**New Chairs in the Office**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

My name's Samantha Biggs and I live in downtown Chicago. As a young, single woman, being able to afford to live in the heart of the city is no easy task. I was only two years out of college as a multimedia graphic designer, and competition is fierce. Good jobs are difficult to find.

Fortunately, during my years at Chicago Tech, I interned for a web developer and had been assigned the task to build a website for one of their clients, Austoria Exotics. I found it strange that my company would assign me to work for a manufacturer of adult toys (or marital aids, some may call them), but business was business.

Come to find out, the owner of Austoria Exotics was a really great guy. Keith Austoria was friendly from the start. He explained how he and his wife built their company from the ground floor, producing unique, custom-made vibrators and toys for wealthy buyers all across the globe. It was a niche market, but one that afforded Mr. Austoria modest riches.

We stayed in touch following my graduation and when he heard I was having trouble finding work, he offered to bring me on as their website and online sales manager. Really, it just amounted to filling orders and shipping them, but occasionally I would tweak the website, add new product items and so forth. As Mr. Austoria has personally produced and shipped his products for years without a staff, he now felt he was ready to lighten his workload.

Michelle, Keith's wife, was a beautiful woman. At 48 years old, she had a fit body and could easily be the envy of any woman ten years younger. Her tall, graceful body was the image of Austoria Exotics, no kidding. Their logo was a silhouette of Michelle, naked, leaning back, in a pose that inferred great pleasure. I thought it was incredible she could exude such confidence, and have it somehow shine through in the image of a silhouette.

I wasn't exactly thrilled about the kind of work I was doing, but I was happy to be working for Keith and Michelle. They treated me well, paid me a decent wage and even included benefits. It was good enough until something better came along, and Keith and Michelle always treated me with dignity. That was until today.

Michele had been out sick for two weeks. She didn't do too much around the office, anyway, other than take calls and offer her opinions on any work Keith may have been doing in the back. I talked with her first thing this morning and she said she was feeling a bit better, but wouldn't be coming back until the following Monday. Keith came shuffling in the office around 10 a.m.

"Hey, you busy, Samantha?"

"No, what's up?" I asked. I had caught up with packaging and shipping orders, and only needed to respond to a few emails. It looked like I was going to have an easy day.

"Look, you know about that Anderson guy?" asked Keith.

"Phil Anderson? The guy we secured that ten-thousand-dollar deposit from last month? How could I ever forget?" Phil Anderson was a pompous jerk over the phone. He had lots of money, and I could tell he was the kind of guy that had a bevy of women surrounding him all the time. No doubt they were bought and paid for with that money.

"Yeah, he's supposed to get the first prototype for his order by the weekend. I've been running behind on it."

"Will you finish it in time?"

"Well, yes... I think. I actually have it finished, just yesterday evening. If it's good to go, we can get it out of here by tomorrow morning and meet the deadline."

"Do you need help packaging it?"

"No, no, that won't be difficult. I just don't know if it works."

Keith built lots of vibrating toys. How would he not know if it was working? Either it was, or it wasn't, and I questioned him as such.

"Oh no, it definitely vibrates. In essence, it is a vibrating office chair. But I have to guarantee that this will bring the average woman to orgasm within three minutes."

I had never heard of such demands from other clients.

Keith continued, "So what I decided to do is allow the dildo to come up through the middle of the chair. It actually retracts, and forms right into the chair when it is in the off position. Very inconspicuous, which was also one of his requests. Anyway, at the base of the dildo is a clitoral stimulator."

"Uh, OK," I said. Truth be told, I was kind of curious to see what Mr. Austoria had created.

"At 5,000 rpms, I think it would be impossible for any woman to not achieve orgasm within one, perhaps two minutes."

I couldn't imagine what that would feel like, I thought to myself.

"But I haven't tested it yet. Michelle was supposed to do that for me."

Uh oh. Now I was beginning to see where this was going, and Keith could see the fear in my eyes.

"Oh, it's okay, Samantha. I was just going to ask. I suppose I can make some calls."

"Well, wait a minute," I found myself saying. "You're asking if I will test out sex equipment to ensure it meets the demands of a client?"

