

# **Trained By My Black Boss**

**Crimson Rose**

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It was three minutes to five and the end of another shitty day at Mascone Financial when Mrs. Palmer – the boss’ secretary, walked up to my cubicle. “Mr. Mascone wants you in his office, Miss. Fahr.”

“Seriously? It’s four-fifty-nine. Is it something that can wait until tomorrow?”

“If it was I wouldn’t be standing here. If you value your job and freedom I suggest you get in there.”

“What in the hell is that supposed to mean?” I asked, my voice betraying sudden nervousness. *FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!* I internally screamed. I knew exactly what she meant and my stomach churned as it tied itself in knots. Mrs. Palmer did not stick around to explain any further and my eyes drifted to her perfect ass as it swayed hypnotically left and right. Gulping down my fear, my brain went into overdrive as I raced to figure a way out of the colossal mess I got myself into.

Getting up, I grabbed my purse and stared at the exit. For a split second I thought about making a run for it, but instead walked to the elevator at the other side of the office and took it up to the seventeenth floor. Going down several hallways, I stopped in front of the door to Mr. Mascone’s office. Giving it a few light knocks, I hoped beyond hope no one would answer. Unfortunately, Mrs. Palmer called me in.

“He’s waiting for you inside.”

Going to the door at the back of the secretary’s office, I turned the knob and pushed it open. Stepping in, I saw Mr. Mascone dressed in one of his ten-thousand dollar tailored suits sitting at a large mahogany desk that probably cost as much as my car. The door closing behind me sounded like a thunderclap that caused me to flinch.

“Come in and take a seat, Miss. Fahr,” he said, his voice deep and commanding.

It took me about a minute to cross the office and sit in one of the high-backed chairs. Not because his office was that huge, but because I was unable to take anything more than the tiniest of baby steps. When my butt was in the chair, he continued.

“Do you know why I’ve asked you here, Miss. Fahr?”

“N-No Sir.”

“Hmm...maybe this will help,” he said pressing a button on his desk. A large television screen to my right came on and I saw myself sitting at my desk typing at the keyboard. “Ring any bells? No?” the video fast-forwarded to my printing out a company check in my name. “Please correct me if I’m wrong here, but I don’t recall authorizing you to cut checks to yourself. Especially one for more than eighty-thousand dollars. Or twenty-nine, forty-three, sixteen or fifty-two. I’ll give you credit, you did a great job covering your tracks, but Mrs. Palmer is equally as efficient.”

“Oh god!” I broke down. “Please, please don’t call the cops. I’ll repay it. I’ll...”

“If you had the means of repaying it you wouldn’t have needed to embezzle a quarter million dollars in the first place.”

“If...if you k-knew why didn’t you say anything after the first time?”

“Because I didn’t know. As I said, you did an excellent job of covering your tracks. Mrs. Palmer does the books for me and she noticed some discrepancies. She suggested installing cameras throughout the building and that one caught you last week.”

“W-What are you going to do?”

"I'm going to give you a choice, Miss Fahr," he said, walking around and sitting on the edge of his desk a few feet in front of me. "I'm going to ask you some questions and I want the truth. Lie to me even once and you'll find yourself arrested and sued for embezzlement. Do you understand me?"

"Y-Y-Yes Sir."

"I've heard through the grapevine that you're something of a racist. Is that true?"

"Yes Sir," I said, averting my gaze from the very black owner of the company.

"I also hear you're a lesbian."

"Yes Sir."

"Why did you steal the money?"

"I...I was drowning in debt and used it to pay off my car and house."

"If you needed a little extra to get you out of financial trouble I would have authorized a company loan. Did that ever cross your mind?"

"No sir."

"And why is that?"

"Because I didn't want to be indebted to a nigger," I said, my racism coming out in spades.

"Well, at least you're honest about it," he smirked.

"Look, if you're going to have me arrested then please just do it and get it over with."

"Do you want to go to prison for the next ten years, Miss. Fahr?"

