

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white nurse's uniform with red trim and a white cap with a red cross. She has her hands pressed against her forehead and a shocked expression on her face. The background is dark grey.

PROGNOSIS
HYPNOSIS

JUST THE
BUNDLE
THE DOCTOR
ORDERED

WILL B. GUNN

Prognosis Hypnosis – Just The Bundle The Doctor Ordered

By Will B. Gunn

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The Clinic

By Will B. Gunn

Waiting rooms are always so awkward and silent. Complete strangers sitting shoulder to shoulder, browsing through old, boring magazines they would never even glance at, under any other circumstance. What they're really doing is stealing awkward peeks at the other patients, wondering why they're there and how long will they occupy the doctor for. Nobody wants to stay at the doctor's office for too long, after all.

It was just another mundane morning in Doctor Powell's clinic. Two women sat in that very same awkward silence, waiting to be seen by their general physician.

"I really hope the doctor won't be late..." One of them muttered to herself, impatiently tapping the tip of her high heels on the floor. She wore a conservative business suit and a stern scowl on her smoothly sculpted face.

The young go-getter looked at her watch often, shaking her head and fidgeting in her seat. Clearly, she was a busy, industrious woman, working hard to climb that corporate ladder. It wasn't easy, especially in a man's world where a twenty-five-year-old who looked like her was seen as a treat for the eyes, long before she was perceived as an equal, accomplished colleague.

"He'd better not be late..." She muttered again, fighting the urge to chew on her silky red-brown hair.

The other waiting woman was doing her best to focus on her speed-boat magazine, pretending she heard nothing, while wondering if whatever the stressed young woman had was contagious. She wanted to tell the fidgeting woman to relax. The doctor was only due at eight a.m., and he's hardly ever late, but making small talk at the doctor's office was not her favorite thing in the world.

She had other things on her mind, being six month pregnant and all. Rolling her eyes and leafing through the boring boat magazine, the young, knocked-up chick knew she had nothing in common with the impatient businesswoman. After all, she chose to be a stay-at-home mother, and be a good wife to her husband. She had plenty of experience with career women her age, feeling high and mighty and telling her off, just because she dared to choose a different path.

The receptionist, a tall woman with dark hair and hazel eyes, absentmindedly filled out the morning crossword puzzle, clicking her pen back and forth while trying to come up with the answers she lacked.

“Can you please stop that?” The fidgety businesswoman asked impolitely, a stern and disciplinary frown on her face. Her hair was shoulder length, and was dyed platinum blonde. Her eyes were bright green emeralds, her face smooth and angelic, and her lips a tame, reddish plum. She wore a standard business attire, complete with a creamy skirt extending down below her knees, and a mundane white blouse which showed just enough of her ample cleavage.

The receptionist looked up.

“Oh, sorry, is it bothering you?” She asked with a rosy voice, but her spiteful eyes betrayed her true feelings.

“What tipped you off?” The stern woman answered meanly.

“I'm terribly sorry, ma'am. I'll stop now.” The receptionist said, trying to hide the acid bitterness she felt towards the rude young woman. She had to bite the bullet. After all, being courteous and respectful towards the patients, regardless of how obnoxious they were, was a part of her job description.

The impatient woman started tapping on her thigh, looking sour and unhappy.

“I assume you are the eight o'clock appointment?” She asked the pregnant woman.

“No, eight fifteen. You?” The pregnant woman answered, barely looking up from her magazine.

“Oh, great, there are two people ahead of me? Bloody fantastic...” The impatient woman seethed “Mine's the eight thirty.”

“If the eight o'clock doesn't get here in time, we'll move up the line, right?” She asked the receptionist, not even bothering with an “excuse me”.

Just then, three people walked through the door – Two men and a blonde, nineteen-year-old coed. One of the men walked straight to the young pregnant woman, and kissed her on the lips.

“I finally found a spot. Parking in this part of town is just horrid.” He shook his head, lovingly patting his wife's bulging belly.

“Well you could have parked in the parking lot, honey...”

“Nope, I don't do that.” He asserted “Parking for free is a freedom I do not intend to relinquish.”

“Let the revolution begin...” The woman sitting next to them sneered in a snarky, sarcastic fashion.

