# Hysteria 2

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Published on Lush Stories on 09 Aug 2011

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*Victoria's first treatment is started by Dr Reeves' beautiful nurse.*

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Victoria woke up the next morning. Disoriented, she tried to recall the events of the previous evening. She stretched, noticing that she was still on her chaise lounge.

“Oh my God!” she exclaimed, aloud.

Her mind was flooded with the naughty things that Dr Reeves had done to her body. Victoria’s cheeks were bright red and hot, but the thoughts of how he made her feel sent shivers up and down her body. She was aware of parts of her body that had previously never crossed her mind.

As a moral, upstanding woman, she should not be thinking of her nether region, much less enjoying what had happened! Victoria rang for her maid. It was earlier than she was used to getting up, but she was wide awake.

“Well, ma’am, you are up early this morning,” Betsy, her maid, commented.

“Yes...well, that is neither here, nor there,” Victoria commented, absently.

“Let’s get you dressed, my lady. You have a big day ahead of you,” Betsy smiled.

Victoria frowned. What did she mean? It was Tuesday. She usually spent the day reading or sewing. Although her mind was full of questions, she was a proper lady and would wait to speak to her husband about this unusual statement.

After being dressed, Victoria went downstairs to breakfast. Charles was already seated. His plate was empty, and the newspaper hid his face from her view. She was irritated. He could have waited for her.

"What's wrong with me?" she wondered.

Charles never waited for her to arrive before eating his breakfast. He was a busy man. Victoria seated herself and went about making her plate. About to spoon the first bite into her mouth, she was interrupted.

"Victoria, get your wrap and reticule. We need to be going," he said, briskly.

"But, I just sat down. I haven't eaten yet," she replied.

"That's your fault. You should have been down earlier. Now, get your stuff, and come on! We're going to be late," her husband told her, as he left the room.

With her stomach growling and temper growing, Victoria gathered her stuff and followed him to their carriage. She climbed up and sat down. Charles was oblivious to her glare.

"You could have helped me into the carriage, Charles," she stated.

"You made it in just fine," he replied, reading that wretched newspaper again.

They rode in silence for the twenty minutes it took to reach the doctor's office. Victoria gazed at the scenery, as she thought about the events that happened last night. She wiggled in her seat, as her pussy was warm and getting slick. It gave her the most delicious thrill to say that naughty word, even if she only said it in her mind.

The carriage came to a sudden halt, right in front of a grand house. Charles stepped out of the carriage and offered his arm to Victoria. Appearances were everything to him. So, in public, he was the perfect gentleman and husband. Charles escorted his wife to the door.

"Where are we, Charles?" she asked.

"You're here for your treatment. This hysteria has you in a bind, and I won't have a wife that back talks, as much as you," he said, "And...you better hope it starts to work, or it's off to Bedlam."

Victoria stared, open mouthed. He brought her here! He brought her back to the doctor that had caused all those confusing feelings.

Dr Reeves opened the door and motioned for them to enter. He greeted Charles with a firm handshake. Bowing to Victoria, his warm brown eyes met hers and locked.

She felt his intense gaze everywhere. Her nipples were like tiny pebbles, and her pussy felt as wet as the sea. Victoria squirmed. She was at odds with these feelings.
He released her gaze and turned to Charles.

"Sir, have you allowed enough time for me to sufficiently treat your lady wife?" Dr Reeves asked.

"Just tell me when to return," he said.

"Hmm...it's a little after nine. Let's say around lunch. Is that acceptable?" Dr Reeves asked.

"If I'm not too busy," Charles said.

Dr Reeves considered himself an easygoing man, but there was something about Victoria's husband that he truly did not like. It could be the callous way he treated the beautiful woman who married him. Or, maybe, the man was just a pompous ass, who preferred money to warm passion.

Victoria watched her husband open the door and leave, without so much as a goodbye. She faced the young man in front of her and was greeted by tenderness I his eyes. He offered his elbow, which she hesitantly took, and escorted her into a sitting area.

“My dear lady, may I take your coat and gloves?” he asked.

Dr Reeves’ eyes drank in the sight of her lush curves. Her breasts strained against the fabric of her shirt, as she shrugged off her coat. He gestured for her to sit on the couch.

“Let us talk for a moment,” he said, “you are aware of the reason for your visit?”

The look on her face spoke volumes. Her husband had just dropped her off, without so much as a reason for his actions. That angered him. This delicate flower deserved better, and he was just the man to make things better for her.

