

Those Naughty Spanking Phonecalls.

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You never know what sexy adventures an unexpected phone call can lead to...

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On Susan Major's desk the telephone rang. She glanced at it with a frown. That was all she needed. Didn't the world and their ape know that she was up to her eyebrows in work and with a never-ending pile of more work that stretched to the dim and distant horizon to be done? Why is there never a temp around when you need one? Hopefully, whoever it was would just go away if she ignored it. The telephone rang again - this time it sounded more insistent as if complaining to her that "Hey, you're not the only one working here - I am too so pick me up!" Susan sighed and ran her hand through her thick brown hair. All the other staff in the office had their heads down and noses to the grindstone judging by the click and clatter of fingers on keys. The telephone rang angrily again. Whoever was on the other end of the line just could not take a hint. Irritated, she picked it up. "Hello?" she said sharply. No one answered. All she could hear was a silent static. Maybe someone was having a joke. Playing games. If they were it wasn't bloody funny at all. "Hello?" she said again, this time more forcefully. "Is there anyone there?" More static. Well, she was in no mood for this sort of crap. As she was about to bang the telephone down suddenly someone said "Are you a bad girl?" Surprised, Susan froze and glanced quickly around to see if anyone was looking at her. Especially the men in the room for the voice was so very deeply masculine in tone. Nope, no one was taking the least bit notice of her. She should by rights hang up - but she didn't. She pressed the phone to her ear and muttered. "Who is this?" More static then "Are you a really bad girl?" She felt her mouth drop open in shock and she could feel herself blushing madly. She should definitely tell this jerk exactly where to get off then hang up - but she didn't. "If you don't tell me who you are I'm going to hang up on you and report you to the shift supervisor. This isn't funny you know." "Are you a really, really bad girl - Susan?" said the voice. At the mention of her name Susan felt her heart skip a beat. She twisted around in her seat holding the phone close to her ear with both hands. Click clack went the keyboards. Everything seemed normal. She turned and looked through one of the window panels each side of the door to where her boss worked. She could see his shadow through the glass. She gave herself a mental shake. "Listen you pervert. Whether I am or not a bad girl is none of your dammed business." she hissed. Why was she even contemplating getting into such a conversation with this person in the first place? Why?

Because his question had struck a chord deep within her that's why. "So you are then Susan." "No I am not!" she replied trying to keep her exasperation low. And failing despite her efforts. Before she could stop herself she blurted "Well, not always." "I think you are Susan. In fact, I'd be disappointed if you weren't." said the voice. "Do you know what happens to bad girls Susan?" Susan suddenly felt hot all over. Her heart was leaping wildly in her chest and her cheeks were flushed. Whoever it was on the other end of the line certainly knew more about her inner thoughts than was decent. He was saying all the right words in just the right order and in the right manner. She bit her lip. What does happen to girls who turn bad? Don't be a fool. She should just hang up. But she couldn't for she needed to know the answer to that question. She closed her eyes and said "No, no I don't." "Call me Sir." Her breath caught in her throat. He was getting closer and closer. "No I don't...Sir." "Bad girls get spanked." She couldn't breathe let alone take a breath. Her face felt caressed by a crimson flame and she was tingling all over. He had hit the bullseye. He had said her magic - forbidden - word. She glanced around again. No one was paying any attention to her and she could see the shadow of her boss pacing back and forth in his office. "Spanked?" she whispered. Her mouth felt dry unlike another part of her. "Don't you think bad girls deserve to be spanked Susan?" "I...I guess so." "Do you know what I think Susan?" Susan licked her lips. "What?" "I think you should be spanked." "Y..you do?" "Yes Susan. Do you want me to describe what I would do to you?" Susan was on fire. She sat squirming in her seat. Be sensible. Be good. Say no. She closed her eyes again and said "Yes." "I knew you would say that Susan for you are such a very bad girl. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that you are a naughty girl too. Am I right?" Susan hung her head but still kept the phone glued to her right ear. Her left hand was on her thigh and moving slowly higher. He was right. She was not only a very bad girl but a naughty one too. The anticipation was unbearable. "Yes." "Tell me what you are Susan." "I'm not only a bad girl Sir." She took a deep breath. "But also a very naughty one too." "Yes you are Susan. Bad girls like you should have their bottoms spanked oh so very thoroughly I feel. Tell me about your bottom Susan." "M..my bottom?" "Describe your bottom to me. Is it small?" Susan nearly laughed at that. To her, her bottom had always been a source of some embarrassment. "No, no it's not Sir. It's - it's actually rather large." She paused considering her rear. "And fat. It's large and fat." "Just the way I like them Susan." said the voice. "Let me tell you how I intend spanking that large and fat bottom of yours." Susan was so far gone she wanted to hear every minute detail. "...firstly, I shall find myself a tall seat upon which to sit. Then I shall call you over and tell you why bad girls like you need to be punished. Next, I will direct you to remove your clothes until you are only dressed in your bra, suspender belt, panties and stockings. What colour are you wearing now?" Susan blinked. "I..I'm wearing white." "Splendid. I prefer white. White makes bad girls like you look all sweet and innocent. But we know that's wrong don't we Susan?" "Yes Sir." "Once you are down to your underwear, I shall then take your hand and make you bend and lie over my lap instructing and positioning you until your bottom is raised to my satisfaction. When so, I will then tell you to raise your hips so I can pull down your panties until they are at half-mast between your spread thighs. I will then tell you for how long I am going to spank your large fat bottom and you will not say a word of disagreement or else. Do you understand me Susan?" She nodded to the invisible question. "Yes

