



Master and Mr Sybian

By Master_Jonathan

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She begins training with her new Master

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Today was the most horrible day of my life. It all started a couple of days ago. Master Paul and I had been having problems for a while - no matter what I did, it didn't seem to be what He wanted. After being chewed out, and being told I didn't do this right or didn't do that right, I started getting fed up. Can you blame me? I mean a sub can only take so much! So I started messing up on purpose - I figured if I was going to get blamed for it anyway, ya know? But I guess Master Paul had finally had enough of me. "Tomorrow, jade, we will be meeting with Master Thomas, a friend of Mine. You are being given to Him. You and I have not been working well together, and rather than continue a pointless attempt to keep this relationship alive, it is best if we simply move on in our separate ways." But, Master...I..," I protested. "Now jade, you know that I am right. You yourself have complained that you can't do anything right any more. I don't blame you for this, jade - it isn't your fault and it isn't Mine. We just don't see things the same way any more, that's all. I would rather see you happy with someone else than miserable with Me. Master Thomas is a good friend and He will treat you right. He and I agree on a great many things as far as how to treat and train a submissive. I think you will be happy with Him...otherwise I would never have agreed to this. I still care about you jade, despite our failure as a couple, and I want to see you happy and successful." "Yes, Master. I am sorry that I wasn't all You wanted me to be. I am sorry I disappointed You so," I said hanging my head. "Well as I said it is no one's fault entirely. I have not been the Master that you need either. But hopefully, Master Thomas can mold you into the submissive you yearn to be better than I." "Yes, Master. I will miss you though." "I will miss you too, jade. But this is for the best, trust Me." I did not pursue the matter any further. I really did not want to be given away, and I was hoping I would be able to continue being a submissive to my Master. I was secretly hoping Master would change His mind when He realized that I would be gone. Alas, it was not to be. The morning came, and Master's decision to give Me to Master Thomas remained. So, sadly, I went about packing up my belongings, and prepared to move

in with what was to be my new Master's home. I also mentally prepared myself for the changes that He would undoubtedly want, whatever they may be. The time came far too soon, and Master packed my things into the trunk of His car. Then He seated me in the front of the car and went around to the driver's seat Himself. "Now, jade, when we get to Master Thomas's place, I don't want any tears. This is going to be hard enough on us both, so let's just get through it as quickly as we can, understand?" "Yes, Master...but I can't make any promises," I said, honestly. We arrived at Master Thomas's house after about a hour's drive...the longest hour I had ever spent in my life. Master Thomas lived in a very respectable neighborhood, and his home was a large two-story Victorian-style house built, as I understood, in the early 1900's. It sat on a large, well-manicured lawn which featured a circular driveway, which came up to the front of the house and passed between the house and a large fountain out front. The house had a full wrap-around covered porch on three sides, and a separate three car garage. A very nice place, from the outside! After Master had stopped in front of the house, He got out, and we walked up the steps to the front door. A ring of the ornate door bell brought a well-dressed young woman to answer the door. "Yes, May I help you?" she said. "Yes, Master Paul here to see Master Thomas." "Oh Yes, Sir. I'm sorry! Right away, Sir!" she said instantly lowering her head and eyes. She stepped aside "Please Sir, come in. I will tell Master you are here." We entered the home, and I began looking around. This Master Thomas did have a nice home...He obviously had money. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all... That was when I saw Him...the man who was to be my new Master. I loathed Him and His smug cocky expression at first sight. He was older than Master Paul, considerably older. At first I thought I could never submit to such an old man. Master Paul was 32, seven years older than me at the time. This guy must have been at least twice my age! "Hello jade," He said. "It's nice to meet you. Master Paul has told Me all about you. I hope we can work together to help you find your way and become the submissive you are meant to be." "Yes Sir," I said hanging my head. I wasn't real pleased with this arrangement so far. But it was either become a submissive to this Master Thomas, or ask for my outright release. Neither prospect appealed to me. The first thing He did was have me stand in front of Him with my skirt raised for a pussy check, threatening to spank me if I wasn't damp. I promised Him that I was (Master Paul had taught me I should always be damp and ready at all times), but He was resolute, piercing me with His gaze and fondling my pussy, until He was satisfied that I was as I claimed. I could feel my cheeks burning from embarrassment, and I wanted to crawl away someplace and die. Sure, I understood that a Master has every right to use me as He saw fit. He would soon own me, and when this occurred, Master Paul still owned me, and He didn't object either. So I had little recourse but to allow this old man to fondle me as He saw fit. But my humiliation didn't end there. With my pussy thoroughly mauled and my pride all but erased from my psyche, He then ordered me to undress in front of Him and Master Paul. Well what could I do? With my face flushed as red as a tomato, I began undressing. I removed my blouse, folding it and sitting it on a chair next to me. Then I removed my skirt in the same careful fashion. I reached up and unhooked the front of my bra. and opened it to expose my 36DD tits, which did get an appreciative look from the man I would soon be calling my Master. I paused for a moment to let Him get a good look before I proceeded. Hooking my thumbs under the waist of my tiny panties, I

