

# Jodi's Therapy

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Published on Lush Stories on 05 Oct 2012



*Jodi seeks therapy to fix a boring love-life*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/jodis-therapy.aspx>

It all began in my job as a psychotherapist and had numerous women come and see me with complaints of headaches and talk of demanding husbands always wanting sex, that the women did not want to provide. The story was almost always the same, to the same neat pattern. The women would explain that when they met their husbands, when they were younger, usually in their late twenties, that they had numerous lovers to choose from, and they would either choose the most attractive “hunk” or the best provider. In each case, after marriage of a few years, they would eventually find that their husbands would start to behave selfishly and take them for granted. Then there would be the unwelcome demands for sex which would be inevitably refused. Sexually frustrated husbands would then argue and make further demands, driving the women further away. Yet, during the intimate talks that intense psychotherapy provides, these same women would admit to quite sexual and even perverse fantasies. These were fantasies of being taken and used, fantasies of sucking cocks of complete strangers in dark clubs and corridors, fantasies of being blindfolded and tied to the bed by their husbands and strange unknown lips kissing and caressing them all over, making them orgasm repeatedly as the stranger/s whispered into their ears how sexy and desirable they looked. Fantasies of anonymous gifts from strangers and of flowers arriving on their work desks from secret admirers; fantasies of being made love to gently by soft, yet dominant men in small groups who would touch them all over stroke their cocks in the girls faces ejaculating all over their breasts while the woman writhed in orgasmic bliss. Yet almost none of these women felt brave enough or game enough to seek out or live out these fantasies. It began to become such a pattern that I felt further research into the psychology of women was justified. I found numerous online articles and some research into sexual behaviour. I also re-read Sex at Dawn – on the evolution of human sexuality – and it started me thinking. One of the most pronounced and incredible findings that I made, through my psychotherapy sessions with my patients, was that these women, whose husbands complained were basically frigid, or pre-menopausal, would, once divorced, immediately find satisfying and overwhelmingly sensational sex with the first lover they had. Or they would have several lovers at a time and, in what seemed like a reaction to the fear of being perceived a slut that they would marry again quite quickly with Mr. ‘best provider’, or Mr. ‘soul buddy’. They would marry a type of man who would definitely NOT allow or encourage these women to continue to seek or enjoy

these sexual fantasies. It was as if the girls feared losing control and becoming more wanton and slutty. So I began to think that there is something primal in many, if not all, women and girls that pushes them towards experiences where they can enjoy multiple partners and multiple orgasms – just like their fantasies. Then they seem to get an attack of moral outrage at their own behaviour and reel themselves back from the brink of carnality. In further readings of evolution and prehistory I was hugely surprised to find that marriage was actually an invention of men, set in place to control the lascivious nature of women, that civilisations like the ancient Babylonians understood this darker side in women. The city arranged that all wives and girlfriends had to spend some months as prostitutes in the temple to satisfy their wild mating urges, every few years. The husbands, it was rumoured, had not complaints – they could fuck whichever other wife they liked during her “working months” and their own wives would come home glowing and horny – or pregnant. I read that in primitive societies polygamy was more common than not. Another strange but related fact is that the male penis is of a shape to pump the sperm of competing males out of a vagina. Finally, that the female orgasm only seems to happen after extended or multiple couplings. All these primal facts were consistent only if natural female behaviour was wild and sex-crazed. Or perhaps there were many multiple gang-bang rapes in primitive times. Yet other primate behaviour suggested that female chimps and bonobos do not experience rape – in fact – they actively pursue male partners – as many as possible, during their reproductive time. Was there a wild female sexual beast, held just under control, beneath the surface of a tissue of fabrications and social conventions? Generally it was mothers and grandmothers (post-reproductive females?) who started girls down this path of guilt and that began them on the path to “insanity”, driven one way by their primal urges and another by familial and societal expectations, creating a huge internal psychological rift, technically known as cognitive dissonance, with two forces pulling in opposite directions; one pulling in the direction of uninhibited sexual abandon and the other in the direction of an artificial morality. Girls and women control other girls by calling them sluts, whores, jezebels and other derogatory names to keep their natural inclinations in check by social conventions and mores. It was only the strippers and whores who had broken free, exploring their natural tendencies. Somehow I had to prove my theory. I began to understand that if this was a true primal urge in most women and that society and women themselves are secretly aware that this urge needs to be suppressed, then it may be the cause of great sexual frustration that leads to the fantasies that were so commonly admitted to. Regular relationship sex did not do anything to ‘get the juices flowing’ so to speak or to calm these urges. There is nothing risky or taboo or out of control about “normal vanilla sex”. The very things required to get women excited are simply not available in most relationships. So I began to formulate a radical form of therapy to save the marriages and families of these women, to prevent the inevitable divorces that happen so often. At about this time I met Jodi, and she became my patient. The thing about her was that her case was so classic. Firstly, she refused to believe that she had any fantasies. She never allowed herself to think of men other than her husband, yet she was enormously jealous of him, being a high flying barrister, with two young attractive secretaries in their early twenties, that she said ‘looked like strippers in business clothes’. When pressed about this description it became apparent that her husband had a predilection