"Yes, of course."

"Is this something Michelle and you always do?"

"Absolutely. On everything we have ever made."

"Wow. I guess I should have realized. It makes sense. You care about the quality of your work, I'm sure."

"Yeah, and we need to meet this deadline. He's offering a twenty percent bonus if he likes the prototype, and more if we can make the other nine by the end of the month."

I couldn't believe I found myself saying, "Tell me what you want me to do."

"Oh, thank you, Samantha. Look, it's a little bit unusual. These chairs are being made for Mr. Anderson's secretaries. He has ten of them, all assigned to different tasks, but working in a single office. Anyway, it's probably not that he needs all those secretaries; rather he simply enjoys the eye candy. His secretaries will not wear panties or undergarments when they will be using these chairs. At his discretion, Mr. Anderson will be able to remotely activate any one or more of the chairs. They are quiet, and can work undetected. The muffler system alone, Samantha, let me tell you, it's amazing!"

Mr. Austoria was geeking out on his work. I could tell he loved it, but all this seemed very inappropriate for an employer/employee relationship. This client seemed like he exploited his staff.

Mr. Austoria got back to the point at hand, "Mr. Anderson is providing these chairs to his secretaries and if one goes off, they are not allowed to leave their chair until they achieve orgasm."

"That's cruel!" I exclaimed. "And inappropriate."

"Is it?" asked Keith. "It's harmless fun for a sexist kind of guy, I guess, but he's giving ten women, who otherwise would probably be on the street and headed for trouble, a decent job in a safe environment."

It seemed weird to me that I was agreeing with the concept, but I was.

"If you're willing, I'm going to bring the chair in here and let you use it for the next few hours. Whenever the chair activates, do not get off it. If you orgasm within three minutes, we'll know we did right."

I was glad we didn't have a work environment that included much traffic. No one ever came to the front offices, except for the UPS guy once a day. I kept the day's shipments in boxes inside, near the door, but sometimes he would stop and chat with me. My desk filled the room, except for the space between the front door and the counter. The back production area was easily four times the size of this front office.

"There is one problem," I said.

"What's that?"

"I don't have a skirt. I'm wearing jeans today." My favorite pair. "If I had a skirt, I could just remove my panties and work the rest of the day, but..."

"I can promise to stay in the back and I'll knock on the door if I need to come up front."

"But the UPS guy hasn't made it here yet. He can't catch me without anything on below the waist!"

"You think he can see over that counter?" asked Keith.

The front desk was arranged behind a tall counter, and a raised floor allowed the secretary to look down at anyone who came through the front door.

"Probably not." I said. "Well, no, I don't guess."

"It's up to you."

I sighed. "Fine. Just bring the chair and get straight to it."

"Well, part of it has to be the element of surprise. It will turn on sometime within the next few hours."

I didn't see the point of waiting, but now I was afraid I'd chicken out. "Just get it and let's get this over with!" I exclaimed.

Keith rushed out the door and returned a moment later with a black, leather office chair. Except on the seat, the leather merged seamlessly around the edges of the head of a pliable rubber, black dildo. I had to get very close to see how it barely peeked out of the chair. One wouldn't even notice it unless they were looking for it.

"Just... go about your business as you normally," said Keith, rushing out the room.

"I'll try," I said, finding that difficult to believe.

I kicked off my shoes, pants and underwear and piled them neatly under the desk. I sat down on the chair, hesitating, wondering how long my boss was going to make me wait before the chair started doing its thing. I'd worked with my shoes off most days out of the week, it was such a comfortable atmosphere, but this was a first, going bottomless.

After thirty minutes, I tried to stop worrying about when Keith might activate the chair and instead began sorting through my emails. One, in fact, led to a phone call and I had to buzz Keith to pick up the line and talk to the client personally. After the phone call, Keith rang my office and said, "Looks like we're going to have a busier month than expected. I hope Michelle can offer her assistance next week.

"Really? Bagged a new job?"

"A big one, too. I'll tell you about it tomorrow. I'm writing up the agreement now."

"OK, boss," I said, hanging up. He hated it when I called him that.