pulled them down past my hips and let them slip down around my ankles. I stepped out of them, and stood before Master Paul and Master Thomas completely naked. I knew better than to try to hide any part of my body, no matter how embarrassed I might be. So I stood there arms at my side, my feet slightly wider than shoulder-width apart, head down and eyes on the floor just as my Master had taught me when being inspected. Master Thomas walked around me a couple of times, checking me out, touching me, and looking me over like He was judging some prize animal at a county fair.

"Hmm...very nice. Master Paul, you have a fine-looking submissive here. I am impressed, Sir. Thank you for bringing her over. But does she perform as well as she looks? As you know there is more to being a good submissive than just eye candy," he said. "Be My guest Sir," Master Paul said. Master Thomas nodded graciously and then turned to me. "On your knees," He commanded. I knelt down in front of this Master, proceeded to unzip his pants, and fished around for His cock. This I expected. I've been a submissive for long enough to know that a sub that can't give a decent blowjob is just about as worthless as a wooden nickel. I have gone down on several men during my time with Master Paul, and a few before Him as well, and never had one yet who complained about my performance as a champion cocksucker. But, what I didn't expect was the monster I freed from His pants. Dear God, it was the biggest I'd ever seen! I couldn't even close my fist around it. No way would I be able to fit it in my mouth! I licked along its mighty shaft, while jacking it off with my hand. I prayed that He would cum quickly, but that wasn't to be. "Suck it slut," He said, grabbing the back of my head and forcing me to take it in my mouth. "Don't just play with it." Frustrated tears welled in the corner of my eyes, as I struggled to stretch my lips around His enormous head. "What the fuck?" He murmured. "Are you fucking useless? You act like you've never sucked a cock before." This doddering old fucker had the nerve to ridicule and analyze my performance! Kneeling there, choking and gagging on His cock, I looked at Him with pure hatred in my eyes. Who did He think He was? He didn't own me yet! I glanced sideways at my old Master to see if He would step in for me, but He looked at me with a serious scowl on His face as well. I knew He was not pleased at my performance either. I stepped it up and began trying harder. I had to please these two men or I would really be in trouble! The bastard met my gaze, His eyes gleaming evilly. He chuckled, grabbed the back of my head, and thrust His hips twice, jamming his cock down my throat for a moment. I was choking and unable to breathe. I stayed there in position as long as I could before tapping His leg, my signal that I needed air. He held me in place for a half-second longer before He, thankfully, pulled out of my throat and began to thrust in and out with shallow strokes. It was still big enough that it banged against the back of my throat, but at least I could breathe. He tilted my chin up so that I was forced to meet His eyes. Like a dog trainer breaking in a new pup, he smiled as I glanced back down docilely, my hateful stare a distant memory. My first day with my new Master, and there I was, on all fours between His legs, communicating my dependence the only way I could in this position, slobbering and sucking on His monstrous cock. "That's my girl," He said. "At least you aren't untrainable." My tears fell faster and my mouth grew tired and raw as I tried to pleasure Him, tried to get Him to cum so that He would stop His oral assault. Finally, He began to thrust faster. "Oh God, here it comes!" He gasped. Finally! With an aching jaw and chapped lips, I was never so glad as to feel hot cum shooting into my mouth. At last . .

