Deep Treatment

"Ah Robert, a pleasure to see you again." The depth of voice wasn't usually how she preferred to talk, but for her favourite patient it always seemed to set him on edge. Geraldine Williams brushed a strand of brown hair from her eyes and fluttered her long lashes. She pouted, knowing he would likely notice some of the fine lines hiding here and there on her face, a sign of the approaching half century. She also knew there were a lot of enticing qualities about her that this particular patient liked; The long, slender legs, the toned frame, the cheeks sharp enough to draw blood. Effeminate little touches – long pink nails and glossy, wide lips didn't hurt either.

Robert drank them all in as he shuffled into the spacious doctor's office and gingerly lowered himself onto a chair, wearing a nervous smile. He sat hunched, a tweed jumper of a man, mid-thirties, glasses, youthful face, probably unable to satisfy his wife. In fact she was pretty certain about that last part, as he seemed almost painfully embarrassed when talking about sex. Robert also had the most incredible bubble butt she had ever seen (though not naked yet, but she had filled in the blanks in her mind's eye quite a few times).

Which led to another important fact – Geraldine was a Futanari. Granted a Futa with a slight Adam's apple, and larger hands then she would have liked, but then what would you expect with a cock the size of Robert's forearms tucked underneath her? She was more than happy with that trade off – not everyone's perfect, but not everyone is hung like a horse.

"How's Sally?" She asked innocently, slowly walking over to close the window.

"Oh ah…." Robert's fingers tap-danced their way across his lap. "She's great, yes… out shopping at the moment." Geraldine had been testing Robert carefully for months, and had noticed that his wife always seemed to be doing something outside the house whenever she casually asked. Perhaps shopping for more than just shoes and handbags…

"Fantastic," she exclaimed, tightening the blinds shut and laying a hand lightly on his shoulder. She could almost feel the tension in him intensify

with a touch. The slim figure moved panther-like to her chair, easing down, and removed her white lab coat whilst keeping her head straight and shoulder blades cinched together so the B-cup breasts were pressing out in front. She had chosen the pencil miniskirt and shirt to define her tight figure, and she also hoped the new translucent material would make Robert very much aware that she was not wearing a bra, (She had removed it after her previous appointment, no need for dear old Beatrix to see the clear outlines of her breasts).

His gaze flickered to her chest and quickly away to almost every other point in the room, the warning posters, the patient's chair with intimidating looking stirrups and harness, and the slightly dated computer system sat humming in the corner. A good sign. This meant he had definitely seen her hardened nipples through the shirt and was awkwardly trying to look elsewhere to avoid the magnetic nubs.

Geraldine crossed one leg over the other, her foot so far forward that it almost came into contact with Robert's knee. He glanced down and went red. She wasn't wearing any shoes, just nylon covered stockings covering her rather large feet, also with bright pink nails.

"Sorry, my feet were aching, I hope you don't mind." She bit her lip and watched the heat rising in Robert, like he was caught in a giant oven, with her finger on the dial.

"No, no, o-of course." He stuttered.

"Great," she said, her lips floating wide on her face as she beamed a smile at him.

She could almost feel the sperm in her balls yearning for the warmth of his body.

"So… just a regular check-up?" She picked up a clipboard and pen from her desk.

"Y..yes."

Geraldine tutted and began to scribble unintelligible drivel on the blank sheet of paper. As she did, she slyly shifted her foot so that it brushed against Robert's knee. It took a fair amount of willpower not

to glance up at him, but a slight flinch in her peripheral vision was all the confirmation she needed.

“Still having trouble sleeping?”

Her foot rested harder against his knee, putting a bit of weight in so she could feel him shaking slightly. Her eyes scanned the blank page.

“Y…Yes, yes… Still difficult.”

Now he was squirming. She glanced up and there was a sheen of sweat on his brow, his thinning hair unable to hide the engorged vein in his temple. His beady eyes were wide. She couldn’t help flicking a glance to his thighs, thick and juicy from cycling every day, (She hated but also loved when he left, because it allowed her to stare at his enticing lower half).

“Sure, that was to be expected,” she said tenderly.

