

The Marriage Counselor

Charlotte playfully nudged Tim when he caught him looking at the busty secretary's ample chest. The secretary was wearing a jacket and blouse, but there was no denying the presence of huge breasts pressing to be free of the constraining fabric. Charlotte wasn't jealous at all, though, as she had even larger breasts, and a killer figure to go with it. She was always the hottest woman in the room, even when there was substantial competition, like this secretary.

Charlotte had light brown hair and pale blue eyes, long legs and curves that must have been sculpted with God's own personal supervision. Her face had a playful, yet sexy quality to it, with her full lips that were always smiling.

Tim was a good looking man, with blond hair and brown eyes, standing just a little taller than Charlotte. He was above average in looks, and didn't look out of place standing beside Charlotte, although with beauty like hers it would be hard to notice anyone standing beside her. Tim smiled playfully at Charlotte pretending to be jealous. He knew she wasn't, and that Charlotte, while not egotistical, didn't see any woman as competition for attention. Besides, Tim made it clear that he adored Charlotte, and he would sacrifice anything to be with her.

"Julie, Please send them in now," came a tinny voice over the intercom.

"You can head in now," Julie the secretary said with a smile. Tim and Charlotte smiled back and walked through the oak door to the doctor's office.

Dr Castle stood up from behind his large desk to greet them. He was a tall, good looking man with chiseled features and a little grey hair on his temples, but otherwise a full and rich head of black hair. He reached across his desk to shake both Tim and Charlotte's hands. They greeted him warmly and made introductions.

"Welcome, both of you," Dr Castle said with a beaming smile. "Please, sit down."

There were two chairs, both facing the desk. Tim and Charlotte sat down. Charlotte crossed her long, sexy legs, and her voluminous chest could not go unnoticed.

"Well, then," Dr Castle said, sitting down and clasping his hands in front of him on the desk, "what brings you two to see me?"

Tim and Charlotte looked at each other with slightly embarrassed smiles. It was hard to know where to begin.

"Um," Tim began nervously, "we're, uh, happy, mostly. In our marriage, I mean, day to day." Tim looked to Charlotte for support, and she reached out a hand, and he placed his in hers. "But, in the bedroom, it's, uh, not been going well."

"Don't be embarrassed," Dr Castle said reassuringly. "It's perfectly natural. We'll work out what to do. Charlotte, what is your take on the situation?"

"Tim and I have known each other for a long time," Charlotte said, her sweet smile radiating beauty,

"and he has always been good to me, so the sex is not that important to me. I think he pressures himself to be great in the bedroom, maybe too much."

"I see," said Dr Castle. "In a situation like this, where the couple are supportive but something is not quite right, I find that they are often holding back on saying things in front of the other person out of fear of appearing unsupportive. It's a good thing to want to be positive for your spouse, but good intentions can lead to being a little less open. For that reason, I'd like to talk to each of you separately. Would that be alright?"

Tim and Charlotte looked at each other, and nodded, then turned back to Dr Castle and agreed.

"Good, good," Dr Castle said. "Then I'd like to start with Tim. Charlotte, would you mind waiting outside for a while?" Charlotte smiled and agree, then, with a kiss on Tim's forehead, left the room. "Now, Tim, I think I can right away see a problem, as it's quite common in a situation like yours. Would you mind if I took a guess?"

"No, please do," Tim said.

"Charlotte is an extremely beautiful woman," Dr Castle said. "So beautiful that you must feel very lucky to be with her. And because you feel like she is so precious, you feel a pressure to provide for her, to perform for her, to keep her satisfied. Would you say that's true?"

Tim thought about it for a while. "Wow, you're good at this," Tim said at last. "She gets hit on all the time by other men. Almost constantly. So I know that she could be with any man in the world, so I try to not be just any man. I want to love her like no one else can."

"That is a noble aim," Dr Castle said. "You're a very good man to feel that way. However, I think you can see that putting so much pressure on yourself to be better than every other man is a lot to ask of yourself. Your body is trying to tell you something by not living up to an impossible ideal."

"But," Tim said, "how can I stop trying to please her without making her less happy? I feel like if I don't try my hardest, she'll be less satisfied with me."

"Ah," Dr Castle said, leaning back in his chair, "that is the very thing we're going to have to work out. That is going to take work and time, it won't come easy. And you're going to have to put your trust in me that I am here to help you." After that, they began to talk for the next half hour about Tim's feelings to Charlotte. Tim revealed he had longed to be with her for years and years, never wanting another woman. He felt pain when she had other boyfriends, and agonized that he had become merely a friend. When the opportunity presented itself to become more than he friend, it was the happiest day of her life.

"I'm glad that you've got such commitment to your wife," Dr Castle said. "Your deep love for her is going to make this process go very well in the end. Now, however, I'll need to ask you to leave so I can speak to Charlotte and get her side of things."

Tim agreed and stepped out the door as Charlotte stepped in. They smiled at each other but didn't say anything. Charlotte could see that Tim was a emotionally drained, and she thought it was best to let him stay in his reflective mood.

The oak door shut as Tim sat in a chair in the waiting room. He felt that there was some promise with Dr Castle's help. Tim had always held back from confessing to Charlotte how much he needed her because he knew that being needy was not attractive. Even though he knew Charlotte would never judge Tim poorly for being so devoted to her, he just couldn't be too honest with her about it. It felt good to finally confide in someone about the power imbalance in his relationship with Charlotte.

Tim waited for what seemed like an eternity. Finally Dr Castle buzzed the receptionist and said "Julie, please send Tim in now."