to attend these 'gentlemen's clubs' which she found totally repugnant. So much so, in fact, that she felt unattracted to him, although she said she was still in love. She went on to complain that she felt that, when she did not have sex with him for a number of weeks or months, that he would go out longer and later and sleep more in the spare bedroom, exactly the opposite of the desired effect of her trying to make him want her. I asked her if she tried to entice him with candles and lingerie and she giggled and said "no way, I am not acting like one of those sluts." She was a perfect case for me to try my new theory. Jodi was a little over-weight, although not too much, in fact, at 5ft 3in and 140 pounds she had a BMI just in the normal range. However, she openly admitted that she was beginning to loathe her body, since she felt she had 'gone to fat' since her newly married weight of 110 lbs, 7 years ago. At 33 years old she had a beautiful, girlish face, heart shaped with pouting lips and perfect teeth. Her breasts obviously still held the firmness of youth, and the fact that she had no children, due to the low sperm count of her husband. This apparently did not bother either of them, since her husband was so work-obsessed, and Jodi was obsessed with her own psychological issues. First-world problems we call them. Jodi told me that she was enormously bored during the day, but that she was terrified that her husband would leave her and she would be alone, with no children, and be too old to have any. She told me she was willing to try anything to try to save her marriage and to enhance her and her husband's love life. She was confused that she became so angry quite often and seemed to blame her husband for everything – even though she admitted to me it had little to do with his behaviour. In fact, she admitted during a very tearful session that she acknowledged that her own behaviour was probably driving him away. That he was likely to be going out with one or the other of his secretaries, going to strippers or perhaps, even prostitutes – because she was unwittingly rejecting him. I took to opportunity to talk to her about some of my theories about sex and dancing, that dancing is a natural aphrodisiac for women and that the women who actually do the stripping are actually in positions of power. That they do not feel exploited and in fact, often feel guilt for exploiting the men who they find it so easy to scam money off simply by dancing in front of them, without any expectation of even the slightest touch, at most clubs. I also explained that the women who are prostitutes often go into the profession because they have found from experience that sex with multiple partners is very arousing. This, I said, is just like in primitive societies when dancing and alcohol, or other drugs that reduce inhibitions, are used as a mechanism to create an orgiastic ritual and that in many of these celebrations that all parties are free to explore sex to the maximum possible extent without guilt. Some societies and social groups are like that now, I said, like swingers clubs. I could immediately see that Jodi was starting to become flushed and I thought, a little aroused. Then she also started to become angry and raised her voice at me that I was a pervert. However, I calmed her down and simply said that I was a doctor of human behaviour and that much of this can be proven – it was just academic research. The discussion continued and I suggested that she should go to a strip club with her husband and actually ask a stripper what she thought about what I was saying. Jodi simply said she could never do that and looked quite shocked, although I could see I had got her thinking. We ended the session with some basic agreements about some things that she should begin to put into play to improve her self esteem, in addition to the therapy and

