

Amy's Chair

This work is copyrighted 2016 by The Doctor (A Pseudonym). It may be posted on the Internet to any free forum, provided it is not modified in any way, and provided that this notice is included in its entirety. It may not be sold, or included in any anthology or story list that is sold, or posted on any forum that requires a fee for access, without written permission. Permission will require payment with terms to be negotiated. For purposes of this notice, sites guarded by Adult Check or similar are considered pay sites. Posting on any site must include this copyright notice.

Adult Content Warning - this story contains adult themes, including non-consensual sexual acts such as slavery, BDSM and bondage and death. This is a work of fiction and/or fantasy. If you are under the lawful age for such materials (usually 18) or if you would find such material offensive, please go elsewhere.

Categories: BDSM, girl and older guy

Goldsmith and Sons produces the finest of ring and necklace gold jewelry on the East Coast from their Long Island site. They are a wholesaler so people really never hear about them but the retail sellers such as Zales and Fords flock to their call. However, that is another story. You, dear reader, want to hear mine assuming that I wish to speak. Of course, I did not speak much in my tale which Bob thought was fine.

It was a bleak winter night. Tomorrow, Saturday, had seven inches forecast. The fruit punch had been loaded and the shrimp spicy for the annual Christmas office party.

Bob, he is the co-owner/general manager, was bombed but cute. Especially after his wife dying a year ago leaving him with spare money and two young and adorable children. He had dark brown hair with only a fringe of balding on the forehead. He tended to a neat casualness with a white polo shirt and black pants. When he spoke, he always smiled with his thin but thick mustache on display.

Me, I am Amy. I am his secretary. Naturally, I am blonde, single and in my early twenties. Admittedly, I was after him bearing a crush that would not let go. This night I wore a short blue skirt, matching pumps and a blouse speckled with tiny azure spots. It was late and the top three buttons were long undone.

After all this is a happy story and not one fraught with terror, divorce or fear. Breasts are for attracting the male gender. I was young and cash poor, my body would stay nice and firm only for so long. My hair was curled around my face and reached the top of my shoulders. Friends said that I had a perky smile and a Brooklyn drawl.

Three fourths of the Goldsmith crew had staggered home by the time Bob gently pushed me upstairs into his corner office. The large picture window looked out over Manhattan's dreaming skyline. Bob had guided me to the window near his black executive chair. There we hugged with his hands gliding all over my backside. His mouth invaded mine.

As usual for a woman, I began to second guess myself. I pulled away. "I don't know, Bob, it does not feel right."

Bob appeared annoyed. "I am a bit worked up if you don't mind..."

"Maybe we should stop here...think about it..."

"Sorry, Amy." He twisted my hands behind and backed me to his oak desk top. "But a man has to do what a man has to do..."

"Wait...what..." From a desk drawer he withdrew heavy twine using

in shipping down on the fourth floor. Twisting several strands around my small wrists was easy including several strengthening loops between my hands. Shortly, I was flexing my red fingernails vainly in mild frustration and exasperation by my buttocks.

He sat me down onto his chair and continued with his tying twine. He put my knees together with reinforcing straps between my thighs before pushing my high heeled feet to either side in an upside down V. Then he limited further leg movement by attaching my ankles to the chair's bottom wheels. He made sure that I could not rest my foot and had to either point it out at an angle or aim my toes straight down to touch the floor.

Foolishly I whimpered. With my slender legs under his control, I felt weird and strongly supervised. He rubbed my knees and I looked up with a puzzled grin. "Please...untie me Mr. Goldsmith ...Bob. Please...I'll do whatever you want..."

That was not to be. He replied: "You already will do whatever I want, Amy dear. Now, there is some simple dictation that I need you to do tonight. Consider this mandatory overtime if you like." So saying and grinning, he grabbed some loose papers on his desk, crumpled them and stuffed them behind my pearly white teeth. He pressed more into my congested mouth until he was satisfied that my whining was reduced to an infinitely more enjoyable and gratifying level. Then he circled my face thrice with twine, pulled until my cheeks creased and then yanked again making me cry softly. Only then did he knot my gag off.

Effectively silenced and finely bound, Bob finished some fine details such as jerking my elbows close magnifying how my breasts strained and threatened to pop my shirt front. Finally, he looped more rope around my waist and the back of the chair leaving me snug and sitting still with the rope biting into my white flesh.

