

# Cyberworld (Part 4)

Novus Peregrine



The wind rushes as you crank the throttle of your Torrent as you power through the straightaway. It's the last lap of the course, with only the three of you still really in the running at this point. All that was left to be determined was who was taking which trophy home. Assuming, of course, that none of

you wiped out at the last minute. Torrent racing, introduced just three years ago as a new circuit, was a hell of a lot more dangerous than Speedcylce racing...but it was a hell of a lot more of an adrenaline rush too. Even better, you quickly proved to be one of the few members of Team Valkyrie that possessed the three-dimensional spatial awareness for this type of racing. Before the Torrent Circuit, you'd managed two years in the Emerald League with the team, then made the jump to the Sapphire league...but you'd likely been at least a couple more years from hitting the Diamond league. Discovering that you were second to only the Captain with the new Torrent Racers had jumped you into a higher tier league, albeit a new one, than you ever could have reached this soon in traditional Speecycle racing. The fact that Torrent Racing had rapidly become even more popular than Speedcycle racing had ever been, farther secured your spot on the team in ways that even your original deal couldn't match.





Applying the airbrakes as you enter the maze-like canyons that make up the final leg of the race, you actually manage to pull ahead...though your uncertain you can hold it, the tight hairpin turns demand a careful balance of recklessness and fine control that mean anything can happen. Given the



exhaustion from the previous laps building up in all three of you, you know that you're racing as much against the course now as you are the other two who are still in the game. Gritting your teeth, you focus down and hold on through the turns and reverses...then groan as you're overtaken again by the other two in the final turn. Not that you have much to complain about. One of them is your own Captain...and the other her primary rival of over ten years. Placing third to the two of them is still absolutely nothing to sneeze at. You're still riding high, despite not finishing first, as all three of you check your flight and aim for your individual garages...



You enjoy the feeling of flight, even outside of racing, so much that you always take your time a bit more than the others as they return. As a result, Captain Aylian beats you into the garages by several minutes, wandering over from her own to wait as you do your post-flight check and shutdown. A full

look over the Torrent will be saved for later, with the team's ground crew, but it still takes a minute or two to get everything shut down. The fact that you feel a gentle, teasing hum come from your privates as Aylia waits only causes it to take a *bit* longer. You're well used to your lover's teasing ways by now...





Not that you mind. Your contract with Aylia ended years ago at this point. But your relationship had survived the contract ending. By the time it had run its course, the two of you had come to care deeply for each other. You'd also developed a complex set of control kinks...though you were grateful



to at least be free of that uncomfortable chastity belt. Even if years of near continuous wear had made it the feeling of it being gone disconcerting at first. f  
it.

More than that feeling, your and your lover's kinks had ultimately driven you to replace it with something else a year on from the contract...but as Aylia pulls you into a kiss, teasing hum from that 'something else' peaking for a moment, you're still grateful for the belt's absence. Its replacement is subtler, less uncomfortable...and both of you enjoyed the more comprehensive options it give to both of you. For the moment, however...you have to pull away, as much as this feels amazing. The buzz stops immediately, to your slight disappointment, as you both head to the winner's circle with your 'fan facing' faces on.



It feels amazing to be on the podium with two legendary racers, the cheering of your personal fans audible despite their bigger followings. As an up-and-comer underdog, you've picked up a solid following yourself, enough to make themselves seen and heard among the other fans. The fact that you



still do some rather suggestive photoshoots, despite no longer being available for a night to the highest bidders, certainly hasn't hurt that popularity. Though it's no longer your entire image. The transition in fanbase was rough at times, but with the support of Team Valkyrie, particularly it's excellent PR people, you're now one of the more popular figures in the Torrent League. Even if your Captain and her rival still have you beat...for now. Someday, you'll overtake them. For now, they are a fun challenge both on and off the track.



By the time you finally make it to the showers, you're sore and sweaty. Other members of the team join you and your lover, all of you intent on simply getting clean for the moment. Resha and Tish didn't finish today, both having gotten unlucky earlier in the race, knocked out by a collision and



mechanical failure respectively. They'd both stuck around as additional spotters after being cleared by medical after their respective crashes, though, which had helped keep you and Alyian in the race to the end. The two of them had already gotten cleaned up and a bit before, which means they exit the showers before you, leaving you and your lover alone under the spray.