Sir." "Good. I shall then have to decide how I shall spank you Susan. You see, there are varying degrees of spanking. Do I spank you with playful swats as if in foreplay? Do I mete out a middling spanking where, even though it is not so serious, I smack you hard enough make a point? Or do I, as I intend to do this time, give you a proper spanking since you have agreed with my assertion that you are a very bad and naughty girl indeed. What are you Susan?" "I'm a very bad and naughty girl Sir." "Good girl, bad girl Susan." Susan shifted in her seat for she could feel the rash of heat seeping into her bottom and elsewhere down below making staying still an uncomfortable impossibility. Ever nerve, ever sense was on delirious tenterhooks. "Now then Susan." he continued. She was by now completely bewitched by the tone and timbre of his voice. She could feel herself shiver as she listened to each and every word. "I am going to spank you now and I want to hear how much it hurts you. Do you understand Susan?" Blushing, she looked around at the other people who were oblivious to what was happening to her. Did he mean here? Right now? "I I think so Sir." "That's not good enough Susan." Her left hand had reached its destination and she stifled a moan. "I'm sorry Sir. I didn't mean to be so stupid. Yes, I do understand." Thank God there were a few pot plants for her to hide behind. "SMACK." he said loudly, suddenly, making her jump. The rush of emotion was terrific. It swept over her from head to toe. She had closed her eyes and was living the dream. "Hmmm." she whispered. Oh God, the pain. The glorious sting. "Ohhhhh Sir. Smack my naughty bottom Sir." "SLAP." Another rush. Even more devastating than the first one. "OOO ahhhhh oh yes. Yes Sir. That one was a good hard one. Thank you Sir. My bottom stings so bad for you Sir. You can spank my large fat bottom as many times as you want Sir." "Oh I intend to you bad bad girl. Stick your bottom up and keep it up or else. By the way Susan, do you know what I'm going to make you do once your spanking is over?" Susan thought he could do anything to her he wanted to do. If only he would give her another good hard smack on her bad girls bottom. "Hmmm, no Sir." Somehow she felt as if he had lent closer to her for his voice had lowered into a strident and determined whisper. "You see Susan, once I've thoroughly spanked your bad girls large and fat bottom I'm going to make you get down on your knees in front of me then I'm going to order you to unbuckle my belt and slowly pull down my zipper. You see Susan, I too have something very large and very fat that I want you to play with. Do you know what that is?" Susan felt as if she was going to faint. Her bad girl's bottom hurt so much. "I think I do Sir." "Tell me what it is Susan." She could hardly hear for the beating of her heart was deafening. "It's your big fat co..." Susan shrieked and dropped the phone when someone suddenly tapped her on her shoulder. She spun around to find an attractive lady smiling curiously down at her. It was Ruth, one of the secretaries. She smiled back weakly and replaced the phone. "I was er just... just on the phone." She pointed at it as if to prove her point. Her friend nodded. "He wants to see you in his office." Susan gulped. Oh good grief. What does he want now? Was she in trouble? Getting to her feet, she glanced at the phone and followed the other woman. * Her boss indicated she take a seat. "Please sit down Susan." Susan waited until Ruth had closed his office door then sat herself down. Her mind was still in complete turmoil from that phone call. She only needed another couple of minutes and it would have been - perfect. She met the gaze of her boss who was looking at her intensely. He had a faint smile on his lips. "Now then Susan." he began as he

got to his feet and came around his desk to sit on its edge in front of her as she sat looking up at him with her hands fidgeting in her lap. "You were about to say what my big fat thing was..." Susan blushed. "Mr Majors." she smiled shyly. "I may be your very bad and very naughty wife but you're also my very bad and very naughty husband too I think." He smiled at her as she slowly unbuckled his belt and drew down his zipper. Easing out his spongy semi-hard phalanx of a cock, his wife peeked up at him as she slowly eased her slim classical fingers up and down his fast stiffening bloatedness of the shaft and slowly teased the purple bulb of his cockhead with her flickering tongue. "So what happens to bad girls who like to suck cock Sir?" she whispered breathlessly. Her husband reached down and ran his fingers through her rich hair. "Oh, I'm sure a bad girl such as you Mrs Majors can look forward to a very sore, very hot and well fucked bottom by the time the day is out. Are you such a bad girl hmmm?" he asked as he moved her lips around for his enjoyment. "Darling," she began as he forced the butt-end of his member between her ruby lips. "I can be as bad as bad can be and as bad as you want me to be...." He groaned as she let him slide into the warmth. *** Bad girls always get their man. * The end. ** Hope you enjoyed this story.