Leaning back Bob rested knowing me secure for the moment and available for his cock when he willed it. Pulling his shirt up from his belt, he proceeded to take it off. His chest was hairy and his stomach reasonably flat considering his age and prosperity. Beneath his waist his cock bulged his pants reminding me of my own forcast seven inch duty. Slowly he disrobed letting his pants fall and then his underpants while I watched and drooled. Kicking his clothes off with his shoes and socks, he was ready for action and I was lovely and available.

The building was quiet. Few, if any, remained and even the custodial staff had departed to be with family and friends or to brood home alone.

My sister, with whom I shared an apartment in Queens, knew that I had the hots for Bob and that I was attending the Goldsmith Xmas bash. If I did not come home on time, she would suspect only that I was screwing around which, I suppose, was true enough eventually.

I quivered under his gaze and looked down at my defenseless knees which he had so easily secured. He chuckled me gently under my chin to compel me to look up. I arched my back up towards him breathing in deeply. He was so moved that he grabbed my tits and savagely massaged them. Not too much to my surprise my nipples were erect and ready sending titillating nerve sparks to my groin. I tried to say something silly but succeeded only in a partial "mmphh."

Yanking my blouse wide he snapped several buttons loose and flying to show off my white bra. He admired my pretty set causing me to blush before pulling the remains of my blouse back over my shoulders to settle on my elbows and waist. All the while he played with my tits not able to stop himself from pawing and mauling. I jerked from side to side mumbling and erking.

Reaching around my back he opened my bra strap letting the C cups spill out with the broad nearly flat aureoles. The bra dropped to my waist with the straps hung up on my elbows. My face pressed against his hairy chest while he undressed me. I smelled his manliness and nearly swooned.

Sweeping his right hand under me, he tugged my blue skirt up my thighs revealing the upper white lace of my stockings. There was enough free cloth to let the skirt circle my upper lap and not show my blue panties though my bottom and thighs touched the executive chair. He poked a finger into my panties to check my temperature. "Need a bit more foreplay I reckon." He decided.

"Hmnnn." I added sarcastically.

Steeping behind he extended his hands around to cup my tits. His hands explored where I could not stop or resist. Periodically, he dipped around my belly or pinched a hip.

Coming around he showed me his cock rubbing on my bare shoulders and stuffed cheeks before lowering to the side of my round breasts making little circles. He never touched my throbbing nipples instead he required me to anticipate the pleasurable tit titillation and beg with my eyes and little shoulder shrugs.

Reaching under my skirt he collected more experimental evidence on my rising lust. My bottom rotated automatically with his probing male hand. "Coming along, my dear, not quite yet."

His hand left me. Then he did, going to the other side of the massive desk to settle slightly uncomfortably with his erection into a visitor chair. Opening a Newsweek he proceeded to read about stagflation news and the Middle East crisis in Bahrain.

Unable to escape or to satisfy myself I perched on the chair edge straining my waist fastening. Slowly I squeezed my thighs and gyrated my ass chewing on interoffice memos and price quotes.

Showing great restraint, Bob inspected my bonds every 10 minutes

tightening anything that had loosed with my struggles. He took my cunt temperature and tweaked my boobs. I squeaked and looked up piteously each time. With this foreplay he raised my orgasm potential. Two hours went by as his slow hands led me up and up.

Finally with my twat humping frantically and his chair saturated with my wetness, he decided: "OK, almost, honey, almost." He squatted his behind on his desk and pulled me close to the inside of his strong hirsute thighs. His cock wavered near my boobs. He removed my gag but before I could but gasp and spit out the occasional soggy paper shred, my head was down and his cock was in.

I leaned all the way forward with my nipples brushing my bonded knees and breasts warm against his balls. His powerful right hand guided my head and lips. All of my concentration was centered on sucking him to the root. The strain on my back was meaningless to the pounding that my face was receiving.

I sighed through my nostrils as my blonde head pumped. Bob groaned happily as my tongue stroked and licked.

Behind my chair the skyline of New York City twinkled. A few snowflakes drifted down. It was a beautiful night. I was in love with an older man who knew how to handle a soon to be trophy wife/girlfriend.