

Harder

by Pan

Chapter 2:

As soon as the couple entered his office the next week, Dr. Zibilich could tell it hadn't worked. Mary seemed to be in good spirits – although that might have been excitement at seeing the doctor again – but her husband was clearly upset.

He moved behind his desk and gestured for the couple to take a seat on the couch: the same couch on which he'd spent almost forty minutes the previous week fucking Mary.

“What went wrong?” he asked, completely skipping the small talk.

Mary was the first to speak up. “I think it's my fault,” she said, looking down nervously. “Mike tried, he really did, but...”

“He was too gentle with you?”

The attractive woman nodded, still not making eye contact with the doctor. She'd unconsciously spread her legs as soon as she'd sit down, and he couldn't help but notice that she was wearing a tiny red thong beneath her skirt.

“It's true,” Mike admitted. He was blushing furiously, unable to meet the doctor's gaze either. “I'm sorry, doc. I tried to do everything you showed me. I did it as best I could, but...no matter how hard I tried, she never even got close to orgasm.”

Dr. Zibilich smiled wryly. “Is this true, Mary? Have you gone the entire last week without cumming?”

“N-no,” the wife answered quietly, her eyes cast downward.

Mike turned to her in shock. “What?”

“I have a toy,” she confessed, raising her eyes to meet her husband's. “At night, after your... efforts...are over. It helps. I needed to get off.” She shivered, and looked away again. “I needed it, Mike. I...I'm sorry.”

“You need more than just a toy,” the doctor told her. “If you want to keep your marriage intact, you need to be fucked hard. Mike, why don't you show me what you were doing.”

Mike stood up without hesitation and began stripping. “It's not much,” he said sheepishly. “I mean, I really did try, I just...”

“Mike, I know you're frustrated,” the doctor said. “But this is something that your wife needs.

Don't you, Mary?"

She looked at her husband pleadingly. "Yes," she whispered. "Please."

Her voice broke, and tears appeared in her eyes as she continued. "I-I need it. I need to be used. Like he showed you."

"Let's see what you've got," Dr. Zibilich said kindly. "Mary, take off your panties and lay down on the couch."

Mary was wearing a red skirt and white tank top, both of which stayed on as she spread her legs and lowered her thong. The doctor noted that her pussy had been trimmed since their last session. She was already wet, and her lips glistened with her arousal.

When Mike was naked, he lay down on top of his wife, positioned his hardness at her entrance, and pushed forward. Mary moaned softly as he entered her, but didn't push back. He paused for several seconds before pushing further inside.

"Fuck her harder," Dr. Zibilich ordered. "It's what she needs. Isn't it, Mary?"

"I need it," the woman gasped as Mike started to move in and out of her. "Please, honey. Please. Fuck me like Dr. Zibilich did. Treat me like your little slut. Make me cum."

"I will," Mike promised, thrusting into her with renewed vigor. Mary's pussy was tight around him, gripping his cock as he pounded it into her. He could feel his balls beginning to tighten, and knew that soon, they would release the seed that Mary so desperately craved.

"Oh god, fuck me!" she begged. "Use me! Fuck me so hard I can't breathe! Fill my cunt with cum!"

Mike's balls tightened, his body responding to his wife's pleas and her growing pleasure. He pulled out slightly, then slammed all the way home.

"That's it!" the doctor said triumphantly. "Mike, you're doing it! You're fucking your wife!"

"Gonna...gonna cum!" Mike gasped, and with one final thrust, he emptied himself deep within her. His hips jerked violently, pumping load after thick, hot load of semen into the fully-clothed woman beneath him.

Dr. Zibilich threw his head back in frustration, and Mary whimpered as her husband's cock softened inside her.

"Is this what it's been like every night?" the doctor asked, and Mary nodded, a tear rolling down her eye.

"I'm sorry, doctor," Mike said, pulling his softening penis from his wife's pussy. "I...I just can't help it. I tried."

The doctor sighed and shook his head sadly, running his fingers through his coarse black beard.

“It’s not good enough, Mike,” he said quietly. “Your wife needs more. She needs a real man, someone who will fuck her for hours. Someone who won’t be gentle or patient. Look at her.”