She began to gently massage his knee with her foot whilst she spoke.

“And you still get the erections yes?”

Robert looked like someone had squeezed his testicles, and Geraldine wondered if he might just fold inwards on himself trying to answer the question whilst she rubbed him.

“…yes,” he said, almost inaudibly.

“And the wet dreams?”

Two quick nods.

“Do you have sexual thoughts?” she asked.

He winced.

“……Yes.”

She could feel herself getting worked up.

“Can you describe them?”

“Well…..well um…. ”

He looked as if someone had sat him down in custard and asked him to recite the Chinese alphabet backwards.

“I think about…. About a woman.”

Jackpot, thought Geraldine. Her foot mashed against his knee

“With… with…...”

“Is the woman your wife?” she interjected.

He cringed.

“No.” It was said so small that she almost didn’t hear it.

Inside her heart was booming.

“Continue.”

“I’d…. I’d rather not,” he asked, a note of pleading in his voice.

She smiled at him.

“That’s fine darling, I think we’ve learnt enough.”

Because you were thinking about me.

As if on cue his eyes brushed the cleavage lurking tantalisingly behind Geraldine’s translucent shirt, before throwing themselves to a periodic table on the wall. Oh he was just delightfully coy.

“Let’s do a few tests shall we?” she said airily, standing up and grabbed her stethoscope from the desk.

There was nothing wrong with his heart, but she didn’t give a fuck about fixing him with anything other than her penis, which she began to subtly manoeuvre out of its tucked position in her panties. She was pretty certain he could tell something was slightly different about her compared to other women, and she was banking on this being extremely exciting for Robert. Men like what they can’t have, (hence the use of her natural deeper, sultry voice.)

She padded around him to his side so he wouldn’t immediately see it, although it was now bulging angrily through the front of her skirt.

Bringing herself close she towered above the diminutive figure, and made sure to emphasise the difference by planting herself underneath the light to cast a shadow looming over him.

Here goes nothing, she thought, almost exploding with anticipation. This was the part she loved the most: The thrill of the chase, the moment of uncertainty. She stepped forward, far too close for comfort, and simply mashed her thinly veiled erection against Robert's shoulder. He was already shaking like a leaf from her being near that he didn't process at first what was pressing into him, and just sat there looking like he might have a heart attack (which would be rather ironic).

Eventually his eyes flicked to his right, and then nearly popped out of his skull. Knees began to waggle slightly, hands pawed at his thighs, and the sweat on his brow became all too obvious. He let out a tiny whine as Geraldine's cock throbbed against his shoulder.

"Relax Robert, we're just checking your heart," she said in a cheerful 'I'm calm so you're calm' tone honed from years of working as a physician. "Unbutton your shirt for me please and we'll begin."

He took an age to move his hands up to his chest, but eventually did so. Geraldine's whole body was on fire. The fact that he hadn't spoken up or registered discontent at her advances confirmed what she had already suspected. He fantasised about futanari.

Her eyes dove into the opening of his shirt, sliding down the widening crevasse. An almost hairless chest revealed itself along with a slight belly that didn't stress the belt beneath it, a milky sheen of man that seemed to have withheld any signs of aging. A silk scarf wouldn't have looked smoother. The strange urge to thump her cock on his chest like a gorilla briefly grabbed her and she let out a soft growl as Robert finished his unknowing one-man strip show.

The hum from coming from the old computer in the corner seemed to rise in intensity as she pressed her stethoscope to his heart, taking no care to let some of her fingers brush against his supple flesh. Immediately his heart was booming into her ear like an African drum, the rhythm betraying his intense arousal. She bit her lip. Best

to double-check. She shoved her cock even harder into his shoulder, almost tipping him off his chair. He turned to face it with fear in his eyes, and his heartbeat pounded inside her skull as he gripped the chair to keep himself balanced. She was in such an uncompromising position against him that he was having to press back against her cock to keep himself seated, and she let out a clearly audible groan as his shoulder rubbed against the steel pipe. Stimulation rippled through her shaft, and she began to pleasure herself against his body, firmly humping his arm. Her hand pressed harder into his chest, the other snaking to his left shoulder to keep him in his seat, and Robert found himself being clamped against her cock as she humped him like a pussy. He jiggled in time with her openly violent pumps, and Geraldine groaned as she saw him rubbing his lap.