. it was over. . . I don't know how I endured that first day with Master Thomas, but it was a walk in the park compared to the next day! That day, I woke up as usual. After getting dressed in the clothes my new Master wanted me to wear (which admittedly wasn't a lot!), I went into the bathroom to put on my makeup. Master Thomas, like my previous Master, liked me wearing the dramatic evening type eye makeup and red lipstick...at least I didn't have to buy all new makeup for this new Master! Once I was dressed and had my makeup and hair perfect, I went downstairs to get Master's breakfast ready. When I walked into the kitchen, I could tell immediately something was up. Master Thomas was sitting there waiting for Me. "Come here," He said pointing to the floor in front of Him. I knew what that meant. I came forward and knelt in front of him, head down and eyes on the floor in front of me waiting for instruction. "Today is the start of a new chapter in your life subbie. So let's start with establishing a few rules, shall we? First we need to come up with a new name for you. Your old Master called you jade, is that right?" "Yes Sir," I replied, cautiously. "Well, I am not sure why He picked that name, but as your new Master, it is My prerogative to pick your name and I think a new name for a new life is a good idea, don't you?" "Yes, Sir." "Good. Now because you just started and we haven't seen how we work together I am going to give you the temporary name of toy. Because at this point that is all you are...a toy, a plaything, something of interest for now. How long you hold My interest is yet to be determined." "Yes, Sir. My name is 'toy'. Thank you, Sir." "That's another thing, you are to address Me as Master from now on. I was 'Sir" yesterday before I took possession of you. Now that I have, I am Master. Understand?" "Yes...Master," I said swallowing hard. It would be hard to address this man I hated in anything resembling the same frame of reference as my old beloved Master, but I had little choice, He was the Master and I was the submissive. My duty was to serve Him in every way. "Now, your former Master has talked with Me at length about the training He has done with you, and while I agree on most of it, I am of the opinion He was too lenient on you. Do not get Me wrong, I have the utmost respect for Master Paul. But I believe the reason you and He did not work out was because He didn't challenge you enough. That will not be an issue for you anymore, I can assure you," He said. "Yes, Master," I said. I wasn't sure I liked where this conversation was going. "Now to start off, I want to see how you perform for Me," He said. He reached forward and grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled Me down onto all fours. "Come," He said and pulled me along, indicating He wanted me to crawl alongside Him. He led me into the living room. The moment I turned the corner into the living room I saw it. The thing had a half barrel shape mounted on a large central leg. The barrel part was padded and leather-covered. The leg was made of wood and had large legs coming out in four directions to stabilize it. Sitting in the center of the saddle a very real looking dildo pointed up luridly. My heart sank, followed quickly by my stomach and jaw. I couldn't even formulate words to express my shock. "I see you've met your new trainer, my little slut!" Master Thomas said. "Why don't you come over here and I'll let you two get acquainted." In a state of numb shock, I crawled over to the device, wondering what on earth this was all about, and feeling my stomach churn as I crawled. Whatever Master Thomas had on his mind, well, He could just forget it. This was clearly over the line. "Master," I said. "I don't know what you expect, but I mean, didn't Master Paul tell you about me?" "Master Paul is no longer your Master slut," He said. "You now

