

Punishing Her Ass

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A Surprising Tale of Employee Discipline

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What a major screw-up. I had just learned that my young and very attractive PA, Therese, had been leaving data off the monthly report spreadsheets for the last six months. The damage wasn't severe: but it made the office look like it was under-performing when it wasn't. Still, my boss' bonus was going to be affected if the reports weren't re-submitted correctly by Monday morning, as I had just learned in the ass-chewing that I got that Friday afternoon. That meant that the whole office would have to spend their Saturday re-creating the missing data so that the spreadsheets would be corrected by Monday's opening. I was also told, in no uncertain terms, that some sort of disciplinary action towards Therese would be expected. Thankfully, the promise of over-time, a free lunch, and relaxed dress code produced the co-operation of my staff necessary to get the work done on what was normally everyone's day off. Everyone was in by eight, mostly in jeans and golf shirts. But at about 4:00, when I went out of my office to see what the progress was, I sensed some disgruntlement. It seems that Therese had "vanished" a half hour before I walked out, without telling anyone where she had gone. The work was completed by 5:00, but Therese was nowhere in sight. Since Therese and I were the only ones with security access to the spreadsheet, I let everyone go home, planning to spend the next three hours or so inputting data. At 6:00, I heard a rapping at the front door to the office suite. Upon opening the door, there stood Therese. But, instead of the casual clothes she had been wearing earlier, she was now wearing a black silk waist-length jacket over a white silk camisole, a dressy black skirt, stockings and heels; carrying what looked like a large matching tote bag. She appeared to be dressed for a night on the town; all in all a very sexy picture. And I was pissed. Seething, I ordered her into my office. Once inside, I slammed the door shut and directed her to sit in the visitor chair across my desk. As we sat, she removed her jacket, hanging it over the chair back. "How dare you!?" I bellowed, barely able to control myself. She was visibly taken aback, such that she actually began to physically shake as she sat there, awaiting my next move. It was then that I noticed that she was not wearing a bra; a fact announced by the sight of what was clearly the aroused nipples of her pert breasts, high and firm, almost poking a hole through the silk fabric. "What are you going to do?" she asked timidly. "I ought to fire your ass!" I replied, still angry but slightly less brashly as it was clear by her reaction that I had her attention. "First you screw up royally, so that I get in trouble. Then, while everyone else is working their day off, you disappear, coming back after the

work is done, dressed to the nines and not, in my opinion, expecting to work.” “Please don’t fire me,” she pleaded. “I can’t afford to lose this job. You can punish my ass, just don’t fire it,” she replied. Now I was the one taken aback. “What do you propose, then?” I asked. With a mischievous grin, she rose from the chair, her deep breaths accentuating the movement of her breasts beneath the camisole; her nipples looking even harder, if that were possible. Reaching into her tote, she pulled out a leather strap split down the middle, with a handle attached, which she handed to me. Then, dropping her skirt, she walked over to the couch in my office, now clad only in the camisole, stockings and garter, heels, and a black lace thong. Straddling the back of the couch so that her legs were spread and her buttocks in almost a presentation of penitence, she calmly stated, “I propose that you punish my ass.” Tawse in hand, I walked over, for the first time realizing just what a delectable ass it was. And, more importantly, it looked quite spankable. As I surveyed what was being offered, my cock began to harden. I placed my hand on the smooth, soft skin of Therese’s bottom, running it over the curve and texture of both cheeks. Roughly squeezing one cheek, I tapped the other with the handle of the punishment implement. She moaned, and I caught the whiff of female sexual arousal. “How hard?” I asked. “As hard as you believe I deserve”, she whispered. Drawing back, I brought the strap down smartly upon her left cheek, then her right, then her left: Smack! Smack! Smack! At fifteen each, I paused, taking in not only the sight of what I had done, but its effect on Therese. I was not disappointed. She had somehow managed to slide her camisole up so that her breasts hung over each side of the couch back, and she was squeezing them as she furiously worked the nipples between her fingers. The look on her face was pure lust; and what had at first been the slight scent of passion emanating from her cunt-lips was now a flood of juices whose smell permeated the air while its moisture permeated the crotch of her thong. I again stroked her ass, now feeling the heat and welts I had created, my fingers slipping down across the clothe-covered entrance to her pussy. Cupping her mound over the drenched material, I stroked her clit. She shivered. With the heel of my palm applying pressure to her opening, I fingered her button through the lace covering, over and over, while slapping her bruised buttocks; until she cried out in release, repeatedly shoving her mound into the ridge of the back of the couch in a humping motion. Now it was my turn. Standing behind her, I undid my trousers, letting them fall to the floor along with my underwear. My erect penis, now at its full eight inches and thicker than I can ever recall, stood out proud as if a lance; ready to exact more punishment on my willing supplicant. I pulled down the thong and whetted the angry purple head in her copious juices, inserting maybe an inch and a half between her swollen labia; barely entering the vaginal canal but soliciting a primal growl from her throat nonetheless. I let my meat marinate a bit, and noted for the first time that Therese’s position of offering on the back of the couch afforded easy access to not only her rump and cunt, but her rosebud as well. I withdrew from between her lips; and, taking shaft in hand, I lined up for an assault on her nether region. With one surprise thrust, I speared a good four inches into her anus, causing a shriek of pain and a demand, “What are you doing?!” “Punishing your ass!” I cried, as I held her hips more tightly and shoved another couple of inches in. Reaching down, I collected her vaginal secretions on my fingers and lubed the exposed part of my shaft. Then, with a grunt, I pushed the rest of the way in. God was it tight! And warm. And soft. It felt

great! I slowly withdrew about a third of the way out, re-lubed, and shoved in to the hilt again. After repeating this process a few more times, I was able to maintain a steady motion, sawing in and out of her asshole as she whimpered beneath me, resigned to the unexpected ass-fucking being administered. I kept a steady rhythm: in, out, in, out; all the while alternating between slapping her reddened ass cheeks and fingering her pussy and clit. Therese resumed working over her tits, while pushing back to meet my thrusts and slaps as she came a second time. That reaction, and the wonderful feeling the head of my penis was experiencing, brought me to the edge. Pushing her hands away, I grabbed her breasts for leverage as I increased the speed and force of my plowing, brutalizing her ass over and over until finally ejaculating with a heretofore unknown force as I buried myself deep into her bowels. I fell across her back, spent. As my member slowly began to soften, I began to pull out; pleasantly surprised that as my manhood slid out of her dark tube, I could feel her squeezing her sphincter muscles as if trying to milk out every last drop of cum that my balls had to offer. Her ass was mine. Watching my juices flow out of her back hole, mingling with her own cum juices flowing from her pussy and continuing down her leg, I gave her ass one last slap. Smirking slightly, I said in the sternest voice I could muster, "Well, I believe that your punishment has been sufficient. But if this happens again, I shall have to be much harsher. Do you understand?" With a shy smile, she said, simply, "Yes, master".