Time to ramp things up.

“Fantastic,” she quipped, breaking away sharply and throwing the stethoscope to the side. “Strip and we’ll begin the full body exam.” A few strides over to the examination chair, and she patted it with her hand.

She was still counting on him being horny enough not to think through the fact that ‘full body exam’ really meant ‘getting fucked in the ass’.

He didn’t immediately make a move, and this was enough to make Geraldine grit her teeth. She had pretty much decided that he was going to receive the treatment of her cock one way or another, and if he didn’t play ball she had no qualms with using more aggressive methods.

“Robert,” she stated, shifting to a commanding tone. “I am your doctor, and this is for your own good, plus…” she shifted into a breathier, more sultry inflection, “..” you know how much it would please me darling.

Robert’s eyes connected with hers and she allowed all her intensity to glare in his direction. It didn’t hurt that her crossed arms also allowed her tits to point overtly at him. His gaze flickered to her chest and he wobbled to his feet, shuffling over to the menacing looking chair.

Geraldine smiled ruefully, because she knew that Robert was not the type of man to cheat on his wife with another woman. But when said other woman was packing heat, well… his wife didn't seem like the strap-on wearing type, she mused.

He agonizingly unshouldered his shirt and let it drop to the floor revealing slender shoulders and the same smooth whiteness that flowed up his arms. It was almost a milky fluorescence that made him light up like a beacon. Just fucking beautiful, she thought. It was making her feverish with predatory, horny intentions, and she stood back from Robert before sliding both her hands onto her package. Robert froze as she leant against the wall and began to openly massage the mound of meat in her skirt, kneading it with vigorous fingers. The fact she had enough of it to need two hands was usually intimidating enough for men with notions of superiority to quickly submit.

Right now Robert had no such opinions, eyes glued to Geraldine's hungry cock. She knew he had probably not made anyone this horny in years, and such low self-esteem was easily tapped into and manipulated.

"Robert," she breathed, drawing him out of his reverie, "Don't" stop.

His cheeks looked like two ripe tomatoes as he unbuckled his belt and slid it to the floor. Nervous hands fidgeted with the waistband of his boxers (Geraldine would have bet good money on him wearing y-fronts, so this in itself was a surprise), and he looked

around as if expecting someone else to conduct the final reveal.

"Finish," she snapped, and that plus her eagle-eyed expression sucked the boxers straight off of him. When he had finished Robert fell back on his chair, butt-naked, his fully engorged 3-inch erection standing straight up in the air, begging for attention that it most certainly didn't deserve in Geraldine's opinion. His other assets lay hidden on the other side, and she cocked her head in a clear attempt to spy the hidden treasures. He remained frozen, a quivering mess with pre-cum drooling happily from the tip of his todger, his thick thighs (which looked like they had been

stolen from an Instagram fitness mom), squeezed together, crying out to be parted.

He oozed submissiveness from every pore. Time to ramp things up a bit….

“Darling, have you ever stimulated your prostate?”

If Robert had been attached to a heart monitor it probably would have made the sound of someone about to go into cardiac arrest.

“no, n… sorry? I don’t…don’t quite understand….”

“Your prostate darling… you know, inside your asshole.”

She turned round and bent over her own chair, head over her shoulder still smiling politely whilst he ogled at the way her tight butt cheeks flowed down to her legs.

“So for instance, if you were to slide your penis inside me, it might well rub against my prostate, making me very excited,” she said, rubbing a hand against her bottom as Robert melted in his chair.

“Have you ever tried it yourself?”

“No,” he breathed. He made to ring the neck of his sweater before realising he wasn’t wearing one, drowning in his own arousal.

“Well that makes sense…. Lack of prostate stimulation can lead to difficulties sleeping, focusing, maintaining a healthy sex drive….”

She sprinkled a few truths in with the enticing lies, and Geraldine mused that perhaps she could have been a saleswoman if she hadn’t become a Doctor.