“Right on.” The man said and gave her a thumbs up, intentionally feigning ignorance to her mocking.

Meanwhile, the middle aged man and his nineteen-year-old daughter finished speaking with the receptionist, and took a seat.

“So I guess you're the eight o'clock, then?” The humorless businesswoman asked.

The young blonde nodded, staring awkwardly at the other woman, her stern and direct lash quite uncomfortable to the young, bubbly coed. She swiftly looked away from the unhappy businesswoman, hoping she won't try and address her again.

The coed had silky smooth golden hair, cascading down to the middle of her graceful, flexible torso. She wore a blue jacket over a tight white crop-top, leaving her perfectly lean belly exposed. Her top was cut considerably high, but it was built to squeeze her perfect, perky tits together, showing a cleavage that was somehow demure and enticing at the same time. Her bouncy, soft, C-cup breasts easily made even the most dignified of men steal a

checking glance, and caused those with less restraint to glare and salivate.

Her lips were cherry red, and her eyes deep dark blue. Her long legs were nearly fully exposed, covered only by a denim mini-skirt. She was sex on legs, and still had the innocence of a young-adult college-girl on her flawless face. The pregnant woman's husband was clearly struggling not to stare at the blonde teen crossing her smooth, creamy, shiny legs a couple of seats away from him.

The coed's father was distracted as well, by the tall receptionist sucking on the butt of her pen, wrecking her brain to come up with the two missing blanks in her crossroad puzzle. She noticed him, adjusted her stylish glasses on her nose, and winked coyly in his direction.

The blonde coed noticed and angrily elbowed her embarrassing father in the ribs. She was about to berate him, but the no-nonsense woman in the swanky business dress spoke again.

"I'll be honest with you, I'm in a hurry." She said "I was actually hoping you'll skip on your appointment."

"O-Oh..." The nubile blonde looked at her nervously, not sure how to react to the bold proposition.

"Uhm, don't worry. I'm sure the doctor will sort me out quickly." She finally said, and forced herself to smile kindly.

"Trust me, girly, me and my daughter don't want to stay a second longer than necessary." The middle aged man said, to his daughter's ire.

"Dad..." The coed pressed her palm to her face, clearly embarrassed.

"Who are you calling 'girly'?" The young businesswoman hissed angrily.

"Oh, I didn't mean to offend, miss. I apologize." The older man smiled and said "It's my bias, being as old as I am, and you as *ahem* young as you are."

The woman made a severe face.

“No problem, *Old* man.” She snapped at him, emphasizing the word old.

“Oh, you're feisty.” He chuckled, and she glared at him “W-With respect, if I may say so.” He corrected himself, a tad too jokingly for her taste.

She stared at him for a few seconds, and huffed. The blonde coed's cheeks were rosy red, not that anyone could see, since she buried her face in her hands.

“I suppose you're right.” The stern woman said, letting it go “Nobody ever really wants to go to the doctor, I suppose.” She skillfully steered the conversation back to its original course.

“It's not that simple.” The man said “My daughter has been coming here almost once a week, for months now, and her condition persists.”

“Oh?” The businesswoman asked, her curiosity piqued. The young blonde pouted with pursed lips. She didn't want her dad to talk about her like that, especially with a woman he just met. A woman who's just a few years older than her.

“Yeah, this time I want to talk to the doctor myself.” He said.

“No dad! I'm a grown woman, and the receptionist already told you that you can't! Will you just go downstairs and have some coffee, please?”

“It's okay, sweetie. I just want to exchange a few words with the doctor.”

“That's what you said last time, and the time before that, and you never learn!”

He seemed to fluster for a few seconds, as if he was mulling it over, but then shook his head slowly. “This time,” He said “I'll go in with you, just in case. I want to make sure the doctor is doing what he should. Maybe you're portraying your condition too lightly.”

“That's so condescending! You think I can't handle expressing the severity of my issues to a doctor?” She fumed.

“Oh, don't be silly. Of course I trust you, but doctors sometimes take things too lightly if you don't push it a bit. He probably sees dozens of patients each day, and most have nothing

wrong with them.” The middle aged man tried to explain his approach, but all he met was a brick wall in his independent, head-strong daughter.