Mike turned to face his wife. She was still lying on the couch, her eyes were wide open and filled with lust. Her mouth hung partially open, and she was panting heavily. She was the picture of desire.

Mike couldn’t believe how turned on she looked.

“I...I’ll do better,” he offered. “I promise.”

Dr. Zibilich shook his head. “Your wife is in pain, Mike. Not physical or emotional pain; she has sexual needs that aren’t being fulfilled. That it seems you can’t fulfill, even after I showed you how.”

“But doc—”

Mike began to object, but Dr. Zibilich’s dark gaze met his, cutting him off. For the next few moments, the two men stared intently at each other, until Mike finally nodded.

“You’re right,” he said. “I...I can’t do it. So how...?”

“Mary,” the doctor said, gesturing at a cupboard across the room. “Show me what sort of toy you use.”

Mary stood up and opened the cabinet, revealing a small collection of sex toys. After a moment’s hesitation, she pulled out a small dildo, about five inches long, with a bulbous tip and a flared base.

“Mary...” the doctor said warningly. “I can’t help you if you’re not going to be honest with me.”

Blushing, she returned her first selection and pulled out a larger one; this time, it was almost eight inches in length – an extremely realistic looking cock with a suction cup at the base.

She held it out to the doctor, who nodded approvingly.

“Show me how you use it,” he instructed, and Mary’s eyes opened in shock.

“H-here?” she asked, glancing at her husband.

“If Mike isn’t able to satisfy you, we need to come up with alternative solutions. For your marriage.”

“Of course,” Mary replied immediately. Mike nodded.

“Why don’t you go over and take notes again?” Dr. Zibilich advised, and Mike took his phone

and wordlessly made his way to the same chair as he had the previous week, sitting naked in the corner once more.

Mary sat on the edge of the couch and slowly stroked her new toy with both hands. She licked her lips nervously as she ran her fingertips along its surface.

“How does it feel?” the doctor asked gently, watching her closely.

“It’s...it’s so big,” Mary whispered, her voice shaking slightly.

“How does that make you feel?”

“It’s...it’s exciting.”

The doctor smiled and leaned forward. “Why does that excite you?”

Mary’s eyes flicked over to her husband nervously, before she returned her focus to Dr. Zibilich’s intense gaze. “Because...because it’s so much bigger than Mike. Because I know it will satisfy me more than he does. Than he ever has.”

Dr. Zibilich nodded thoughtfully and turned to her husband, who was typing as they spoke, transcribing his wife’s humiliating words.

“Do you hear that, Mike?”

“What, doctor?”

“Your wife needs something else. Something bigger. She’s been craving it for a while now.”

Mike nodded, his face flushed red.

“That’s what brought the two of you here. That’s what your marriage is missing. Something that makes your wife feel used. Stretched.”

“Y-yes, doctor.”

“I just wanted to make sure you made a note of that.”

“Of course, Dr. Zibilich.”

The doctor turned back to Mary, who was staring at the hard dildo in her hands.

“What else do you feel, when you look at the toy?”

“Guilt,” Mary admitted, blushing furiously and looking away. “I...I feel guilty.”

“No,” Dr. Zibilich said, falling to his knees in front of her. He put one hand over Mary’s, and used his other to grab her chin, to make her look at him. “Mary, listen to me. You must never feel guilty. This is who you are. You’re a natural submissive. You’re a woman, and you crave to

be treated like one. It's why your husband can't satisfy you."

A tear left Mary's eye, and trickled down her face, but she didn't say a word as Dr. Zibilich continued.

"You're a slut, Mary. You were born to be used. To please others, to receive pleasure. Your body craves it. If you deny yourself, you'll only suffer. Your pussy wants more than Mike can offer; your body needs more than he knows how to give."

Mary shook her head, tears streaming freely from her eyes.

"Say it, Mary," the doctor said, his voice softening. "I need to hear you say it."

"I...I can't," she sobbed.

"You said it last week while I was inside you," he reminded her. "You said it last week while you allowed a man who wasn't your husband to give you the hard fucking you require. Now, say it again: you want to be fucked."

"I want to be fucked," Mary said softly, hesitantly.

"Louder!" the doctor commanded. "Tell me how badly you want to be fucked!"