“I suspect it could help you very much Robert…. Why don’t we take a look? I have all the equipment here to examine you thoroughly.” She turned back around and planted herself with hands on hips. Her bulge came back into full view, and a thrill ran through her as Robert licked his lips subconsciously.

“I….. I don’t….”

She admonished him with a concerned expression.

“Robert, listen to your doctor and let me give you the thorough treatment you need.” She continued working on her throbbing shaft whilst she spoke. “This is for your own good.”

Robert’s eyes were no longer under his control, running up and down the length of her body.

“Okay,” he whispered.

“Perfect!” she grinned, and she walked over to the forbidding patient’s chair and patted it, inviting him.

It took him longer than normal to walk the distance from the chair to the door, but instead of walking away, he was walking into her clutches. He slid his ass slowly onto the chair like he was moving underwater, and laid back. Geraldine quickly engage the motor system, and the chair whined, tilting ominously until he was almost horizontal.

“Mhm,” coughed Geraldine pointedly. Robert looked up at her, the gorgeous, authoritative figure who was now towering over him. She was still smiling, but her eyes had a darkness to them, clasping the stirrups which would keep his legs in the air. Geraldine hoped he wouldn’t ask if most Doctors usually had restraints on their chairs, as these had been her own little addition.

He was shaking like a child at the dentist, and Geraldine murmured as he placed his legs gingerly up on the stirrups. Quick as a flash she strapped his right ankle hard to the holder. Robert whinnied in fear, and made to protest but the way she spoke made it seem almost imprudent to protest.

“There we go darling, nearly there.”

She grabbed his left leg and jammed the strap tight. Robert’s legs had been completely immobilised, completely parted to allow open access to his lower half.

“Good boy,” she said lightly, and Robert’s cock twitched a little, even as his expression remained laced with fear. Somehow the demurer he

became, the more it fuelled the chemical explosion rising from Geraldine's balls up into her brain. She squeezed his left leg a little harder, eyes boring into his. He mewled and tried to pull his leg, but it didn't budge an inch. His eyes widened, and panic started to set in.

"Doctor Willia….G… Geraldine….. I'm not sure…."

He began to struggle slightly against the restraints, and made to sit up. Geraldine cut him off by bringing a long leg over him, straddling the chair and sitting her significant weight down on Robert's chest. She wasn't in any way fat, but she was tall, and there was enough weight to make the impact slightly wind him mid-sentence. He wheezed and she slid down his body, savouring the journey, before grabbing his cheeks and bringing her face to within an inch of his.

"Listen to me you slut. Doctor Williams is going to be inside you soon." Her cock was pressing against his, bullying it with her girth, crushing it into his soft belly. Her wide, caring smile now had a hard edge to it. Robert was frozen in shock. "Now suck my tongue before I slide my cock into your anus, just like you want me to." She brushed her lips to his and slipped a little tongue into his open mouth. He thawed a little and moaned into it, and she quickly stood up and squeezed his balls firmly.

A tepid cry was all that Robert could muster in response, as she began to massage his balls with a loving tenderness that melted his rigid limbs.

"Ho…. Oh G… Gracious Oh….."

Geraldine carefully worked away at his testicles whilst she unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it with unflustered ease. Her laced, frilly white underwear was revealed, exhausted and misshapen by the huge cock stretching it far beyond its original design, the decorative edges frayed in places where the material had been near-annihilated by the swollen appendage.

Robert saw this and the true realities of the situation seemed to hit home as he began to scream, flailing his arms. It lasted less than a second, her malicious grip tightening, causing a pained wheeze to dribble from his lips.

“Do that again, and I will pull your testicles away from your body until they hang at your knees.” Her voice was as fresh as a spring shower, which probably made it all the more terrifying for Robert as she clung to his balls like a vice. Quickly she eased off and began to rub them with delicate restraint, bending down to give a few quick licks to the head of his penis. Despite himself Robert murmured under these ministrations, and when Geraldine leaned back he was once again pacified by one hand carefully flickering up to his cock and jerking at the thin mushroom. His flexing toes made the warmth in her body flood towards her cock as it tried to tear through her panties.