“You are not getting in with me, period.” She put her foot down.

He stared at her for a few seconds, and sighed.

“Okay, okay.” He relented “I’ll just talk with the doctor for a few seconds and then let you...”

“No!” She shrieked.

“I won’t be in there for the checkup, I just want to ask him something and I’ll leave, scout’s honors!”

“Argh!” She let out a desperate groan, and gave up.

Doctor Kevin Powell arrived with his cream colored briefcase, nodded at his patients, and entered his office. He moved briskly, not wanting the patients to get the idea that they could approach him before he settled down in his office.

Two minutes later, the doctor, clad in his white coat, opened the door.

“Okay, who’s first?” He asked with a smile.

The young blonde stood on her feet, and her father rose after her.

“Daddy, please...” She begged.

“I just want to ask him something.” The man insisted.

“Is there a problem?” The doctor asked with a questioning frown.

“There’s no problem. It’s just that my daughter has been coming to see you quite often lately...”

“Oh geez.” The pretty coed sighed and walked into the examination room, hoping only the doctor will follow.

The tall, sexy receptionist left her post by the desk, and took the middle aged man’s hand in her dainty, gentle grip.

“Sir, please allow the doctor to do his job.” She said with a rosy voice, patting the palm of his hand slowly, and giving him suggestive looks.

“I intend to...I just wanted to...Ask...” His eyes unfocused and his speech slowed. He looked at the young brunette and blushed.

“The doctor knows what he's doing, sir. Come now, leave your daughter in his capable hands. She's in college, and she doesn't need your sheltering anymore. You can finally take the time to have some fun. Come with me.”

“Have...fun. Come...with you...” He mumbled, and allowed the bespectacled receptionist to lead him by the arm as if he was a blind elderly person.

“D...Dad? Are you okay?” The blonde peeked through the examination room's door with a concerned frown. Her father ignored her, and quietly followed behind the shaking, skirt-clad ass of the lewd receptionist.

The doctor looked at his receptionist with nothing short of pride, and walked into the examination room, closing and locking the door behind him.

“So, what seems to be the problem today?” He rubbed his hands together with a big smile, looking up and down her gorgeous body.

“Same as always, doc.” She said “My throat hurts a lot, almost all the time.”

“Yes, I remember you. A constant throat ache, yes?” He rubbed his chin, his eyes popping at her in a way that almost made her feel uncomfortable.

“I'm not surprised you remember.” She said “I've been coming every week for a checkup, but it only gets worse.”

“All we can do is continue with the special medication and wait till it passes, I'm afraid.” He said, folding his arms and shaking his head.

“But shouldn't I get something to take at home? At least something to alleviate the pain when it's worst.”

“Shhh, it's okay.” He placed his index finger on her precious lips, and took a small flashlight from his coat's pocket.

“Let's just get on with the checkup, and once we're done, I promise to answer all your questions, okay?”

She nodded, somewhat befuddled by how he quieted her down, stretching a bare finger across her lips – It would have seemed romantic if it wasn't so creepy. He turned the flashlight on, and her pupils immediately and instinctively followed it. She never understood why he always checked her eyes first. What does her eyes have to do with her sore throat?

He moved the beam of light from side to side, slowly, and she followed it. She squinted, at first, but soon stared straight at the light with large, unblinking eyes. Her expression became blank and emotionless, and her breathing slowed to a serene pace.

“You are in a safe, relaxed place.” He said in a soothing tone.

“Yes doctor.” She droned, nodded, and repeated “Safe, relaxed place.”

“And in this place, you must do everything your doctor says, no matter how uncomfortable it may be.”

“Yes doctor. Everything you say. For my own good.” She said, her eyes becoming glassy, reflecting the light he shone in them.

“Good girl. Heh.” He said with a nefarious cackle. He reached over and shamelessly squeezed her breasts through her top, making sure she was ready.

“Now, be a good patient, and go to your deepest, most obedient place.”

“Deepest...Most obedient...” She echoed after him, her beautiful face blank, and her eyes moving after the light.

“That's right. You went there for me before, plenty of times. Go ahead and submit your mind to the light.”

“Yes...Doctor...” She said, and her pupils slowly rolled up, nearly vanishing and leaving her eyes all white.