“May I call you Victoria?” he asked.

“Yes, please do,” she answered.

“Excellent, and please call me Lucas. Dr Reeves is so formal. We will be getting to know each other much better, as I treat you for your hysteria,” he told her, “Your condition is not fatal, but it is debilitating. It can cause dizziness, fainting, and many other ailments.”

Victoria nodded, in understanding. She tried to listen to each statement, but the big words seemed to fly right over her head. It was like he was talking in a foreign language.

“There are many ways that I treat hysteria, and I can say that my success rate is close to 100%. If you need references, my nurse can provide them, as she is getting treatment for her hysteria, as well,” Lucas explained, “Let’s get you to the exam room. Amelia will assist you in getting ready.”

He stood up and offered his elbow, which she took. Lucas led her to a room deep in the house. The dark paneled walls were illuminated by wall sconces, that cast romantic shadows. The fireplace took away the chill in the air. But what caught Victoria’s attention was the table in the middle.

Her breath hitched, as she spotted the stirrups, and her imagination went wild. How wanton! No respectable lady would lay with her legs wide open. She looked at Lucas, who was watching her with an enigmatic expression.

“Dr Reeves...uh... I mean, Lucas, surely you don’t expect me in lay on THAT!” she exclaimed.

“Victoria, I can promise you that no harm will come to you. Please, trust me,” he said, gently.

Lucas backed out of the room, leaving her alone. Her mind was jumbled. Lost in thought, Victoria missed the soft knock on the door. When she turned around, she nearly jumped out of her skin. A strikingly exotic woman stood just inside the door. Her jet black hair framed her lovely face, which held a startling pair of lavender eyes. Victoria had never seen eyes as beautiful as this woman’s.

“My name is Amelia,” the lovely woman said, in an Italian accent.

“Victoria is mine,” she answered.

“Lucas sent me in here to help you,” Amelia explained.

Victoria nodded, and Amelia stepped over to her. She looked straight into Victoria’s eyes, as she slowly unbuttoned her shirt. Amelia slipped the garment from Victoria’s shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. She, then, reached behind her and unclasped her skirt, leaving it where it fell.

“You are a beautiful woman, Victoria,” she whispered, as she moved behind her.

Amelia unlaced the corset that was holding Victoria’s heavy breasts up, then massaged the skin marked by the constricting garment. Victoria, unaccustomed to another woman's touch, stood still.

Amelia's touch was just as devastatingly erotic, as Lucas'.

She felt Amelia slide her warm hands underneath her chemise. They traveled up her ribcage, to settle right below her breasts. Victoria's heart hammered in her chest, and she very nearly stopped breathing when Amelia cupped them in her hands.

"Timid, little rabbit, your heart beats frantically," Amelia whispered.

Victoria shivered from the nearness of Amelia's lips. The lovely Italian brushed a kiss to the nape of her neck, as her fingers lightly toyed with Victoria's rock hard nipples.

"Your hysteria is as bad as mine," Amelia murmured.

Victoria gasped, as Amelia pinched her nipples. Her pussy was drenched and felt like it had a heartbeat of it's own. She arched her back to gain more contact with Amelia's hands.

"Little rabbit, there is no need to strain for my touch," Amelia purred.

She nipped the back of Victoria's neck, then pulled the chemise from her body. The cool air hardened Victoria's nipples even more. Her back felt bare, as Amelia got to her knees and began to slide her petticoats and pantaloons down.

"Bend over the table, little rabbit," she told Victoria.

Lost in a red lusty haze, Victoria leaned over the table. The fabric was soft, like velvet, and her every movement felt like the velvet was sucking her nipples. Her pussy felt thick and swollen, just from the stimulation of her tender pebbles.

She felt Amelia behind her. The lovely siren had knelled on the floor, positioning herself between Victoria's ankles. Amelia nudged her feet apart, until Victoria's legs were open wide.

Victoria gripped the soft fabric tightly. Her most private parts were completely visible and open. The prude in her wanted to rebel, but the tingles rushing through her felt so good.

"Oh my! Such a pretty pink treasure hidden between these chocolate curls," Amelia drawled.

She opened Victoria's pussy wide with her thumbs. Massaging her hairy outer lips, Amelia watched, as Victoria's tender inner lips gaped open, then snapped shut. She could see beads of dewy moisture beginning to gather at Victoria's tight, little pussy hole.

