

Adventures with a Sex Therapist

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A shy and sexually inexperienced wife visits a sex therapist with her husband

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Liz looked across at Helen and smiled; she still looked nervous, her hands clinging to her wine glass, but it was understandable. It was only their third meeting and tonight they would be getting down to the practical solutions phase; the talking had been done; the evaluations were complete, it was time to get down to the business of releasing her from her sexual hang-ups. "Well Helen are you ready to make a start?" Helen visibly shook and turned to look at her husband Don beside her. He gave her a reassuring pat on her shoulder and smiled. It had been at his instigation that they had gone to a sex therapist for consultation; after three years of marriage she was still finding sex difficult; still finding herself being shy about her nakedness in his presence. Sex would nearly always take place in darkness and under cover and outward shows of intimacy and affection were always restricted to their bedroom. She couldn't understand why she was like that; she did enjoy sex and she loved Don, but openly being sexual was difficult for her. Liz, her therapist had put it down to her strict religious upbringing where sex was frowned upon outside marriage and even then it was for procreation and the bedroom. Don had been loving and patient; waiting until their wedding night before even touching her body let alone having sex, but his patience was running out now; he had been in relationships before meeting Helen; he was used to having sex after a few dates; used to having sex anywhere and everywhere; used to having the girl enjoying her nudity and being a willing participant in bed; even used to women initiating sex, Don knew that this was the last hope for their marriage and so did Helen; she loved Don and would do anything to keep him. Helen put the glass down on the table and glanced nervously at the three other men with them. She had been introduced to them earlier but she couldn't remember their names; she had been so nervous shaking hands with them but that was part of her problem as well, shyness with men. Liz intended dealing with this first; with Don's permission she was going to learn intimacy with males. Liz stood up and began walking to the adjoining room; the others followed, first Helen and Don and then the three other males. The room was very warm and though dimly lit it was by no means dark. On the floor, in the middle of a room was a large mattress covered with a large white duvet and black pillows placed around the edges. Around the

mattress were couches covered with white sheets. There were double seater couches at the top and bottom of the mattress and three seater ones at the sides. Liz closed the door behind them and they turned to face her. "Okay." She said. "I think we should all undress first and take a seat." Helen looked at Don for a moment and as he started to unbutton his shirt she began to nervously pull her top from her jeans. No one spoke as they all undressed and placed their clothes over the backs of some chairs that rested by a large window with its curtains drawn. The three men then went and sat down on the couches; one on each couch and Liz went up to Helen, who had her back to the men, and rested her hand on her shoulder. "That is a very big step you have taken Helen." She told her. "You have done well." Helen smiled but she did not feel any pride, far from it; Helen was almost trembling. "Now when you are ready I would like you to turn around and face the men so I can explain the next phase." Don moved close to her; he could sense her nervousness, he too felt proud of her. She glanced up at him as if requesting his approval to turn around and he nodded before turning around with her. For a moment there was just silence as she stood there with her head bowed. Don however looked ahead; he could see the men looking directly at his wife. He put his arm around her waist, not just to reassure her but also to let them know that she belonged to him. "Okay Helen." Liz said. "What I would like you to do now is to go and sit next to one of these men." Helen looked up at her. "It's okay no one is going to touch you unless you initiate it." She told her. Helen glanced to the couch next to her; it was the closest one to her and she quickly moved away and sat down as Don followed Liz to the remaining free couch. Once again there were a few moments of awkward silence before Liz spoke again. "You are doing great Helen." She said. "Isn't she guys?" The guys all agreed making her feel even more nervous. "Okay Helen, I want you to spend five minutes with each man." She told her. "You can talk to him if you wish; ask him anything you want. You may even touch him if you want, anywhere you wish." Helen gave a nervous smile. "It's okay Helen this is your therapy to get you more used to the opposite sex. Don here has agreed to let you do anything you wish. There will not be any recriminations." Again Helen smiled nervously but this time at Don. Don said nothing but he was beginning to feel uncomfortable now. He was nervous about what Helen would do and he was also aware of the attractive sex therapist sat next to him. They were not touching but he could feel the heat from her body; heat that was beginning to arouse him. He guessed that she was in her mid thirties and although there was no wedding ring on her finger he knew that with a body like hers there would be a man in the background somewhere. After a short while Liz glanced at her watch and told Helen that her five minutes were up and she should move on to the next man. As with the first one, she sat next to him in silence for the full duration of the set time before moving onto the last couch. When the last of the allotted time was up Liz called her over to sit next to her. "So how was that?" She asked her. "I'm sorry but I just couldn't talk to any of them." She told her. Liz touched her shoulder. "Hey that's fine; you have done great girl." She told her. "Twenty minutes ago you could hardly bring yourself to show yourself naked to your husband and now here you are with three naked males in all your glory." She smiled. Helen not only smiled but also managed a laugh. "Okay Helen this time I want you to go back and do it again but this time I would like you to sit so that you are physically touching and I would like you to ask each one of them an intimate question." "Intimate