meditation sessions she was doing with me. Firstly, I told her she should get a good personal trainer who she could relate to. Secondly, she should improve her diet, for medical reasons, I said. She should also get regular relaxation massages and I recommended the gym that I attended myself, and I mentioned a personal trainer named Troy and a masseur called Ramon. She was very resistant to these ideas at first and it was not until two weeks later that she agreed to try to take my advice since nothing else she was trying was improving her relationship. Her husband was becoming even more distant. I told her I would make the appropriate arrangements at the gym for her. Luckily, due to her husband's large bank account, there was no issue with payment. Jodi tried to insist that I choose females in these roles, but I insisted that the natural competition between women would mean that she would feel more jealousy and less motivation if a well-built and attractive girl was training her. She reluctantly agreed. What Jodi did not know that my notes about her treatment would send her along a path of sexual self-discovery and result in a completely 'new' Jodi. What I did not know is how far I would take it or how far she would go. However, unlike many of the erotic stories you might have read, I had no intention of driving her into depravity, just to help her achieve sexual and personal fulfilment without fear or guilt. Needless to say, Jodi and her husband were to be the main beneficiaries. Yet, I could not help but think to myself that I would love to see Jodi with her head between my legs – but that was just my fantasy. Jodi also did not know that I had been, just a couple of years beforehand in exactly the same situation as her husband. My ex-wife Joanne, was still in the fucking around stage and rubbing my nose in her trysts with new lovers at every opportunity, and confusing and disgusting our two kids in the process, something I am sure you will agree is a less than ideal situation for everyone except her. The first thing I did for Jodi was to arrange her sessions with Troy and Ramon. These would involve Troy providing a soft sensual massage and gently stretching to warm her up – then with Ramon, intense physical exercise on bikes, weight repetitions, orbital walkers and uphill walking. I also wanted her to work up to some track running, through a series of sprints. I did not want her doing long-distance or heavy weights, because I wanted her to regain her feminine figure. After her exercise Ramon would give her a relaxation massage. After these sessions she was to come to me for intense meditation – not quite hypnosis. Both men were in their late twenties and were very well-built and handsome. I instructed them to flatter her at every opportunity, to tell her she was looking incredibly hot and to eventually tell her she was turning them on and looking like the most fuckable woman in the entire gym. This was not true at first, but the result after five weeks was increasingly becoming a self-fulfilling prophecy. As Jodi got fitter, and thinner, a couple of things started happening that Jodi started to notice and talk about during the meditation and therapy sessions with me. She mentioned that her husband was starting to flatter her more and that the men training her were becoming more sexual in their comments which she thought was becoming slightly inappropriate. She also noticed that she was becoming more full of energy and that her husband seemed to be suddenly more tired and less active than her. She liked this because it was the first time in their relationship that this had happened. She also started to mention to me that Ramon had started some groin massages after her running sessions. I explained that the sexual comments were completely natural for young men with a healthy libido to make when they were so

closely involved with a highly sexual and sensual woman, like her. The groin massages were commonly used in track athletes to prevent hamstring strains and groin injuries which could not only be very painful but prevent any further fitness regime. I then asked her whether she was slightly embarrassed because she might be finding the massages slightly arousing. It was then that Jodi made some honest observations. “Yes, Doctor, I mean he actually oils up my back and massages lower and lower until he is at the top of my hips and then he starts at my feet, working up the back of my thighs with the warm oil until he reaches my buttocks which he kneads and strokes all over. He gently pushes the cloth of my exercise briefs into my crack, so that they do not get oil all over them, so it is like I am wearing a g-string. Then he rubs lower and lower.” I noticed that Jodi’s breathing was becoming deep and laboured while she paused to take some deep breaths before she went on. “I wanted to ask you if they are being inappropriate or not. They both talk about my firm breasts and beautiful skin and that I have a very firm and fuckable arse now.” “It is perfectly natural, you know, it is their job to enhance your self-esteem.” I replied, “You must tell me if they ever make you feel uncomfortable or if they are being sleazy or inappropriately touching you. Would you like me to warn them to stay off you some?” “No, I don’t think so Doctor, not yet, they are not. But when Ramon started the groin massage, he explained what it was for, like you just did. But he ...” She paused. “What did he do, Jodi” I asked. “When I was lying on my front he made me lift up my hips and he placed this large cylindrical pillow under my hips me so that my bottom was arched high in the air. It was like a sexual position, you know, and I had to part my legs more?” She paused again, and I could notice in the dim light as she was reclined on my couch on her back that she was breathing heavily and seemed to be quite aroused. I let her continue at her own pace. “He softly used one finger and ran it right around between my legs around my pelvic wall, around the opening, with some warm oil. then he started pushing deep into the area beside my anus and my ... vagina, getting to the muscles where the legs meet the opening to the pelvis, softly and firmly. It was almost as if ... he was pushing ... something inside me and I became ... I got .... I felt a rush of fluid form between my legs, and I was embarrassed. It was him .. it was me .. I felt that I was responding to his touch, even though it wasn’t sexual, and I hoped he would not notice. I also felt that my clitoris was firm and I hoped he would not see it through the thin cloth of my exercise bikini. He kept pushing hard – and the muscles there were tense and it ... it made me moan Doctor, I was mortified, it was almost like a sound I make when I have an orgasm.” “Yes, I said, groin massages are like that, they hurt and yet they can give deep pleasure. Your reactions were perfectly natural, Jodi. Perfectly natural for a sensual young woman like you, who is just becoming reacquainted with her body. Do you think you did have an orgasm?” “No, not really but I have not had one for awhile! It was just so – pleasant. And when I got up after Ramon moved the cylinder away, I realised that I did not grab my bikini top and I saw Ramon stare at my breasts – and I did not cover them straight away. Ramon started talking to me, saying that I was the hottest woman in the gym now, and that I have lost 13kg in two months, that my BMI was ideal at 19.5 and that we would now work on my flexibility and make me more supple through yoga, pilates, dancing like jazz ballet and ballroom and .... Pole dancing ...” she almost blurted this out. “Sounds like you will be busy – there goes your boredom anyway, with all those men and girls

