**A Spankable Offence**

by[Ashson](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1445967&page=submissions)©

Simone found she quite approved of the new manager. She'd been a bit dubious at first as he'd looked rather formidable. He was several inches over six foot and built to last, a great slab of a man. Give him a beard, she'd initially thought, and you'd think there was a grizzly in the office.  
  
Martin proved to be an excellent manager. He was highly intelligent and proved capable of inspiring his staff while retaining their respect. And all the time he showed a most affable nature. Simone downgraded his scariness from grizzly to teddy-bear.  
  
After he'd been there for a couple of months she found herself willing to re-assess his nature. It had been Sam's fault. Sam was lazy and incompetent but generally managed to hide this from management, leaning on other staff members to cover for him when he fouled up. Martin proved to be quite aware of the tricks that Sam got up to and called him to the office. After that Sam put in a solid days effort.  
  
The trouble was it was only a day and then Sam's reformation lapsed. He was too damn lazy to keep up the effort and that laziness amplified his incompetence. Martin called him back to the office and read him the riot act, finishing up with putting him on notice. Screw up once more and Sam was history.  
  
Sam was gifted with an overweening sense of self-importance, a sense that was not diminished no matter how much he screwed up. He also took martial arts courses and just knew he excelled at them. Furious at Martin's put-down he resigned, to the great satisfaction of the rest of the staff. He also tried to hang one on Martin.  
  
It turned out that all that beef on Martin was muscle, and fast moving muscle at that. Martin effortlessly caught Sam's punch, twisted his arm behind his back and frog-marched him to the front door, ejecting him with prejudice.  
  
That little effort persuaded Simone that there was a great deal of grizzly hidden inside that teddy-bear. Not that it worried her. She was efficient at what she did and couldn't see herself getting into trouble.  
  
It was that efficiency that eventually got her into trouble. She'd taken the time during one lunch break to clean up her computer. She'd deleted all the extraneous garbage that had accumulated, emptied the waste-basket, and even went to the trouble of defragging her drive. Her computer immediately showed an improvement in performance and she finished off her lunch in a happy mood.  
  
Her mood wasn't quite so happy when she started work after lunch. She'd tried to bring up the spread-sheet she was working on but Excel claimed it was missing. Exasperated she brought up her directories and went to the folder where she stored her spread-sheets. At least, she would have gone to it if she could have found it. It was no longer there.  
  
The horrible realisation came to her that she must have deleted it. Normally not a problem as you just restore from the waste-basket, which she'd just emptied. Of course a recovery program would find the spread-sheets, if she hadn't done that damned defrag. She was so screwed.  
  
She went to Martin to explain the problem. Martin looked thoroughly exasperated and shook his head.  
  
"I can't deal with that right now," he told her. "I've a meeting to attend. I'll be back later. Stick around if I'm not back by home time as I shouldn't be long. We can sort something out then."  
  
With that he was gone, leaving a despondent Simone to check to see if she'd cleaned up more than her spread-sheets and sweat over the coming interview.  
  
At least, she thought, he's not going to throw me out the door the way Sam went. No, he's more likely to just spank me. She giggled at the notion. Then a nasty thought crossed her mind. What if he did decide to spank her? If he was back late then there'd be no-one else around, just the two of them. He could easily put her over his knee and spank her.  
  
It didn't bear thinking about, she decided. This didn't stop her thinking about it, though. He was huge. His hands were the size of dinner plates. Just one of them would completely cover her backside. Just how hard would he spank, anyway? Not that he would, but what if he did?  
  
She shuddered delicately. She could just imagine him picking her up and putting her over his knee. He'd lift her dress and then wham! Oh, god, would he pull her panties down? He'd probably prefer to spank her on a bare bottom, she just knew it. Would he pull her panties down or would he tell her to do it? If he told her to do it would she have the nerve to actually take them down? For that matter, if he was in scary mode, would she have the nerve to not pull them down?  
  
What if he didn't put her over his knee? Would he make her bend over the desk and spank her that way? Not that he would, she hastened to assure herself, but what if he did? If she was bending over the desk and he was spanking her bare bottom what would happen when he was finished. He'd be standing behind her while she was bent over with her bottom on display, and that wouldn't be all that was on display.  
  
