

The Sweetest Job in The World

Yacht salesman in the Bahamas? Dance instructor in the Catskills? Entertainer on a cruiseship? Playboy photographer? Pretty good gigs, but I had them all beat. I was the 'counselor' for a major corporation, providing family assistance, argument resolution, and other services. With a joint master's in social work and psychology, I was not without credentials. To be sure, much of this work could have been done, perhaps better done, by a psychiatrist or at least a psychologist. But they would never work for the five figure salary that I would. For this, the sweetest job in the world, I would have worked for minimum wage. Let's look at a typical case or two, shall we...

Case 12: Sam and Paula; problem: reproduction anxiety, marital friction

Sam and Paula were employees of the company in this, our Midwest office. Sam was a pleasant guy, about five foot six, rather frail, with thick glasses, working in accounts receivable. Paula was a beautiful blonde receptionist, also five foot six, with a great figure. The tight short skirt she was wearing today showed off her fantastic legs as she dangled one shoe. She was (intentionally?) driving me out of my mind. As we talked I felt like grabbing those bikini wax-smooth legs and planting kisses on them. However, I DID have to maintain some decorum. So, let's listen in on their 'therapy':

Sam: "So doctor.."

Me: "Call me therapist or counselor...I'm not a doctor."

Sam: "Ok, counselor, I just don't think that Paula has put 100% effort into this idea of a family. When the idea comes up, she just acts like she has the great American headache."

Paula: "Honey, I love you and all; I mean, we have been together since high school. It's just that I can't always feel him inside me so it's frustrating. I know that he's average at three and a half.."

Sam: "You didn't have to tell him THAT!"

Me: "That's OK! My notes are never seen by anyone. The more open we are the better. There is no 'average' in that area. Let's not get hung up on that."

Paula: "Well, counselor, how big are you?"

Me: "I am not going to tell you; that is not part of our discussion today. I might be bigger, a lot bigger than him, but that doesn't affect our work here."

Sam: "'A LOT bigger'?!? Now I am both curious and angry. Either prove that or take it back. Either let us measure it or we are leaving."

Me: "I...I don't want you to walk out, I mean, this is my job. But, I can't take that thing out. That would get me fired. I don't know what to say."

Sam: "Okay, you can't take it out; how about one of us just outlines while you are dressed and measures it like that?"

Me: "Well, okay, I guess."

Sam: "Well, I sure as hell don't want to grope for that thing."

Paula: "Alright, if it will get us off this subject, I will check it out."

For drawing lines on my reports, I had a ruler, so I handed it to her and stood before her, quite embarrassed. She glared at me, not liking this thing her husband's challenge had forced on her. Her small hand felt in my thin gabardine slacks, and found it. She outlined it and he fell silent. She put the ruler up and said "five inches, no wait, six." She no longer glared at me. She said, "Well, that settles it, he IS bigger at six inches."

Me: "Yes, I am six when relaxed, now can we just..."

Paula: "Relaxed? Let's just see about that!" [I was still standing there, so her hand went back and outlined it again. To get myself up so we could finish this topic, I stared at her gorgeous, silky smooth legs and beautiful foot dangling that pump. Speaking of pump, my cock pumped to iron hardness under her deft touch.]

Paula: "Omigod...seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven. Eleven inches of cockmeat! What a stud! I bet HIS wife doesn't doubt HIS ability to make a baby!"

Me: "Actually, I'm not married. Besides, we have to get back to work on resolving YOUR problems about getting that family."

They conferred. All the while they talked, Paula had this smarmy smile while Sam's demeanor got gloomier and gloomier. At the end, Paula had no smile, almost a dominatrix icy stare. Her word was final. She told me how THEY had resolved their fix.

Paula: "Well, counselor, we have come to a decision. Given the choice of getting a divorce so that I could pursue the field of men anew, finding perhaps a more suitable partner, OR staying with my first love, I chose the second, but with the proviso that he had to allow me some 'freedom'. The major freedom would be that our marriage is open. Now, Sam, tell him...it only sounds true if you say it."