admiring you and dancing with you.” I laughed. I noticed that her mouth and moist lips were pink with moisturiser and pouting looking almost swollen with what I took to be part of her arousal cycle. She was breathing quite rapidly and her chest was rising and falling and she was gently caressing around her flat stomach under her gym top towards the band of her track pants. “That’s when I noticed it.” She said. “His ERECTION. It was sticking straight out and I could clearly see the head against the thin material of his white shorts. And I was staring at it and his flat abs – and it TWITCHED. He said sorry and that he had it because he said ‘you are just so fucking hot’.” “Perfectly natural, Jodi. For a fit young man to be aroused when he hears a gorgeous young woman like you has become aroused to his touch. You know, it is the most exciting and arousing sound and odour that a young man can experience. It would be very strange for him not to be aroused by a young woman like you. He was probably bursting with the desire to make love to you. I do feel for Ramon he probably spends half his day in pain, massaging beautiful girls like you.” I laughed gently, and smiled. She was breathing heavily. “And you might need to learn to let go and release some of your own pent up frustrations. But probably not with Ramon – although I think you are showing from your behaviour that you are sexually aroused by him and attracted to him. By the way how is the sex with your husband – is it improving?” “Yes a little” Jodi said. “He has wanted to make to love me after we go out some weekends. But Doctor I was embarrassed and had a bright neck and face flush with Ramon.” “That is called a sexual flush, Jodi. You need to know that if you were truly uninhibited, that you would feel free to act on those desires and reach your own sexual peak – to allow yourself to orgasm, either during the massage – with Ramon – or afterwards through masturbation.” I saw her eyes open wide and her mouth gasp in air as she realised what I was saying. “But my husband? I am married.” She said in some shock. I ignored her comment. “I do not think he is noticing you much yet.” I said. “We are trying to release that primitive woman within you. This process is for your own personal therapy and I know you agree it is working at enhancing your esteem, so please trust me through the next stage of your development to fulfilment. You should not share any of our treatments with your husband, as he may not understand the purpose of the details.” I prescribed some birth control pills to her that would help to enhance her libido somewhat. I explained that, due to her sensual nature that was developing that she may lose control one day and allow a man to touch her, perhaps when she was out at a club. “I would never allow that,” she said. “And anyway, I do not fit into any of my clothes anymore, other than my new track suits and some new jeans and t-shirts.” “The choice may not end up being yours – you are so hot and gorgeous that a man may almost force himself on you – it does happen sometimes – and sometimes girls do not object and enjoy it – especially if they do not have to even say yes – it stops the guilt you know – as you can have guilt-free sex without any strings.” “Doctor, Oh! I couldn’t,” she said. But I could see her eyes darting from one side to the other as she processed the thought – and she breathed in gasps. “You are so ---- naughty, Doctor, Are you trying to get me to have sex with men other than my husband?” “No,” I said. “No, I am not. I am trying to allow you to explore and understand yourself as a free and independent person who is able to make whatever choices she feels like. But do not be surprised if you feel that desire – especially if your husband is ignoring you – and of course, he may be doing that because he has a lover himself, or

perhaps sees prostitutes. How would you react then? Would you feel more free and open to explore your sexual side? Do you actually understand that if you were a truly open and free sexual creature that your husband would be likely to love and want you more, to feel more jealous and give you more attention? Truly sensual women are able to give themselves in to their sensual desires and to have their needs met whenever they feel like it.” “Nnn no! I can’t be like that. It isn’t me.” Jodi said. “Well it is true,” I responded. “Now I think you need to spend a couple of thousand dollars on new clothing – I will help you pick out the clothing that will most boost your self-esteem and ensure that your husband does not ignore you.” Her therapy continued for three more weeks until I noticed a definite change in her self-awareness, She had been getting many admiring glances when she went shopping and had begun to see herself in shop windows and mirrors. She told me that sometimes she hardly recognised herself and when she saw that the “hot girl” was her. She also said that she was beginning to have an effect on her husband and that she spent more time at home in her underwear and bikinis when the days were warm, I think she was using her pool as an excuse to show off her body, but I did not mention that to her. She said that she could wiggle her hips a bit, like she was beginning to learn in ballroom dancing and pole dancing. One day Jodi told me that an actual stripper had come in to fill in for the girl who usually took the pole dancing class in the gym and she said to all the girls that a good pole dancer or lap dancer can make a man cum without touching him and that he will just throw his money at her, that the power they felt they had over the men was such an enormous ego boost. She said the only exploiting that was going on was that it was like taking candy from a baby and that men have almost no self-control. I told Jodi that she should arrange for a lap dancing competition at one of her parties one day, just to seed the idea in her mind. She just giggled and said she did not think her husband would want that sort of party. She also confided in me that she was beginning to see that she was sexy because the men she danced with at her ballroom dancing classes almost always got hard when she rubbed even slightly against them, and that men would almost argue over who would have the next dance with her. Knowing she was married, a number of the men started asking her to have ‘coffee’ with them and she asked me whether she should and what she could say to her husband. I told her that coffee was harmless, it would make her feel even better about herself being flattered like that and she should definitely not tell her husband anything that would hurt him or make him jealous. I told her that happy people do not use jealousy like a weapon in a relationship war – unless they are trying to break the relationship. She nodded and agreed with me. I could see that she was agreeing now with every suggestion I made – she had complete trust in me by this time and repeatedly thanked me for bringing out “the real me” and she smiled almost continually – with a type of sensual twist to her lips that advertised that she knew the sensual power she now possessed. She also began to walk with a sway to her hips, due to her lessons in deportment and posture from her various classes. Her muscles remained soft and not overly defined and her skin silky and healthy. In a word she was beginning to appear like perfection itself. I sometimes laughed with her and began to think I might be falling in love. I told myself that this was unprofessional and that I was just experimenting with my new therapy – and it was working in spades. The following week I went shopping with her and we bought sexy lace lingerie g-strings and