Your completely unsurprised at the result, Aylia barely waiting ten seconds after the others left before joining you. Not that it's a secret you two are involved...but it's a bit rude to play when neither of them have had much luck finding a steady guy or gal. As it is, you try to keep your voice down,



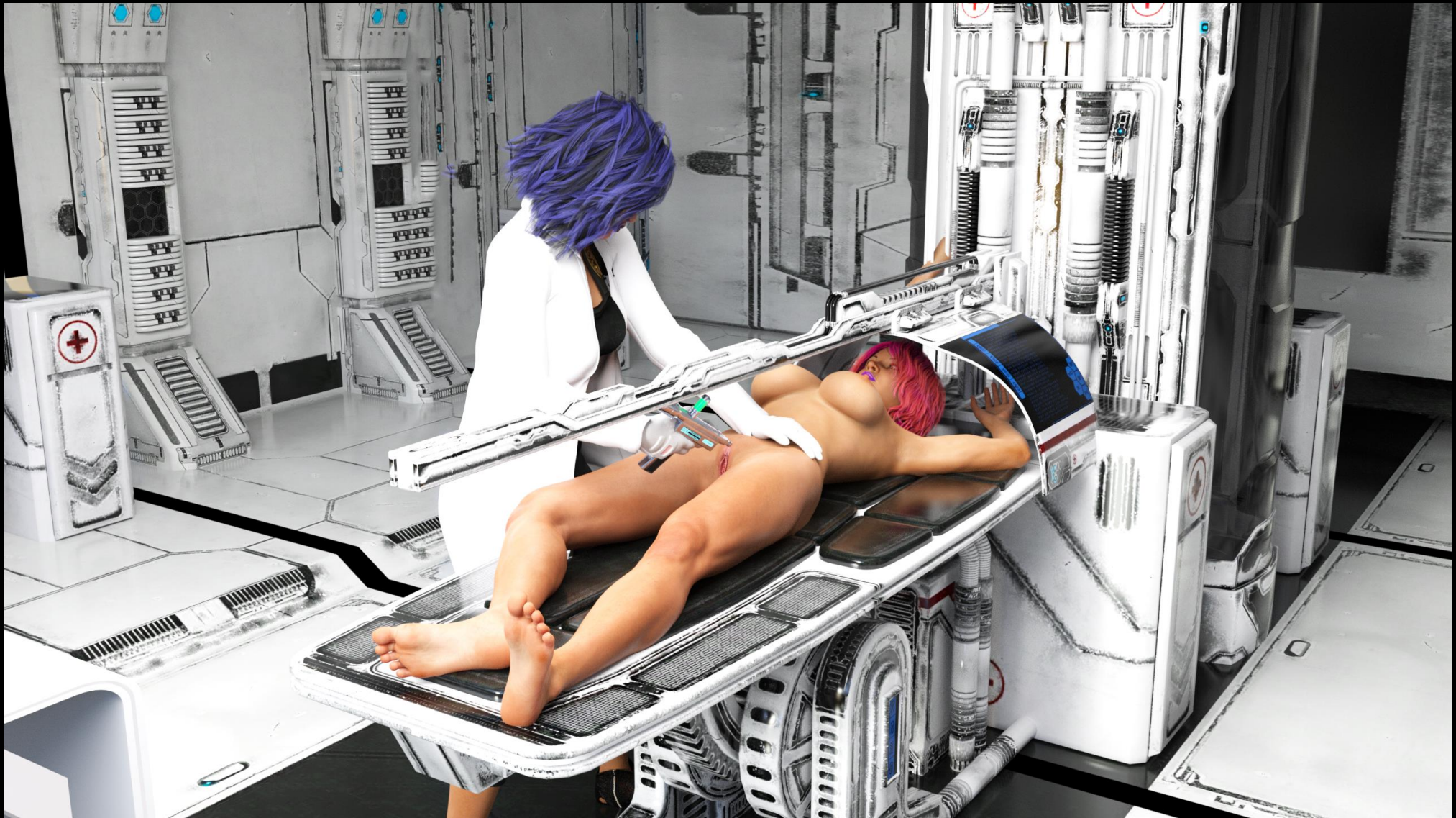
knowing they are still close by, even as your lover's hands grow increasingly distracting. You finally fail to hold your voice in as she zero's in on teasing your pussy, driving you closer to an orgasm...that you can't actually get at the moment. No matter what she does. Which makes her edging you a sort of torment, even if a pleasant one. One that brings to mind memories of *why* you can't cum at the moment...



You remember the medical center clearly, with a crispness to the memory that's almost embarrassing. You and your mistress had found it together, seeking a way to play with both of your kinks that was less...cumbersome...than your chastity belt had been. The Elysium Institute had provided

the solution...and even better, their reputation had been rock solid. They'd gone to *considerable* lengths to make sure you weren't making your choice under duress, or out of psychological conditioning. The Implant they were offering even had a safety built into it, that would give you an instant out if it ever became too much for you. Though using it would cause the nanites the Implant worked with to dissolve the entire thing, completely destroying the rather costly investment. Which was more than enough to discourage you from using it in a moment of desperation...