question?" Helen asked. "Yes." She told her. "Let me demonstrate." Liz stood up and walked across the mattress to the man sat opposite. She sat down next to him with their bodies touching. "John, if you could fuck Helen now in front of us all on that mattress what position would you choose?" He looked across at her, "Doggy style." Liz got up and walked back to her seat. "Your turn." She said looking at Helen. Helen stood up nervously and walked back to the couch she had first sat on. It was plain to see her awkwardness at having to sit so close to a naked man. "Are you married?" She asked him. "Helen I said an intimate question." Liz told her. Helen looked at her before turning away. "How often do you make love with your wife?" "I'm not married but I do have a girlfriend and we fuck most nights of the week." He told her. "Next one Helen." Liz told her. "And a different question this time please." Helen got up and sat next to the man that had answered Liz's question. "Is doggy style your favourite position?" She asked him. "It depends on the girl." He told her. "I chose that for you because I think you have you have great hips and I can just imagine how great it would be gripping on to them while I fucked you." It was plain to see the shock on Helen's face; not even Don had ever spoken with such sexual bluntness to her before." Moments later Helen was sat next to the last of the men. "Have you ever fucked anyone in front of others before?" Don was a little surprised at her question. "Many times." He told her. Liz patted the seat next to her again and Helen came and sat down. "So how do you feel after that?" She asked her. Helen smiled. "Okay." "Good." She told her with a smile. "Now then it's their turn to ask you an intimate question." Helen looked very apprehensive as she walked back to the first couch and sat down. "How many men have you fucked?" He asked her. She turned and looked at Don "Just my husband." She told him. Helen got up and went to the next couch. "Do you like being fucked doggy-style?" He asked her. Helen shook her head. "We have never done it that way." Moments later she was sat with the last of the final three men. "I am sure that each one of us guys finds you a challenge. " He said. "Would you let us fuck you tonight?" He asked. Helen looked shyly at him and shook her head. "Sorry. No." "So Helen how do you feel now?" Liz asked her as she sat next to her again. "Okay." She smiled. "You seemed more relaxed." Liz commented. "Yes I feel more relaxed." "So do you think you will leave here tonight and be a different woman in bed with your husband?" Liz asked her. Helen smiled. "I think so." "What makes you think that?" Liz asked her. Helen shrugged her shoulders. "W.....well I don't feel so inhibited now." "I think I would like to see some more intimacy from you with other men and I think it would benefit you too; both of you perhaps." "What do you mean by that?" Helen asked her. "I would like to see you give each man a passionate kiss." She told her. "Starting and finishing with your husband, I would like you to spend one minute with each man, standing in the middle of the mattress. Arms tightly around each other and kissing like lovers." Helen and Don looked at one another for a few moments. "This will break a lot of barriers believe me." Liz told them. Don stood up and took Helen by the hand and led her to the centre of the mattress. He had kissed her many times before but rarely in this way. Feeling her naked body against his aroused him; feeling her arms tightly around him pulling him hard against her was making him hard. As he closed his eyes and lowered his head to meet her lips he found himself unashamedly erect. It was almost as if he was kissing a different woman. When Liz called time on their kissing he didn't want to stop. The next man stepped forward to take his place as he moved

