# Sybian Training

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Megan's Lindsey's Diary 6/25/13  
  
Dear Diary,   
  
Today was the most horrible day of my life. It all started going wrong when my old boss (and I do mean 'old'), Mr. Schmidt, took a leave of absence due to health reasons. He was old, but he was also a secretary's dream boss. Okay, he was a little wrinkly and a little smelly, which made it no fun going down on him, but on the bright side, I only had to go down on him once . . . maybe twice a week. He would even ask my opinion on things and pretty much let me take care of most of his assignments without a lot of interference. And a woman being able to work without a lot of interference has been a rare thing ever since President Ashcroft repealed all the women's suffrage laws and replaced them with women's suffering laws.  
  
Anyway, it turned out that Mr. Schmidt had anMegan and he would be out of the office indefinitely. I was hoping I would be able to continue doing my job, you know- without the blowjobs and all.   
  
Alas, it was not to be. Just my luck, they replaced Mr. Schmidt with Mark Henderson. I loathed him and his smug cocky expression at first sight. He was a fresh graduate that was rumored to have taken a number of New Men's Study classes in order to rise quickly through the company chain of command.   
  
The first thing he did was have me stand in front of him with my skirt raised for a panty check, threatening to spank me if they were damp. I promised him they were not, but he was resolute, piercing me with his smug gaze and fondling my pussy until he was satisfied that I was as dry as I claimed.   
  
I could feel my cheeks burning from embarrassment and I wanted to crawl under the desk and die. Sure, I understand the boss has the right privilege to check, but Mr. Schmidt never did. I mean, I did everything by the book. I dotted every 'I' and crossed every "T". Heck, even my skirt met the requirement of being 5 inches above my knee, but I made sure that they were not an inch shorter. And really, I had always went out of my way not to be like some of the, how should I say, 'looser' secretaries that I worked with.   
  
But my humiliation didn't end there. With my dry pussy thoroughly mauled and my pride all but erased from my psyche- he ordered me to suck his cock.   
  
I knelt down in front of Mark, proceeded unzip his pants, and fished around for his cock. This I expected. I've worked for several men during my career as a secretary, and never had one yet who didn't want to test out the skills of his secretary . . .even my beloved old fuddy duddy Mr. Schmidt. 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 it 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.   
  
"Jesus, shit," he murmered. "What are you useless? You act like you've never sucked a cock before."   
  
The cocky shit 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 was just a temporary, and I had been doing the job by myself before he came along.   
  
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 breath. I could just see the headlines, secretary found dead in office after giving head.   
  
Thankfully, he 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 boss 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 phallus.   
  
"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. . .  
  
06/26/13  
  
I could barely endure my first day working with my new boss, Mark Henderson, but was a walk in the park compared to today. Today, when I walked into the office, I could tell immediately something was up. Every secretary, PA, and receptionist stopped what they were doing and stared at me as I walked to my desk. I could almost hear their whispers, but I had no idea what they were saying, I only knew that it was about me. The moment I arrived at my desk, I knew what the commotion was about. Instead of my ergonomic chair beneath the desk, there was what could only be described as a saddle on wheels. In the center of the saddle a very real looking dildo pointed up luridly.  
  
My purse fell to the floor, followed by my stomach and jaw. No, this was intolerable. Totally unacceptable.   
  
"I see you've met your new trainer, Mr. Sybian," Mr. Henderson said from his office. "Why don't you wheel him in here and I'll let you two get acquainted."  
  
In a state of numb shock, I wheeled it into the office, careful to conceal it as best I could from the other office workers. Whatever Mr. Henderson had on his mind, well, he could just forget it. This was clearly over the line and I told him so.  
  
"Mr. Henderson," I said. "I don't know what you expect, but I mean, Mr. Schmidt is technically still m. . ."  
  
"Officially retired," Mark finished. "You now work for me and since the employment contract you signed gives me the right to expect a friendly and motivated subordinate, it also gives me the right to train you as necessary.  
  
"But I am friendly . . . I am motivated," I whined.  
  
"And that is why I enrolled you in the Sybian training program," he continued as though I didn't speak. "Meet Mr. Sybian, you new personal trainer."  
  
"Look . . . there's no way . . . I - I quit," I stammered.  
  
"Well, the non-competition clause in your employment contract states that you will not work at another business for a period of two years. Do you have two years of salary saved Megan?"  
  
"No sir, but . . ."  
  
"Can you hibernate? Or do you have someone who will support you?"  
  