belong to Me and since the Slave's Contract you signed gives Me the right to expect a loyal, dutiful, and motivated submissive, it also gives me the right to train you as necessary." "But I am loyal, dutiful, and motivated," I whined. "If you were as you claim, your Master wouldn't have given you to Me," He continued as though I didn't speak. "But since He did, your training is up to Me. Now, meet your new personal trainer." "Look, there's no way... I - I quit," I stammered. "Well, let's look at that move a little more carefully, shall we?" He started. "First off, you live here with Me because you do not currently have a job...your 'job' is that of My submissive. Do you have any marketable skills that would allow you to work outside this home and support yourself?" "No sir, but . . ." SLAP! Master Thomas slapped me hard across the face. My cheek stung from the force of the slap and tears welled up in my eyes. "I said you are to address Me as MASTER slut!" He said angrily. "Yes Master. I am sorry, Master," I said, trying hard not to cry. "Can you hibernate? Or do you have someone who will support you?" "No Master, but. . .," "Does the idea of being homeless on the street surviving by handouts from whoever will take pity on you appeal to you?" "No Master," I said, hanging my head. "Then I suggest you get familiar with Mr. Sybian here," He said, patting the top of the device. He reduced me to tears. I hated the situation I was in, I hated Master Paul for giving me away like He did, but most of all I hated Master Thomas. "Say it," He repeated smugly. "Hello, Mr. S...sybian," I stammered. I had been defeated at every turn. I had no choice. "Now hand me your panties and I'll help you get mounted." I handed them to Him and the bastard held them to His nose and sniffed. Then He handed me a bottle of lube and told me to coat the dildo. I did as He bid, and then mounted the huge dildo. And it was huge, let me tell you. I had a hard time getting it all in, but Master moved behind me and pushed down on my shoulders. "Oww, oh, Master!" I whimpered. "It's too big." "Oh, I'm sure that big girl pussy of yours can handle it," He said, still pushing down. "No-no-it - oh Gawd. . ." And then I was firmly seated on the vinyl saddle, my sex filled and taunt around the latex cock. I noticed several buckles and straps on the sides of the trainer. At first I didn't know what they were for, but I soon found out. They were ankle and thigh cuffs, and Master wasted no time locking me down until I was secured tightly to the saddle with no way of getting off without assistance. "Now we will see just how much you have to learn," Master grinned, turning and walking away, leaving me mounted on my humiliating perch, as He crossed the room and sat back in His leather recliner. Blushing, trembling, crying, and inwardly cursing, I did my best to adjust my position to hide what had been done to me. What had He done to me? And why did I deserve such terrible treatment? Ok maybe Master Paul and I had our differences. And maybe I had been a bitch to Him. But this...this was unconscionable! I could feel the heat from His eyes as they burned into my soul. Oh how I hated Him! I wanted to stab Him in the heart with a butcher knife! "The Sybian you are sitting so prettily on is controlled by this remote," Master said, holding it up for me to see. "Would you like to see how it works? He said, grinning evilly. "What, no smile?" He said. I forced one to my lips, even though my eyes screamed, "Die you fucking little worm!" There was nothing I could do but accept the situation. I had long since learned after many spankings, that it wouldn't do to wallow in my own sorry position or try for petty revenge. At least, not until the opportunity arose to get away from Master Thomas by getting myself traded again. Maybe if I was difficult enough, He would get tired of me. Then He would

gladly leave me behind for a prettier and easier to handle submissive. As I was sitting atop that damnable Sybian machine, I became aware of something. The Sybian was vibrating. And the dildo? Not only was it vibrating, it was moving around inside of me. Just barely, but moving nonetheless. I could feel myself warming up. My sex feeling full and thick. I wondered if the wetness below was from the lubricant or from me. I shook my head, trying to clear the foggy fuzzy feeling, doing my best to resist the machine's actions on my pussy. At first I was able to divert my attention away from what was going on between my legs. But I wasn't to hold out for long. Buzz-buzz-buzz the intruder in my sex hummed. Fuck, but if it wasn't turning me on. I mean really turning me on! Part of the front of the device was raised, and pressing right against my clitoris. It was hot and buzzing. It felt so good. Oh God. I was sure the secretions were my own pussy juices now. I shifted in my seat, trying to avoid the buzzing, but the straps held me tightly in place. Instead of helping, the shifting felt wonderfully wickedly arousing as the dildo shifted inside me. Ugh, ugh, shit it was making me hot. Something I could not afford when He was looking at me smiling that smug, know-it-all smile of His. Oh God, I could feel my passion rising. I could no longer hold back. I could no longer concentrate on anything but suppressing my desire to moan in passion. Thank heavens the buzzing and thrusting stopped before I lost control. Strangely, I yearned for more, and not just a little bit, I wanted it a lot. But the gyrations had stopped. Everything in my lower region had stopped moving except the throbbing in my clit. Maybe the remote's batteries had run down. Whew, thank God for small miracles. Perhaps the worst of this was over, I thought to myself. I was wrong. Suddenly and without warning, the Sybian kicked back in again. I could hear it buzzing, and feel it moving around inside me once again. But this time it was different. The dildo wasn't just rotating, it was moving in and out as well. I was being fucked by this machine! I squirmed around, trying to position myself so it wouldn't have such an effect on me. But no matter what I did, it only seemed to intensify the vibrations. Closing my eyes tightly, I just listened to the hum of the trainer. I felt my pussy grow warm and full. I could feel the orgasm swell and begin to blossom. I stopped squirming and leaned back to let it overtake me, but strangely enough, again it stopped just as I crested, leaving me panting and hanging on the edge and growing increasingly frustrated. It was then that I remembered where I was. I opened my eyes, and my worst fears were realized. There He was watching Me with that same fucking smirk on His face. Damned if He wasn't enjoying my predicament! His eyes were glued to me, watching me squirm and pant, watching me get so close to cumming I was practically begging Him for it. I closed my eyes again, wanting to shut Him out. I could not have been more humiliated. I wanted to sit there with my eyes closed forever, but I knew that wouldn't be possible. I took a deep breath and willed my heaving chest still and I loosened my thighs from around the saddle. Only then did I open my eyes and clean the sweat from my brow with my hand. "Having a good time, slut?" Master Thomas said with a wicked chuckle. I didn't answer right away, not wanting to give Him the satisfaction of seeing me obeying Him. "Hmmm maybe this will open that mouth!" He said, pressing the button on the remote. The vibrator immediately leapt to life. I jumped and instinctively clamped my legs together on the Sybian machine. "If I don't hear you answer My question in the next few seconds, I'm going to take you over My knee and spank your ass, young lady!" Master Thomas said. "Yes, Master," I replied. The bastard!