The doctor chuckled, turned his flashlight off, and placed it back in his pocket.

“Yeah, so lovely.” He reached under her shirt to fondle her bare tits, moving and swaying her upper body from side to side, as if she was his doll. The white-eyed coed let him do what he wanted, her long legs dangling in mid-air as her torso was fondled and her perky knockers were squeezed like dough.

“Let's get this jacket off of you.” He said and helped her slide the jacket off her smooth shoulders, and down her arms.

“Stand up for me.” He ordered, and his obedient patient got off the bed and onto her feet, wobbling sluggishly in her nearly mindless state.

“And take off that shirt.” He said, placing his open palm on the back of her mini skirt, and making a grab.

“Yes...” She groaned and clutched her crop-top with both hands.

“Yes, what?” He insisted and lightly slapped her behind.

“Yes doctor. I happily obey.” The stunning, youthful coed complied and peeled her shirt off, revealing her perfectly smooth, radiant upper body in all of its naked glory.

The doctor circled his finger around her nipples, before growling with unbridled lust and pouncing on her.

“Hrrm yeah!” He kissed her neck, slid his hand down her thigh, and lifted her leg to lewdly coil around his waist. He squeezed her slender thigh again, and moved his hand up till it was under her jeans skirt. The entranced coed allowed the good doctor to play with her gorgeous body in any way he pleased, her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her mouth half open. Her head tilted sideways to allow him the leisure of kissing her graceful neck.

“Oh, you're such a treat!” He crammed his nose on her cheek, and whispered “I wish all my patients went down as deep as you.”

“Thank. You. Doctor.” She said, meekly, slowly, and monotonously.

He grunted again, and spun her around, lifting her skirt with one hand, and letting the bulge in his pants free with the other.

“I see you came with no underwear today, just like I told you to. Good girl.” He praised his willing patient and pressed his cock onto her bubbly ass-cheek. Reaching around her with both hands, he squeezed her tits while he humped her pert ass.

“Thank. You. Doctor.” She said again, not minding his manhood directly touching her soft skin. It was as stiff as an iron rod, and steaming hot.

With his hands roaming all over her lithe body, the good doctor occasionally pushed his crotch onto hers, enjoying the soft pressure of her buttocks on his junk. Finally, he guided his cock to nestle between her cheeks, grabbed her petite waist, and pumped back and forth a few times, arching his head back in pleasure.

Like a good sex toy, the hot blonde supported her body and kept herself stable, so he could do his thing uninterrupted. His thing being shamelessly fucking between her sexy ass-cheeks, like a sex-crazed monkey.

Kissing her shoulder lasciviously once more, he moved his fingers to her smoothly shaven pussy lips, and began rubbing in a circular motion.

“Before we start your oral treatment, I think it would be wise to give your pussy a little check-up.” He said, and was hardly surprised by her docile response.

“Yes. Doctor.”

“I assume you've been keeping your pussy away from your male classmates, like I instructed?” He inquired, nibbling on her ear, and teasing her pink pussy with the bulging tip of his cock. Her snatch lubricated nicely, in pure mindless anticipation.

“Of course. Doctor.” She confirmed, nodding robotically.

“Good girl. Hehe, poor college boys, they must be aching to fuck such a sweet little thing like you. You could be a glamor model with this body of yours. Not to mention your hot, perfect face.” He squished her cheeks with his hand “Ohh fuck! I can't hold back anymore!”

The doctor grunted bestially, and shoved his cock in her wet cunt.

“Hmm! I forgot to tell you, this may sting a bit! Hah!” He said, grabbed her slender hips with both hands, and rode her hard at a steady pace. The hot blonde whimpered weakly, her eyes white and her cheeks red. It didn't sting too much. At least not as much as it did the first time the doctor checked her pussy, back when he popped her cherry and blood dripped from her torn hymen

down to the floor. Her tight pussy was very much used to taking a banging from the good doctor, by now.

He grabbed her long hair like reins, and alternated between ramming slowly and forcefully into his tamed fuck-puppet, and sliding his cock in and out at a brisk, fast pace. His crotch always hit her bubbly backside and made a spanking sound, and the dazzling coed took it like the obedient patient she was.

