**Nude Spanking**

When I walked over to her cubicle, I looked sternly at my administrative assistant. She looked nervously back. “Melissa,” I said, “please come to my office for a few minutes.” When we were in my office, I sat at my desk, leaned back in my chair, and said, “Please close the door, and sit down.”

When she complied I began, “Melissa, during your first two years here as my administrative assistant, your performance was exemplary. That is why I am distressed by your behavior during the past four months. You often come to work late, and you have been making many careless mistakes. Others have noticed too. They have complained to me. I have had to apologize on your behalf, and make excuses for you.”

Melissa sat nervously. She has long blond hair. Her eyes are the blue of a cloudless sky. Her skin has the color of cream with just a hint of strawberry in it. Melissa was raised in England, and speaks with a beautiful plumy accent. She is fresh and innocent. She was wearing a tasteful, modest dress, and looking like Hollywood’s image of a proper young lady in movies made during the 1930’s and 1940’s.

“I am sorry,” was all she could say.

“Do you have any explanation?” I asked.

“There have been events in my personal life…” she began, “but I agree that they should not have affected my behavior here.”

“They certainly should not have. Because of the troubling economic times I have been forced to make some rather difficult decisions about who to keep on the payroll. I have been under some pressure to fire you, Melissa.” I paused for a moment, watching Melissa become even more nervous. “Do you believe that you can return to your previous performance level?”

“Yes, Mr. Roberts, I certainly do.”

“I certainly hope so,” I said, “So I have decided to give you a second chance.” Melissa looked very relieved. “However, I do not believe that it would be fair to those of your co-workers that I have had to let go for this to pass without some corrective measure. I have two alternatives, and I ask you to choose between them. The first, is that you accept a ten percent cut in pay, starting today. You will agree that this is preferable to a termination notice.”

“Yes, I certainly do.”

“The second, which I hope you choose, is that you report to my office Saturday morning at 10:00 for a paddling session.” After a long pause I smiled sardonically, and said, “You blush. You are aware that if you choose the second punishment, you will be required to expose your beautiful bare bottom to my paddle and my eyes.”

“Mr. Roberts,” she began indignantly, “with such an indecent suggestion as that I feel that I should walk out of your office, and resign at once. At the very least, I should accept the first alternative.” She paused. “Unfortunately, I still have student loans to pay off.”

“Those student loans are fortunate for me, Melissa,” I said with a smile. “I am looking forward to this. I could give you your punishment now, but I have not purchased a paddle yet, and I do not want anyone to hear what is happening in here. You will be expected to be here at 10:00 am Saturday. You better not be a minute late.”

“I won’t be, Mr. Roberts,” my embarrassed administrative assistant said.

“You, Melissa, need to worry about unemployment,” I explained. “I need to worry about losing this entire company. If that happens, we will all be unemployed. We need to pull together and work conscientiously. I have to admit that I hired you not only because of your professional qualifications, but because of your loveliness, and your classic and proper elegance. I used to be proud to take you to offsite meetings with me. Now it is my responsibility as your employer to help you to resume your earlier habits.

“That is why it is necessary for both of us to work on improving your performance. I am sure we can succeed. Please be sure to be on time Saturday.”

During the rest of the week Melissa blushed when she saw me, and tried not to look at my eyes. I smiled at her in ways that I hoped were not too obviously lustful. I would be dishonest not to admit that I relished my opportunity. Melissa has an excellent figure. I looked forward to turning her delicious derrière to a bright red. Every night I lay in bed masturbating as I imagined what was going to happen.

When the day finally arrived, I was at my office by 9:30 in the morning. I left the door to my office open. I could have set my watch by the time Melissa entered at 10:00. “Well, good morning, Melissa,” I said cheerfully.

“Good morning, Mr. Roberts,” she said quietly, looking down at the floor.

“Please close and lock the door. I gave the security guard the day off with pay, but I don’t want to take any chances on us being interrupted. When she complied I said, “You really are pretty today, Melissa. I love the way your floral blouse and blue jeans display your excellent figure to advantage. I have always been complemented on having a lovely administrative assistant.”

“Thank you, Mr. Roberts.”

“As we discussed, you need to remove your jeans and panties, so you might as well begin.” As Melissa sat down in a chair in front of my desk, I walked to the front of my desk, leaned back against it, and watched eagerly. She untied her shoes, and removed them and her socks. More slowly, she pulled off her blue jeans. “You have excellent legs,” I said. After a long pause, she quickly removed her panties.

“And you have a most beautiful, shaven vulva,” I exclaimed with delight. “Did your boy friend ask you to shave it?”

“I don’t have a boy friend,” Melissa answered, before adding quickly, “I don’t allow men to pick me up at bars either. When I knew I would be removing my panties before you, it seemed appropriate to shave.”

“That was certainly thoughtful of you. I very definitely prefer it to be shaven. Please come closer, so that I may inspect your most private area.”