The Implant was, as far as you and I were concerned, a perfect solution. A tiny subdermal central unit that linked to your nervous system, with various self-replicating nanites that could accomplish a myriad of effects. Injected just above your sex, it was capable of both sending and interrupting

any and all signal going to your most sensitive bits. With dozens of settings, all under your lover's control, it could send pleasurable sensations, induce numbness, make you cum on command...or prevent you from reaching completion no matter what you do. Near total control of your pleasure by your Mistress...all without the cumbersome limitations of the chastity belt and remote-control toys.

The Implant had taken your control-exchange play to a new level...but it wasn't one that you were afraid of. You might have been, once, when Alyian was first getting to know you. Back then, she'd been a bit *intense* and impersonal with the edging and denial, sometimes pushing you to levels that you weren't quite comfortable with. But...as she'd come to care for you, things had equalized a lot. By now, your lover had found a wonderful balance between denial and release, having long ago realized that she loved to see you cum just as much as she loved to see you squirm. The result of that realization was a style of play that was much more in tune with your own desires. You'd come to like giving up control, sure...but you *are* still a bit of a nymphomaniac and primarily like the edging because the climax at the end of the tease is incredibly powerful. Just being teased was never something you found fun...but the buildup to a truly epic orgasm, sometimes stretched over several days? That, you found addictive.





Regardless of her change in perspective, Alyian still enjoys making you squirm. Particularly in public. Which is why the *rules* are set the way they are. The way they have been since shortly after you got the Implant. Save for special occasions, your ability to cum outside your home is completely