“Hrrrrm! No better way to start my morning!” He said as the constant smacking of their skins echoed in the room. The roughly fucked blonde was so willing and entranced, that she didn't even moan in response.

“Fuck yeah, just bareback grinding into a hot college coed. Do you like being a part of my morning grind, slut?” He asked, getting her attention with a slap on her shapely behind.

“Yes. Hng! Doctor.” She replied instantly, her body moving back and forth to the pace of his rabid ramming.

The good doctor wrapped his arms around her, licking the nape of her neck and sucking her cheek like a ripe peach. He tightly pressed himself onto her, fucking her harder and harder with each passing second, drooling on her shoulder and ramming his fleshy sword in and out of her slick, tight twat.

Her eyes remained pure and white, but her face showed something else, a mix of lust and bewilderment, and most of all, acceptance.

“Oh, yeah! Fuck! I can ride your petite little ass as much as I want!” He declared jovially, and kept on banging.

“Y-Yes. Nng! Doctor.” She whimpered, panting.

“Yeah, that's right. Hrrm! Yeah! Hah! Hmm!” He breathed heavily and slowed down, lightly leaning on her. She supported him with her perfect, youthful, slightly bent-over posture.

“Say.” He pushed into her, hard.

“That.” He rammed into her tight teen pussy again.

“Again.” He kept going with another short, but strong penetration.

“Bitch!”

“Yes. Doctor.” She obeyed.

“Again! Harrgh!” He growled and resumed his fervent crotch pumping.

“Yes. Doctor.”

Every time she uttered a word, his crotch smacked her ass and his shaft drove deep into her. This went on for a couple of minutes, before he abruptly pulled out of her, smacked her ass loudly, and sat on his chair, out of breath.

“*Hah *Pant* Hah.* Such a pretty sight.” He said, rubbing his still hard cock, and looking at her.

The hot blonde remained bent over the bed, her cute ass popping out and her legs slightly spread apart. Her skirt was hiked up so her bare ass and smooth pussy were fully exposed for the doctor to feast his eyes on. She leaned on the bed with all her weight, and waited for the perverted checkup to continue.

“Let's see if Alice did her job properly.” He said, and turned his computer on.

The good doctor had a camera installed in his storage room, not only to ward off thieves, but also so he could see his receptionist perform one of her most important duties. The blonde coed's father sat on a chair, his eyes vacant as he focused on the perfectly round tits bouncing before him. The brunette receptionist rode him at a constant and unchanging pace, patting his gray mane and whispering sweet nothings in his ear.

“Just focus on my big, round tits, sir.” She said with a smile

“Big...Round...Ohh, yeah...”

“Watch them bounce up and down, and enjoy my tight pussy. Think of nothing but the pleasure my pussy gives you. Nothing matters. Not your daughter, not your wife, not your job. Only pleasure matters. Let everything drain out of your brain, and into your big, hard cock.”

“Nothing...Everything...” He mumbled, his cheeks flushed and his eyes barely blinking, focusing on the constant rise and fall of her perfect breasts.

“Gooooood.” She cooed, and pushed his head between her jugs “Now relax, and enjoy. And remember, when you cum inside of me, you'll fall asleep, and only I will be able to wake you up.”

He nodded into her breasts, sighed, and sunk to the blissful trance she expertly coaxed him into. Once she saw he was down for the count, she allowed herself to look up to the camera and wink, just in case her boss was watching.

“Heh, she's gotten quite good at that, I must say. Let's hope she doesn't get too arrogant.”

The doctor turned his gaze back to his beautiful blonde subject, waiting patiently at a most sexually vulnerable position, bent over, skirt hiked up, and legs spread.

“Okay,” He clapped his hands “time to start your weekly oral treatment, you fuckable little twat.”

“Yes doctor.”

The entranced hottie rose to her feet and swiftly fell to her knees before the doctor, parting her cherry lips and gazing up at him with mostly white in her eyes, her blue pupils peeking from just below her upper eyelids. Her upper body swayed drunkenly from side to side, unstable in her highly mesmerized state.

“Heh, how cute.” The doctor lorded over her, slapping her cheeks and her full lips with his erection.

He gently used his fingers to take her tongue out, so it lulled an inch out of her mouth.