Tim headed in through the oak door, and when he sat down beside Charlotte, he could see she was uncomfortable. Her eyes weren't reddened, so she hadn't been crying, but her hair was a little out of place and she looked a little bothered. Tim assumed they must have touched some deep places, just as he had done in his turn with Dr Castle.

"Today has been extremely productive," Dr Castle said. "I think I can see what each of you needs, and I'm sure we can go forward and get to where we can resolve this situation properly. Are you both interested in continuing?"

"Yes, definitely," Tim said right away. Then he noticed that Charlotte did not answer right away. Tim looked at her and noticed she was biting her lip and looking down. "Charlotte?" Tim asked softly. Charlotte looked up at Tim and he noticed that she looked like she wanted Tim to do something, but he was not sure what.

"Charlotte," Dr Castle asked, his voice taking on an almost stern tone, like a teacher addressing a student. "Do you want to keep doing what we did today?" Charlotte looked at Dr Castle, and then back at Tim. Her eyes now did redden, and glistened as tears formed but didn't actually fall from her eyes.

"Yes Dr Castle," Charlotte said. Tim reached out his hand and she put hers in his. He squeezed it lovingly.

"I can't tell you how happy I am to hear that you are both ready to undertake this journey." Dr Castle said happily. "Please schedule an appointment next week with Julie, and I'll see you soon."

Tim and Charlotte left, and as they did, Tim noticed another couple waiting in the waiting area. The wife was quite beautiful, with deep brown skin and almond shaped eyes. Her breasts weren't as large as Charlotte's, but this woman was very beautiful. Tim wondered if they had the same problem as he and Charlotte did.

That night Charlotte was distracted and uncomfortable. They didn't have sex, which was not unusual, as that was why they were seeking counselling. However, as they lay in bed in the darkness, they talked quietly about Charlotte's obvious discomfort.

"What did you two talk about?" Tim asked.

"He told me that I was so beautiful that I needed to understand the effect I have on men," Charlotte said.

"That doesn't sound so bad," Tim said, "and it is true."

"Yes, I know I'm attractive," Charlotte said hesitantly, since she was uncomfortable with being immodest, "but, Tim, I'm not sure we should go back to see Dr Castle."

"Why not?" Tim asked.

"He stirred up feelings in me," Charlotte said, "Feelings that scare me." Tim thought about that for a long time before responding.

"I've never been to a therapist before," Tim said, "but I think that the idea is to confront ideas that are uncomfortable. I think as long as you think there's some truth in it, you should explore your feelings." Charlotte quietly cried in the dark, and although Tim could only barely hear it, he knew that's what she was doing. He held her tight and comforted her. "I'm willing to go through anything to make you happy, baby, but we won't go back there if you don't want to. Think about it for a few days, and let me know."

The next day at breakfast, Charlotte still didn't want to go back to see Dr Castle, and wanted to call to cancel their next appointment. However, Tim was insistent that she hadn't thought about it for long enough. Charlotte cried a little more, and got angry at Tim for not understanding her feelings. However, Tim was gentle and understanding, and calmed her down. He asked her to just be a little more patient, since the feelings from the first appointment were still fresh. Just wait one more day and if she still didn't want to go, then he would definitely cancel, no more questions asked.

Tim turned out to be on to something, as the next day when they spoke about it, Charlotte wasn't as sure. She kept asking Tim if he was sure he wanted to go back, and she seemed to be looking for him to make a decision. It was if she wanted him to call it off. She needed him to call it off because she wasn't feeling strong enough. Tim, however, took this as a sign that whatever issues she and Dr Castle had discussed, they needed to be addressed, so Tim said they should go back.

As the days went by, Charlotte's attitude changed. She not only agreed she wanted to go back, she started to become impatient for the next session. She said she could see now that she needed to undergo Dr Castle's therapy, and that it would be for the best. Tim was excited, as it meant that maybe the issues that were between them were finally on the way to being solved.

At the next session, they sat together in Dr Castle's office. Charlotte was looking extremely hot, in tight jean shorts and a white tank top. She was showing a lot of skin, and Tim could hardly take his eyes off her. In spite of being married, and in spite of his difficulties in the bedroom, he still felt excitement when he looked at Charlotte, and when she turned up the sexiness, he was just as captivated as any other man.

"Can I go first this time?" Charlotte asked Dr Castle.

"No," Dr Castle explained. "There is a procedure to this, and I'm afraid it's important that I talk to Tim first. Please wait outside. We will try not to be too long."

Charlotte walked out of the office, and Tim turned to watch her perfectly shape ass swing from side to side as she went out the door.

"Now, Tim," Dr Castle said, "I want to hear more about how you and Charlotte met. She's quite a catch. How is it you came to be with her?"

"We were friends since junior high," Tim said, "but just friends. Of course, she was a cheerleader and dated the most popular boys. I knew her because I tutored her in history, and we got to talking. After a while, she would confide in me, and she thought of me like a brother. That was kind of rough, because I wanted her so bad. I would cry at home knowing that she was out on dates and probably having sex with these other guys, and then she would even tell me about it after."

"She would tell you about the sex she had with other boys?" Dr Castle asked.

"No," Tim said, "not directly. She would tell me more about the relationships and what was going well and what wasn't. I don't think she knew how much it would hurt me to hear about her having sex with other men, but she just didn't talk about it because it was a little too private, even though we were close. Of course, I could figure out from the things she said what was going on."

"It must have been emasculating for her to treat you like one of her girlfriends," Dr Castle said.