There was no way he'd try to have sex with her. Really, no way! Not that she could stop him if he wanted to. She'd be bent over and presenting herself. He could just go bam and be bouncing her off his cock before she even knew he intended to. Oh god, those plate sized hands. Did that mean his cock was oversize? Of course it didn't, not that she'd ever find out. He was not going to spank her so he was not going to be in a position to have sex with her afterwards, because there wouldn't be any afterwards.  
  
Maybe if he did decide to spank her she could insist that it be over his knee. That way when he finished she'd be on her feet and moving away before he could do anything else. But if she was bent over his knee when he spanked her, not that he would, he'd probably be groping her breasts while he did it. Men loved groping breasts.  
  
She was going to stop thinking about it. After all, it wasn't going to happen. She just had an over-active imagination and was feeling guilty.  
  
Mind, if he did want to grope her breasts would he want her to take her top off so he could have easier access? It seemed to her that taking off her top to let him have access to her breasts was almost inviting him to have sex with her afterwards. She couldn't run away if she was naked, could she?   
  
Considering that, maybe bent over the desk would be the better option. Standing behind her he wouldn't be able to grope her breasts and there'd be no need to take off her top. But what if he told her to take it off anyway? Maybe he was the sort of man who wanted his victims naked before he beat them.   
  
No, she decided. She was being silly. She was building a mountain out of a molehill. There again, he was a mountain of a man, absolutely huge. Didn't that mean his penis would be mountain size rather than mole-hill size? Something that big would destroy her. She shuddered again. OK. She was definitely not going to think any more on the subject. It wasn't going to happen so she could just forget all about it. If he knew what she was thinking he'd probably laugh himself sick and that would be too embarrassing for words.   
  
Simone put thoughts of a spanking firmly from her mind. At least, she tried to. They seemed to have a life of their own, creeping back every so often, making her nervous. Just nervous, she told herself. That's all. I'm definitely not wondering what might happen after the spanking. Not that there's going to be a spanking. With home time rolling around and her co-workers packing up to leave her nerves were getting jumpier, especially as Martin wasn't back yet.  
  
Martin arrived just as the last of Simone's co-workers departed, leaving her alone with him. Martin headed into his office and Simone trailed along behind.  
  
"So, Simone, you've lost all your spread-sheets. I assume that includes the master copies?"  
  
Simone nodded, biting her lip.  
  
"You're not really going to spank me for it, are you?" she blurted out, and thought she would die from instant mortification.  
  
"Well," said Martin, smiling, "I didn't see that one coming. What made you think I might spank you?"  
  
"I didn't, not really," she said quickly. "No spanking and certainly nothing else afterwards. Oh god, I didn't say that."  
  
"Ah, actually, you did. What did you imagine would happen after the spanking? Not that there's going to be one, of course."  
  
"Of course not," she mumbled, not looking at him.  
  
"Unless you want one, in which case I, as a responsible manager, would try to ensure that I attended to my staff's requirements."  
  
"No. No spanking or anything. I don't know what made me say that."  
  
"Hmm. You haven't explained what the anything was that would follow the spanking."  
  
Simone kept her mouth firmly closed. No way was she saying anything else.  
  
Martin waited a moment and then nodded thoughtfully.  
  
"Of course. Too embarrassed to say. I assume that you thought that a spanking would be followed by a robust bout of bedroom antics, minus the bedroom of course. Shame on you."  
  
"I didn't think any such thing," she protested, face hot.  
  
"Of course not. Ah, how was this spanking, that you didn't think about, going to be conducted? Over my knee, perchance? Or would you just bend over the desk?"  
  
"I don't know," she said indignantly. "After all, it wouldn't have been my choice how you did it."  
  
"Ah, of course not. I guess as the brutal boss I'd get to choose. As a matter of curiosity, if you had a choice, which had you decided upon?"  
  
"What makes you think I'd decide on such a thing," she asked, feeling indignant all over again.  
  