Sam had eyes downcast. I knew he would rather wrestle a polar bear than say the speech she had for him, but it was in effect a concession speech to me, so a part of me relished this moment.

Sam: "Paula, I mean we, decided that, given that you are bigger you know where..."

Paula: "A LOT bigger..."

Sam: "Okay, a LOT bigger down there. Also, because you seem to have all of your hair, are taller, much more muscular, and better looking than me, she thought it might be simpler to avoid this baby-making dilemma by having YOU help us out. She thought it would be much less like fooling around or cheating if you did it right here in front of me. If you were okay with this, we could start, even today. Paula's at the peak of her cycle."

Me: "God, I don't know. I would need both of your absolute pledge of silence. I mean, this could cost

me my job. I suppose we could try this one time..."

Paula stood up immediately. She glared at her now submissive Sam.

Paula: "Okay, honey. Remember what we agreed. So that we all knew you were okay with this, you were supposed to do your thing. Hop to it, little boy."

As she pulled up next to me, we stood side by side. I would never forget this, ever. A slightly stooped over accountant, with submissive head bowed, came up to us, 'the stars'. He unzipped her tight skirt. It fell to the floor. I gasped to myself...what incredibly perfect, sexy legs! I immediately sprang to erection, a full eleven inches of cockpower. His tiny weak hands struggled to pull down her thong bikini bottom, but down it came. He then went to me. He undid my belt, letting my pants fall. He pulled down my jockeys, eliciting a gasp from both her AND him. He then pivoted his wife in front of me and then put my thick eleven inch cock at the entrance. He got behind his wife's back, with his back to her, then he pushed with all his might, forcing us together like two lumps of refined uranium about to make an atomic explosion.

At this point, I pushed him away. With head still downcast, he sat in the chair within inches of us. I put my hand around his hot wife's perfect, rock-hard (from jogging) behind, and clamped down with all my might. She mumbled something.

Paula: "I said, KISS ME!"

We made out, right in front of her impotent little husband. She then whispered things in my ear, intermittently staring at him, laughing. I knew she was trying to make him a pathetic cuckold, but frankly, she felt so good inside I wasn't pre-occupied with his psyche.

I swung around and put her on the edge of my desk. Then I proceeded to power-drive myself inside and out, using my rough, uncut, oversized cockhead to scrape, scrub, and massage the tingling, untouched vaginal walls of this frustrated sexpot. I was so thankful that this arm of the building was deserted except for my office, as this babe was moaning and crying out. I counted a dozen separate orgasms during our little tryst. She whispered that she never had any with her little husband. When she whispered to me that she wanted MY baby, that she couldn't wait to give birth, well, that got me shooting. I grabbed her firm behind, pushed as deep as I could reach, touching that cervix, and proceeded to pump my seed. He was within six inches of me as I stood, his nose virtually against my huge scrotum. How humiliating it must have been for him to see. Here were another man's balls, the size of beefsteak tomatoes, swollen with sperm containing that man's genetics and not his, about to transfer it into his wife's waiting fertile womb. Her precious ovum, the most wondrous gift a wife provides her husband, now would be 'entertained' and 'romanced' by another man's baby-batter. She would be bearing a stranger's fetus inside of her, giving birth to his baby. All because he (Sam) just didn't measure up...literally.

As he stared in horror, the sound of our passionate kissing could be heard. Worse, he heard mention of endearments from his wife to me, something about this not having to be the only breeding meeting. Finally, he heard his wife getting off with the instantaneous and simultaneous response of mine. My scrotum drew very tight against me, then a ripple, another ripple, again and again, making Paula moan, gasp, cry, scream, cry, gasp, and sigh. I had pumped seven long gushers of life-giving sperm inside of her. Each gusher only took about 30 seconds, but the effect of all seven was that she was filled and overfilled. Sam saw the overflow start oozing and then dripping out almost immediately. I looked at

him sternly.

Me: "Get back, damn it!"

