

Kinktober 2021 #20 Sink/Buried

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“I have to admit Mister Caldroy, this is an impressive home” the beautiful brunette uttered, as overweight man was giving her the general tour of his lavish mansion. “More than impressive, Miss Lowry” the middle-aged gentleman twirled his thick, grey mustache, pleased with himself. The eccentric millionaire was never one for concealing his huge wealth, weather with zany decors or extravagant purchases. Miss Lowry had already seen the golden spiral staircase and one entire wall of the ground floor used as the glass wall of his giant aquarium. “I’m sure your fortune will keep growing with the aid of our partnership” the young stockbroker added. Her visit in Mr. Caldroy’s mansion was a professional one, since the two parties had agreed to collaborate. Only the contract’s signature was left.

Olivia Lowry was always looking her best during these important meeting. She had her dark-brown hair caught in a professional bun and was wearing a classy, navy blue blazer-and-skirt, though the latter was a couple of inches shorter than usual, just to give the feisty business-woman that slight edge when negotiating with a male client. She always found that giving the slightest view of her thighs made her heterosexual clients much more “receptive” to her offers. A pair of dark, sexy heels adored her feet. The petite woman’s form was shapely and attractive, as was her pretty face, which also helped her cause in Wall Street, by giving her competitors this false sense of naivety.

“And over here, is my favorite place in the whole world” the round-shaped man spoke, gesturing with his cane to the young woman to follow him into a small corridor which led to a fully round safe-door. A posh butler was there to simply turn the valve and open it. What Olivia saw next made her jaw drop.

Taken straight out of a Scrooge McDuck comic, the man had created his very-own coin pool! From the small metal platform, Olivia looked down at a small golden sea of gold coins which spammed the entire huge room. “I’ve always wanted a safe like this, and even though diving is ill-advised, I love stopping by and marveling at it” the man said, so proud of himself. “It’s... breathtaking” Olivia said, more in shock than in actual awe. If this guy showed her a dumpster-fire she would say the same thing. Whatever it took to get that contract signed. Though the sight was honestly astounding.

“So, Mister Caldroy, do we have ourselves a deal” the confident woman asked the man, who was still gazing down at his metallic lake. “Yes, yes we do” the man spoke and as soon as he did, his butler approached him, holding a leather binder with a single page inside it. The contract. “Do not disappoint me, Miss Lowry. You wouldn’t like that” he said smiling under his big mustache, taking his favorite pen from his chest pocket and signing the document. “I would never do that, Mister Caldroy. You’ve made the right choice” Olivia gave him a pleasant smile, trying to mask her excitement. The deal was done!

“What do you mean the stock has plummeted?!?” Olivia spoke on the phone while nervously pacing around Wall-Street, clad in her usual matching blazer-skirt-heels outfit. It had been a few weeks since her contract with the infamous Mister Caldroy had been signed and the stocks she had invested on his behalf were going well. Until today. The stock’s price had sunk by an outstanding 21.7%. Her entail was wrong.

“Fuck...ok gotta go...” Olivia hung up. She stopped and rubbed her forehead to self-soothe her stress. Things were bad. Very bad.

“Hello my dear” the last voice Olivia wanted to hear, Mister Caldroy’s, startled her. The man spoke to her through the open window of his fancy black limo. “Care for a ride?” he said as the limo’s door was opened. His calmness alarmed Olivia even more. At least being mad would have an explanation. Olivia reluctantly stepped inside, trying to think of how to “break the fall” of this disaster. In the double-facing, black leather seating of his limo, Olivia sat opposite the large, round man. “Mister...”

“I am a man of my word, Miss Lowry” the man interrupted the pretty woman’s apology, his hands resting on the top of his cane. “150 million is a lot of money to lose. You have disappointed me...” he let his phrase linger, while the soft hum of the moving limo only amplified the tense silence. “You have every right to be, Mister Caldroy” Olivia tried to do some damage control. “But if you give me some time, I can assuuure you I will turn this around” she tried to sound determined to mask her plead. “I’ve made my decision...” the man spoke irrevocably.