"It was," Tim agreed. "For years, from junior high all the way through to the end of college, she was with other men, and sometimes I would even be out with them and have to see her being happy with other guys."

"Did you masturbate," Dr Castle asked, "while thinking of her?" Tim squirmed in his seat. It was uncomfortable and embarrassing to talk about, but he thought he needed to not hold back.

"Yes, a lot," Tim said. "I had a few dates and a couple of relationships. They never went that well because deep down I only wanted Charlotte. So I ended up masturbating a lot."

"Tell me, Tim," Dr Castle leaned forward, "did you use any triggers for your masturbation?" Tim looked confused, so Dr Castle went on, "Ah, sorry, I sometimes use psychological terminology when I should be more clear. A trigger is something you use to evoke the image of Charlotte. Often it's a picture, but sometimes it can be an article of clothing, or a memento of some kind."

"I have a scrapbook," Tim said.

"A whole scrapbook?" Dr Castle said, surprised.

"It didn't start out like that," Tim added quickly, "I mean, I had some pictures of her that we took together, hanging out. And then there were some pictures of her from the high school annual, and then she did some modelling and stuff for a while, so I had some magazine pictures. They were in a box I kept."

"Then later you assembled it into a scrap book?" Dr Castle asked.

"Charlotte did," Tim said, and seeing that Dr Castle wasn't following, he continued on. "When I finally became Charlotte's boyfriend, I showed her the box of pictures I had, and she loved it. She was so flattered. She was the one who put them all into a scrap book. It didn't fill up the book, though, so then from that point on, it became a collection of all sorts of things we did together. Instead of pictures of just her, it was pictures of me and her. I know a scrap book seems like something a girl would do, but actually I like it because it kind of tells a story. It goes from me just hopelessly longing for her to actually getting the girl. We still keep it updated, so it's got lots of memories in it."

"I understand completely," Dr Castle said approvingly. "Would you say the scrap book has become symbolic of your relationship with Charlotte? That it reminds you of your success, your journey from hopeless unrequited love to having got the girl, and affirms her relationship with you?"

"Yes," Tim said, realizing that was true. He hadn't ever specifically thought of it that way, but now that Dr Castle was describing it that way, Tim could see that's exactly what the scrapbook was, a symbolic representation of his relationship with Charlotte. "I guess a part of me still can't believe that I'm with such an incredible woman. She's not just beautiful, but fun and friendly, and looking at that scrap book reminds me that yes, I actually am with her."

"I would like to see that scrap book next time you come in," Dr Castle said, "but for now I just want to hear the end of the story. You were friends with Charlotte for so many years, and then how did you turn the corner to become her lover?"

"It was just after college, and she just had a really bad breakup," Tim said. "A lot of the guys she was with treated her badly, they all wanted to show her off as a trophy and not get to know her. After this one breakup, she came to me for comfort. We ended up sleeping together, and I think it happened just because she was vulnerable. The next day, though, instead of regretting it, she said that maybe she had been going for the wrong type of guys. Maybe she needed a guy who was nice. So from then on, we've been together. We got married eight months later."

"I see," said Dr Castle, thinking deeply. "Would you say then, that you feel like you ended up with Charlotte because of time and circumstance in such a way that won't happen with any other woman? That women as beautiful as Charlotte date other men, and that if you hadn't grown up alongside her, you'd never get this close? That if you lose Charlotte, this kind of opportunity won't happen again?"

"Yes," Tim said weakly. Tim couldn't believe how Dr Castle seemed to just cut right to the point and say things that captured how Tim felt. "I guess I do feel like that. It makes me not very confident around her. I worry about losing her."

"That, Tim," Dr Castle said, "is part of the problem. Next time you come in we'll pick up from here and talk about your fears of losing her. However, our time is up and I must see Charlotte now. Before I do, though, I'm going to recommend some medication for you."

"Medication?" Tim asked, surprised. "You think my problem might be physical?"

"The issue is that you are too mentally stimulated," Dr Castle, "or to put it one way, thinking too much. Which in turn causes you to be physically under-stimulated. I'm just going to give you a very mild medication that will help alleviate that imbalance. Just to help things along a little. It's a natural medication, and there are no side effects."

"Alright," Tim said. "Are you going to give me a prescription?"

"No need," Dr Castle said, and then he pointed to a small machine on his desk. It kind of looked like a white plastic coffee maker, and was about the same size. "I'm certified to dispense a limited amount of medication. This little machine here fills and sorts capsules, so I can give you the pills directly. I prefer that over going to pharmacist, because then I can control exactly what I'm giving out. Just come back in after my session with Charlotte and I'll have them ready for you."

Tim nodded and shook Dr Castle's hand. He went out to the waiting area where he hugged Charlotte, feeling her massive and firm breasts pressing against him, and then she disappeared inside.

This time Tim brought a book to kill the time while Charlotte was with Dr Castle, but it still seemed to take forever. Tim almost got up to walk in and check to see how much longer they were going to be, but when he did, Julie, the receptionist stood up and said she would check for him. Tim sat down, and then Julie came back out and informed him they wouldn't be much longer.

Finally, Julie ushered Tim in, and he found Charlotte sitting in a chair in front of Dr Castle's desk, while Dr Castle was in his chair, working with his pill dispensing machine. He was holding a small orange plastic pill container held underneath an overhanging part, the same way one would hold a paper cup underneath a water cooler. The machine made a rattling and whirring sound as small white pills were dropping into the orange container. After only a few moments, the machine stopped, and Dr Castle placed a white cap on the container.