He meekly pulled his chair back. I lifted up his gorgeous wife and placed her fully on my huge desk, pushing her knees up. I bent over her ear.

Me: [Whispering] "That was fantastic. I just hope my guys were up to the task. Have my baby!" [I kissed her lips, slowly and tenderly. As I pulled back, she grabbed me by the ears, kissing me again.]

I put on the small TV in my office. We watched Oprah with no one talking. During one station break, I got up again and made out with his wife. Something about it was so damn sexy. It wasn't her fantastic figure, the idea of making a baby, or being paid to do it. No, I'm ashamed to admit, it was the idea of doing it in front of her spineless little husband.

At this moment I guess I should point out that not all of the sessions were hot. Most of them were mundane, of course. Mostly, they were complaints about their bosses, unfair evaluation repercussions, or the ever popular harassment allegations. If human resources (HR) department rejected their accusations, they could always come to me for a shoulder to cry on. That was what happened with the next case: Martha.

Martha came to me after they rejected her harassment allegations. With a young and very good looking male boss, the HR specialist couldn't believe he'd be hitting on a conservative, over 50, matron. During this and all sessions, I always had to think about my job as well as the interviewee. In this one, I took a tremendous risk for the sake of the interviewee.

Martha: "I assume you heard that my case was rejected. I don't know why that young woman in HR couldn't see that young boss of mine making advances, being quite fresh. I just can't face him or that job now...I don't know."

She had her hair in a tight bun, her dress a thick wool business dress in battleship grey, support hose and black nurse's earth shoes. No man in recorded history would harass or even notice her. Her allegations were patently false, even sad. Knowing psychology a bit, I knew that she believed them. I could and should have faked it for an hour and sent her on her way. Foolishly, I tried a bit of shock therapy; it worked, but I had risked my career too.

Me: "Tell me, and show me, just what he did."

Martha: "Ok, young man, come and sit by me. [I did. Hereafter, assume I do what she describes.] Now put your hand on my knee. There's a good boy. Now with your other, put it lightly above my bodice about here. [She pointed to her bust.] Now, start pawing at my breast as your hand inches up my thigh. [Here was the risk; I had no recording of her instructions; this could look mighty bad for me.] Now, do you SEE what I mean about advances...why I never." [She slapped me, and then quickly apologized.]

I kept my hands right there. I stared into her eyes which had the oddest look of desperation. It was an odd, "don't hurt me" combined with "please don't ignore me". I had to take a chance...I HAD to know.

Me: "Do you believe that I am your boss, just like that day? [She nodded weakly.] Okay, Martha, do you really WANT to get ahead in this department? [She nodded weakly.] Then take off those clothes,

NOW!"

I turned away from her. This was strategic. She could easily run out, either forgetting this whole thing, or lodging a complaint which no doubt would be rejected like her 1st accusation. On the other hand, she just might...

I kept my clothes on and turned; you cannot imagine my shock. Martha stood before me, absolutely NUDE...That was only shock number one. Shock number two was that she was the sleeper beauty of all time. No, she didn't look like Lindsay Lohan or Katy Perry; she did look mature, but with a body similar to Sophia Loren when she did work in her 40's. My guess was 36D-28-37 (as a wild guess.) She stood there shivering. I came up to her and hugged her. I whispered to her:

Me: "You are SO beautiful. If no man has noticed you, it is an absolute disgrace. My request, my hope, my prayer is that I can worship you here, today. I understand completely if you want to slap me, run away, or kick me where the sun doesn't shine. I am going to sit here with my eyes closed. You may leave quietly or stay with me. Either way, please know...at this moment, for our purposes, just between the two of us...I love you. I kissed her on the forehead and sat, eyes closed tightly. I expected that door to open and close after 5 minutes.

I heard a snuffle, or was it a sob. One minute, two minutes, and then a kiss. I opened my eyes. Sitting in my lap, I hugged her as hard as I could. She reciprocated. She went to my ear.

Martha: "This isn't fair, you know. Here I am in the altogether and you haven't removed anything; let's make it fairer, shall we?"