The buttons on her shirt quickly fell away, and she flung it aside to reveal a similarly lacy bra propping her breasts, still smooth with just a hint of age that didn’t diminish their magnetic presence. In the mirror Geraldine reckoned she could rival any woman for looks, and to Robert it would be like seeing the holy grail deliver itself to his arms.

His expression was suitably stunned, neck craned to take in as much of this fantasy of a woman as possible. Pre-cum oozed from his squat shaft as she slowly rubbed her thumb and forefinger up the pulsing sides. Geraldine knew she was everything he had desired in his life but never gotten; the tall, beautiful woman that never even looked in his direction. The smart, strong woman that guys ogled at enviously, but few ever attained. Geraldine’s tongue slithered across her lower lip. She was going to show him what an alpha woman felt like.

She reached over to the cupboard next to the chair, and quickly grabbed one of the three bottles of lube hiding inside. Her fingers continued to jerk away at Robert, and his ‘Oh’s and ‘Ah’s kept her informed of his easily sated condition. Time to give him the satisfaction he has been missing.

She briefly withdrew her pleasuring hand to the disappointed whines of her patient, before extending it and pouring copious amounts of the warm liquid (she kept them in a stuffy space for just this purpose) all over it. Robert craned his neck once more and his eyes went wide and bulged outwards, almost trying to escape from the brain behind them that was beginning to fill with panic once more.

Geraldine smiled at Robert whilst she swathed her fingers and hand in a lake of slippery gel. It was the smile of a caring lover crossed with the dead grin of a great white shark, and Robert ‘s expression bounced between terror, bone-aching lust, and quiet acceptance that she was going to take care of him, just as she always had before.

For the first time she let her eyes fall on his naked ass, finally exposed to her. A coo was drawn from pouted lips. It was everything she had hoped for - Pillowy fats which couldn’t hide the thick glute muscles, pleading to be invaded by her rabid cock; Spankable fuck pillows that simply commanded all to witness the glory of his twin peaks, with a sweet rosebud resting in the centre, hidden in the ravine of his sweet derrière.

Geraldine began to salivate like a hyena, and one of the fabrics stretched taut by her turgid weapon gave up the ghost and snapped, a stark sound in the silence of hunter and prey. She made to speak to Robert, to keep him calm, but now that her fantasy was here in front of her the only noise that came out was a starved groan. Today was the day she would claim him.

Her slathered hand reached underneath, and the first touch surprised Robert even though his eyes were glued to her every move. It all became more real, as her finger slid up and down a place that hadn’t been touched by other human hands. His arms gripped the sides of the chair, and Robert whimpered as fingers slid deep into his asscrack, a slow, inexorable movement that parted the white sea. Then she pressed against his rosebud, and the begging started.

“Wait… Oh God Dr Wilson… Please…”

He began to struggle again.

Geraldine didn’t care. He could struggle all he wanted.

“Please, look I think we have come to a slight misunde…. Ohhhhh!”

Robert sobbed as the first finger thrummed against his sensitive opening, a trained digit that knew how to make a bitch wet and ready. Robert pulled his chest up and tried to put his hands between his exposed ass and Geraldine, but a large palm shoved his chest

harshly, forcing him onto his back again. Pure disbelief was thrown across his features.

“No… No Geraldine…. No, OH, this…. Please……”

She worked a finger carefully into him, making sure to go in and out steadily, just a little further each time. Like clockwork his tight hole loosened ever so slowly, unheeding of its owner’s pleading to stop. Geraldine’s easy manipulation of Robert’s anus was masterful, and within a minute her finger was planted steadfastly inside him like a tree root in the soil.

“Just….Just stop now Geraldine just- OH, OH MY!”

Robert began to hyperventilate as Geraldine steadily began working a second finger into him.

“Doctor Wilson…”

The feeble plea went unheeded as the second finger quickly joined the first in lodging itself in the exceedingly willing butthole. It was clay putty in Geraldine’s hands, and she wasted no time juddering her fingers a few times to get a nice pathway prepared for the main event.

Time to operate.