Olivia never noticed the tinted windows of the front of the limo slide and a masked figure with a pair of leather gloves come from behind the woman. “MMMMmmm! MMMMMMMmMng!” Olivia’s wide eyes barely got to turn around to see her attacker, as one gloved hand handgagged her firmly, while the other pressed the needle of a small syringe in the side of her neck. The woman kicked her heels and moaned some more, struggling to avoid the man’s strong grip, but the drug acted only 3-4 seconds later, sending her into an unwilling slumber as she plopped lifelessly on the wide leather seats.

The limo did not stop or alter its course, as Mister Caldroy simply opened his window to marvel at the outside view.

“Guuhhh...uuuhhhh” Olivia awoke in a much different state. Rid of all her stylish business clothing and underwear, the woman saw tall hills of coins surrounding her from many sides, along with a small excavator sitting idle. It had been used to empty this corner of the “pool” of any coins, since the woman only felt the coinless floor of the vast, tall room against her backside, as she found herself strapped down to it, facing the faraway ceiling. Metal that was bolted into the floor surrounded her wrists and secured them to either side of her head. Similar bonds immobilized her ankles, forcing her legs to remain half-spread and her naked body rather flat and taut. The woman tried to speak, but a wide, metal panel gag was snugly strapped behind her head with a metal ring wedged behind her teeth and keeping her jaw agape. Attached to the woman’s gag was a long, metal pipe, about 2 inches wide. It moved straight up then turned 45 degrees to meet the side of the platform’s railing, before turning again to disappear into the nearby wall. A small pipe built inside the bigger one, ended right at the platform’s railing, with a reachable little round hole, while the larger pipe continued inside the wall.

“NNNnnUUUuughhh!” the woman moaned unintelligibly, trying to free herself. Her long, straight hair, now free of any formal bun, was laid out on the floor behind her. As much as the woman tried shaking her head, the tall pipe attached to her gag had her head locked to face only upwards. “It’s annoying when this don’t go as planned, isn’t it Miss Lowry?” despite the height difference, Mister Caldroy’s voice sounded crispy clear from the reverb of the room, as he stood in the high above her, in the same little platform he had brought her a few weeks ago. The undressed businesswoman struggled some more, upon seeing his form through the mesh flooring of the platform, throwing incoherent curses and renewing her hopeless struggling.

“It’s only fair that I get something in return, after the loss you’ve caused me” the overweight man continued, as a young female maid approached Olivia’s vulnerable, exposed form, through a different entrance of the “safe”. The woman had a serene look of servitude in her expression. What worried Olivia more was the fact she was holding a suspicious, doubled-prodded device. A silicone sex toy with a large phallic member connected at the base besides a bulbous-shaped anal plug! The maid calmly knelt in front of Olivia’s spread legs.

“NNNnnnnngggg, Gggguuuuuuuuuuuaww!” Olivia’s equally spread jaw forbade a richer vocabulary, though the woman’s eyes clearly signaled her protest. Ignoring her pleas, the maid inserted the lubed double-phallus past both her sphincter and her cunt-lips, penetrating both until the flat, smooth base of the device was all that was visible over Olivia’s crotch. The woman wiggled her painted toes, since they had free movement. Her ankles and wrists, no matter how much she strained, were not coming off their restraints.

“My compensation Miss Lowry...is you” the millionaire concluded, as the maid attached an air valve with a rubber bulb to the sex toy’s nook, and squeezed the bulb with 4-5 good pumps, inflating both the dildo and the buttplug nesting inside Olivia.

“NNNNgguuuuuuuuaww!” Olivia let out a pained yelp from the intense inner pressure, while the maid unscrewed the air valve. This toy was not being removed from her without an external aid. The woman’s

sphincter and vaginal walls were being generously pushed wide. A feeling of sheer fullness was the best way to describe her predicament.

Mister Caldroy pressed a button on a remote controller and immediately Olivia felt a powerful surge of vibrations come almost from within her. The feeling was not far from the truth, as the two sex-toys inside her buzzed with unyielding force. A guttural, beastly moan of sudden arousal escaped the posh business girl. This was immediately too much! She could feel her asshole tightening over the plug and her pussy moistening as soon as these things sprang to life!