lift-up bras, short dresses and skirts, sexy ballroom dancing gowns with splits up the sides, cut off tops and short-shorts. We had her have her hair done in a shoulder length pageboy type cut. She looked absolutely the hottest thing in everything that I made her buy. I told her what to wear and that she should take out her husband that night, since it was a Friday. Suddenly she looked morose and said he had left that morning on a business trip. I saw my chance and told her I would take her home and then we would go out to dinner and a club to celebrate the new Jodi. She beamed at me and I could see that I had her where I wanted. I felt some guilt that I was exploiting the therapist-client relationship and her dependence on me to help her. But I justified this little social excursion by saying to myself that I was just guiding her in her new discovery of herself. I was also very pleased that she was wearing some of the short-shorts after our purchases. They were thin cotton and light blue and matched perfectly her blonde hair and blue eyes. She was wearing a g-string which you could just make out – it was enough to bring an erection to a drunk monk. Her top was a type of apricot pastel and you could almost see her bra as she bounced along with the biggest smile on her beautiful face in the sunlight of early Melbourne spring. Men passing just turned and stared at her bottom – firm round shapes hanging below the hemline – many gave soft whistles and I got her to start turning around and look at them staring back over their shoulders. I told her to smile and soon she even blew a few of them a couple of little flirtatious kisses and started laughing at them when they turned around. I could tell that she was becoming completely at ease with her new 52 kg body. With her 4 inch heels and arching small of her back, she looked Jessica Alba hot. I drove her back to her house and we unloaded all of her clothes. A woman who lived opposite was staring at us, probably thinking that I was her lover, I guess. Jodi just smiled and shouted out her name and waved without any sense of guilt or impropriety. The woman was clearly satisfied that nothing must be going on, Jodi was just so open and not trying to hide anything at all. We went inside and she had a quick shower but kept her hair dry. She came out in a small towel that barely covered her, she was beaming a huge mischievous smile. “So do you think I look better now – than when I first came to you?” She asked. Then she started to undo the knot tenuously holding the towel over her breasts. Then she suddenly turned around with her back to me and opened the towel so I could not see her nudity. She turned her head around to face me and said. “Will I turn around? I wonder what would happen?” Then she just gave a little giggle and ran off to the bedroom. I stayed in the lounge just trying to compose myself. She was starting to play me like a fiddle. I knew if I just grabbed her and fucked her, that I would lose what power I had over her and our client-therapist relationship would have to end. I had to keep her in my life, I knew that now and I was too fearful of destroying what we had. I knew the reason she could play with me like this was because she just had complete faith in me. Then she called out to me. “David, I mean Doctor, please come in here for a minute.” I had said that she should call me David this evening and say that we were just friends. I went to the main bedroom and she was standing there in the tiniest green g-string we bought with the sexiest push-up bra so that her c-sized breasts were just about hanging over the edge. She came over to me and stood no more than a hands length away looking at our reflection in the mirror. She twirled around and I could see right through the small patch of virtually transparent silk covering her pussy. She smelt like lavender or something so sweet –