She looked down at her panties, already half destroyed by her erection, and thought what the hell. Her hand reached down and grabbed them. Geraldine pulled, tearing the goaded material upwards and out in a spellbinding display. Away flew the underwear, and out flew the biggest cock that Robert would probably ever see in his life.

A few tears began to trickle down Robert’s awestruck face as Geraldine’s ten-inch monster hung like a fifth limb. She was the ultimate specimen of woman, and she knew her cock added the perfect cherry to the seductive cake. The ability to overpower and dominate made her so exotic to someone like Robert, and she giggled as she waved the powerful organ from side to side, slapping it against the insides of his thighs.

The milky flesh rippled just like she had hoped it would, and a few spurts of pre cum flecked across his legs as she swung the heavy cock against him.

Robert's entire body reacted to each slap, fingernails digging into the tough leather of the chair, each throb of his cock a betrayal. The weighty slaps seemed to make everything so visceral, and Geraldine knew he was probably terrified, yet still horny like a bitch in heat.

Their eyes connected.

"Robert," she said with that ambivalent smile on her face. "Maintain eye contact the whole time I slide inside you."

A tear slid down his cheek as Geraldine grabbed his hips, her quarry not even trying to push back or attempt escape as her slim hips began to close in on him. And then the monster found its cave. Robert's knees shook, the stirrups preventing his feet from waggling in the air as Geraldine made first contact with her horsecock on his easily accessible ass. The heat of her weapon was emanating in all directions, and Geraldine grinned as the open coolness of Robert's cheeks were the perfect place to nestle her womanhood. She duly wedged herself into his buttcrack.

"Oh God," sobbed Robert as she humped up and down his slick crevasse, so much lube having been applied that she could probably have slid her entire leg inside him, let alone her horsecock.

He was blubbering, red face on top of white, goosebumps running down his flesh so that he looked almost like a plump turkey ready to be stuffed.

"Keep your eyes right here darling, right here," she sang, clenching her jaw as she fought the urge to spear him with her cock. He obediently set his terrified beads to her yearning pools of animalism. Each time the pink, swollen helmet of her dick tickled his rim, his eyes would close slightly, as if praying for her not to enter him. Four times his prayers were answered, and each time he let out a relieved wheeze even as his dick flexed each time she did so.

On the fifth time his prayers fell on deaf ears as Geraldine lined herself up.

“Eyes open,” she commanded, and he obeyed just as she tightened her grip and pulled herself into him.

Robert squealed as Geraldine’s huge cock tried to pry open his puckered entrance, and subconsciously it flexed to try and prevent the imminent invasion. Unfortunately for Robert, Geraldine had prepared him perfectly. The lubed up, slightly widened hole was useless; made just ready enough for her to squeeze her angry head inside of the entrance. There was a wet sound of fluids being squeezed aside, and then Robert let out a long, moaning keen; The last sound he would make with his anal virginity intact as Geraldine pressed into him for the first time.

“Just… Oh…. P….”

There were no words for what was happening to him. Geraldine’s huge cock was resting in his entrance as Robert’s deepest fantasies and darkest nightmares coiled together in a horrendous twist of pleasure and torment. Geraldine grinned as the drama played out across his face and body. She could see into his skull, an Xray revealing his dark desires, parts of his brain lighting up that had never been explored before.

She began to delve into him, a slow, deadly instruction in how to turn a bitch. His legs tried to pedal furiously against the straps, but they didn’t budge as she leaned over, that shadow once again climbing up his body until it covered him. The humiliation of having to look into Geraldine’s eyes is what would make Robert’s penetration transcendent, and the grey depths of her eyes bore into his beleaguered soul, a tiger staring at the frozen orbs of a fluffy white rabbit.

It turned in that moment, she knew, a strange knowledge boring to the depths of Robert’s core that he would never truly acknowledge, but deep down had accepted. Geraldine was his master.

Geraldine lowered herself down so that her top half was lying on him, Robert’s cute little penis pressing into her belly, his legs still

raised either side in a perfect missionary position. She growled, and the deep rumbles that echoed through their bodies made his baby carrot throb into her stomach.

