

## The Good Doctor

So, tell me more about these feelings of guilt you've been having," Dr. Watkins said as he crossed his legs and looked at his client, ready to take notes.

"Oh...I don't know if I can, doctor," Beth, his client said as she sat across from him in a similar leather wing chair. "The things that have been created these are very...well, personal and kind of awkward for me to talk about."

The pair sat in the doctor's counseling office with the slanted beams of the setting sun casting long shadows on the wall. On this late autumn day with the heat already turned up slightly the sun light made the room feel hot and stuffy to Dr. Watkins, and he suddenly wished he hadn't worn cords and a sweater vest to work.

"Beth," he said gently, using his best therapist voice, one that was deep, soft, yet controlling and commanding at the same time, "that is why you are here. You're here to talk about issues that are uncomfortable and awkward. If you could handle them yourself you'd be home right now rather than talking to a therapist."

There was a long silence during which time Beth seemed to be struggling with an answer and Dr. Watkins felt sweatier and stuffier, so he urged her on a bit by saying, "Beth, tell me about your guilt."

Beth choked on her words a little, but then finally said, "It's about sex, doctor. It's about the sex my husband and I are having."

She blushed and looked away from the doctor, but he noted that as she did she placed the tip of her finger in her mouth and sucked a bit. This would normally indicate some level of anxiety, but under these particular circumstances it more likely indicated a decadent recollection of events that, even as they caused guilt feelings, they also aroused her tremendously such that she unconsciously reenacted some of the behavior.

Dr. Watkins dutifully noted this non-verbal, but at the same time felt a rush of excitement and a tingle wash across his cock at the thought of this lovely, young, blond-haired treat having dirty sex to the point it created dysfunctional guilt feelings for her. Perhaps it was the lateness of the day, perhaps it was the fact that it was already hot and stuffy in the room, perhaps it was that Dr. Watkins' skin was already flushed and a little sweaty, but he soon realized he was getting aroused before she even began her story.

"Can you, uh..." thoughts of her sexual escapades raced through his head, making him stumble uncharacteristically on his words, "can you tell me more about this?"

Beth looked back at him, still flushed and ashamed looking. "My husband and I get into some very kinky, very naughty sex. We like to share and...stuff."

Images of Beth naked and sweaty, covered in the cum of many men, fucked hard in every hole suddenly ran through Dr. Watkins' usually so professional mind and he felt his cock stiffen fully. He shifted slightly to try and hide his now fully erect cock from Beth, hoping the folds of brown corduroy would conceal it.

"I don't know what 'stuff' means. Tell me."

Beth closed her eyes and swallowed before speaking -- and the good doctor could suddenly see her with a black leather choker collar on her neck, chain running from the collar to a wall, swallowing yet another load of cum, her eyes closed in sweet bliss.

She sucked the tip of her finger gently, sweetly, and again the doctor knew what she was thinking. "OK, let me tell you first of all that my husband is quite a bit older than I am. I was in college at the time and he was a psych professor, but we actually met because I was a waitress at a restaurant he went to all the time. We struck up conversations, and then started dating, and so on."

"OK," Dr. Watkins said, images of this sweet young woman fucking a distinguished looking older man in the restaurant after closing hours flashing through his mind. "But we were talking about your sexual activities."

"I know, and the reason I tell you that is to let you know that when I we first got together I was still a virgin and very, very innocent. I barely knew how to give a blow job, for crying out loud."

Her sudden forceful admission and use of plain speech made the doctor's cock twitch and swell, and he shifted again, his balls now starting to grow uncomfortable with the desire to cum inside Beth.

"My husband was older and much more experienced than I and decided that I needed to expand my horizons sexually. So he decided he needed to 'school' me on all the delights of sex and started to involve me in more and more outrageous sexual behavior."

Beth stopped again, looking away from the doctor. When she did he took the opportunity to look her body over quickly, longing suddenly for the large breasts straining against the knitting of her sweater. As she glanced away Beth sucked the tip of her finger; Dr. Watkins knew she was fondly recalling the sex she'd been having with her husband and sucked her finger as a phallic replacement symbol. This made him only more aroused, and he couldn't help but gently touch his steely-hard cock as a result. He placed the note pad in such a way that he hoped it would obstruct Beth's view and used one finger to teasingly massage his thickly engorged cock head.