He was winning our little test of wills! Well, I would show Him. Once I had answered Him, He slowed the vibrations down on the machine to a steady, but controllable hum. A level I could sustain without embarrassing myself further. It felt really nice inside of me and I was leaking like crazy. I dared not give Master an excuse to spank me, but I wasn't willing to concede the game yet either! I closed my eyes and listened to the machines' low hum, basking in the sensations thrumming through my sex. Somewhere along the way, I became aware that I was on the cusp of a mind-blowing orgasm. Part of me was screaming "Stop! not here, not like this!" Another part of me was screaming "More, more, oh God, oh God, give it to me-fuck-fuck-make me cum!" My orgasm shot through me, and burst into shards behind my eyes, the room went black and I was thrown into a sexual abyss. I clutched the trainer tightly between my thighs and kept rocking on the machine until another orgasm hit. "Oh God-Oh God-Oh God!" I screamed as my orgasm blossomed and burst open. I clutched the saddle of the Sybian tightly between my thighs and kept on rocking even as yet another orgasm hit. The vibrator touched me in all the right places. Oh fuck - oh fuck - oh no - not again! It drove me out of my mind. I was out of control. It was only then that I became aware that the vibrations had stopped. Everything seemed so quiet. I peeked out from my closed eyes. Dear God, the man I called Master was looking at me with the most devious smile I had ever seen. I was drenched in sweat and the seat of the trainer was sopping wet. Worse, I smelled of musk. I had never been so humiliated in my entire life. I had had three back to back to back orgasms while this bastard watched and laughed! "My, my, my!" Master Thomas remarked. "You are quite a squealer, aren't you!" A squealer. I wanted to die. Maybe I should have taken my position with Master Paul more seriously. Or maybe I should have asked for my outright release when I had the chance. Anything would be better than the humiliation and degradation that I was facing now. But, there was no way to save my honor now, strapped to the saddle of this damned machine as I was. "I had no idea you would be such a slut," Master said with a condescending smirk. "But I gotta admit. You really sounded like you enjoyed yourself. 'Oh God - oh god, give it to me'," He mocked. His busy fingers opened my blouse, exposing my large, heaving breasts. Had I really said that? Was I a squealer? I wasn't that loud. I couldn't have been. Oh God, and why was I still hot? And why were my eyes suddenly pulled as if by some strange magnetism to the sight of the bulge in Master Thomas's pants. He caught the direction of my gaze. "What are you looking at, slut?" He was smiling at me, thoroughly enjoying my predicament. "Nothing," I said blushing as I tried to look away. But I found my gaze drawn back to it. "You want to suck it, don't you?" He asked. What was happening to me? I was not attracted to this man in the least, and yet, there I was, nodding my head and meaning it for the first time since becoming His submissive. "Ask Me nice." I wanted to tell Him to go fuck himself, but as a submissive I knew better than that. Not if I wanted to continue being a submissive. But, I had already humiliated myself in front of this sadistic man to such a degree, I hated the thought of descending even further. Hated myself even as I asked, "Master," I said somewhat breathlessly. "May I please suck Your cock?" The latex phallus in my pussy gave an intense thrum...as if to say "Yes, toy, hurry and suck that wonderful cock." But how could the Sybian possibly know? I looked in Master's hand for a controller, but I didn't see one. The vibrator against my clit sped faster, and at that point I didn't care how it knew. I was too busy tugging