"I've explained to Charlotte about the pills," Dr Castle said, handing them to Tim. "She's going to make sure you take them. Two in the morning, two at night." Charlotte stood up and kissed Tim directly on the mouth. It was a passionate, open mouth kiss, and Tim thought it might be too much in front of Dr Castle. Then Charlotte leaned back and looked at Tim for a reaction. Tim was a little surprised, but then he heard Dr Castle laugh a friendly laugh and alleviate the tension.

"Ha ha," Dr Castle laughed, "Don't worry Tim, I'm happy to see such things. It means what I'm doing is working."

Over the next week, Tim dutifully took his pills, though he didn't feel any different. There was more change in Charlotte, though. She seemed happier and more relaxed. She told Tim that there was no need for them to have sex, that they should focus on not having it, to take the pressure off. It was, of course, Dr Castle's suggestion.

The next week, Tim brought in the scrap book that he had told Dr Castle about. It was small in size, about six inches square, and about an inch thick. But it had many pages of pictures. Dr Castle commented that he was glad they had something tangible to reference instead of keeping all their pictures digitally. They looked through it together with Charlotte and talked about the happy times represented in each picture, and what it meant to Tim.

When it came time for Tim's private session, Dr Castle said, "When we last left off, you were going to tell me about your fears of losing Charlotte. Do you think she might leave you?"

"I don't think she would simply leave me for some other guy she met," Tim said, "But I worry that if something goes even a little wrong in our relationship that she might be tempted."

"Tempted to cheat?" Dr Castle said. "How would you feel if you found out Charlotte was cheating on you?"

"It would kill me," Tim said weakly. "I don't even want to think about it."

"I'm going to ask you to try and think about it," Dr Castle said. "Sometimes in order to get over our fears, we have to face them and think through them. So I want you to close your eyes and imagine

another man with Charlotte. Really see it in your mind. What do you imagine?"

"I imagine," Tim said, and then paused. His voice was choking up. "I don't want to say!"

"You must," Dr Castle said, "you have to let it out. Be completely honest."

"I imagine him fucking her better than me," Tim said, as tears started to run down his face. "I imagine her being satisfied in ways I can't."

"Ah," said Dr Castle. "We're getting to the truth of your fears. You fear you are inadequate, and that Charlotte will discover this by being with another. It's really your own inability that scares you."

"Yes," Tim said, with his voice cracking. "If I can't satisfy her, I worry I can't hold on to her."

"Tell me Tim," Dr Castle said, "If Charlotte did fuck another man, would you forgive her?"

"N-No," Tim said, and there was a long pause as he did not elaborate further.

"Really, Tim?" Dr Castle asked incredulously. "If you knew that not forgiving her meant losing her, you still would not forgive her? I need you to be totally honest?"

"I," Tim worked up the courage to speak, "I would forgive her. I wouldn't want to, but I would do it."

"Say it clearly," Dr Castle said, "both for me and for yourself."

"If Charlotte fucked another man, I would forgive her," Tim said, each word struggling to get out, and when he was done, his tears and sobbing continued in earnest, like a gate had opened. Dr Castle let Tim work through his feelings for a while.

"I think this has been a productive day," Dr Castle said. "We're really making progress." Then Dr Castle saw Charlotte while Tim waited, and they went home.

Dr Castle had made a recommendation that Charlotte and Tim try to find other things to do, in order to have some independence from each other. Being apart and being strong as individuals would help them relieve the pressure of needing responses from each other, Dr Castle advises.

So on Friday night, Tim arranged to go out bowling with some friends while Charlotte stayed at home. Tim tried to resist calling to check on Charlotte, but the fact that he was specifically out of the house in order to not be with her made him think of her that much more. He managed to get a little time away from the bowling lanes and give her a call.

"Charlotte," Tim said, "how are you doing?"

"Tim," Charlotte giggled, "should you be phoning me?"

"I can't help it," Tim said, "I miss you."

"Mmmm," Charlotte said, "I like hearing that. Tell me again!"

"I miss you so much," Tim said. "I don't want to be with the guys, I want to be with you. I can't wait to get back home to be with you."

"Mmmm," Charlotte purred. Tim kept telling Charlotte what she wanted to hear, and he felt better saying it. Eventually, though, he had to get back to his friends before they noticed his absence.

They continued going to sessions, and Dr Castle spoke to Tim a lot about Tim's feelings of being inadequate and unable to keep Charlotte happy. Tim started to get more paranoid and unsure, and felt his anxiety grow. Dr Castle increased Tim's prescriptions of pills, and Charlotte made sure Tim was taking them. Dr Castle assured Tim that his increased anxiety was a natural part of the process, that it was always darkest before dawn, and that Tim needed to confront his deepest fears in order for things to change. Charlotte, on the other hand, seemed to be getting happier, so Tim thought that all in all, the therapy was worth it. Even though it was very expensive and cut deeply into their budget.

Tim brought his scrap book to most sessions, and when Tim and Charlotte were together in front of Dr Castle, they would all look through it together so that Dr Castle could understand their relationship more and more.

One time during a private session, Tim confessed to Dr Castle that he was becoming bothered with the time he and Charlotte were spending apart. "You've told us to start doing things separately, and so recently Charlotte has been going out doing things without me and I'm not so sure what she's doing or where she's going. I'm starting to get scared that other men are flirting with her."

"I see," Dr Castle said, pulling a note pad and pen out of his desk. "I don't do this for all my patients. In your case, though, I think some special effort is called for. Next time she is out and you are feeling unsure, I want you to call me. I think if I catch you right in the moment, it would be most helpful."