like an irresistible dessert. She smiled at me and half-whispered. "Do you think these are sexy?" I just nodded and realised my tongue was stuck and my throat dry. I wanted to just take her there. I could not get more than a croak out. "I'll take that as a yes", she giggled, and suddenly bent over at the waist to ostensibly tie a buckle on her heels. She wiggled her backside intentionally against my crotch. Then she jumped up and started into a writhing booty-dance. I immediately felt my cock grow and it stood out from me – I had loose pants on and was free-balling. "I'll take that as a yes, too." She suddenly grabbed my cock and gave it a tug. "Niiiiice!" She said with emphasis. And then bounced away again before I could grab her. "Don't be a naughty boy, no sex with therapists" she said. Then she just laughed. She suddenly dropped the bra showing off her perfect breasts with small pink nipples. I think my jaw just dropped open and I recall thinking "of course, she has not had children yet", from somewhere back in my medical history. And she was just beaming and sparkling. She quickly lifted up a tiny aqua dress and pulled it over her, adjusting her breasts beneath the thin material. Then she said: "Green won't do, will it, and she dropped her g-string so that I knew that she was naked under a dress that was only about 2 inches below her shaved pussy. She suddenly grabbed a blue thong and turning around, pulled it up her hips, inadvertently giving me a glimpse of her lips at the heart shaped gap between her thighs while she quickly covered them. "Didn't see anything did you, you naughty man?" She giggled, obviously enthralled in her own power. She pointed at my cock that was throbbing with my pulse behind a thin veil of material. "Look, you look like Ramon" she said, laughing. "I think you might be having that effect on a lot of men tonight" I said. "What would your husband say?" And nodded at the g-string on the floor. "You told me not to tell him," she said. "I wonder if I will ever do anything about those things," nodding at my pulsing shaft. "They do seem to be uncomfortable, and I am starting to think that it is my fault when they all go like that. I can see that if I felt truly uninhibited that I should do something to help you men. My husband had better start taking a lot more interest in me, I think, because otherwise I might try to seduce my therapist and masseur." I am not sure if Jodi knew she had me there, but I did. She had me hooked and sunk. I did note that she said BOTH therapist and masseur and I began to realise that I had started to set her free. My plan had started to work and I needed to somehow regain my self-control and to control my own possessiveness. Before long we were at the club. Jodi and I sat at a high table and I saw men looking at her, although it was early, only 10pm or so. She was sober and I bought her a couple of Sauvignon Blancs. She was becoming more attached to me and asked me to dance. I immediately wanted to but I figured that this was my opportunity to have her break the mould slightly, as I had no intention or desire for her to leave her husband for me. Science was more important and I had a theory to prove. I had to unleash her. "You know, Jodi" I said, "This is not about you and I. This is about you exploring your needs as a woman and being fulfilled. After all, what man does not seek to have his desires fulfilled, it should be different for you?" "Yes, I see what you mean", She said. "So I want you to dance by yourself, let yourself be free. I will be here to see that you are safe and that nothing bad happens to you. Treat me like you would a close friend, or perhaps a brother. Yes, tell any men that ask that you are here to have fun and that you are with your brother. And remember, don't suppress any feelings you have. I am here to help you become more uninhibited." "OK." She

agreed, and ran over to the dance floor with enthusiasm. She was on the dance floor where there were a number of couples and a couple of groups of girls and I watched as she swayed to the music, still holding her glass. I smiled to myself as I knew that this would act as a signal to the men watching that she was free and getting a little tipsy. A chance! So a few guys quickly gathered around her holding their beers and tried to dance with her. A couple whispered their greeting or pickup line, and after a few songs Jodi was the centre of attention of some young guys. It was all pretty innocent flirting for a while, and Jodi was happily talking to them and drinking. There was a bit of competition to see who could land the older fox – if not quite cougar – she was too hot for that title. Then they started to buy her a few more drinks and when midnight came around the dance floor was pumping so much I had to stand up to watch her on the packed dance floor. She was now with only two guys – both friends, so the competition had thinned out. One was in front of her dancing quite close and the other had moved behind her – pushing into her writhing butt with his groin. I could see she was getting quite flushed. The guy in front of her was whispering something – and I saw him drop his hand between them – he brushed her pussy through the thin material. I saw her gasp, and the guy behind her – suddenly grabbed her hips and gave her a couple of dry humps. She then pushed the guy in front of her away and pulled off the guy behind. She said something to them both and then came back to my table. The guys were watching her and seemed pretty aroused. One was tallish and had a scruffy look about him, with a short or unshaven beard. He had blond hair and was quite handsome in a Kurt Cobain type of way. The other was shorter and more powerfully built and had black hair. He looked like he might have Italian heritage. They whispered something to each other as they looked at Jodi and went to the bar to get drinks. I estimated that they were in their late twenties, although they could just have easily been early thirties like Jodi. It was then that I realised that Jodi was talking to me. “They were saying I was hot and both talking to me. I felt so naughty up there but also a bit out of control. Like they keep touching me and there is nothing I can do to stop them. I think we should go.” She said. “I think you think you should go”, I replied. “I think if you are being honest with yourself you are loving the attention and the flattery. I seems fairly innocent touching to me.” She laughed and hit me on the arm. “Oh! you do know me Doctor. It was not that innocent though. Bruno kept trying to push his erection up under my dress and was rubbing my bottom. Chris actually just rubbed my pussy for a minute right then. They are two horny men. They both said they want to take me back to their house for a party.” I immediately thought to myself “this is getting interesting”. I told her that it was fine, that I was here in case she felt uncomfortable and that if she wanted to go with them she could go alone – or take me too. “Oh, really? You are so sweet.” she said, and reached up and put her hand on my shoulder to kiss me on the cheek. A pretty sloppy little kiss it was too, so I started to realise she was getting drunk. Bruno and Chris appeared from the bar with another drink for her – some type of cocktail that would be sure to get her even messier, and introduced themselves. I was introduced as an old friend and I explained that I was looking after her and had to get her home, “at some stage”. When they realised that I had no real romantic interest, they both relaxed. Before long they were laughing and joking and teasing Jodi about her breast size. Bruno said. “They are only A cups” and Jodi replied “no they are C-cups.” She then squeezed them and you could see that they