“So pretty.” He patted her golden hair with one hand, and dickslapped her outstretched tongue with the other.

“Ready for your throat medication, doll?” He asked, clutching her silky hair with his hand, and bracing himself with anticipation.

“Yes doct-uhm! Ulp! Umph! Ulp! Umph! Ulp!”

She couldn't even finish those two words before he shoved his full rod into her welcoming mouth, pushing all the way to the back of her throat with one strong motion.

“Hmmm...” He groaned happily, choking her so deep that her nose mashed against his crotch. He looked down on her, his sensitive erection feeling warm and pleasant deep in her mouth.

Barely pausing, the good doctor began wildly hammering into her pretty face.

“Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm...” Mundane, muffled slurping sounds escaped her lips with every harsh thrust. She did not gag or showed any sign of discomfort. It was as if the doctor was fucking a stationary fuck-toy in the shape of a gorgeous nineteen-year-old blonde.

He forcefully speared her already sore throat, and yet she remained as docile as she was before, her arms dangling at her sides, her nipples occasionally scraping his thighs, and her head moving back and forth mechanically.

“Ahh yeah! What a good little sex doll.” He looked down at her and said. With the full force of his muscles, he pushed her face on his crotch, squeezing her soft lips on the root of his cock, her lower lips acting as cushions for his balls. He flexed his arm muscles and pressed her down with his full force. So powerfully, that his belly blocked her nose completely. When she started making genuine choking sounds, he lightly relented and let her rest for a second, with half his mast still between her lips.

“It's important that you don't move too much, and let me fuck that hot face of yours – The only way to alleviate your soreness is if we get you used to the roughest, most brutal throat-fucking.” He said and continued pumping into her mouth.

“Yeth. Mm,Mm,Mm,Mm.” She tried giving her usual response.

“I mean, truth is, you're only sore because of how roughly I fuck your face to begin with.”

He pushed his tip into her cheek, fish-hooking her, and slapped it from the outside with the palm of his hand.

“But it's highly important for a beautiful young woman, especially an empty sex-toy husk such as yourself, to have a throat that's ready for a rough banging at any time. Your oral cavity needs to be trained and ready to be used and abused every which way!” He pushed his dick in her cheek a few times, loving the way her face looked with a cock-bulge.

He moved back a bit, adjusted her face so he won't run into her cheek again, and rammed deep inside her throat once more.

“Ohh yeah! You're so lucky you found a doctor that can use his cum to calm your soreness down.” He said, reinforcing her mental dependance on him.

“Ohh! And here it comes now! Don't swallow it!” He pushed her face onto his crotch a few times, and blew up deep inside of her throat.

His first few spurts slid down her throat almost instantly, because of how deep it was, but as he slowly pulled out of her, he continued unloading sticky spurts of his morning spunk, the last ones comfortably sitting on her lovely tongue.

He plopped his dick out of her mouth, and it detached from her lips with a moist kiss.

“Now sit on the bed.” He said, sitting back on his chair. She nodded, unable to speak without letting his load drizzle out of her lips.

“Put your clothes back on.” He ordered, and the entranced coed slowly and sluggishly found her crop-top and jacket, and put them on.

“Let's see how your dad is doing.” He turned back to his computer monitor, and saw his receptionist leaning on the door in front of a fully clothed middle aged man, who was fast asleep on a chair.

“Seems like my dirty little helper is done.” He commented, and noted that the receptionist was also fully clothed in her normal, less than decent get-up.

He reached to the back of his desk to find a small wireless buzzer, and gave it a long press. In the store room, the receptionist felt the vibrator attached to her clitoris tremble and shake. The same type of small, oval, pink, vibrating machine was taped to her nipples, and she clutched her knockers with a big smile when she felt it, her knees buckling slightly.

The doctor watched her as she reached orgasm, and let go of the button. The tall brunette thanked him by hiking her skirt and spanking herself for his enjoyment, posing lewdly for a few

seconds, before starting to awaken the middle aged man who blew his creamy load into her, mere moments earlier.

“Okay, let's wrap this up.” The good doctor approached the blonde coed again, ran his fingers on the smooth skin of her cheek, and gave her gravity defying titties a final fondle.