I removed absolutely everything. Her slightly mottled hands reached out and petted my cock as it drooped six inches in length. She clumsily moved her fingers along its sleek sides as she cupped my family jewels. She hefted them.

Martha: "My, my, you are rather well-equipped down there. My dear departed Stewart was not this big when he was excited, no more than four inches I used to think. And my goodness, these family jewels, they are like ostrich eggs, so heavy and full of seed. You scare me; I think my days of breeding are over, but with these huge globes [She jiggled my swollen testes.] I think you could knock up any woman from 18 to 100. Well, young man, if you really insist, I shall allow you to vanquish me, but just this once. "

The psychoanalyst-type flat leather couch was perfect for our purposes. She lay there, raising her knees, her ever so slightly shaking hands framing her entrance. I mounted her, allowing her the 'honors' of putting it in. She moaned in mock pain over my size, but it somehow fit. I was hyper-careful given her over-50 status. When I heard what seemed like an orgasm, I joined her, bathing her inner walls with a copious outpouring of my potent seed. I did not know, or care, about the status of her fertility. I just knew that her womb was unprotected and receptive; that alone was an inescapable invitation for me or any man. So, I pumped her as full of my sperm as I could, the excess seeping out of her well-fucked cunt, dripping, oozing out. The river of white excess goop made a small river across the leather couch down to the floor below. I kissed her tenderly and lay with her. I didn't have an appointment the next hour, so we rested for quite a while. She finally dressed and kissed me on the cheek. She knew that what we did was an exercise in psychology and not a portent of relationships in the real world.

The next case also dealt with harassment. Unlike Martha and virtually all of the similar cases, this one

WAS bona fide. Heather was a leggy blonde; her squat, balding, over-50 boss had pawed away at her and insisted that she go to the boss' house at the beach. Instead, she went to HR, which referred her to me to either confirm or deny her case. The first shock was seeing her. Heather was almost identical to Pamela Anderson—not the odd looking surgeon's special of recent years, but the original, the epitome of beauty. The second shock was her revelation...her boss was a woman. I must say, after looking her over, that was not such a surprise at all.

Heather: "So, you DO believe that a boss, even a female boss, would hit on me?"

Me: "Miss, to be brutally frank, with your incredible figure, any human, male or female, would be moved. I will say right now, as you see here, I am marking 'confirmed' as to your story. I would like to see just what happened for my records, if you would be so kind."

Heather: "Well, okay, if you insist. It was during my evaluation. I noticed that she was staring at me almost all day that Monday. I had a feeling that I should dress for the review as if she were a man. So I did; tight blouse with no bra, tight short skirt about 8 inches above the knee. No stockings but a bikini wax. Smooth, smooth thighs, silky legs. Finally, high sandals with just a Lucite band across the top, my pretty red toes and little heels sticking out. I must say I wanted to look hot and did. Just before I got to her office, I put my hands under my heavy boobs, pushing them up. Then I pinched both nipples roughly, making them get angry and poke out like thumbs. I sat in her office like Mary in the old Mary Tyler Moore show, all legs. I dangled one of the shoes. So help me, that no-neck bull dyke sat on the chair by me. She grabbed the ankle of the dangling shoe, pushed the shoe off, and held that leg out like she was appraising a work of art. She caressed my silky smooth legs, then lifted my foot, where she actually kissed the foot, then just went wild on the soft soles of that foot. Her stubby hands went to town on that leg, headed in frantic grabs for my womanhood. At that point, I pushed her off me and went direct to HR.

At this point, I was huffing and puffing. I unfortunately was wearing tan slacks that day and my huge ten inch hard on was horizontal stretching clear across me under the belt. She saw that.

Heather: "Oh, God, I am sorry. Here you are, trusting me enough to confirm my story BEFORE I even told it, and I am taunting you with my story. Well, you helped me get back pay and a promotion; the least I can do is take this horrible burden off you. Here, please let me."