I was just getting into the groove of things around 11:00 when all of a sudden I could feel the seat of the chair get a couple degrees warmer. The middle of the seat seemed to be vibrating softly, but silently. I was beginning to think the chair may be malfunctioning when I felt the pulsating movements get stronger, though it was still quiet. I had been sitting in the chair for some time with my bare pussy and ass, and had not yet experienced a physical reaction or stimulation to the whole affair, but now it was autonomous. The chair, even at this low setting, felt amazing and my pussy began naturally producing its own lubricant.

"Oh, dear," I said. Thirty seconds later, I felt the dildo rise through the seat of the chair. It slowly rose and fell, stimulating the bottom of my vagina. I shifted positions just slightly, and it made its way deeper, just barely penetrating me. As I felt it push further in, I was surprised by its thickness. It must have been four inches or more inside when the UPS guy pushed the door open, accidentally slamming it against the wall.

The vibrator instantly switched to its highest setting. The vibrating motions of the dildo stimulated my clit and the inner walls of my vagina. I sat agape staring at the UPS guy, frozen in fear. I was soaking the leather as our eyes met. How I prayed the UPS man couldn't tell I was getting fucked right now.

"Good day to you, ma'am!" he bellowed, nodding. It was his usual routine.

He turned and started sorting through the packages I'd left for him. I was bearing down on the dildo as it slammed at tremendous speed into me. There wasn't any noise coming from the machine, but the soaking chair was making faint sloshing sounds as I struggled to sit still. I was going to orgasm while the delivery man was picking up the packages, I thought. I held my climax for what seemed an eternity as he piled on as many boxes as he could hold, and headed out the door.

"I'll come back for the rest in just a minute."

The moment the door closed behind him, I let out an audible gasp. Groaning followed. It was like electric shocks through my every nerve. My juices were now utterly flowing, and some was leaking onto the floor. Since the treated leather prevented the juice from permeating the chair, it had me soaking in my own puddle. The orgasm was intense, and I couldn't bear any more. I buzzed Keith.

"Please make it stop. It worked."

The dildo was still pounding away as the driver made his way back in.

"Don't you think we should see if multiples are easily achieved?" asked Keith, into the intercom. Thank god the delivery man had no idea what we were discussing.

"Oh, it's possible," I said, as I stared at the man coming back through the door again. I grinded down onto the object protruding from the chair and came once more, this time as silently as possible, feeling a wave of pleasure erupt within me, working its way through my skin. How I wished I was stark naked, allowing that man to watch me. It was sick, I know, but I wanted it. Instead, I held my tongue, watching him make his final exit.

"Bye, ma'am," he said, waving off.

I came yet again, hard on the vibrator as it continued to assault my pussy. I hit the receiver again, "Keith, please make it stop. I came twice already! Please."

"Are you sure? How about I stop it now, but set it to go off randomly in the next hour or so. One more try, for assurances' sake."

"Okay, fine," I said, trembling. "Just please let it stop now. I need to clean up."

The dildo stopped vibrating and retracted back to its original position. The chair seemingly normal again, save for all the pussy juice that covered it. I got up and walked across the room to the connecting bathroom, picking up a roll of paper towels. Knowing I was likely safe from others coming in, I stayed bottomless as I wiped the chair. A squirt of cleaning solution came in handy, as well, just as Keith walked in.

"Hey! You're supposed to stay in your area, remember?" I covered my pussy with my hands, preventing him from seeing everything.

"I just came to thank you. So much. You're getting a bonus for this, I already talked to Michelle about it. Enough to pay for a vacation maybe!"

I was glad Keith shared this information with his wife. It somehow made the situation less creepy in my mind. A bonus sounded wonderful, too, and it eased my mind even more.

"Alright, I'm going to leave. You have fun. I'll be back at 3:30 to collect the chair for the presentation. Will you offer a testimonial for the client? Personally?"

"Uh, yes, I guess. So long as I don't have to demonstrate it," I laughed nervously.

Secretly, that may have been exactly what I wanted. The moment Keith left the room, I stripped myself of all my clothing, eager to repeat the exercise. This time, though, I kind of hoped Keith would unexpectedly enter the room again.