The maid produced a small device, like a tiny smoke machine. "I like gold" Caldroy spoke. "Everything in here must be golden" he said as the maid started spraying the tethered woman with golden, glittery body paint, coating Olivia's naked body from head to toe in "gold". "NNNNnnnoooooouughh!" a gagged scream left the woman, who twisted and turned in her bonds without success. As soon as the woman's body had the same color and shine as Mister Caldroy's coins, the maid departed without a word, and before Olivia could reassess her new state, the excavator sprang to life, wielding its appendage to not shovel, but rather topple the hills of coins that surrounded the helpless girl. With each topple, another wave of coins washed over towards the floored, bound woman, covering her more and more. Olivia could only watch and feel the small, pieces of metal slowly envelope her. She could feel their accumulative weight on her body, their hard, cold texture. She could let out desperate gagged screams.

"Do not fret Miss Lowry. The weight of my treasure will not crush you. Only the weight of your responsibilities towards our contract" Mister Caldroy smirked. "I intend to keep you very much alive. A lifetime's worth of entertainment ought to be satisfactory for your failure" he said and just before Olivia's face was completely buried under an overwhelming pile of golden coins, he turned around and exited his beloved safe.

It's a quiet evening. Mister Caldroy enjoyed quiet evenings. Sitting in his comfy, tall-backed sofa chair, reading the Financial Times and sipping his tea. His fortune had taken a hit a few months back, but profits were once again on the rise, so the round-bellied man had another reason to be cheerful. On the side of his sofa-chair, coming through the floor, was a 2-inch-wide, metal pipe. It made a right angle as it turned at the level of the sitting man's head, its end sculpted into something akin to a beautiful blossoming flower, a rotatable lid keeping it closed at the moment. Taking another sip of his tea, the man thought he hadn't heard from his plaything today. She might have lowered the level of his coin-sea with her incompetence, but at least she had raised it (even by a hair) with her own body's volume.

Though permanently hidden from anyone's eyes, she was quite fun to listen to, whichever time of the day the man choose to "check-in" on her.

Mister Caldroy twirled his mustache, then dropped the rotatable lid open, putting his ear near the pipe's flowery hole. Desperate, agonizing, feminine moans of constant enforced pleasure quickly reached his ears clearly, coming from the bottom of his coin-lake, bouncing around the pipe. The sex-toy had never been turned off, nor were there any plans to. "Aaww...Aaaaaww...aaAAAAAWWWWW!" he heard his former stockbroker's ring-gagged moans. That must have been yet another orgasm, the man judged by the familiar, characteristic squeal of his toy.

At the same time, Mister Caldroy's "golden girl" was feeling the pressure of a heavy, golden veil on every inch of her skin, keeping her very much immobile. The coldness of the metal had given way to the woman's body heat, warming the layer of coins that surrounded her. Wetting some with her sexual fluids. Blind and unseen, the girl was buried under this novelty treasure, permanently sunken in this bizarre metal abyss, with only company the ever-present stimulation of her two fully filled holes. Another orgasm rocked her body, which tensed up in its bonds, another feral growl escaping her spread maw.

Her moans of unending arousal were interrupted by a few soft choking sounds, as the house-maid dumbbed the toy's liquid meal down the pipe-hole residing on the platform's railing. Gravity helped it travel down the pipe and straight into the girl's permanently gaping mouth. No solid or liquid waste produced. Simply a utilitarian way to keep the toy "useful". To keep its lustful melodies coming from this bizarre gramophone coming.

Mister Caldroy enjoyed his toy's "singing" through the speaker. The woman's lustful suffering was delightful. He placed his palm on the pipe-hole. Even though there were many yards of "wire" separating them, he could swear he could feel the young woman's breath against his palm. He could touch her despair. Satisfied, he closed the "speaker's" lid, muting the poor girl's symphony of moans. The knowledge that the singing never really stopped from the other end of the "line" filled him with great satisfaction. "Let's check the stock market" he mumbled to himself.