She motioned me over. Who was I to complain. Down went the zipper, in reached her red polished fingernailed hands. My cock was stiff, my balls full. I felt like warning her, but the words couldn't quite escape. Her ruby lips were upon my huge cockhead; due to her incredible sex appeal and that hot story, I was not going to have time to read "War and Peace" before I was going off. Within moments, my huge cock swelled, the little slit opening to the size of a bottle cap, and I fired. Her cheeks inflated like Dizzy Gillespie, and then she noisily swallowed. She started to let go, but I said:

Me: "Sorry, but there is a little more..."

She keyholed me and sure enough, my balls pumped her cheeks full again. Sounding like Popeye downing spinach, she swallowed yet again. I gave her several mouthfuls; she swallowed most, but at the end, she drooled out an enormous torrent. You might have seen it in adult films, but it was incredibly hot; this waterfall of thick semi-clear fluid was oozing slowly down her chin. God, I felt so virile seeing that. She had done her best, but my unit had beaten her in the end. She cleaned up, as did I. Off my confirmation, they fired her boss and made her the department head. She was nice enough to

have problems twice more, which ended up with my giving her a mouthful or a face full.

The next case was Sam and Paula, the re-union special. Their relationship continued after our first meeting. She got pregnant after my single attempt, to my secret joy and pride. Seeing her with her swollen belly gave me a private thrill. She was a dour woman, however. Her Sam kept the high school sweethearts notion too long; the expiration date was just before our first meeting. Now, it was way out of date. Any man would have bolted. As an example of her domination, they paid an informal visit to me during lunch, some eight months after our first meeting. She was hugely swollen with my child. She came in and instructed her husband Sam to come in and behave himself, in a tone like one would talk to a child, or a dog. He sat down meekly. She then flamboyantly came up to me and kissed me. I am ashamed to admit it, but I didn't care that he was sitting there. She was hot, and the mother of my baby. So, I kissed her back. Hard. We broke our kiss, and I bent down, lifted the 'Baby On Board' blouse, and kissed her tummy.

Paula: "There, you see Sam, a REAL man doesn't think I am gross, or fat. A REAL man likes a woman heavy with child, [She caressed my cock, squeezing it thru my slacks] especially if it is HIS child. Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot, this is not YOUR child, it is HIS. You will forgive me, little Sammy, won't you. I mean this MAN over here has a REAL cock that actually gets hard, and big, and shoots seed far into a woman. But, why should I be swayed just because he's better hung than you, or bigger, stronger, healthier, handsomer, or makes a lot more money than you. I mean, why?" [She kissed me. Slightly embarrassed, I nonetheless made out with her, inches in front of her totally cuckolded husband. Lunch was up and they left.]

That was a weird scene. They were a strange couple. Four months later, they returned to my office. They told HR it was marital problems again. Well, you certainly could say that. As they filed in, I was struck by two things. One, Paula was just three months from having given birth to our twins, a boy and a girl, and she looked better than before. She had her figure back, except her milk-engorged breasts were even bigger than before. The second thing that struck me was Sam. He sported a shiner, a really dark purple black eye. He sat down quietly as before.

Paula: "I see you noticed little Sammy's eye problem. It seems that mommy, as in me, was working out furiously to get back into shape for a certain someone [She stroked my arm.] I read where weights and aerobics could make recovery go fast. It did—but unknown to little Sammy or me, it also tripled my strength. He had constantly bombarded me with jokes and insults about me looking fat and flabby during and after the baby. Well, I just had had it and slapped him. I had slapped him before, but with my weight training, he went flying back against the wall, and ended up with this lovely purple eye. [She pulled back her blouse sleeve and flexed this impressive 16 inch muscle.] I just went 'Oops, sorry!' but I wasn't sorry, he deserved it."

Paula: "Anyway, we are back for one reason. I thought that the humiliation of seeing another man service me would have prompted Sam to 'man up' and become the man I always hoped he'd be, or finally pack up and leave. I'm afraid we might have to go one more round. Either he mans up or I end up with another one of your strong, healthy babies from that wonderful precious seed of yours. So, how about it. Ready to saddle up, cowboy?"