When she obeyed, I smiled and said, “You are blushing. That is most delightfully appropriate. It means that you are not used to undressing in front of a man. Your face is almost as red as I will soon make your bottom.” I ran the back of several fingers of my right hand against Melissa’s perfect Mons Verenis, saying, “This is as smooth and hairless as the vulva of a nine year old girl. I love the way you have a small mound, and a well defined slit with no clitoral hood.” I put my middle index finger in her slit, and added, “You do have a well developed clitoris, however. You are also wet, so I know you are enjoying this.”

“I wish I wasn’t,” she said under obvious strain. “It feels indecent of me.”

“Well, Melissa,” I said removing my finger, “I do not mind telling you that my penis is hard and straight right now. But we did not come here to make love. We came here to make you a better subordinate. Go to the book shelf over there, and fetch me my paddle.”

As she turned around and walked I said, “Your calves are perfectly formed, Melissa, and I love the dimples on the backs of your knees.” When she returned with the paddle I added, “The thighs beneath your genital region are so beautiful I can imagine admiring them on a movie screen.”

Melissa stood before me, and handed me the paddle, but I said, “Before giving the paddle to me, Melissa, I would like you to examine it. As you might expect, I had trouble finding a store that sold these. At first I wanted to buy one made out of black walnut, because it had a sensuous dark color, and the wood was heavier. I thought it would enable me to give the blows with greater power. Fortunately, I talked to the man who owned the store about our requirements. He suggested a hickory paddle instead. He explained that it was as hard as black walnut, but lighter, and that the very lightness would add to the sting.

“You can see how well polished it is, Melissa. The edges have been carefully rounded. It has been given three coats of non-yellowing lacquer. You cannot help but admire the grain. I specifically asked for a long paddle, so that I could deliver the blows with sufficient leverage. The head is seventeen inches in length, and four inches in width. The handle is nine and a half inches long. In the past children were ‘taught to the tune of a hickory stick,’ for a reason,” I said with a chuckle. “We are fortunate that I came to the store when I did. This was the last paddle like this in stock. It was quite a bit longer than the others, and more expensive. I chose it because I think it is very important for you to benefit from this experience.

“Well, give me the paddle, Melissa,” I said pleasantly. “It’s time for us to begin. Now I want you to bend over my desk, put the palms of your hands on the surface, and stick out your beautiful bare bottom to receive the blows.”

She obeyed, but the tail of her blouse covered most of her buttocks. “That won’t work,” I said. “I believe I will need to ask you to remove your blouse.”

When she did, I said, “I am delighted that you are not wearing a bra. Let me inspect your breasts.” I ran the fingers of my left hand over her right breast, feeling the nipple, and saying, “This is nice and hard. You really are excited. I think you’ve been looking forward to this too. You could have worn a bra, but you did not. You did not need to shave your vulva, but you did.”

“Mr. Roberts, you may derive whatever perverted pleasure from my predicament you can,” Melissa said angrily. “I am enduring this because I must, but if you rape me I swear to you I will go to the police.”

“I have no intention of raping you, Melissa,” I said reassuringly. “I would protect you from someone who tried,” I ran my fingers down past her flat stomach to her perfect vulva, which I entered with my middle index finger. “This is even wetter than before. I would of course enjoy making love with you, but if we ever do that,” I said with my finger at the entrance to her vagina, which I was pleased to find blocked, “it will happen in response to your request, rather than mine.

“Very well,” I continued. “Bend over, and prepare to receive your well deserved punishment. I like you Melissa. Therefore I do not intend to spare you. I want this to be a memorable experience for both of us. Years from now you will be glad we shared this event together. I can’t overstress that I am trying to help you become the perfect employee you were when I hired you.”

I moved behind her, saying “That’s good. Now stick out your buttocks a just little more.” She put her elbows down on the desk top. “Perfect! I love the way your vagina peeks out between the tops of your thighs. Your bottom looks as though it was specifically created for my paddle.” I moved beside her.

As Melissa fearfully waited for my first blow, I could not help but comment, “Your breasts are beautiful, Melissa. I’m glad I ordered you to remove all of your clothes. Your spanking will be long and hard, but it will be good for you. I have been looking forward to doing this all week, so I will deliver the blows with considerable enthusiasm. I am an avid tennis player. I think you will soon agree that I have a strong right arm.” I affectionately patted her bare bottom with the paddle a few times to increase her nervous anticipation. Then I swung it back in a circular motion, and gave her a powerful smack that resounded loudly.

“Oh!” she said.

“That got your attention, didn’t it?” I chuckled. “I love the way your breasts moved at the moment of impact. I made the right decision to schedule this disciplinary session for Saturday, don’t you agree? That could certainly be heard on the other side of my door. Did it sting the way it was supposed to?”

“Yes it did.”