"I...I want..." Mary stammered. She looked at her husband, who had stopped typing and was watching intently.

"Don't look at him, look at me."

Dr. Zibilich moved one hand to Mary's throat, and she gasped, her eyes darkening with lust.

"Oh!"

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, then looked straight into Dr. Zibilich's face.

"I want to be fucked," she said confidently. "I want it so bad. I want to feel a cock in my cunt. I need it. I need to be fucked."

"You're a slut," the doctor replied, smiling warmly. "Say it."

"I'm a slut."

"Again, louder."

"I'm a slut!"

"Louder!"

Mary screamed as loudly as she could. "I'm a slut! I'm a dirty little whore, and my husband doesn't satisfy me. His cock isn't big enough, he can't fuck me hard enough. I love being used

by men, and their big cocks. I love having them fuck my tight, wet holes. I love it when they fill me up with cum. I need to be fucked every day, I need to be fucked so hard that I can barely walk. And then I want to do it again and again and again..."

Dr. Zibilich smiled, released the housewife's throat, and gently pushed her a loose strand of hair back behind her ear.

"Good girl," he said softly. "Now, I want you to show me how you use this thing."

Mary looked up at the small dark man sitting in front of her, watching her closely. Her eyes were shining. Both of them had all but forgotten that Mike was there, tapping away at his phone, carefully documenting the details of his wife's sexual desires.

"Yes, doctor."

Dr. Zibilich sat back in his chair and watched the woman stroke herself. Her eyes never left his as she ran her fingers along the length of the dildo with one hand, tracing its contours, while her other hand reached between her legs and began to massage her clit.

"It's too much," Mary said, panting slightly. "Too hard. Too...big."

"This is a common part of the submissive fantasy," Dr. Zibilich said to Mike, who dutifully made a note in his phone. "Your wife knows that she can take it. More than that; she knows that she *must* take it, if she is to be truly satisfied. But as a sort of mental foreplay, she likes to pretend that she's not capable of it. She wants to experience as much of a pleasurable shock as she can when it fills her up, and makes her feel complete."

Mary's breathing was getting heavier as she stroked faster and harder. Both men leaned forward, watching her intently.

"Do you see how her body responds to something you can't give her?" Dr. Zibilich asked. "The way her nipples get hard? The way her pussy gets soaked, the way she starts moaning? It's because you don't have what she wants. What she needs. But she knows that she's going to get it. Just as she has for the past week, using a toy to pleasure herself after you're done ineffectively fucking her."

"Yes, doctor," Mark said, his fingers a blur as he recorded everything the counsellor said.

Mary gasped loudly, and bit down on her lip, grinding her clitoris desperately against her hand. Her other hand was gripping the toy tightly, her knuckles white from tension.

She was ready.

Her eyes flicked over to her husband briefly before returning to the toy in her hand. Her face was flushed, her pussy glistening, a small trickle of need running down her leg.

Just as it looked like she couldn't take it any more, Mary moved the eight-inch toy to her

entrance and slowly pressed it into her tight, wet hole.

She gasped, a mixture of pain and ecstasy coursing through her.

“Oh god!” she cried out, her hips bucking involuntarily. “It hurts so good! Fuck me, use me, please...”

Dr. Zibilich smiled as he watched her squirm. Her mouth fell open as the toy continued slowly moving inside her, as if it were being pulled by a magnet, pulling itself deeper and deeper with each thrust.

“Tell me how this feels,” the doctor said softly.

Mary moaned loudly, then whimpered as she felt the final few inches of the dildo disappear completely inside her.

“Fuck!”

“Use your words, Mary.”

“I love it!” she gasped. “It’s so big! So deep. I can’t believe I’m taking it. I need it. Oh fuck, I’m so full. My pussy is stretched wide around the head of this thing. And...and it hurts...”

“It *hurts*?” Mike’s voice had a note of concern.

Dr. Zibilich sighed. “You see, Mike, this is why you’ll never be able to satisfy your wife. When she’s this aroused, this needy, pain isn’t something to shy away from. Think of it as...do you eat spicy food? When your wife is like this, pain – up to a certain level – is just spice.”

Mike nodded and made a note in his phone.

With a shudder, Mary pulled the dildo most of the way out, then pushed it back into her sopping hole with one swift motion.