away. Don found himself a little surprised, if not shocked, at the way she held and kissed him the same way. When Liz called time on them he too walked away sporting an erection. The second man followed in much the same way; so did the third, but this time his hand gripped her bottom pulling him tightly against him. When it came back to his turn again he was glad; watching other men get aroused with his wife was not something he was used to. "That was very good Helen." Liz told her. "You have done better than I expected; much better. I thought it might take weeks to get to this stage. What do you think guys?" They all echoed her praise. "So then Helen." Liz said looking her in the eye. "Are you ready for the next phase in the program?" "What phase is that?" Helen asked, somewhat surprised. "Well I think one of the other things your husband mentioned was your shyness; reluctance, whatever, in touching him intimately." Helen looked away. "The first thing I asked you to do when we came in here was to sit next to each man and talk to him and also touch him if you wished." Liz said. "I would like to see you physically touching now. You have felt their penis's against you when you kissed, so it's not something that is alien to you now. I want to see you spend five minutes with each man, once again starting and finishing with your husband. You may kiss them; suck them; fondle them, whatever, but you are not to make them ejaculate." Helen sat silently as everyone waited for her response; moments became seconds and seconds became minutes, but everyone waited patiently. When she glanced up at Don he was quickly on his feet walking across the mattress. Moments later he was lying on his back with Helen kneeling at his side looking down at his now limp cock. Liz had also risen from her seat and had gone to chest of drawers in the corner of the room. Moments later she too was on the mattress, kneeling down at the other side of Don. "I think we will add some sensuality to the proceedings." She said as began placing a black silk blindfold over Don's face. Helen hesitated a moment before she touched him and when she did Liz stopped her. "No Helen, like this she." She told her as she took Don's cock in her hands. "This is an instrument of pleasure for you and you should treat it properly." Helen watched as Liz began to massage him, first by clenching a fist around him and bringing it slowly up the length of his shaft, followed by her other hand. She was a little shocked at the speed of its full erection. "There now, it's nice and hard." She said. Liz continued for a few moments and then asked her to take over. Helen copied Liz's actions; in all the years of their marriage she had never touched him in this way, "Now cup his sac with one of your hands." Liz told her. Helen was hesitant not understanding what she meant so Liz took over again; one hand gripping his shaft as before and another gently cupping his testicles. "When you hold a man's testicles you can tell when he's about to cum." She explained. "They suddenly stiffen and you know he's only moments away. Then you can do this." She told her as she knelt over and took the tip of his cock in her mouth. Don had often begged her to do this to him; pleaded with her to suck him; pleaded for what he called a 'blow job'. As Liz's tongue flickered over the tip of his cock Don groaned; immediately she could see the effects of the pleasure it gave him. With one hand moving up and down his shaft, another hand cupping his testicles and her tongue running over the opening in the tip of his cock, Don was starting to writhe as he groaned. Helen felt pangs of jealousy running through her as she watched Liz giving pleasure to her husband; pleasure that she never given him before. "I think I better stop now before he cums." Liz said as she pulled away. Helen was pleased but she