“Good. I will have to go back to the store, and tell the owner about this. I will of course not tell him your name.”

“I hope not.”

I spanked her again, harder this time. She cried again in the most delightful way. “Courage, Melissa, courage,” I said before spanking her a third time. “This time you did not say anything, but the expression on your lovely face revealed that really felt it,” I gloated. “Do you think this will help you come to work on time?” I teased.

“Yes, I know it will Mr. Roberts,” she said before I spanked her again. “Oh please Sir,” she pleaded.

“Oh please Sir,” I repeated pleasantly. “Please keep giving such delightful pleas,” I chuckled at my witty use of a homophone. Then I spanked her again. “Please keep moving your bottom in so pleasing a manner,” I said. It really pleases me.”

“Mr. Roberts, this really hurts. How long will it continue? You must stop.”

“I am the one who will decide how long your spanking continues. The longer it lasts on the more I enjoy it. The more I enjoy it, the longer it lasts. I warned you this would be a severe and lengthy spanking. I am just warming up. The best is yet to be.” To illustrate my point, I spanked her again. “Once more I hear your delightful cry. I wish I was recording this on a cam recorder.”

Melissa tried not to say anything, so the only sound was the loud smack of my paddle against her delicious flesh. “Your beautiful bottom is becoming a bright red,” I boasted. “I wish you could see it. It looks like a Valentine heart.” She remained silent.

“This is so much fun,” I said zestfully. “Sometimes I target your right cheek,” I said spanking to the right. “Sometimes I target your left cheek,” I said while spanking her to the left. “Usually I land the paddle firmly on both cheeks,” I said before delivering a powerful blow to both, a blow that must have echoed far beyond my office. I laughed pleasantly.

Then I felt her left breast. “Your nipple is even harder,” I pointed out. “My penis is too.” I gave another blow to her quivering cheeks. “Mo les ah!” I cried, drawing out the syllables of her name. “This is sooo delightful!”

At last she pleaded, “Sir, have mercy. I can’t bear this.”

“This time I agree,” I said. “In the midst of all that red I see the white beginning of a blister. I do not want to break your delightful skin, although I would love to continue. Do you believe you have learned something today?”

“Yes, I’m certain of it, Mr. Roberts. Only please don’t spank me anymore.” She began to sob uncontrollably from pain, shame, and relief.

“There, there Melissa. I’m finished. You were very brave. You also gave me a great deal of pleasure. I seldom become so thoroughly aroused. Just stay there. The shop that sold me the paddle also had some soothing balm with a local analgesic in it to turn the pain into a sensuous coolness, and help with the healing process. It is safe and legal, although, as with the paddle, I paid for it with cash.”

I opened a drawer in my desk, removed a container, and poured some of it into my right hand, and began to rub it over Melissa’s beautiful behind. “Does this feel better?”

“Yes, it does, Mr. Roberts. Thank you so much. Oh!” she cooed. “This feels wonderful. It turns the pain into pleasure.”

“Excellent! That’s what the man at the sex shop said it would do. I’ll give you several bottles to take home with you. Use it whenever the pain starts. I just wish I could be with you to apply it myself. I love rubbing this over the smooth flesh of your perfect buns. I particularly enjoy rubbing it between your thighs.” She tried to keep from giggling. When I was finished, I returned the bottle to my desk, and wiped my hand with a cloth.

Returning to Melissa I said, “You may stand up now. Let me see how you look in front.”

When she obeyed, I said, “My goodness. Look at you. Your vagina is dripping with lubrication.”

“Oh dear!” she said with a worried expression. “This is truly embarrassing.”

“It might soak all the way through your blue jeans,” I warned. “Just a minute. I’ll get some tissues.” Fortunately, I had some Kleenex from my last cold. I stooped in front of Melissa, and said, “Here I am, carefully wiping the most private part of my most fetching administrative assistant.” Melissa cradled her arms together before her breasts, closing her eyes, and giggling with pleasure. When I could no longer resist, I gently kissed her vulva, right on the slit. “There, that’s better,” I said putting the wet tissues into my desk drawer. I did not want the janitor to find them in the waste paper basket.

I held Melissa tenderly. “I can’t help but marvel at the softness of your perfect back, and the smoothness of your skin” I told her, “I hope this session has been beneficial to you.”

“It has been, Mr. Roberts,” she said, kissing me on my cheek, before saying quickly, “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“I’m glad you did,” I said, kissing her lips. “From now on I am going to be strict with you. Obviously, I would like to do this again. It was even more enjoyable than I expected. Nevertheless, if you return to your previous level of performance, I will give you a generous raise. We can also talk about your student loan. I think I can take care of that too.

“You will have difficulty sitting down for a while, so I advise you take Monday off. It will be a day off with pay that I will not count among your sick days or vacations. Now put your clothes on. You better let me walk to your car with you. This neighborhood can be dangerous on Saturdays.”