“Fuck,” she said, panting heavily. “It’s the best feeling in the world. I need this. I need it every day.”

Dr. Zibilich shook his head. “You need the real thing,” he reminded her.

“I want the real thing,” Mary said, shaking her head in response. “But this will do for now. This...this is enough. It’s better than nothing.”

“It won’t ever be enough,” Dr. Zibilich said, smiling. “But perhaps...for now...”

He turned to Mike. “Kneel in front of your wife,” he instructed.

“Yes, doctor.”

Mike stood up and walked to the couch, kneeling between his wife’s legs. He leaned forward

slightly, entranced by the sight of the huge toy sliding in and out of her pussy, filling her overstuffed cunt to a depth that would have been impossible for him.

Mary was panting loudly, and her face was red. She looked at her husband, kneeling naked in front of her.

“You’re going to help,” Dr. Zibilich said simply. “Mary, tell your husband how to best use the toy on you.”

“Yes, doctor,” Mary panted, looking down at her husband. “Mike, please, make me cum. Make my pussy feel good. Please, fuck me hard. Fill me up with the toy.”

“You might have to be a bit more specific than that,” the doctor said, his amusement clear in his voice. “This is not your husband’s specialty, after all.”

Mary took a deep breath and closed her eyes for a moment. Then she opened her mouth and began speaking rapidly but clearly.

“Wrap your hand around the base,” she instructed. “Don’t let go, even for an instant. Then push it inside me, until – oh!!”

There was a proud look on Mike’s face as he gave his wife – if only by proxy – the pleasure that he’d seen Dr. Zibilich provide with her the week before.

“Now all the way out,” Mary continued. Her breathing was heavy, her instructions precise. “I want you to pull it halfway out, then thrust into me again, holding it there.”

“Like this?” Mike asked, and Mary bit her lip and nodded.

“Good. Now, start fucking me slowly. Don’t rush it. Just move the toy in and out, slowly, taking your time. Build up speed. You’ll feel me clench, like I’m trying to push the toy out – ignore that. My body doesn’t know what it wants.”

Mike did as his wife instructed, and was rewarded with the sight of her hands moving to her cloth-covered breasts, grabbing them firmly as he fucked her with the toy. Behind them, Dr. Zibilich made notes in his notebook.

“Oh god, yes!” Mary gasped as her hips moved faster and faster. Her hands were gripping her tits firmly, her nails digging into the fabric. “Fuck me, baby! Fuck your slutty little wife. I love it when you fuck me so hard...oh, I’m coming...”

Mary’s entire body shook violently, and Mike watched in awe as his wife climaxed harder than he’d ever made her cum before.

“Remember what I told you last week,” Dr. Zibilich advised. “A single orgasm isn’t reason to stop.”



“Of course not, doc,” Mike nodded, continuing to fuck his wife with the doctor’s toy.

Mary’s eyes rolled back as she moaned and writhed, clutching her tits tightly as she rode out a powerful climax. When she was done, her eyes blearily opened to the sight of her naked husband kneeling between her legs, pumping a huge toy in and out of her.

“That’s it,” she said softly. “Keep going. Keep using the dildo.”

Mike smiled, his face flushed.

“It’s so much bigger than you,” Mary gasped, her body twitching at the thought. “Oh, honey, it satisfies me so much more than you ever have.”

“I know, sweetie,” Mike said.

Dr. Zibilich leaned forward, watching his patient intently.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you, Mary? Your husband’s giving you what you need. What you’ve always needed.”

“Yes,” she whispered, her eyes closed. “It feels amazing. So good. It hurts, but it feels so right. Like nothing else in the world matters except the feeling of having my pussy filled up. Oh, Mike, keep doing that. Use me. Please.”

Mike didn’t slow down, continuing to pump the toy in and out of his wife’s pussy. His cock was throbbing, but he made no move to touch himself, keeping his focus entirely on his wife’s pleasure.

Mary started to pant again, her breathing ragged and deep.

“I can’t take it anymore,” she said quietly. “Please, I want you inside me. I need your dick.”

Mike glanced at the doctor hopefully, but was met with a disapproving shake.