could the look of disappointment on his face; she vowed that as soon as they were home she would continue where Liz had left off and take him all the way. As Don got up and walked past her she touched his thigh reassuringly. "Okay John you are next." Liz said, disrupting Helen's thoughts. John was already erect as he lay down between the two women. "I will leave him to you." Liz said as she sat back after placing the blindfold around him. Helen looked down at him for a few moments as she brushed her hair back from the sides of her face. She had never really paid much attention to the male penis before; not even her husband's, to her it was just a long pole of flesh but as she looked at John's she realised they were different. It wasn't just the size or the thickness but the general make up of them. Don's had smooth skin but this one had bumps and veins; it was also uncircumcised. It felt different too; as she took it in her hands she could feel the difference in skin texture. His testicles were different too; bigger and heavier than Don's but as far as taste was concerned she had no idea of the difference, Don's had never been inside her mouth before. As she folded her lips around his shaft she suddenly realised that she was sucking her very first cock. That fact had not been lost on Don either; as he watched her take his cock in her mouth he felt envious. Not just envious that he had not been the first to enjoy her lips on him but also envious of the enjoyment he was receiving. It was obvious from his moans and groans that she was exciting him; not only that, it was also obvious that she was enjoying giving him pleasure. Helen would have been quite happy to continue all the way had Liz not stopped her. For Don the next ten minutes could not have passed quick enough for all three of them had enjoyed her attention to their cocks; the last man cursing because he was so close to cumming. "Well Don I don't think you will be complaining again about lack of oral sex from Helen." Liz said looking up at him and smiling. Don returned her smile, forgetting that he should have receiving more oral treatment from her. "So Helen." Liz said to her. "How do you think you will cope with receiving oral sex from now on?" "I don't think I will have a problem with that now." Helen told her, still sitting in the middle of the mattress. "I think it would be beneficial if the guys were to give Helen some intimate attention Don." She said. "How would you feel about that?" She asked him. Don looked nervously at Helen as he shrugged his shoulders. "Come and lie down Helen." Liz told her. Helen slid over to the middle of the duvet and lay down. Liz put the blindfold on her and told her to relax as she got up and went to the chest of drawers. Don watched nervously as she took a handful of items back to the duvet and sat down beside Helen. "I am going to call the men over and they are going to be.....well you will find out." Liz told her. Don saw her nod nervously and the men get up and join Liz kneeling around her. "I am going to ask them all to touch you wherever they want to Helen. It will get you used to the males touching your body." Again Helen nodded nervously. Liz also nodded but it was to signal the men to begin. Don watched her flinch as a hand alighted on her breast and another between her legs. He half expected her to brush them away but instead she just lay there letting the men touch her; men she had only just met fondle her intimately; men she did not know probe her in places meant only for husband. She lay there still as they inspected her; hands opening out her thighs; fingers opening out folds of flesh from her most secret places before penetrating her deeply. She should have been refusing them; she should have been adamantly rejecting them; she should have been fighting them off but instead she just lay there still and allowed

them to pleasure her. Don should also have been fighting them off her; he should have been defending his wife's honour; protecting her virtue but instead he was enjoying watching the spectacle and, like the men enjoying themselves with her body, he too had an erection. He wanted to fuck her; he wanted to climb onto the mattress and get between his wife's thighs and put his cock where other men's fingers were probing. Helen had been silent in her enjoyment; silent up until the moment when Liz passed around vibrators to the men. She heard their buzzing sounds and then felt them against her flesh. Moments later the places where fingers had penetrated were filled again but with hard vibrating plastic. She had seen them before; she had even touched them before but she had never used them before, now they were being used on her. A long thick penis shaped one for her pussy; a long thin one for her anal passage and a small thick one to pleasure her clitty. The men were no strangers to giving this kind of pleasure; they knew what they were doing; they knew they were there to make her scream with pleasure and they also knew they were there to fuck her the moment she would inevitably cry out for their cocks. All Don could do was to watch; sit back in his state of excitement and arousal while they pleased her. He watched as she slowly began to writhe on the duvet; listened as she moaned softly; watched as her writhing turned to thrashing; listened as her moans turned to cries; watched as her thrashing turned to bucking and listened as her cries became screams. Don had heard Helen in the throes of orgasm before but it had never been like this. Neither had Don heard her asking to be fucked before; she was now though, not just asking but begging; pleading to be fucked. He suddenly realised that Liz was looking at him; she never spoke; she didn't need to, Don knew exactly what she was saying; what she was asking. He found himself unable to say anything; unable to respond; unable to stop her open a box of condoms and take one out. He just watched and stared in almost disbelief as she opened the packet, take out the condom, place it against the tip of one of the men's penis's and roll it down his shaft. His mouth was still agape moments later when he watched Liz take hold of the man's cock and guide it to his wife's opening and he gasped as it started to disappear inside her. He found it hard to believe what he was seeing; it wasn't the man actually fucking that surprised him but his wife's response. Helen quickly wrapped her legs around his waist; her arms clasped his shoulder blades and her lips began kissing him. In between the kisses she was moaning and crying out with pleasure and in between her moans and cries she telling him to fuck her harder. Not that he needed much prompting anyway; he was thrusting at her with long hard pushes of his hips. Surrounding them as they fucked were the others; two naked males kneeling at their side; their hands caressing his wife's body. Hands running over her breasts; fingers tweaking her nipples; hands running over her flat stomach; fingers toying with her clitty. It was not any wonder that why she was screaming her head off in ecstasy. He didn't take long to cum, with Liz cupping his testicles from behind and urging him on with filthy whispers in his ear, he couldn't hold back if he had wanted too. He didn't take long to orgasm with Helen screaming at him telling him he was good, and neither did it take long for the next man to take his place when he had released himself inside her. The man called John; the man who wanted to doggy her on the duvet got his wish. He had wanted to grip her shapely hips as he thrust away at her from behind and he was quickly doing so; he even managed to break off and give her a few slaps on the bottom; he even managed to