"Your little cunny has been neglected for so long, little rabbit. It looks so tight, and I bet it tastes so sweet," Amelia remarked.

Amelia slid her finger inside and felt the walls contract around it. Slowly, she worked it in and out, until the innocent Victorian lady was gasping loudly and grinding against her hand.

She slid further between Victoria's legs, twisting until she was face to face with the woman's swollen, pulsating clit. Pushing two fingers inside Victoria's dripping slit, Amelia wrapped her lips around the stiff clit in front of her and sucked it gently into her mouth.

Victoria screeched, as the seductress applied a steady, but rhythmic suction to her rapidly swelling bud. It was like she knew every sensitive place inside her pussy. Soon, Victoria was grinding her clit against Amelia's tongue and humping her fingers.

Victoria teetered on edge of a cliff, until she felt Amelia worm her little finger past the puckered entrance of her ass. She screamed, as she fell off that cliff. Lights exploded behind her eyes. Her whole body was electrified and spasming.

Amelia licked and sucked the pulsating bud, while gushes of slippery fluid coated her fingers and hand. Never had she witnessed a more violent orgasm. Her own pussy was humming with need.

Gently, she pulled her fingers from Victoria's body and helped the limp lady up onto the table. She quickly placed Victoria's feet into the stirrups and spread them wide. Going to the end of the table, Amelia admired the view.

Lucas would be pleased. Victoria's pink pussy was flushed bright red and very puffy. The normally hidden inner lips were so swollen that they curled out, revealing a still twitching hole. Victoria's tight back entrance was slightly more relaxed and twitching, as well.

Victoria lay against the table, breathing hard. How could she still be lust filled after what Amelia had just done? She heard the door open and turned her head to see Lucas enter the room.

Victoria was stricken at just how sensually handsome he was. His shirt was hanging open, showing a lightly haired chest. Unlike Charles, his waist was trim. She let her gaze travel lower, following a trail of hair that led to places unknown.

Lucas saw the unfocused and soft look in her eyes. She was completely naked and open. It seemed that the uptight lady was gone for the moment. In her place was the horny woman not afraid of her

need.

"Well done, Amelia," he thought.

Spying Amelia in the corner, he approached her. She shivered. She knew the look in his eye.

"Victoria, watch me. Watch me treat Amelia. Her hysteria has grown, while she attempted to treat yours. Only a man's body can satisfy hysteria. A man's body is able to siphon it out of a woman's body," he growled.

Turning her roughly, he tugged her to the floor, then pushed her upper body down. Amelia's ass poked up highly. Lucas lifted her skirts over her head, revealing Amelia's candy apple red slit.

"Look at her pussy, Victoria. See how swollen it is. Her hysteria is begging to be pounded out," he said.

Victoria was in a trance. The beautiful siren was about to be mounted, like a common whore. A small part if her was aghast, but mostly she was jealous. She wanted him to do that to her.

She watched in awe, as he rubbed Amelia's ass cheeks roughly. Lucas opened his trousers and pulled his stiff cock free. He rubbed the leaking head all over the puffy lips in front of him, before guiding it to Amelia's open portal.

Gasping as he pulled the woman's most private areas open, Victoria literally felt him slide all the way into the woman. Her pussy jumped and flooded, as she heard skin slapping against bare skin. Amelia moaned and screamed so loudly that Victoria wondered if she was in pain.

"Oh, Lucas! Fuck my pussy! Rid me of this crippling hysteria," Amelia gasped.

Lucas grabbed her hips and pounded into her rapidly and very roughly. At the angle they were in, Victoria was able to see Amelia reach below her and rub her pussy in time with his thrusts.

Lucas' thrusts got more erratic, until he arched his back and pushed into her body several times. He pulled out and shot many streams of thick white cream all over her ass cheeks.

Amelia bucked and groaned. Her open pussy looked like it was gasping for air. Her fingers were working nonstop. She stiffened for a second, then slumped down, totally relaxed.

Victoria's body was tense. Her, once satisfied, pussy was hungry again. She gazed steadily at his

dripping cock, then glanced at the cream that was running into Amelia's ass crack.

Lucas stood up and walked over to her. He leaned down very close. With a finger under her chin, he brushed his lips lightly over hers.

"My needy little dove, your hysteria is at critical levels, but I need your permission to start treatment. Do you consent?" he whispered into her ear.

She stared into his green eyes a moment, then said,"Yes".