at Master Thomas's belt and then freeing his already rock hard cock. God, it looked angry, and it truly was a monster. I reverently tried to circle it with my fingers and failed. I was no longer afraid of it. I wanted it inside of me somehow, somehow. I was moaning again. Squealing. I eagerly used Master Thomas's thick cock to silence the humiliating sounds I was making. The vibrations intensified. I could feel the dildo moving, rotating in my pussy. I realized I was going to cum again, and I wanted . . . I-I wanted Master to cum with me. I bobbed my head faster, all the while gently squeezing His large hairy plums with one hand, and masturbating the base of His cock with the other. I felt my orgasm rising up again. Oh God-oh God! Master grabbed the back of my head, but I didn't even wait. I thrust forward and buried His large cock down my throat. His pubes tickled my nose and I couldn't breathe, but God how I loved being fucked and filled at both ends. Me, I was oblivious except for the feeling of my own intense orgasm, and the feeling of the cock in my throat beginning to contract. For the first time since I became His submissive I wanted to taste it. I wanted to suck it all down, drink it down my throat, but at the last moment He pulled out, robbing me of my reward. I opened my eyes only to have my vision clouded by a jet of cum against my glasses. I opened my mouth as wide as possible, catching some of his discharge, but missing much more. I moved my face around with each spurt, letting Him coat me, letting Him cover my face with his copious spunk. Oh God, what was happening to me? I should have been horrified by what He was doing to me. Instead, I was bucking, moaning, and groaning like the cheapest slut I had ever seen. The worse part was, I couldn't seem to stop. When it was over, I gave Master's cock a squeeze, and milked the last drop of pearly liquid from His magnificent cock. He captured it with a finger and fed it to me. It was delicious, salty sweet. "Mmmm-you know . . . I wanted You to cum in my mouth," I admitted. Why was I telling him this? Why was I suddenly so weak? "I wanted to as well, but I couldn't," He said. "Hell, I wanted to feel that wet little pussy of yours wrapped around my big cock. But, that's totally off-limits for the next thirty days. Oh well, I guess I can make do with the blow jobs until then." "What do you mean?" I asked. I used to welcome any of my other Masters uses for my body. Master Paul had taken me in every hole I had. But now I was being told I would not? Why not? "You can you know," I began. He could have me. He was, after all, my Master. I wondered what it would feel like to be taken by Him, battered by the big monster cock. "You mean you don't know?" He said. "Sybian training lasts for thirty days. Until then, you belong to Mr. Sybian." No-no-no-no! I shook my head violently, a strand of his cum wiggled from my nose. I worked at the ties securing me to the Sybian, but they wouldn't budge. "Relax, slut," Master Thomas said, smiling down at me. "Mr. Sybian here will make you into a very cooperative and motivated submissive." The Sybian thrummed back to life in between my legs. I struggled some more. This wasn't in my contract. I was sure of it. I had to get out of there one way or another. This machine was changing me. I wasn't even the same person I was the day before. Then I felt a new sensation. The latex cock wasn't just vibrating and moving. It was gently thrusting in and out of my sex. Oh fuck! I had to get off. I really had to get off. Yet, my body was disobeying me completely. My hands ran up and down my body and pinched my hard elongated nipples. "Struggling will just make matters worse," Master Thomas said with a smirk. "You see, Mr. Sybian here has a lot of tricks to make a submissive compliant and eager to please. Maybe you should try them out. You'll have plenty of time over the