"Because you're very efficient and plan things out carefully, which is why I was surprised that you managed to lose your spread-sheet folder. I'll bet you picked an option that detailed how you would be spanked including what clothes you would have to remove. At a very minimum you'd have opted for a spanking on your bare bottom. I was just wondering if you'd talked yourself into going for being completely naked. At my insistence of course."  
  
"Can we please discuss my spread-sheets?" Simone said repressively.  
  
"We could, but don't you want to claim your spanking first?"  
  
"Are you crazy? Why would I want to get spanked?"  
  
"Because the idea excites you," Martin said calmly. "If you hadn't wanted one and been wondering what it would be like you'd have dismissed the idea as soon as it had occurred to you."  
  
"I did. I didn't give it a second thought."  
  
"Sure you didn't. That's why you asked about it as soon as I walked in. Tell me if I'm wrong but I bet you probably decided that it would be a case of over the knee but that I'd insist you be totally naked, as that would give me a better chance of having sex with you afterwards."  
  
Simone glared at him but didn't say anything. The man was too knowing by half.  
  
"OK, then. Do we discuss your spread-sheets or do you get undressed for your spanking?"  
  
"You are mad. Why would I get undressed?"  
  
"I just told you. For your spanking. I can't very well spank you if you don't take your clothes off. That is the way you want it, after all. So, what's it going to be? Spanking, or panic and spread-sheets?"  
  
"I do not panic," Simone snapped, breathing hard.  
  
Oh god, she was thinking. If I get undressed he really will spank me. Her eyes flicked to his hands, noting the size of them, and then a lightning glance towards his groin, wondering.   
  
She felt a slight tug on her blouse and glanced down. Martin's hands were there, having already flicked open one button. Even as she watched they moved down to the next one.  
  
"What are you doing?" she demanded, shocked that he would do this.  
  
"Helping you," he told her. "You obviously want to get spanked but have a hard time admitting it, so I'm just helping you get ready."  
  
"I can do it," she snapped, slapping at his hands, and then blushed. She'd just agreed to get undressed so that he could spank her. She was the one who was certifiable.  
  
The understanding that she'd lost her mind didn't stop her from continuing to undo her blouse. Nor did it stop her when she unhooked her bra and placed it on the desk on top of her blouse. It slowed her for a second as she unclipped the catch on her skirt, but her skirt, pantihose, and panties all finished up on the desk.  
  
Martin glanced at his chair. Totally nor suitable, what with being on wheels. He dragged a visitor's chair closer to him and sat on it.   
  
"Right," he snapped. "Bend over."   
  
He patted his knee to indicate where he wanted her. Simone gasped and hurried to do as she was told. He ran his hand over her bottom on a most familiar way.  
  
"You will stay like that until I give you permission to move. Understood?"  
  
"Yes, sir," came the quick response.  
  
She gasped as a hand closed over her breast and started rubbing it. The gasp was followed by a startled yelp as a hard hand came down firmly on her bottom, stinging her. A proper spanking followed. Martin wasn't just giving a friendly pretend spank, his hand coming down hard, eliciting small squeals of pain and profuse apologies for her sins.   
  
After a few moments Martin varied things slightly. His hand continued to rub her breasts but whenever a spank landed his hand would remain on Simone's bottom, rubbing it and sliding between her legs to rub her mound, giving it a small squeeze before lifting his hand for the next spank.  
  
After what was a short sharp spanking (according to Martin) and a long painful episode (according to Simone) Martin swung Simone back onto her feet and stood himself.  
  
"Just wait there for a moment," he said and Simone stayed still. She'd been about to reach for her clothes but now didn't quite dare.  
  
Martin unbuckled his belt and dropped his trousers and jocks. Simone was deliberately not looking there.  
  
"Time to kneel down," Martin said softly and Simone looked at him in shock.  
  
"You imagination didn't cover this bit?" asked Martin, curious, and Simone shook her head, blushing.  
  
"Too bad. Kneel," came the smiling command and Simone slowly sank to her knees. She looked up at him. He was looking down at her and smiling. He was serious about this, she could tell. Swallowing nervously she took hold of him, finding him every bit as big as she'd suspected. She leaned forward a little, her mouth closing around him.   
  