"Okay," Tim said, taking the piece of paper. "Thanks!"

As planned, Charlotte went out on a Saturday night to be with her friends, though Tim didn't know which friends. As it got to midnight and there was no word from her, Tim started to imagine that Charlotte was with some other man. The thoughts became so vivid that Tim started to freak out. He pulled out Dr Castle's number and called.

"Yes?" Dr Castle answered, not sounding tired.

"Dr Castle?" Tim said nervously. "I'm sorry to wake you, but Charlotte is out, and it's driving me crazy."

"It's alright," Dr Castle said. "It will feel better if you let it out. Tell me exactly what you are worried is happening."

"I can't," Tim said, "it's too much."

"I need complete honesty if this therapy is to go anywhere," Dr Castle admonished. "It will only progress as fast as you go."

"Alright," Tim said, and then took a deep breath. "I worry that she's fucking someone else."

"Go on," Dr Castle said. "Exactly how. What are the details?"

Tim went on to describe how he imagined Charlotte being fucked from behind, on top, with her on top. He imagined her sucking some guy's huge cock, being tit fucked. It was all images that might be seen in a pornographic video. He imagined all those things because he feared most that she would be having better sex than what she experienced with Tim.

After Tim went through various descriptions, Dr Castle tried to calm him down. However, Tim was not so easily relaxed. Eventually he got off the phone, but he couldn't sleep until Charlotte eventually came back home at the break of dawn.

Tim's sense of unease never improved, and even got worse over the weeks. Charlotte went out more, Tim made more calls to Dr Castle, Tim took the medication regularly, and they kept their regular visits to Dr Castle's office. However, Tim found himself wondering when it was going to stop getting darker before dawn and there would finally be daylight. He began to get agitated with Dr Castle. At last, Dr Castle advised that they would need to do something more radical. Dr Castle told Tim to come to the next session ready to take things to a new level, and to be sure to bring the scrapbook of his relationship with Charlotte.

That session, Dr Castle had both Charlotte and Tim in the room, sitting in their usual chairs.

"Tim," Dr Castle said with concern, "I can understand why you are frustrated with this process, and I have to admit, I too have come to a point where I think it's time to change."

"Great," Tim said with relief. "I'd really like to try something different."

"That's good, Tim," Dr Castle said, "However, I think you should prepare yourself. What I'm going to propose is quite radical."

"I'm ready for anything," Tim said, and he squeezed Charlotte's hand. Dr Castle pulled out a hypodermic needle and a small bottle of clear liquid. Puncturing the top of the small bottle with the needle, he drew a small amount of the clear liquid into the needle, then squirted some out and tapped the needle to remove any air bubbles. Tim was a little surprised to see a needle. Dr Castle came around the desk and began to roll up one of Tim's sleeves.

"If you consent to this," Dr Castle spoke while getting ready to put the needle in Tim's arm, "this drug will create a relaxed state, where we will be able to do things we can't ordinarily achieve otherwise."

"Can you be a little more descriptive?" Tim asked.

"Unfortunately, no," Dr Castle said, "I'm afraid that to describe too much would defeat the purpose of the treatment. Really, I just need you to trust me. Do you trust me, Tim?"

Tim thought about it, then he turned to Charlotte, "What do you think?" Tim asked.

"I think you should do it," Charlotte said, comfortingly patting Tim on the shoulder. "I want us to go to the next step."

"Alright," Tim said, and he flexed his arm in preparation for the needle.

"Good, good," Dr Castle said, and without wasting a moment, dabbed Tim's arm with something in a cotton ball, and then pierced Tim's arm with the needle, placing it expertly into a vein. "It should only take a few moments to take effect," Dr Castle said.

Tim felt himself get very heavy, and then a strange feeling of seeing out his eyes like he was watching a movie of what he was seeing instead of just seeing it directly. As if somehow he was inside his own head. It was like tunnel vision, but actually his senses were heightened so he was seeing, smelling, and hearing everything vividly. Tim wanted to comment on how sharp everything seemed, but when he tried to speak, it came out, "thsss sss srrnj". When the sounds left his mouth, he realized he couldn't move his mouth. It was like Novocaine after the dentist, but many times stronger. He tried to raise his arm, but nothing moved. He began to panic a little, but there was no outward sign, as he was completely paralyzed.

"I think it might have taken effect," Dr Castle said calmly as he put the needle away into a little case on his desk. "Charlotte, be a dear and check his arm." Charlotte held one of Tim's wrists and lifted it a little off the arm rest, then let it drop. It flopped back to its place on the armrest like a dead weight.

"Wow," Charlotte said, "Is he really completely paralyzed?"

"Mmmnnn!" Tim tried to say something, but he could barely move his tongue.

"He has only the slightest involuntary movement in his face and things like breathing," Dr Castle said confidently, "however, he is completely unable to move his limbs."

"Then does that mean...?" Charlotte asked, not finishing her question because it was obvious to both her and Dr Castle what she was speaking about. The only person who didn't know was Tim.

"Yes, dear," Dr Castle said as he stood over Charlotte with his legs straddling over hers. "It means you don't have to pretend any more." With that, Dr Castle reached down and grabbed Charlotte's massive tits. She was wearing a scoop neck shirt, so he reached his hands in, and by stretching the fabric, was effectively able to scoop them out. "Show me your tits!"

"You're so obsessed with my tits," Charlotte giggled, and she stood up and unbuttoned the her shirt so her huge tits could be unrestrained. She shook them side to side and giggled some more.