“Geraldine,” he whispered, the trail of liquid drying on his cheek as she carefully pressed an inch more of her steel shaft inside him. It was unclear whether it was said in affection or fear, but she had encompassed him into her world, and she had made sure to keep her eyes fixed on his so he would always understand who was touching him deep inside.

Geraldine noticed his nostrils flaring slightly, and she was pleased to have used a perfume that didn’t completely hide her natural scent, or hide the musk of her womanhood. The soft herby odour mixed with her own vibrance made an intoxicating but subtle mix that would flicker at his olfactory receptors, enticing him.

His hole flexed, squeezing her weapon, and suddenly weak arms clasped around her, soft hands conceding to her alluring flesh as they dug into her back. Geraldine revelled in the feeling of him turning, letting it quench her like a wet spring in the Sahara Desert. She moaned into his face, and he whimpered back as she grabbed his hair and gave a short spank to one of his butt cheeks, making him jump in shock and delight. A little warm liquid spread between their bellies as Robert’s cock spurted some pre-cum into the warm cave of flesh.

Robert was beginning to enjoy it, and Geraldine was going to make sure this opportunity wasn’t wasted, opening her lips and bringing their mouths together for the first time. They moaned loudly into each other, kissing deep with tongues swirling as she savoured the hint of minty mouthwash, the warmth of him and the gentle curves of his cheeks. Her tongue attacked his, and he eagerly sucked as she drove it as far into his throat as she could. Unconsciously, the hips of the powerful woman bucked, sending a further few inches into Robert, who mewled into the suction of Geraldine’s mouth as she speared him on her meat.

When the kiss finally concluded, a thin strand of saliva had leaked down the side of Robert’s cheek, and the huge meaty wand that was

Geraldine's cock was four inches further inside him. Gosh he's so tight.

Robert tried to see past her body to how much of her was inside him, but Geraldine pressed forwards, her eyes once more searching his anxious beads as she unflinchingly crushed herself against him. She knew he was feeling it because he wasn't speaking, just uttering a small cry here and there as she pushed inch after inch of thick penis into his perfect butt.

Then she felt it: Her hips came to a stop at Robert's perfect pillows of loveliness. She gave a groan which came out almost as a roar, and flexed her beast inside him as grotesquely as she could, forcibly stimulating the anal walls hugging to her cock for dear life.

"OH WOW, G.. GERALD… GERALDI…. N…Ohhhhhhh…" he stuttered as he reacted to having a horsecock throbbing in his belly for the first time. She knew it would be a seismic event in his life, and the sensations she was forcing into him would reshape him.

An innocent gesture took place which made Robert's entire body shake like it had been subjected to a level five earthquake. Geraldine had bucked her hips a few centimetres back and forwards. Before he could think she rocked back and forth harder, leaving a little bit more shaft outside his body before reversing course straight back into the depths of his anus. His expression went blank, and his mouth hung open, eyes glazed and no longer totally present as his mind fell inwards to the events taking place inside his abdomen.

She chuckled softly as she watched her new man being broken in, and pumped her hips steadily in and out. In and out. In and out.

"Oh."

"OH."

"OHHHHHHhhhhHHHHHHHH!"

Robert keened as she began to hit that special spot deep inside, that place where bitches are made. She began to pound it. Muscles began to kick up a gear, her legs set themselves steadily and her grip

tightened on his hair and back as she began to murder his prostate with her huge cock.

Robert was suddenly being slammed by an utterly superior force. It looked as if he were being defibrillated, such was the power with which she was slamming into him - his whole body would have been flung away but for the fact he was held in place by the stirrups. The straps groaned, leather straining as Geraldine battered away at his prostate, her hips slapping against those beautiful ass-cheeks, making them billow like sails in the wind.

He felt so gloriously tight, like the tightest possible pussy snuggly cinched around her cock. His ring was spasming around her penis, sending dopamine coursing through her body in shivers of deep-sated pleasure, and she held his head tight in her grasp as his body was assaulted by her dick, letting out a passionate moan as she honed in on that perfect spot with brutal precision.