next thirty days of training." I looked at Him in horror. He was a monster! I pleaded to Him to grant me my release. I needed to cum so badly! But, I realized I couldn't count on that, because He was a Master. He had to make me earn my release, make me work for it. Why else would I be strapped to this mechanical beast? Oh God, yes! Fuck it felt so good. I began to cry out a different plea. Oh please, fuck me! Oh please, please let me cum. I heard myself squeal. "Oh God, Mr. Sybian," I groaned. The saddle slid open in the middle and then closed back around my clit. "Oh yeah, that's it baby. Do my clit! Oh Please, Master Thomas." My clit was vibrated between the panels that it was secured between and I was instantly cumming. My hips bucked. I rode Mr. Sybian like a horse. "Fuck-fuck- fuck-I'm cumming Mr. Sybian. Oh fuck . . ." I was vaguely aware that Master Thomas was pushing me down onto the latex cock harder, driving it deeper into me. The thrusting was painful, but I couldn't care less! The Sybian was touching places I have never been touched in and I was in pure heaven! I knew I shouldn't be enjoying this so much. I hated this man and what He was forcing me to do. I knew I should be fighting this with all that I was. But it was so hard to think about anything when your pussy is on fire with pleasure. "Oh dear God, I'm yours Master Thomas! My ass, my pussy, my mouth. Oh fuck baby, fuck me any way you want Mr. Sybian. Oh-oh - aiiiee!" I cried. "Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me harder." By now the dildo was a piston driving through my soaked pussy, and I, I was nothing but a pussy. A quivering, wet, cock-starved hole. "Harder Mr. Sybian...please, harder. Oh God, Oh I'm gonna cum. No, oh no, what are you doing?" The cock in my pussy was withdrawing. I tried to squeeze tighter so that it wouldn't go, but it was withdrawing despite my best efforts. And then, and then I felt something totally unexpected. A probing . . . a pushing against my other hole. "No . . . oh God, no not there. No please, I've never done it like that before," I protested. But still it pushed. How do you argue with a machine? It hurt as it entered me and it filled me completely. Stretched as I was I couldn't help but to think of Master Thomas's monstrous phallus. How would it feel? How would it feel in my pussy? How would it feel in my ass? I lifted off the seat as far I could to escape this new humiliation. "Please Mr. Sybian, I'm...I'm a virgin there." Somehow it must have heard and thankfully it stopped. I looked around Master Thomas's eyes was plastered on me as if they were drinking me in. I had never been so humiliated in all my life, but at least it was partially over. At least He wasn't going to see me anally sodomized...I hoped! I heard a buzzing below and looked down to see as the little vibrating horn began to move. I was curious. What was it doing? I watched as it began to rise, bringing itself level with my clit. It touched me, sending vibrations to every molecule of my clit. Oh God, it was going to make me cum. My ass clenched at the dildo buried just inside the ring of my grommet. The sensations grew. Fuck, it was going to make me cum. But then to my disappointment, it withdrew from my sex and began to lower until it was just out of reach. However, it was still down there, still buzzing . . . beckoning me. And then . . . oh God, how I hate to admit it, but the bonds released. I was free! And yet . . . and yet . . . I was still horny, so horny. No, oh God no...please don't. Don't make me do it. Oh God, you bastard, you're going to make me do it to myself, aren't you? I realized that He was watching, waiting for me to fuck myself, and I burned with humiliation. I prayed for the strength to resist, but my body was already betraying me. I pushed down, grunting as I impaled myself on the cock in my ass. Up and down it led me. Faster and faster. I was doing it. I was

fucking myself. Fucking myself in the ass while this man I hated looked on. But, I could no longer concentrate on Him. My mind...my soul...my pussy only had room for one person and that was Mr. Sybian. Just as I was getting into a good rhythm, the cock in my ass withdrew and larger one that had thick ridges rose up about five inches away. I tried to lower my sex on it, but it withdrew. When I rose up, it did as well. It only stayed up when I shifted my hips and lined the head up with my ass. This one almost took my breath away as I fucked myself on it. My ass alternately stretched and clenched on every large ridge. I was grunting and sweating like a pig, but I didn't care. I was getting into a rhythm again. Up and down I bounced. Bucking, fucking...harder, faster. I was so close. So close to coming. "Come on baby. . . please Mr. Sybian. I'm doing it. I'm doing what you wanted. I'm fucking myself. Fucking myself in the ass. Oh please. Please - I'm desperate . . .just hold still, just for a second. Oh I'm so close. Oh please oh please...I-I need it. . . Oh, oh here it comes. Oh Fuck oh fuck." And then I was doing it. I was coming again. The rings closed around my thighs and ankles and I realized I was trapped again. As my orgasm faded, my feeling of humiliation and debasement swelled. Oh God, what had I done? That wasn't me. It couldn't be. I was naked and alone with Master Thomas's penetrating stare. I only had one way to escape my shame, even though I knew my respite would be temporary. "Please Mr. Sybian," I whispered, stroking the musky wet leather saddle, and bringing the trainer back to life. "I need it. I need it again. I'll be...I'll be a good girl. I'll be a good submissive. I'll be the best submissive ever." The above story is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places and events in it are products of the author's imagination and are used as fantasy. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.