“This is what I was worried about,” Dr. Zibilich sighed. “Your wife is just too much of a submissive to be satisfied by a toy. She needs to be dominated and controlled. This is a stopgap measure, but we’ll have to find something else in the long run.”

“So I shouldn’t…”

“No,” the doctor said firmly. “No, for now you’ll have to stick with the toy.”

“Yes, doctor,” Mike said with a sigh, and continued to pump the toy in his wife’s pussy.

“I need a cock,” she pleaded. “Oh, god, I need to be fucked. I need to be filled up by a real man. Harder, Mike. Please. Harder…”

Mike did as his wife commanded, pumping the artificial cock harder and harder into her. Mary

was moaning loudly; one of her hands had reached out to grab his hair, her nails digging deep into his scalp.

“I’m so close,” she gasped. “Don’t stop. Fuck me. Fill your slutty little wife up. Use me. Fuck me. Fuck me!!”

Mike thrust the toy into Mary as hard and as fast as he could, making her gasp and moan in ecstasy.

“Oh god!” she cried out. “Fuck me. Don’t stop. Make me cum! I’m coming!! Ohhhhhh, fuuuuckkkk!! YESSSS!!!!”

As Mary came for the second time in as many minutes, her body began shaking violently and shuddering as she screamed out her ecstasy. Her fingers dug into Mike’s head, pulling him closer as he fucked her hard and fast.

Mike licked his lips and stared at the sight of his wife’s body convulsing as she came, her tits jiggling and her face contorted in pleasure.

“FUCK!” Mary gasped. “YES! Fuck meeeeeee!! FUCK ME HARDERRRR!!!! OH GOD, I’M COMING AGAIN!!!! AAAAHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!”

Mike kept fucking her with the dildo as she came, her orgasm intense and prolonged.

“That’s it,” the doctor ordered. “Keep going.”

Mike didn’t stop until his wife stopped moving, her body completely limp on the couch. He looked up, panting heavily, and saw Dr. Zibilich frowning.

“That’s no reason to stop,” he snapped, gesturing to the chair in the corner. “Move aside; let me show you how it’s done.”

Mike moved quickly, sitting and watching as the doctor took the dildo and picked up where he’d left off. Mary was still breathing deeply, her eyes closed and mouth open. As Dr. Zibilich began pumping the toy in and out of his patient, the difference in technique immediately became obvious.

Where Mike had been gentle and careful, the doctor’s strokes were powerful and forceful, driving the toy deep inside Mary as hard and fast as he could. The woman moaned softly, her eyes opening slightly at the difference in style, but she gave no other reaction.

Within a few minutes, however, she was once more writhing and moaning, squeezing her breasts tightly as the doctor pounded away at her cunt with the toy.

“Oh my god,” she panted, her voice thick and hoarse from all of the screaming. “It feels so good...so right. You’re so much better than my husband. Oh, fuck meee. Yes, yes, yes.”

“Do you hear that?” the doctor asked, and Mike nodded. “You’ve got a lot to learn. Take notes.”

For the next fifteen minutes, Mike watched the doctor pound his wife mercilessly, never stopping or slowing down. Mary was gasping and moaning continuously now, her hands clutching at the back of the couch as she squirmed with pleasure. She wasn’t pushing back or providing instruction – instead, she just lay there, letting the doctor take control.

She was a true submissive.

“I’m a slut,” Mary gasped. “I’m a dirty little whore. Fuck me like the bitch I am. Use me. Use me!”

The doctor ignored her words, continuing to pump the toy in and out of her pussy relentlessly. After she came down from her sixth orgasm of the session, Mike could see a look of pure adoration wash over her face.

“Oh god,” she whispered. “Oh, I can’t believe this is happening. I love it so much. Thank you. Thank you thank you thank you.”

“Did that all make sense, Mike?” Dr. Zibilich asked, and the naked man nodded.

“Yes, doctor,” he said, closing his phone.

“Good. Now, I want you to do that to your wife every night this week. It still isn’t enough to save your marriage – for that, your wife needs to be fucked by a real man – but it’ll do while we work on solving that.”

Mike nodded, and turned to his wife. She was still staring at the doctor worshipfully.

“I won’t let you down, honey,” he said, but he wasn’t even sure if Mary heard him.