"No, but I somehow don't think you're just going to accept my apology and send me on my way either."

"No, no I will not. Which brings me to your choice. I can call the police and with the mountain of paperwork and video evidence have you arrested, tried and convicted in which case I'll ask for the maximum possible sentence and your life and career will be in ruins, or you can take option number two."

"And that would be?"

"We'll start with you standing up and bending over my desk."

"Excuse me?"

"Pretty sure I said that as clear as day. If you don't want to go to prison you'll stand up and bend over my desk."

"What part of lesbian don't you understand? I've never been with a man in my life and I sure as hell ain't going to make the first a black one."

"Prison it is then." Reaching to his left he picked up a phone receiver and started dialing.

"God damn motherfucking son of a bitch!" I seethed as I got to my feet. Going to his right, I bent over the desk – mentally telling myself that sex with a black man was far preferable to a life of ruin. "N-Now what?"

Thankfully, Mr. Mascone hung up the phone. Walking behind me, his large, powerful hands grabbed my hips and slid me more towards the middle of the desk. "Do you like your job here, Kate? Can I call you Kate?"

"Y-Yes Sir."

"Do you wish to continue working for me?"

"But..."

"No buts. Do you, or do you not wish to continue working for me?"

"Yes Sir."

“Obviously you’ll never work with money again, but there are other positions you’re more than qualified to fill. Your theft of funds, however, cannot go unpunished. I want you to press the white button on the intercom and say: ‘Mrs. Palmer, please come in and cane my ass.’ Don’t bother arguing with me. Do it or go to prison.

Grinding my teeth and swallowing my pride, I pushed the button. After a long pause, I spoke. “Mrs. Palmer, please...ahem...please come in and cane my ass.” Releasing the button, I hid my face in my folded right arm. The office door opened and closed behind me and I heard Mrs. Palmer’s heels clicking across the hardwood floor.

“Did I hear you correctly, Miss Fahr?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Just to be sure please tell me what you want me to do again.”

“I want you to cane my ass.”

“I thought that’s what you said. Pull your panties down and skirt up. You will receive one hundred swats on your bare bottom.”

“Actually, she’ll be getting one hundred swats on her bare ass five days a week for the next month,” Mr. Mascone said as he sat in his chair and stared into my eyes. “You will count each swat and say: ‘thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.’ Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes. Oh god! Are you going to make me your sex slave?”

“That all depends on how much you value your job and freedom. Do as you’re told and I’ll write your theft off as payments for training. While Jessica is administering your first punishment I’ll write up your new contract. And when she’s done you’ll walk around the desk, kneel between my legs and suck my cock until I’m finished. Is that understood?”

“Yes.”

“Master. That’s the only freebie you get, slave.”

“Yes M-Master.” Standing, I hiked my skirt up over my hips and pulled my panties down to my ankles. Stepping out of them, I watched as Mrs. Palmer went to a closet and grabbed an actual cane. Why he had such an item in his office was behind me, but there it was and she grinned ear to ear as she walked over to me swooshing it back and forth.

“Bend over the desk, slave.”

“Um, do I have to call her Mistress, Master?”

“I wasn’t going to require it, but I like the sound if it so, yes, you will call her Mistress from now on.”

“Thank you for the honor, Master,” Mrs. Palmer said to my surprise, but at least now I knew why he had a cane. Now I wondered how many times he had used it on her. “While a good slave accepts her discipline with grace, I don’t expect an uppity thief like you to understand that so feel free to scream all you want. This office is completely soundproof.”

“What do you mean with grace, Mistress?” I asked, hoping it would put off the inevitable.

“A well-trained slave, something you obviously aren’t, will count and give thanks without fussing and making a scene,” she explained. “A well-trained slave does as she is commanded without hesitation or complaint. But that’s not you so please, scream your pretty little head off.”

The cane lightly tapped my behind and then stung hard. My first reaction was to scream and throw a holy hell fit, but I hated stuck-up Mrs. Palmer just enough to keep it inside if only to prove I could do it without whining. “One. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”