"No sir, but. . ."  
  
"Then I suggest you say hello to Mr. Sybian."  
  
He reduced me to tears. I hated President Ashcroft and his new law that made this possible, but most of all I hated Mr. Henderson.   
  
"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 little pervert 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 phallus. And it was huge, let me tell you. I had a hard time getting it all in, but Mr. Henderson moved behind my and pushed down on my shoulders.  
  
"Ouch," I whimpered. "It's too big."  
  
"Oh, I'm sure that big girl cunt 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 phallus. I noticed several buckles and straps on the saddle 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 Mark wasted no time locking me down until I was secured tightly to the saddle with no way of getting off without assistance.  
  
"Now back to your desk," Mark grinned, wheeling me, mounted on my humiliating perch, back into the office.   
  
Blushing, trembling, crying, and inwardly cursing, I did my best to adjust my skirt to hide what had been done to me. What \*he\* had done to me. I could feel the heat from every eye in the office as they burned into my soul. Oh how I hated him! I wanted to stab him in the heart with a letter opener.  
  
"I need this report done by twelve." Mark handed me a dictation tape, grinned and made his way back to his office. "What, no smile?" he said, peeking around the corner.  
  
I forced one to my lips, even though my eyes screamed, "Die you fucking little worm!"  
  
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There was nothing I could do except begin typing his report. I had long since learned after many spankings, that it wouldn't do to wallow in my own sorry situation or try for petty revenge. At least, not until the opportunity arose to get rid of Mark by getting him promoted. Then, he would gladly leave me behind for a prettier and bustier secretary.  
  
It was as I was typing the report that 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 concentrate on the report. Click-click-click, the keyboard keys clacked. Buzz- buzz-buzz the intruder in my sex hummed.  
  
Fuck, but if it wasn't turning me on. I mean like \*really\* turning me on.  
  
Part the saddle 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 by 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 everyone was looking at me out of the corner of their eyes. Oh God, I could feel my passion rising. I could no longer type. 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 alot. But the gyrations had stopped. Everything in my lower region had stopped moving except the throbbing in my clit. Maybe the batteries had run down. Whew, thank God for small miracles. Perhaps I could finally get some work done.   
  
I resumed typing and then the Sybian kicked back in again. I could hear it buzzing, so I typed faster, clacking the keys harder to disguise the hum of the trainer, which only seemed to intensify the vibrations. Closing my eyes tightly, I just listened to the transcription tape and typed like never before. Typed until I felt my sex grow warm and full. Typed until I could feel the orgasm swell and begin to blossom. I stopped typing and leaned back to let it overtake me, but strangely enough, again it stopped, leaving me panting and hanging on the edge, and growing increasingly frustrated.  
  
It was only then that I remembered where I was. I peaked out of my left eye, and my worst fears were realized. Every eye in the office was glued to me. Dear Lord, I was so humiliated, I wanted to sit there with my eyes closed forever, but I knew it wasn't 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 a few tissues.   
  
"I don't hear any typing out there," Mark called out from his office.  
  
I re-wound the tape to find my place and resumed typing. The vibrator immediately leapt to life. I stopped and so did the vibrator.   
  
"If I don't hear you typing in the next few seconds, I'm going to have take you over my knee at your desk," Mark said.  
  
"Yes, sir," I replied. The bastard! Somehow the vibrator and my keyboard were linked, and he knew! Well, I would show him. I resumed typing. Normally, I can do about eighty words per minute, but I slowed down to twenty or so, by starting and stopping the dictation tape. This kept the vibrator at 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 typed slowly but surely. I dared not give Mark an excuse to spank me publicly. I closed my eyes and listened to Mark's voice on the transcription tape, basking in the sensations thrumming through my sex. Somewhere along the way, I became aware that I had failed to stop the tape, that I was typing as fast as I was able, and worse, that I was on the cusp of a mind-blowing orgasm. Part of me was screaming "Stop the tape, 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 threw 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 typing until another orgasm hit. Oh God-Oh God-Oh God. My orgasm blossomed and burst open. I clutch the saddle of the Sybian tightly between my thighs and kept typing until another orgasm hit.   
  
Fuck-fuck-fuck, 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 tape had stopped and so had my typing. Everything seemed so quiet. I peeked out from my closed eyes. Dear God, every eye in the office was looking at me in shock. I was drenched in sweat and the seat of the trainer was sopping wet. Worse, I smelled of musk. Anyone would be able to smell me. I had never been so humiliated in my entire life.   
  