"I love when you do that for me," Dr Castle said, kneading and kissing her tits. Then the two of them locked in a passionate embrace, their tongues openly lashing at each other. Dr Castle's hands freely roamed Charlotte's body, and the rest of her clothes came off.

Tim was completely baffled at first. Was this some kind of game, some strange way of trying to provoke a response out of him for the purpose of therapy? It was too strange, too extreme to take it seriously, and yet there were no hints of any kind of acting. Then, when Charlotte began to stroke Dr Castle's cock through his pants as they leaned back against Dr Castle's desk, he knew that they were really doing what they were doing. "Nnnnnn!" Tim tried to protest, but he couldn't move and could only watch helplessly.

"Ah yes," Dr Castle said with a satisfied sneer, "now it all comes out, Tim. This is the reality. The therapy that you have generously been paying for has really been for my amusement as I fucked your

wife and found ways to humiliate you. It's been a long, entertaining game. Now, however, I've decided that the time is right to take Charlotte from you completely. However, it would be no fun at all to just leave with her. No, whenever I come across a truly special woman like Charlotte, I make a special treat for her and for me out of saying goodbye to her husband."

Tim could move his eyes and he looked at Charlotte hoping to see some kind of indication that she was maybe drugged herself or made to do what she was doing. He still loved her so much, and it was impossible to believe that she could be so different than what he knew. The part of him that was realizing that she and Dr Castle had been together for months and this was not a sudden change in Charlotte was slow to catch up with Tim's desperate need to believe that Charlotte wouldn't do what she was doing.

"You're probably thinking I used some kind of hypnosis or coercion on lovely Charlotte," Dr Castle said as Charlotte slid down to her knees and began unzipping Dr Castle's pants. "Nothing could be further from the truth. The fact of the matter is that I simply made clear to her that unlike you, I am an alpha male deserving of a superior female like her, and that she is wasting her time with a so-called 'nice' guy like you."

As Charlotte helped Dr Castle's pants off, his huge, veiny cock sprung outward as it was freed from the intense pressure of so much rock hard flesh being strapped down by his clothes. Its length and girth made it seem to defy gravity as it stood straight out, pointing directly in Tim's direction. Charlotte began to lovingly lick and caress it, going up and down its length, worshiping Dr Castle's cock as if she had longed to see it.

"It's probably hard for you to grasp because you, like Charlotte was before, are taken in by this ridiculous notion society has that 'nice' guys should get the girl in the end," Dr Castle explained, slightly distracted by Charlotte's tongue flicking over the tip of his cock. "But the fact of the matter is that when a woman is presented with an alpha male, like myself, she can't help but respond. That first day you two came in, and I saw her privately in my office while you sat and waited outside, I had her sit in my lap while I caressed her tits and smelled the perfume in her cleavage. She was confused, a little hesitant, but a part of her just couldn't help but obey. After I finished fucking her thoroughly that day, she left my office understanding that there was a part of her, a natural part of her psychology, that knew which man she should be with."

Charlotte was bobbing her head earnestly up and down Dr. Castle's cock now, taking his impressive length deep down into her mouth with every thrust forward. Charlotte's mouth was making sounds like "MMLPH!", "GLPH!", and "SLPH!", emphasizing that Dr Castle's thick cock strained her jaw and filled her mouth entirely, while pre-cum and her saliva dribbled sloppily down her chin. Dr Castle grabbed her by the back of the head, and, hunching over slightly, began thrusting back and forth into her mouth, shaking her like a rag doll. Charlotte raised her hands to brace herself against his pelvis, but not to resist. The way Dr Castle violently slammed his cock in and out of Charlotte's mouth made it seem like he was going to choke her to death, but she took his cock deep into her mouth and didn't protest.

Dr Castle grimaced and looked more like an animal, a side that Tim would never have imagined seeing. It demonstrated how Dr Castle had completely taken his mask of sympathetic psychologist off and revealed his true, dominating self.

Dr Castle pulled Charlotte's mouth off his cock with a loud, wet, popping noise, and, holding her by his

hair, stepped forward and guided her behind him. She stood up, and pressed herself lovingly against Dr Castle's back. With one hand reaching around Dr Castle's waist, she continued to pump his cock vigorously at its base. Dr Castle stood with both hands on his hips, his feet shoulder width apart, looking in command except for his face grimacing. "UNNNN! UNNNN!!" Dr Castle grunted.

Tim watched helplessly as Dr Castle's cock throbbed with each stroke of Charlotte's hand. Tim knew that any moment Dr Castle would cum and it was like waiting for a gun to go off. Tim wanted to duck, to fight back, to do at least something, but all he could manage was to moan "nnnnnnnn... nnnnnn...", trying to say "no!" with his lips that wouldn't move. His eyes widened with terror, and Dr Castle smiled at Tim's show of fear. Tim suffered the anticipation of the moment more and more with every passing moment before the inevitable.

"UHHHH!!" Dr Castle let out a sound that was part grunt and part yell as a thick mass of cum shot out of his cock. It was as if it hurt to let it out, but at the same time felt so good. Long, thick gooey ropes of Dr Castle's cum splattered all over Tim's face and chest. "AUR!! AUH!!" Dr Castle grunted with every heavy stream of white slimy fluid that shot from his cock and landed with a splat on Tim. Some got into Tim's eyes and stung. Some got on his lips and he could taste it. An angry rage built inside of Tim, made much more worse because of the absolute futility of not being able to move and respond. It felt like forever, and with each thick squirt of cum, Tim hoped it was the last, but then Dr Castle's cock would pulse again and with that pulse another stream of sticky, hot cum would shoot out and further soak Tim.