"So," Beth said, turning back now to Dr. Watkins. "The first thing he did was to have me perfect every pleasure with him I could. He taught me how to give the perfect blow job, how to swallow his massive amounts of cum, how to take it up the ass. Then he'd fuck me in one hole while I had a toy stuffed deep in the other."

Beth's sudden use of raunchy language and explicit descriptions of her sexual experiences made the doctor's cock reach an almost painful level of hardness, and he began to stroke his cock more assertively. As he did he noticed that Beth's nipples were pushing out through the thin sweater she wore so clearly and so completely, Dr. Watkins knew that not only was she also getting turned on with her own story but she also was clearly not wearing a bra. He wondered then if she wore panties under those tight-fitting jeans of hers?

"Then he said it was time to expand my experiences further," Beth said, and as she did the doctor noted she "accidentally" brushed her hand against her extremely erect nipples. "He started by putting ads on sex sites and having one guy at a time join us. I'd suck one cock and get fucked by the other, then

switch. In time my husband started invited more and more guys to join, until it eventually got to be a whole gang bang fuck-a-thon."

"And did you enjoy this?" Dr. Watkins asked, almost breathlessly whispering it. "Were you an active participant or was your husband forcing you?"

"Forcing me?" Beth asked, nearly laughing. "God, no. I was totally a willing participant and enjoyed every dirty, filthy moment of it. It was the hottest thing ever. It made me lost and lust my husband even more."

Beth now again brushed her hand against her nipples in what was a very obvious intentional accident, and Dr. Watkins was by then stroking his cock through the soft cloth of this cords.

"So then we started going to sex clubs, but we soon found the hottest thing of all was to go to the back rooms -- you know, the pay booth things? -- and fuck right there so other people could pay and watch."

"So you are a bit of an exhibitionist?"

"Oh, fuck yeah! But not only that...you know what a 'glory hole' is?"

Dr. Watkins did in fact know what they were, but feigned ignorance in order to hear Beth explain it.

"No, I haven't. What are they?"

"A glory hole is whenever there is a hole in a wall at a sex shop or X-rated movie joint or whatever where a guy can stick his cock into and have it sucked by whoever is on the other side. Sometimes the guy can't see who is sucking him off and the girl can never see the guy. Well, these places always have these glory holes and before my husband and I fuck he always has me suck off a bunch of the guys in the glory holes as he spanks my ass red."

The doctor found this last little bit of information just too much and started to stroke his cock with no care whether Beth saw him or not.

"Why, doctor," she said with a devilish smile, now seeing his huge erection. "What seems to be the problem?"

Dr. Watkins quickly hid his erection again with his note pad and stopped stroking, mortified by the momentary lapse in his professional behavior and demeanor.

"Nothing, nothing," he stammered. "You were -- you were saying?"

Beth smiled and bit her bottom lip. "I was saying," she said, getting off her chair and kneeling in front of Dr. Watkins, "that I love to suck cock because my husband made me into such a dirty little cum slut."

Now flushed with sexual emotion and shaking under the strain, Dr. Watkins felt entirely too weak to stop Beth from what she was going to. He simply sat there and removed his hands from his bulge, allowing her to unzip his pants. She did, and then pulled out what to her eyes was the hardest and most delicious looking cock she had ever seen.

"Mmm, doctor," she cooed playfully, licking her lips. "I've sucked a lot of cocks but have never seen one this good looking before."

Without another word, Beth lowered her head to the base of Dr. Watkins' cock, then slowly and teasingly lick up to the head, where she lingered a moment to suck it gently. After sucking his cock head like a lollipop for a few moments, she again teasingly licked her way back down. Beth continued in this way for what felt like an eternity to the doctor, mixing it up from time to time to nibble her way up and down rather than to lick or by licking and sucking his balls.

In time she began to suck his cock far more earnestly, now slowly sliding the entire length into her throat, gagging herself happily on its length, and then pulling it out even as she continued to suck. Stroking his cock a few times after removing it, Beth would then dive back down into it, bobbing her head each time faster and faster, stroking with ever more force.

As she sucked his cock with complete intensity now Beth also gently massaged the doctor's balls, then pulled his cock out to stroke it and whispered, "Give me your cum, doctor, give me that special medicine."