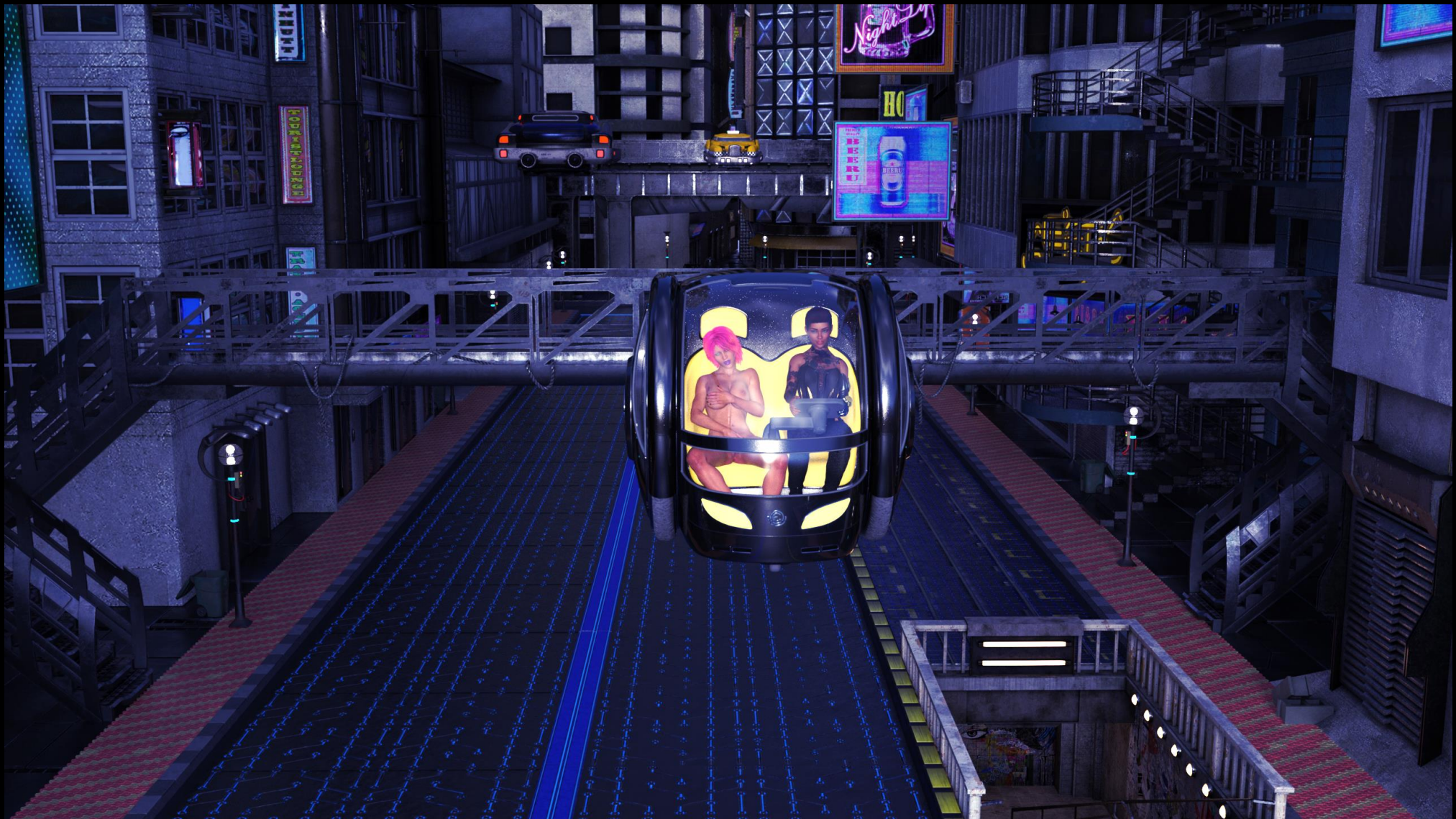


disabled. But your ability to feel pleasure certainly is not. A mixed state of affairs that always makes the mingling in the after parities, post-victory or defeat alike, more *intense* than the other party goes realize. You've gotten good at hiding it, of concealing the fact that your lover is toying with you, teasing you with sensations that range everywhere from feelings of gentle pressure on your sensitive bits...to near-orgasmic overload. All while you're forced to make small talk, lest you be caught.



She enjoys making you lose your cool...but never pushes it too far. Even if you nearly always have to break away several times during every afterparty, finding somewhere to just bite your lip and try not to scream as you ride right at the edge of climax...but don't manage to hit the peak. The Implant preventing that final step from happening...





By the time you're headed home in your skypod, it's not uncommon for you to rip your own clothes off, unable to keep from playing with yourself, even if you know it won't really help. Of course, part of you does it on purpose, knowing that it turns your lover on something fierce for you to masturbate

wildly in near-public like this, desperate to cum as she flies you both home. It's probably a good thing that the pods have systems to help prevent accidental collision. It would be embarrassing to explain to the cops how two professional Torrent racers crashed a civilian skypod because of distracted driving...





There's a special kind of bliss when you get home and Alyian snaps your collar around your neck. Your collar is the Key, after all. While Alyian can use her cybernetics to make an exception if she really wants to...the only *standing* exception to your inability to cum is contained in the signal your collar



releases at short range. If you are wearing your collar, you can cum all you want...so long as you're not the one doing it to yourself. Which still means you need to convince your lover to play...



Of course, you know how to play your Mistress just as much as she knows how to tease you, your relationship not *nearly* as uneven as it seems from the outside. Not only does she get aroused as hell seeing you squirm...but she has a few weaknesses. Like when you serve her a favorite drink from

your shared loft's bar. The fact that the drink has some aphrodisiac properties certainly doesn't hurt! Nor does the post-race high, on days like today. On regular days, Alyian might manage to resist, stretching the teasing out through to another day. But after a race that went so well...





...she wouldn't deny *either* of you. Though, of course, she always makes sure to get hers first. You don't mind. You love seeing her squirm, teasing her a bit and making her cum her brains out. Even if you don't take it as far as she does. She enjoys the prolonged effort, enough that once or twice she's considered an Implant of her own. Maybe someday.





At the end of the day, one of the reasons you get along so well is that she's nearly as highly sexed as you are. So once the fun starts, she never settles for just one round, virtually guaranteeing your own climax...possibly several of them in a row, even! The fact that she can feed into both of your



cases of exhibitionism by fucking you up against the glass of your Highrise bedroom only makes it better. And as you finally cum, after an entire day of teasing, nearly whiting out from the power of the release as your breasts squish against the window...you know you wouldn't have it any other way.



When Alyian first took over your contract, you wondered what would become of you. Five years later, you have an answer of sorts. Your relationship isn't conventional, there's never been any talk of settling down together. But the fire between the two of you is stronger than ever...and it

runs deeper than merely having compatible kinks. You love that part of your relationship, of course. But you adore Alyian completely aside from that as well. A feeling you know she shares as the two of you fade into an exhausted sleep, having fucked each other into a stupor...again.

The sex is fantastic.

Your dream of racing professionally fulfilled.

A wonderful lover and a constant challenge always right in reach.

That day that Alyian walked into the brothel and took a fancy to you? You consider that day the luckiest of your life. Even if it doesn't last forever, for right now, this is everything you ever wanted. Everything you ever dreamed of. And, unlike some who find their dreams less than they always thought they would be...you still love yours and will hang onto it with every bit of strength and will. Until you've seen all the world has to offer and taken the best parts of it for yourself and your lady...

<<The End>>