"Okay everyone, back to work!" Mark shouted out. "You people act like you've never heard a squealer before."  
  
A squealer. I wanted to die. Maybe I should have taken the letter opener and fell on it, like some sort of samurai and saved my honor. But, there was no way to fall on it even if I had the will to do so, strapped to the saddle of this damned machine as I was.  
  
Thankfully, Mark wheeled me back into his office and closed the door.  
  
"I had no idea you would be such a slut," Mark 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 small 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 Mr. Henderson's pants.  
  
He caught the direction of my gaze.   
  
"What are you looking at Megan?" He was smiling at me, thoroughly enjoying my predicament.   
  
"Nothing." 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 this kind of girl, and yet, there I was, nodding my head and meaning it for the first time since becoming a secretary.   
  
"Ask Mr. Sybian."  
  
I wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, but as a secretary I could never do that. Not if I wanted to work again . . . ever. But, I had already humiliated myself due to this sadistic man to such a degree, I hated the thought of descending even further.   
  
Hated myself even as I asked, "Mr. Sybian," I said somewhat breathlessly. "May I suck Mr. Henderson's cock?"  
  
The latex phallus in my sex gave an intense thrum, as if to say, yes, Megan, hurry and suck that wonderful cock.  
  
But how could the Sybian possibly know? I looked in Mark'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 Mr. Henderson'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 -someway - somehow.  
  
I was moaning again. Squealing. I eagerly used Mr. Henderson's thick cock to silence the humiliating sounds I was making. The vibrations intensified. I could feel the dildo moving - rotating in my cunt. I realized I was going to cum again, and I wanted . . . I-I wanted Mark 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. Mark grabbed the back of my head, but I didn't even wait. I thrust forward and buried his large dick 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 a secretary 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 Mark's penis a squeeze and milked the last drop of pearly liquid from his penis. 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 was 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 dick. But, that's totally off limits for the next thirty days. Oh well, I guess I can make do with the copy girl, until then."  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked. I used to welcome any of my other bosses dallying with some of the other girls, but now I felt a new feeling. Was it jealousy? "You can ah- you know," I began. He could have me. 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, Megan," Mark said, smiling down at me. "Mr. Sybian will make everything all right."  
  
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 phallus 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 just sets it off," Mr. Henderson said with a smirk. "Saying different combinations of words with Mr. Sybian or Mr. Henderson also makes it do interesting things. 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! All men were monsters! I prayed to God, pleading with him to grant women their rights back again. But, I realized I couldn't count on God, because he was a man. He had to be. Why else could this have happened to me? Oh God, yes! Fuck it felt so good. I began to say a different prayer. Oh God, fuck me! Oh God, please let me cum. I heard myself squeal.   
  
What was it that Mark had said. Saying different combinations of words along with Mr. Sybian would make the trainer do different things.  
  
"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, Mr. Henderson."  
  
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 Mr. Henderson was pushing me back into the office. He said something or other about serving as an example to the other girls. I could have cared less, I was in heaven, but looking around, I saw the horrified expressions of some of the other secretaries and female staff members. A few looked at me smugly, with a superior look in their eyes. While most looked scared, frightened, with a hot flush to their cheeks . . . wondering what they would look like when they were being trained by Mr. Sybian.  
  
But it was so hard to think about anything when your pussy is on fire with pleasure. "Oh dear God, I'm yours Mr. Henderson. My ass, my pussy, my mouth. Oh fuck baby, fuck me any way you want Mr. Sybian. Oh-oh - aiiee!" I cried. "Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me harder." By now the dildo was a piston driving through my cunt. And I, I was nothing but my cunt. A quivering wet hole. "Harder Mr.-Sybian-Harder. Oh God, 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 Mr. Henderson'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 a - I'm a virgin there."   
  
Somehow it must have heard and thankfully it stopped. I looked around and every eye 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 they weren't going to watch while I was anally sodomized.  
  
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 people were listening, 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 everyone in the office looked on. No one made the effort to appear not to stare. The secretaries' eyes were filled with fear, the male executives with hungry desire.   
  
But, I could no longer concentrate on them. My mind - my soul - my cunt only had room for on 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 too 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-I need it. . . Oh oh - oh here it comes. Oh Fuck ohfuck." 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 in an office full of penetrating stares. 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 a - I'll be a good girl. I'll be a good secretary. I'll be the best secretary ever."  
  
The End