were good C-cups. Bruno then pushed her back against the high table we were standing at and pushed his groin against hers, he was talking all the time saying how he would need to feel them to make sure. Jodi was giggling uncontrollably. Finally he just started to squeeze and grope her breasts through her short dress, right in front of us. It was very obvious she was not wearing a bra. Then he kissed her neck and she squealed slightly and wiggled out of his little trap. "Definitely a C-cup." He concluded, and raised his glass to her. Jodi looked excited and gave him a "cheers". Jodi said that she had to go to the bathroom and turned to grab her handbag which was on the table. Chris was holding it high in the air. She reached up and started to grab at his hands, effectively just writhing up against him. He grabbed her round the waist and said "handbag for a kiss, gorgeous". He put his mouth on hers and gave her a massive pash. The funny thing was that we were standing behind her and you could see most of her ass-cheeks as she had on the tiny g-string. It looked for all the world like she had on nothing under the dress. Bruno then immediately took control of her vulnerability and came up behind her and rubbed and squeezed her cheeks while Chris was still kissing her. Then I saw his hand go between her legs and rub her pussy from behind – he looked like he was trying to get under her thong. She pushed away from the boys and looked at me with far-away eyes. She seemed so turned on she could have cum just by thinking one more dirty thought. "Oh my god," she said. "They are dirty boys." She stared across at them and they were laughing and raising their glasses. She finished her drink and went to the bathroom. While she was there Bruno asked me if I was one of those pervert husbands who does not wear a ring because he is looking after his wife who he helps to find fuck-buddies. I explained that, no, I was not the husband and that he was often away on business trips. "She wants to be fucked and we are going to do her." He announced. We will get her to come to Chris's place, so you can come if you want to as a friend, or if you are a pervert. We don't care, we often do threesomes, we are a team", he laughed. Then he and Chris high-fived each other. It was on. Two drinks and half a dozen dances later with each of the guys and Jodi was feeling no pain. Then there was a final song and Jodi was hanging off the two guys and they were squeezing her ass beneath her dress and getting kisses from Chris at the front and Bruno on her neck. She seemed to be in heaven and had no inhibitions in sight. I agreed to drive them all as I was pretty sober. They all piled into the back seat of my Honda, which was pretty squeezey. "Give me a kiss in front of your pervert husband", Bruno said and grabbed her face. Jodi kissed him on the lips and then laughed drunkenly and said, "no he is not my husband, he's my therapist. He is trying to make me free." Chris looked at me in the rear view mirror. "Oh, you are her sex therapist." He said. "Yep that's it," Jodi slurred. I could see that Chris had his left arm around her, pulling her into him and his right hand on her thigh. This made her legs twist towards Bruno and he started rubbing his hands up and down her legs, getting higher and higher. Jodi said nothing but I could see her breathing was heavy. Chris was using his left hand to squeeze her breast and he grabbed her right hand with his other and placed it on his cock. Bruno had found her g-string and was rubbing the front of it. She was trying to wiggle away but Chris had immobilised her left arm and held her right hand on his cock, so she could do nothing but squirm and pant. "You are gonna cum for hours baby", Bruno said. Jodi had almost given up and was mewling under Bruno's touch. Chris was then French-kissing her. I pulled up at the