I looked at him. He looked so forsaken, so forlorn. With that purple shiner, he looked like a war orphan. As alluring as she was (with the figure of Katy Perry), I just couldn't do it.]

Me: "I am going to regret this for the rest of my life. But I have to say, no, but thanks. Seeing your

husband with that hang dog expression, I just couldn't do it."

Heather: [She was furious; she had become the dominant spouse to such an extent she wasn't used to rejection. She stood up and approached me; she undid the blouse and unhooked her nursing bra. Emerging almost magically was the most magnificent breast I had ever seen. Big, perfect, with blue and red coloration, the nipple was erect, just aching to be suckled. She was so milk-laden that a few drops of warm sweet breastmilk dripped out. Nice guy or not, that drove me crazy. I pulled her to me and went to that breast in almost desperate need. I suckled noisily as she played with my luxuriant hair, her short, bald husband glaring at the two of us. When I was finished, I looked up at her with need—for the other one. She knew this.]

Heather: "So, you want mommy's attention, do you? Well, first you have to act like a man again. Mommy wants YOUR cream; she needs it inside of her. Since you are the only real MAN in the room, if you want more milk, you have to deliver the cream."

So much for consideration of other's feelings. My clothes were off in record time. I sat in the chair right next to him. She sat in my lap and took his right hand. His hand was on the right arm of the chair so she balanced herself on my chair's arm and his chair's arm. His hand was there and had to feel her undulations as she and I fucked. Just before we came together, she felt it necessary to go thru a litany of Sam's shortcomings. As she felt my cockhead swell, she excused herself and kissed me. Somehow, she managed to have an orgasm ready to match mine exactly. We came together, and sagged together. As he watched in horror, we had frozen still; in the sealed room, nothing stirred, so he could hear the faint sound of my mammoth baby-maker deep inside his wife, making that squirt gun 'zit zit zit' as her womb slowly filled. Once again, in my office during consultation time, I had had the luck to find a superhot wife who welcomed my potent baby-making sperm. She and I got dressed again in front of him. They left, but she came back with him two feet away.

Paula: "Thank you, thank you for your sperm. I can't wait to have another one of YOUR babies." [She gave me a languid French kiss. She caressed my cock. I stroked those pouting nipples. Seeing that her impotent husband was getting miffed, she quickly undid that blouse, undid the nursing bra, and went to my half empty coffee cup. She filled that cup to the brim with her incredibly invigorating mother's milk, put the last big drop hanging off that nip on my tongue and left.]

I'm ashamed again to admit it. I never 'carried on' with any of the employees, my interviewees as I called them, EXCEPT for Paula. For reasons unexplainable, Sam could never accept the fact that Paula had long ago tired of him. He hung around no matter how many illicit babies she and I made, right in front of him. He just kept accepting it, tending to the offspring, as we carried on.

I eventually moved in with her, sleeping in the main bedroom. He was consigned to the guest room, his time eventually consumed with tending our total of two, three, four, and finally ten children. All the while, he never uttered a word of complaint. He even quit his job so we could be free to continue working and breeding. Of course, the fact that he had a family fortune did encourage Paula to avoid divorce court too. After he received his estate share, he foolishly commingled it. She was quite a scheming jezebel, and by the time that money went to Zurich, it appeared that she had lost it in investments. Six months later, Paula finally did divorce him.

Since the births occurred during marriage, with the presumption that they were his, and DNA testing inadmissible, he ended up with nothing except child support payments he was directed to make to us! He was actually jailed for that non-payment. Paula, being Paula, she appeared before the judge,

pleading for a longer sentence (!) After six months, he was released. We never saw him again. I hope he made out okay. As for me, I had a gorgeous wife (of his), ten healthy children, a house (of his) and an odd desire to travel to Europe. We went to Zurich, returning with a nice check for 750,000 Euros. All in all, I would have to say that Sam and Paula were my favorite patients. Made me feel like a doctor after all.