Martin smiled as he watched Simone industriously working on his cock, teeth and tongue coming into play along with fingers that were playing with his testicles. People surprise you. Simone was an intelligent independent woman. He would never have expected her to want to be spanked and dominated but that was what she was now demonstrating. Yet he'd be prepared to swear that the next day she'd act as though this incident had never occurred. There again, if he pushed it sometime when they were alone she'd probably fold and do anything he required. Something to think upon. He hissed slightly at what she was doing to him. If he didn't stop her soon he was going to ruin what would be a lovely fuck. Sighing he reached down and urged her back to her feet.  
  
Domination was what she wanted so domination was what he'd give her. He pushed her roughly to the floor, finding her lying flat on her back with suspicious alacrity. He pushed her legs wide, kneeling between them, his erection close to the entrance he desired.  
  
"Don't move," he told her. "No matter what, you do not move until I tell you to."  
  
He eased forward, his cock coming into contact. He ignored her gasp, pushing forward, starting the journey home. He'd barely started to enter her when he felt her start to push up to meet him. He snarled.  
  
"What did I say about moving?" he demanded.  
  
"Sorry, sorry," she said quickly, relaxing back down.  
  
He continued his slow entry, his eyes on her face warning her to stay still. Part way in he stopped and withdrew a little. He repeated this, advancing a little, retreating a little, the advance always being more than the retreat. He could see her tensing up, wanting to move but not quite daring to. Deciding that his next advance would see him fully home he smiled down at her.  
  
"What are you waiting for?" he asked. "Let's see what you can do."  
  
With that he drove firmly in, hearing Simone shriek as she lifted her hips, pushing up hard to take him. Her legs rose to wrap around his waist, using the position to encourage him to go deeper, while at the same time her hands were clutching his shoulders, holding him tight against her, wanting as much contact as possible as she wildly flexed her hips, pushing herself up at him and joyfully taking his energetic thrusts.  
  
As far as Martin was concerned Simone had initiated this. Since he'd gone along with it he considered it his responsibility to make sure that she was satisfied at the end of it. He put all he had into arousing and exciting her, and he had a lot of stamina.  
  
He set a fast pace, finding it easy to maintain while enjoying her responsiveness, her eagerness, her desire to please. It seemed to him that Simone was starting to lose all control. She had started off trying to anticipate what he was doing so she could go along with it. Now she was blindly responding, just going with him, letting him make the running, which he was doing with great enthusiasm.  
  
Simone had just given up. This man was completely dominating her and her body, doing with her as he would and she had no thought of stopping him. For a while there she thought she'd die if he stopped. Then she started to wonder if she'd die if he didn't. He was driving her insane, his cock a great piston that was driving her to ever greater levels of excitement. She wasn't sure she could keep going.  
  
She couldn't she found. She climaxed with a scream, feeling Martin put in a little extra at that point, enjoying his own climax. She slowly came down from her high, an occasional after shock continuing to send little ripples of pleasure through her.  
  
"So, to business," said Martin. "I want you to create a folder using the same name as the one you deleted. I trust you know the exact name?"  
  
Simone nodded, reaching for her panties as she did so.  
  
"Leave those for now," said Martin.  
  
Face burning Simone sat at her computer, naked, and created the required folder.  
  
"OK. We're using Windows 10. Do a right click and select restore a previous version. Select the latest version which will probably be from last night. You'll find you will have lost anything you did this morning but everything else should be there. I'm surprised you didn't know how to do this."  
  
Simone watched with some chagrin as a backup appeared and her folder was restored. If he'd taken five minutes earlier she could have done this then and nothing would have happened.  
  
"I've never had to recover anything before," she muttered. "I'm usually a lot more careful. I still don't know how I came to delete the stupid thing."  
  
"Well, no harm done. You can start in the morning knowing everything is fine. Um, you may want to be wearing more clothes, though. You'd be a hell of a distraction working in the office like that."  
  
He laughed as Simone glared at him and stalked off to get her clothes, muttering under her breath as she went. An interesting little incident, and possibly a promise of more interesting incidents to come. It would be fun to work on it, especially as he'd have to make sure he didn't cross the line into harassment. Maybe she'd make another mistake that she would consider a spankable offence. He'd wait and see.