to use it, this shy geeky bloke out-fucked every cocksure guy I had ever been with. Leon's fingers had trembled as he felt my boobs for the first time but when he reached my clit he was a world champion! I almost came as he fingered me, delving into my folds gently before replacing them with his monster cock. I'm certain I squealed louder than when over Mr Bradshaw's knee by the time Leon had fully entered me, his ten inches rocking me back and forth, obviously stimulated by the motion of my

breasts dancing in tune before him. When he came it was truly awesome and without doubt the longest ejaculation I have ever felt, he seemed to jerk for ages as he released his virgin magma. I quickly joined him, clawing at his back as I jiggled helplessly on the end of his cock! ***** Nothing happened with Bradshaw after that until my final day. I had dressed to impress in my business suit matched with the skirt, no tights and killer heels, I really needed that letter from him for my CV. 'Come,' he shouted simply as I stood on the other side of his door. I had asked to see him and had been told six o'clock and now the place was deserted. I reckoned I knew what to expect! 'About my letter sir,' I queried. 'Ah yes, the letter ,' he mused sitting behind his desk with fingers pointed together as if in prayer. 'Do you think you deserve it, Nikki?' 'I think so, Sir,' I said nervously. Not to get it would be unthinkable. 'I'm not so sure,' he said, in truth it was probably no surprise to me. 'How badly do you want it Nikki?' Now that was a question. I really did want him to spank me again, why else would I be wearing a pair of my favourite pastel pink lace cheekies under a short skirt? The letter, hell yes! 'Very, sir,' I said openly, inviting his next question. 'Badly enough to take another spanking Nikki?' I shifted nervously from one high heel to the other. 'Yes,' I said without hesitation. 'Better come here then my girl,' he said obviously happy with my decision and pushing his chair back. 'I intend to spank your bare bottom Nikki. Are you okay with that?' 'Will I get my letter?' I asked earnestly. He nodded. 'A glowing appraisal to match your glowing little bottom young lady.' 'Okay,' I agreed. I moved closer to his side. 'Bend over my knee Nikki.' I did, placing my hands on his far knee before lowering myself into his lap. His hand moved up my back and pressed my head further over, my long hair collapsing onto the carpet by his feet, my hands reaching forward to support myself. Then I felt him move down to the hem of my skirt and waited for him to lift it but he didn't, he stroked it over my bottom then smacked me lightly on each cheek in turn. His hand moved more quickly, spanking me fairly hard on the seat of my skirt and then I was back on my feet, hands rubbing the soreness as he eyed my heaving breasts straining against the buttons of my white blouse. I noticed that the bulge in his trousers had at least doubled in size; the old man was definitely getting his jollies! 'Skirt off Nikki.' I knew that would come and oddly I was relieved, I wanted him to look at me, I wanted him to spank my bare bottom, I wanted to tease him and I really needed to feel his hand on me. I reached behind and unclipped my skirt, unzipping it then allowing it to slide down my legs to just below my knees before stepping out of it, folding it neatly and placing it on his desk. His eyes were on stalks and no longer staring at my boobs, he was mesmerized with the little lace triangle at the front of my panties, then he was urging me to his side, his hand on my lace covered bottom. His other hand opened a drawer of his desk and produced a small leather paddle and now it was my turn to have eyes popping out, I hadn't expected that! It was a pretty little thing, about the size of a small table tennis bat, shiny purple on one side and cerise pink on the other, both favourite colours of mine. He pulled it out by a short stubby black handle and my pussy tingled in anticipation. I had only been spanked by his hand before and had no idea if I would like my bottom stung by such a thing and yet I was stimulated by the idea. My bare thighs were pressed tight against the rough material of his trousers when he bent me over his knee, his fingers pulling the elastic of my panties high up my waist, the little bit of lace covering my cheeks disappearing between them, offering him a clear target of bare bottom! 'Yeeeow!

... Oooowch!' I squeaked suddenly as the paddle whacked each cheek, already tenderised by his huge hand, then he did it again and again and my legs were dancing in wild abandon as I squirmed around on his lap. The paddle lit a flame on my bottom the like of which I had never before imagined and I was crying like a baby when he suddenly pulled down my pants and began again. Both my arms and legs were in full flight as he continued to spank me with the hard leather, there could be no reason for him to pull down my pants, they had been no protection at all; the only reason would be for him to see my little 'secret' except it was no longer that! It seemed ages before he lifted me from his knee, struggling to regain my balance on those super high stilettos as my hair hung like a veil across my face. I didn't wait to be told; I had pulled up my panties in double quick time then flicking back my hair I noticed Bradshaw reaching into his drawer once again. 'One letter as promised,' he said handing me a white envelope, 'and a little reminder for the future. Work hard Nikki and you will be okay,' he said handing me the little paddle. A little over an hour later I was riding Leon's beautiful cock as he lay on his single divan, his pole sticking out of his trousers directly into me. I still wore my business suit, skirt lifted to my waist as I went astride him still in my heels, my jacket and panties strewn about the floor, blouse unbuttoned and bra lifted clear of my boobs, his hands all over them as I bounced on his manhood. Geeky he may be but he knew how to service a woman! ***** That was the last time I got spanked by Bradshaw, and the last time I had sex with Leon. I went back to Uni with my letter and got my degree and a good job as a journalist at a quality women's mag. I'm still there. I moved in with my boyfriend Brad two years ago and cleared boxes of stuff from mum and dad's house and whilst unpacking Brad suddenly came across that sexy little paddle. 'What's this for?' he said smiling broadly, stroking his hand over the dusty leather. 'I don't know, what do you think?' That was the first time I went over Brad's knee and only the second time I had felt that paddle. He used it to good effect on the seat of my jeans and the blowjob I gave him afterwards sort of sealed my fate. Friday night is spanking night in our apartment and the paddle now has a name ... Petra!