His eyes flickered upwards and a high orgasmic keen cut through the air as she watched the euphoria began to sweep through his body. A soft flicker of cum splurged onto her belly as his toes curled in the stirrups, back arched, his head thrown back.

“Beautiful,” she breathed as he thrummed like a battery, energy trying to explode out of his body anywhere it could, fingernails clenched to her back, drool sliding down the side of his mouth freely. She let up her assault slightly whilst he came, plugging away at a gentler pace as he spasmed. She idly flicked the wrist straps so that they were now loosened and pulled his legs one by one so they were now around her waist as she packed her cock away inside his asshole. He didn’t seem to notice, and when his eyeballs had

rolled back from the top of his head he was greeted with her face inches from his, smiling like a maniac.

“You’re my darling now.”

She immediately pounded heavy thrusts into him like she was trying to paralyse his lower body, an assault on what was left of his masculinity.

SCHLIK SCHLIK SCHLIK

“OH, Doctor, Oh Geraldi…..GOD….!”

Robert’s expression was unfurled into a visage of total bliss, muscles loose and no longer of use as his body became a vessel for Geraldine to burn him with her brutal passion and pleasure. Robert was so helpless and easily controlled that she could find almost any angle she wanted, and she took the opportunities to explore him, the feeling of circling her hips, coming in slightly higher, to the left and right. Each different position gave slightly new sensations of pleasure for her to enjoy, and no stone was left unturned as the tip of her dick pressed against his inner walls, the tenderness pressing against her spongy invader and triggering feelings of devilish delight up her shaft and throughout her body.

She fucked him until he couldn’t speak, until he couldn’t even register what was happening around him, or who was doing this incredible act of depravity. All that mattered was that huge cock sawing in and out, sating desires he’d never even conceived of before now.

Geraldine was in that perfect rhythm of giving and receiving pleasure. Robert was hers now, and she could do as she wanted, pumping a few small quick thrusts, several long ones, her balls tapping steadily against the pale cheeks like a filthy, fleshy stopwatch. Twenty ball taps went by. Forty. Eighty.

Robert was spasming again, and the whites of his eyes were empty whilst he looked into heaven. If he was a Christian, Geraldine surmised that Robert may well be reconsidering his views if his current state was anything to go by. Robert’s new God was the one with a giant fleshy monster stuffing itself repeatedly inside his body, triggering feelings of immense sexual gratification that roved around his battered frame.

Geraldine could feel the cum sloshing in her balls, aching for the feeling of his insides, and she heaved a mighty groan as she finally gave into it, plunging into him so her hips were slammed tight against his red buttocks. She roared.

The feeling was indescribable. It shot up her length and through the tip of her cock, pouring her love into his abused hole. Wave after wave of cum expanded inside Robert's willing, defeated body, and he clung to her as she bred him, their bodies merged together in a sweaty mess of limbs and clutching fingers.

He pulled at her like she wasn't deep enough inside him, as if it wasn't possible to receive enough of Geraldine's stronger, more mature body. Both of them spasmed as the last vestiges of her seed entered Robert, and Geraldine finally pulled her chest from his.

She let a small chuckle fall from her lips as she leant back. Her breasts were still snug in the luxurious bra, and she could feel her hair slightly loose at the sides of her head where she had been sweating.

Robert's expression was pure deference, his legs still open (of his own free will now), lying back in the chair with her cock still deep inside him, his belly full of her spunk. She took a moment to enjoy the heady-post coital feeling of satisfaction.

"I'm afraid there's a problem here Robert," she said, slightly out of breath.

"Wh…what's that?" He wheezed, still not quite back from the highs of their sweaty love session.

"This treatment may only last a week at the very most."

Robert's unfocused eyes lit up as he twigged her point.

"Ah yes…. Should.. should I make another appointment?" Some dribble was still running down the sides of his mouth, and she could feel the cum running freely from his asshole, down into the crevasse of his butt-cheeks.

What a good bitch he is.

"Yes darling," she said sweetly. "In fact I'd recommend at least two visits a week, for the next six months," she said as she flexed her cock inside him, making him swoon.

He looked up dotingly at his new lover. She grinned back hungrily.

Her cock was going to be curing him for a long time to come.