Dr Castle let out a hearty laugh as his ejaculations slowed down, and said "Ah, I love doing that to the husbands of my women." Then Dr Castle pulled Charlotte back in front and pushed her down to her knees, where, without instruction, she obediently licked the tip and shaft of Dr Castle's cock clean, taking the remaining spurts of his cum into her mouth. "Ah, Tim, do you recognize the flavor? Perhaps not. Charlotte, dear, let's show him what I mean." said Dr Castle. Charlotte stood up and grabbed a small medical measuring cup off of Dr Castle's desk. She opened her mouth to let the cum in her mouth drop slowly into the cup. She then handed the cup to Dr Castle, who grabbed the small pill making machine on his desk. He opened a small plastic flap on the top, and poured the cum in. That was enough demonstration to make the point without having to actually go through the motions of turning the machine on. As the realization dawned on Tim, he felt sick enough to throw up, but his paralysis prevented even that natural reaction. "That's right," Dr Castle said, "you've been on a steady prescription of my cum the whole time you've been coming to me for therapy." Dr Castle finished his statement with another, full, hearty laugh, and Charlotte giggled while looking lovingly up at Dr Castle. "Charlotte would help me fill the prescription each time. After having plenty for herself, of course. It's just something I do to amuse myself. And it has the side benefit of reminding your wife who is really in charge of her husband and of her every time she sees you take them."

"From the second session that you two came in," Dr Castle continued, his speech slowed by the afterglow of having had such satisfaction, "the process began of humiliating you to make clear in her mind my status as the alpha male, so that Charlotte could be set free from the stupid notion that little men like you could possibly deserve such an excellent woman."

Dr Castle took a step forward, his still hard cock throbbing and standing at attention. Dr Castle grabbed its base and wagged it in Tim's face. Dr Castle was standing close enough that the tip of his cock was mere inches away from Tim's nose, and Tim feared that Dr Castle would slap his face with it. He wanted to duck out of the way but couldn't.

"Look at my cock," Dr Castle said in a commanding voice, "and feel it's superiority over you. See how it's still hard, even after I've cum so much? Charlotte thought that it wasn't possible for a man to be so virile, because she had only experienced lesser men like you. Once she saw the truth that you now see, that it's you who can not truly satisfy her, she accepted the reality that she was misplaced with you. Isn't that right, dear?" Charlotte came and stood beside Dr Castle and bent over so that her face was close to Tim's, which meant that her face was also close to Dr Castle's cock. Dr Castle took advantage of the placement to rub his cock against her cheek as she spoke.

"I'm sorry it had to be this way," Charlotte said with heart breaking sincerity in her voice, "but I couldn't help it. I didn't want it to be true, at first. I thought it made me vain to think this way, but now I just realize the facts. I'm out of your league. I mean, look at you know, sitting there soaked in another man's cum. A real man wouldn't have let that happen. Everything Dr Castle said about you turned out to be true. Everything he said about how I would feel turned out to be true. It was just a silly mistake that I ended up with you, and now I have to put that right by doing what Dr Castle says to do."

"Yes," Dr Castle said, "the only way to make Tim understand his place is to show him. Go to the couch." Charlotte stood up and obediently went to the large leather couch on the side of the room, and sat down. The way she moved, it was clear there was no question in her mind that she would do exactly what Dr Castle commanded. Dr Castle grabbed the arm rests of the chair and turned the chair and Tim in it so he was facing toward the couch. Tim looked at Charlotte and her gorgeous curves resting easily and sexily on the couch. He huge breasts squeezed together as she leaned to one side, emphasizing their full round mass. Tim wanted to kill her for what she was doing to his heart, yet at the same time he wanted her to somehow see that this was all wrong and that she should be with him, and further he wanted badly to fuck her because she looked so hot and was radiating a sexual energy like he had never experienced before.

"Tim," Dr Castle said from outside of Tim's view, "I'd like you to experience how it has been for Charlotte and I in our sessions. So I'm going to fuck her exactly how I fucked her each time you waited outside for her." Tim heard an electronic beep as Dr Castle pressed a button on his laptop. "There's a reason I always made you go first." Then, as Dr Castle walked into Tim's view, heading toward Charlotte with his huge cock swaying side to side, Tim heard his and Dr Castle's voices being played back from a recording.

"How would you feel if you found out Charlotte was cheating on you?" said Dr Castle in the recording. Then the next voice was Tim replying, "It would kill me. I don't even want to think about it."

"I'd play back all your whining while I fucked your wife," Dr Tim said, as he gently pushed Charlotte back onto the couch and stepped to be over top of her. "At first Charlotte felt guilty listening to you worrying about her doing the very thing she was doing while we listened. Over time, however, keeping you in her mind, and thinking about the reaction you would have if you knew, helped to remind her of the power she has, and the power I have over you. I dare say she cums hardest when she listens to you describe your fears. This tape is one of our favorites."

"Is this the one where he cries?" Charlotte said with a childlike enthusiasm as she wrapped her legs around Dr Castle.

As if on cue, Tim could be heard sobbing over the recording, as he said, "If Charlotte fucked another man, I would forgive her." Both Charlotte and Dr Castle looked directly at Tim and laughed, like kids picking on a weaker child.

