

Your skin crawled at the perversion adorning your body. You hadn't worn a uniform since you graduated from Catholic school last year. A saggy red blazer sat atop a tight white shirt underneath - which tucked into the hem of the red, black and green tartan miniskirt. A pair of crimson thigh socks offered some modesty to your exposed thighs. Finally, a red bra and matching thong offered the final layers of protection against the whirring machine and lustful gaze of the onlookers.

The Sybian itself was a large black saddle with a pink latex ribs along the top. It was designed to caress and massage your pussy with increasingly intense vibrations while you sat upon it. You gulped, glancing back at the two men behind you. Jackson held the controls to the Sybian in his right hand, while Moses clutched a small stopwatch.

"Climb on whenever you're ready. Remember the rules, 30 minutes on the Sybian - each time you cum you lose a piece of clothing. If you get naked we'll start takin' some pictures."

You nod in an excited anticipation, adrenaline flowing through your veins as you straddle the device, feeling the plastic contours pressing up against your labia through the thin material of your thong.

"I-I'm ready!" you grunt, biting your bottom lip and shutting your eyes.

WHIRRRR

The machine is more powerful than you originally expected, taking you by shock as it sends wave after wave of deep tremors through your poorly-guarded clitoris.

"OH MY GOD!!! SHIT! OHH FUUUUCK!"

Your body betrays you almost instantly as you are caught in the wracks of an unexpected climax. Your legs clamp down around the Sybian and you feel your juices begin to dampen the tiny thong.

"That's one, kick off them shoes, girly!" Moses laughs.

You glare at the stopwatch, trying to steady your breathing so you don't climax so quickly again. The sound of your shoes hitting against the floor sets the Sybian and the stopwatch off again.

"20 seconds down, 29 minutes and 40 seconds to go."

"Oh God..." you moan, already feeling your clitoris burn from the intense stimulation.

WHIRRRR

This time you manage to get ride the contraption much better, angling and tilting your body to try and spread the vibrations to less sensitive areas of your crotch. However, there is only so much you can do before you feel yourself growing overwhelmed again. Your body doubles forward as a spasm erupts from your gut to your fingertips, making you accidentally scream in pleasure.

“AAAHHHHHHH! I-I’M CUMMING! STOP IT! STOP THE MACHINE!”

You gasp and pant as you toss your blazer onto the floor, clenching your thighs in a bid to draw some of the intense sensations from your heated pussy.

“6 minutes and 13 seconds down. 23 minutes and 47 seconds to go,” Moses cackles, giving a thumbs up to Jackson.

WHIIRRRRRRR

“Uh! UH! UHHHH! UGGHHHHH! N-NOO UGH! I- UGH! WON’T CUM! AAAHHH!”

Your defiant resistance echoes through the basement as the two onlookers reach into their pants, watching your young body slowly be consumed by lust and overwhelmed by the immense pleasures the machine can offer. Your labia feel aflame with burning desire now, each vibration of the Sybian sending ripples of your third orgasm crashing through your body.

Your toes curl and your back arches this time as you unleash a primal howl, thoroughly soaking your thong. Trickle of your wetness begin splattering down the sides of the machine, goaded forth by the incessant vibrations.

“F-FUCK! NOT AGAIN! AHHHH AHHHH! AH AH AH AHHHHH!”

“That’s it girl, you got 16 minutes and 32 seconds left on the clock! Let’s lose that shirt and see some a’ that delicious cleavage!”

You reluctantly unbutton the white shirt, exposing your bulging cleavage to the men before you. The tight bra was showing the outline of your hard nipples now.

WHIIRRR

“Uuuuwaaaaahhh!” you squeak as the machine unexpectedly trembles back to life.

As your body shakes you feel your breasts jiggle and bounce, turning on the two men watching you even more. There’s no way you’re going to last sixteen minutes without cumming at least a couple more times. The thought of these men seeing your bare breasts of soaking pussy made you nervous and excited at the same time.

Vibrations sent the tight thong wedging into your tight vulva - the feeling was mind-meltingly pleasurable. As the sensations continued to wrack your body your vision began to blur and your breathing quickened.

“Cum-c-cummming! Ahhhhhhh!” you squealed.

“7 minutes and six seconds to go! Damn, she gonna make it! Lose that thong girl!”

You try to reach under the skirt to move the thong, but your arms are trembling so much from the waves of ecstasy coursing through your veins that you can scarcely do little more than grope fruitlessly at the hem of your skirt.

You aren't sure which of the guys came over to help you, but a second later you felt a breeze of fresh air as the soaking thong had the elastic snapped from your waist.

“Let's see how she handles the Sybian not without any panties protecting her...”

WHIIIRRRR

“AAAHHHH AHHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! OHHH MY GOOOOOOODDD!”

Your tongue lolled from your mouth as you began to lose the ability to think clearly. Your entire body was convulsing now; it was hard to tell if the pleasurable shocks shattering through your body were from the orgasm you just had, or from the next one washing over you.

“Aaaahhh... ahhh ahhhh ahhhhhhh!”

“Jesus Christ, Moses... I think you've broken her! Haha!”

“Let's get rid of that bra, she looks damn sexy in those kneesocks.”

Their voices sounded like they were whispering from a thousand miles away; you barely felt your bra leave your shoulders as the two men started the machine again for the final time.

Your labia quivered against the vibrating silicon, ceaselessly sieged by the pleasurable machine. It was preying upon your very sanity now, each orgasm eroding a little bit of who you were and replacing it with mindless lust. University didn't really matter - all you wanted was to sit on this Sybian forever...

“Cummming! I'm cummming! Y-yes! MORE! GIVE ME MORE!” you wail in a final orgasm, almost collapsing from the Sybian as you rock to the side.

“Time's up!” Moses roared, turning the machine off, “Looks like you've still got your skirt and

kneesocks on. Give us your email and we'll send you copies of the video.”

“V-video?” you groan, barely capable of thinking, let alone speaking.

“Aww, I think she’s tired. How about we take her upstairs and join her in a nice relaxing bath.”

“I do say, that sounds like a swell idea...”