make her agree with him that she was a whore. The words shocked him, calling his wife a whore as he slapped her hard but he was shocked even more when she agreed, not only agreeing, but telling him that she was his whore. It did not take him long to cum either and he was replaced by the last of the men; replaced by the last rampant male, his condom clad penis erect and ready. He took her on the couch though. He made her lie sideways on the edge of the couch with him lying behind her and her leg over his thigh; he wanted Don to see his cock thrusting in and out of her; he wanted Don to see him taking his wife; he wanted Don to watch his bigger and thicker cock pleasuring his wife. Don was so mesmerised with it all that he had not noticed Liz get up and sit next to him and it was only when he felt her hand around his cock that he realised that she was there. It was also when he realised just how aroused he was; his cock was wet from the stream of pre-cum that was leaking from him. He turned and looked at her and she gave him a smile before she lowered her head. His groan was loud as her soft warm lips closed around his cock but it was drowned out by the noise coming from Helen. She was cumming again. He didn't see much after that; he closed his eyes as Liz's lips began to move up and down his shaft and her hand cup his sac. He could hear his wife in the background; hear her in the throes of orgasm; hear her expressions of pleasure but he was in a different world. A world where cock hungry lips were moving up and down his cock; a place where cum hungry fingers were clasping his testicles and in a dimension where an eager mouth awaited feeding. It had been many years since he had last had a full blow job; he wanted to savour the time; he wanted to hold off the moment of release; delay the pleasure so that it lingered but he couldn't. He was in the hands of an expert; Don was dealing with a felatrix who knew her job well, he just had to let go; had to let her bring his cum out of him. When his cum began to gush into her mouth it was almost as if it was his very soul was leaving his body. It was a little while later when they had all composed themselves and still naked, found themselves sitting on the duvet for the closing of the session. There was little to say; little left to do except to arrange a meeting with Liz for a month later. "So you think that you two can now move on from this?" Liz asked her. Both of them nodded in unison. "Personally I think that there might be, shall we say, more avenues for you to explore sexually." She told them. They looked puzzled. "Avenues where these guys can help you in your exploration." Don looked at Helen. "Its up to you Darling?" Helen said. "No, I think it's up to me as your therapist." Liz cut in as she picked up the box of condoms. They looked on silently as she emptied the box of condoms on the duvet and began to share them out among the three men. The box held thirty six and there were thirty three left; they didn't need a calculator to work out the intention. "When we meet up in a month's time Helen I expect all these to have been used on you." She told her. "How and when I will leave up to you two and the guys to sort out between yourselves." She added. As they stood up to dress Don realised that he was hard again; so did Helen. She took hold of him and smiled. "I think you are going to have a lot of these over the next while." She added as she gave him a gentle tug. "And you are going to be very busy over the next while." He said with a grin. Helen grinned back at him as she reached for her panties and wondered to herself just which one of them was going to benefit the most from all this sex therapy.