She continued to kneel there in front of him, stroking his cock hard with her mouth wide open, cooing and making happy little moaning sounds at the thought of getting a mouthful of his cum. She stroked it frenetically now, urging his orgasm on by rubbing his balls and whispering, "Please, doctor, please give me your cum. I want to drink your cum so much."

Impotent against these intense sexual feeling Dr. Watkins' cock exploded in a furious orgasm as thick ribbon of creamy cum squirted out of him again and again, much of it going straight into Beth's mouth but some of it landing on her face, looking like long white lash marks. He screamed out in orgasmic delight while she moaned loudly now, cumming in her jeans just from the pleasure of giving head and having him cum in her mouth. Beth pumped his cock furiously as he came, finally squeezing out the last drop of cum and licking off his cock head happily.

Weak, drained, and shaking from sexual intensity, Dr. Watkins could only sit there for several minutes as he caught his breath. Beth remained kneeling before him, leaning her head on his strong thigh as he did so, wiping the spilled cum from her face and licking her fingers clean. Even though his breath was under control his emotions went on raging, so he stood suddenly and all but picked Beth up and placed her on the leather couch he had in his office.

Once there, he yanked her sweater off her to reveal the large, firm tits he had been watching carefully as she spoke and saw the thick, hard nipples that had alerted him to her arousal. He roughly and lovingly gave each a long, hard suck, before being overwhelmed for more of her body. The doctor yanked her jeans off and discovered that she had in fact not been wearing any panties, so she stood there now with her sweet pussy revealed to him in all its glory, from the soft golden pubic hair she kept neatly trimmed to the bright pink of her pussy lips.

Able to wait no more, he pulled her legs apart and dove onto her pussy and licked like a mad man. There was no teasing here, no clever use of technique, no long-practiced skill. There was only a man mad with lust licking a woman's pussy and sucking her clit with wild passion. It was his wish to make her cum just as hard and completely as she had made him.

Her clit was the largest and fullest he had ever seen and sucking on it was like sucking on a small raspberry -- and it tasted almost as sweet. He happily licked her gigantic clit and pumped her slick pussy with his fingers, working with wild purpose to eke out a thunderous orgasm from her.

He was rewarded for his efforts not long after he started when Beth soon began to moan, softly at first but with growing intensity, until she too was screaming in orgasmic delight as he had so recently.

Sexually enraged now and totally unable to control himself, Dr. Watkins ripped off his clothes and lowered himself on Beth, his cock once again rigid and hard. He slipped easily into her dripping-wet pussy, immediately fucking her with all the power and intensity his middle-aged body could muster.

Having just cum so recently, the doctor fucked Beth for many long minutes with no sense of needing to orgasm. Because of that and the intensity of the fuck he was giving her Beth exploded time after time in delicious orgasm, his cock remaining hard and true all the while. He fucked her like a machine, a powerful piston ramming his cock into her pussy again and again and again.

After quite a long while of this delight, Dr. Watkins wanted to change things up a bit and slipped his still rigidly hard cock out of Beth's pussy and slipped it into her ass, knowing it would be open and easy to enter. It was, and he slipped his cock into her ass and fucked her now there with all the force he had just administered to her pussy.

Thanks to the guidance of her husband, Beth loved getting fucked in the ass and this change in behavior sent electric chills race through her body as a fresh wave of orgasm took her. She also aided in that by rubbing her clit hard and using her fingers to replace the cock that had so recently been in her pussy.

Now feeling that glorious sense of impending orgasm force his cock to become even harder, the doctor pumped Beth like an animal and was soon erupting in yet another orgasm, filling her ass full of this sticky hot cum. He arched back and shrieked in delight even as Beth also came, their screams of sexual delight entwining, joining together and becoming one.

Dr. Watkins collapsed upon Beth, both of them simply laying there, catching their breath, and basking in the glow of some delicious sex. After a few moments the doctor lifted his head and kissed Beth gently, sweetly, looking deeply into her eyes after they were done and stroking her cheek lovingly.

"Mmm, Dr. Watkins," Beth said, "you are the best therapist a girl could want."

"And you, Mrs. Watkins, are the best slut wife a therapist could ask for. See you next week at the same time for more therapy."