"Get ready to forgive your wife!" Dr Castle mocked, and Charlotte laughed at his joke. With that, Dr Castle thrust his huge member into Charlotte, and she arched her back in ecstasy. From that moment, Dr Castle and Charlotte seemed to be lost in their own world fucking as if they were possessed. The sounds of Tim confessing his tearful feelings became like light background music as Charlotte screamed with ecstasy and Dr Castle grunted. It wasn't long before Charlotte tensed her whole body and climaxed harder than Tim had ever seen. Far harder.

After Charlotte's first climax, Dr Castle looked up at Tim, while continuing to thrust. That's when Dr Castle noticed the tears streaming down Tim's face. "Look, Charlotte, at your husband." Charlotte, who was being rocked back and forth with every thrust, her massive tits jiggling and rolling with a slight delay after every shudder through her body, turned slowly to look at Tim. Tim felt anger at the fact that the one thing his body could do while in this state was to display weakness.

"Oh god! He's crying!" Charlotte squealed, partly with shock, and partly with what seemed like delight. She could only focus on Tim's tears for a few moments before the idea of it sent her into another earth shattering orgasm. She closed her eyes and clutched Dr Castle while shaking with waves of orgasm.

Dr Castle turned her over to fuck Charlotte from behind, and while he did, he whispered various things into Charlotte's ear. "Isn't my cock so much bigger than his? Whose cock do you want?". Charlotte would answer, "Yours! I want your cock! I could never go back to his pathetic limp dick!"

"He must be hurting as much as it's possible for a man to hurt," Dr Castle said. "So much hurt, and all because of you. Don't you just love the power of it?"

"Yes! Yes!" Charlotte squealed. "I'm so fucking hot! I'm way out of his league!"

Dr Castle laughed with satisfaction as Charlotte climaxed over and over, the pleasure going in waves through her body. Then Dr Castle turned her over and brought his cock up to between her massive pillowy tits. She licked and sucked at the tip while he slid back and forth between her melon sized breasts which she squeezed around him. "This is one of the pleasures you've never enjoyed with her, since your cock is too small to reach all the way through her cleavage. Just another example of what a the missed opportunities of her being with you. However, I do appreciate you coming up with the idea. Every time you called me and described what you feared Charlotte was doing without you, I would do exactly those things to her while you were saying it! Ha Ha Ha!"

Dr Castle fucked Charlotte's tits violently while Tim watched helplessly. He wanted to be able to do that to Charlotte, but knew he couldn't. When Dr Castle came, he pulled himself upward so he could shoot his cum all over Charlotte's tits. Despite the large area of her tits, he was able to smother them entirely with thick streams of white sticky cum. Charlotte helped by smearing the cum over the round expanse of her breasts as each stream of cum landed with a splat on her. She used her fingers to gather some of Dr Castle's cum and lick it into her mouth, creating strings of cum that went from her mouth, her hands, and in between her tits. Lots of it got in her hair as well.

Dr Castle's cock relaxed a little but as still mostly hard. He stood up and went to the desk where he turned off the recording. Then he clicked on his intercom. "Julie," Dr Castle spoke into the intercom, "please bring in a bucket. I think you can get one from the utility closet down the hall." Then Dr Castle walked back to stand in front of Tim again, towering over him with his cock unashamedly directly in Tim's line of sight. "It's too bad that you don't have the ability to respond. As a psychiatrist, I would

love to hear your thoughts right now. How it feels to find out how you've been so deeply betrayed for all this time. How much it must hurt to imagine your wife fucking me as you sat like a chump waiting for her. And I we haven't yet begun to talk about all the times your wife came to fuck me while you waited at home jerking off."

Tim felt shock that physically moved from the pit of his stomach up toward his head. With Dr Castle's words, Tim realized that all those times Charlotte had gone out, she went to meet Dr Castle. Tim realized he had been tricked. When Dr Castle had advised he masturbate, he was doing it while fucking Charlotte, so the two of them could laugh about how desperate and pathetic that made Tim, to be home alone spanking off while his wife was out being fucked by another man. They must have laughed and enjoyed themselves, and Tim now felt stupid for having fallen for it. All of Dr Castle's advice was now exposed as not only not helpful for Tim's issues, but also having deliberately widened the gap between him and Charlotte.

"Ah, the involuntary movement of the expression on your face tells me you can see it all now," Dr Castle said with satisfaction. "You can see how I toyed with you, and broke you down all the more while you thought I was helping you. I fucked your wife on your own bed while you left her alone on my advice! How stupid do you feel? For me, I can't even begin to tell you how good this feels, to watch you crumble. I fuck the wives of every couple that comes to me for counselling, but these moments, those few times when I show it all to the man whose wife I have stolen from right in front of him, these moments are the most gratifying."

Julie entered the room with a small blue plastic bucket. "Ah, Julie," Dr Castle said, "Good girl. Place the bucket on his lap." Julie placed the bucket on Tim's lap. "Now, Charlotte, place that pathetic scrapbook of his in the bucket." Charlotte pulled out Tim's scrapbook of their relationship from her purse, dropped it in the bucket with an audible "plonk" sound.

Then both girls went to stand in front of Dr Castle where they embraced and began to kiss, licking each other's tongues passionately. Their breasts pressed together, and as they were squeezed and pushed up between them, both of their breasts looked immense. Charlotte was covered in lots of Dr Castle's cum, pre-cum, saliva, and sweat, so as the two embraced, Julie's crisp business attire became wet and messy. However, Charlotte started immediately unbuttoning Julie's blouse and Julie cupped her hands underneath Charlotte's tits to begin to lick them clean.

"Ah girls," Dr Castle said, with his hands held under the two girls perfect asses, "Show me your big tits. I love big tits!"