address Chris had given me and they all piled out of the back of the car. The two guys had an arm around her and swung her through the door and onto the couch before you could shut the door. They were on each side again and kept moving her right and left for kisses, continually caressing her thighs and opening her legs so that they could rub her clit. I walked over to the fridge in the little kitchenette and watched from the counter as they mauled her. I had a huge erection but I did not feel like masturbating in front of these guys, I might lose control and join them in ravishing Jodi. Bruno raised his fingers to his tongue and licked some of her juices off his fingers, then he pushed it into her mouth and I was surprised to see her suck on them. "Delicious," He said. Then he knelt down on the floor and quickly pulled down her panties. He smelt them and threw them aside before diving into her muff – licking and sucking loudly. Jodi suddenly pulled herself off Chris's mouth and called out. "Oh, fuck." I could see the rosy sexual flush all over her breasts that Chris had pulled out from the top of her dress. With Bruno licking between her spread thighs her small dress had become like a belt. Chris was alternating between kissing her breast and her neck and lips. She was moaning uncontrollably. Then it happened, she cried out and shook with ecstasy as she had her first orgasm. I felt very proud of her – and even more turned on. Words fail to fully describe just how sensual and erotic the scene was. Bruno had a huge erection and his cock was quite long and very thick, he immediately pushed his cock into her and she cried out even louder. Her orgasm continued without stopping as he started pounding into her, still being held back against Chris who was rubbing both breasts and licking her ear. I could see the eyes were back in her head and she was having one massive continual climax. Bruno did not come in her but ejaculated all over her stomach and tits. He leaned back to lie on the floor and Chris pushed her down over him so her legs spread around his thighs. This allowed Chris to enter her from behind while Bruno was kissing her. I could see that she was completely overwhelmed by her sensations. Chris's cock was bigger than Bruno's and it was about 7 inches long. Chris lifted up her hips and made her arch her back so that her pussy was sticking up towards him, he leaned directly over her with his hands on the floor around then both and he just pounded into her like there was no tomorrow. She was grunting each time he bottomed out in her and calling out "fuck, fuck, fuck" and panting and squealing, in bliss. Bruno then pulled back so that her mouth was over his cock and he put it into her mouth. She started sucking like it was the most natural thing in the world and he was getting hard again. Chris wanted to come so he rolled her over and once again came all over her breasts. He told her to rub it into her breasts "like the little slut she was" .. and she surprised me by doing just that, without comment or complaint. She was on her back and Bruno knelt between her legs again. Jodi was still flushed and panting and as Bruno came down to her, lying in missionary position, she half-whispered "are you gonna fuck me again". "Of course little slut, that's what we do, I am gonna fuck you until you cum again." He banged her like he was a crazy man and this was his way out of jail. She started screaming in-synch with him – orgasming over and over again. I had to admire the talents of these two guys and their teamwork. Just when I was admiring Bruno's prowess, he lost control and came in her. Oh, well I guess no one is perfect. Chris then made her suck him off and she was on top of him on all-fours but Bruno had seen another chance to play, he started to push his fingers into her wet pussy, it was stretched and moist with cum. He had a few fingers in her and a

couple rubbing her clit, he was seeking her g-spot, he was pushing his hand so fast it was a blur. She responded by squeaking in synch with the hand thrusts and her sucking of Chris. Then she lifted her head – and arched her back hard as she shook for about a minute as she had the most mind-blowing orgasm. Chris then ejaculated – and most of it went over her face. After the three of them had cuddled together for a few minutes, and Bruno looked like he was going to sleep. Chris said, “Wow, you are one sexy slut. I hope we can get you over again. What’s your number?” I saw Jodi think about it and I said. “No number, she is married. But you can give us yours and if she wants she can contact you, ok?” He passed me his card. Jodi kissed Chris goodbye and pulled her dress down – to make her look somewhat respectable, and went to the bathroom to wipe all the cum of her face and breasts. On the ride home to her place, she went to sleep in the car with her head on my shoulder. Her hand also drifted to be placed right over my erection, but she seemed to be asleep. When we got to her place I had to wake her, and she was in a blissful, if drunken, mood. I was about to go when I had put her on the bed, still in her dress. Suddenly she said “I am such a slut, you are turning me into a slut, no you are bringing out my inner slut. Come here!” I walked over to her and she knelt down and grabbed my hard cock, pulling me closer. I was shocked by this and tried to pull away, but it is a very hard thing to do when a hot woman has hold of your erection. She had used her other hand to open the buttons of my fly and undid my belt, so that now she had my cock out in the open with my pants and boxers around my knees. It seemed that before I could object she had sucked me into her mouth and was giving me a blow job. She had me under her complete control. “This is not sex,” she said, pulling off for a breath. “The president said so.” I only lasted a minute or two and came in her mouth. She swallowed and insisted on kissing me good night, which was pretty strange. I went home but could not sleep, my brain full of the images of her and the men and of the touch of her tongue. I could not wait to see her for her morning therapy.