“You will not remember any of what happened in here, except that you are grateful for the treatment. You will keep my cum in your mouth for an hour, and only then swallow. You will feel a relief in your throat for a couple of days, but then it will strengthen again. You will return here next week, same time, same day. Understood?”

The pretty, white-eyed coed nodded slowly.

“Good girl. When I snap my fingers, you will wake up.” He ran his hand up her leg, felt her up a little longer, and snapped.

The charming chickadee jerked her head lightly, and blinked her eyes back to proper focus and awareness. She gave the good doctor a pleasant smile. She wanted to thank him, but she couldn't talk because of the sticky medical cream in her mouth.

“You should already be feeling some relief.” He said and scribbled some meaningless dribble on a chart. The sexy coed nodded eagerly, happily noticing that the pain in her throat subsided significantly.

“I hope you won't have to, but with your severe condition, I think you'll need to come here a few more times, at least.” He added, and she shrugged her shoulders in a resigned manner.

She got up and walked to the door, trying to mumble a “thank you” without opening her mouth. He smiled at her, and stared at her shapely, petite behind as she unlocked the door, and marched outside.

“Yeah, not having enough cock in your mouth is quite a serious condition for a hot college teen. She's so lucky to have a physician as devoted as me. And damn her pussy's tight, just the way it was when I deflowered her.” He chuckled wickedly, already feeling ready for his next appointment.

By the time she got out to the waiting room, her father was already back there, his fun time with the skinny, four-eyed receptionist completely forgotten from his mind. He stood on his feet when he saw his daughter.

“How did it go, honey?” He asked. She responded by pointing to her mouth, and then shaking her finger and her head from side to side.

“Oh, can't talk? Well, I hope that drug he's giving you works this time. Are you feeling better?”

“Mm hmm!” She smiled and nodded enthusiastically.

“Great.” He said with a broad smile “Let's go then. You know what? I'll buy some ice-cream for you to eat after you swallow that medicine.”

“Mm! (Dad!)” She stomped her foot on the ground “Uhm an am-hmm! Nm mm Khmm! (I'm an adult! Not a kid!)”

“What?” He asked dumbly as the two left the clinic.

Doctor Powell's first appointment lasted two minutes shy of the allotted fifteen, but the doctor took another five to rest up and get himself ready for his next patient.

“Maybe you should just knock on the door and see if he's waiting for you.” The stressed up businesswoman told the pregnant chick and her husband.

“I think I'll wait for the doctor to call me, miss.” The pregnant lady said curtly, making it clear she didn't like the other woman's tone.

The young, soon-to-be MILF just had her twenty second birthday a month earlier. She had brown eyes, and long, flowing dark hair. Her breasts were massive double D's, grown from a large C-cup due to her pregnancy. Needless to say, her belly was showing, but it was clear she had an athletic, skinny physique, before she got knocked up. Her lipstick was bright pink, which fit well on her full, luscious lips.

The door to the doctor's office opened, and the agitated businesswoman let out an audible sigh of relief. The doctor smiled warmly, and invited his next patient into his office.

“Are you sure you don't want me to come in with you?” Her devoted husband stood up and asked.

“Oh, she'll be fine, lad.” The good doctor assured him “I only bite pregnant men!” He jested awkwardly.

“*Giggle* It's okay, honey. It's just a regular checkup.” She raised her heavy body up and walked over to the door. For some reason, her pupils shook in her eyes with every step, and she felt a little queasy as she came closer and closer to the examination room.

“Heh, yeah, I wouldn't want to get dragged to the storage room like that old man.” The young man sat back down and tried to make small talk with the other woman waiting there.

“I wonder what she did to him.” He whispered so the receptionist wouldn't hear.

“Oh, cork it. I hope your wife gets done quickly.” She snapped at him, and he rolled his eyes and picked a random magazine from the pile. A flight magazine, because apparently patients couldn't wait to hear about the highlights of the recent airshow.

“What a bitch...” He muttered under his breath.

The doctor locked the door behind him, and sighed.

“So, how are we today?” He asked.

“I feel a little weird right now, actually.” She turned around and told him with a frown “Oh, and my breasts are getting very sore lately.”

“You are pregnant, after all. It's natural. If it gets too painful to handle there are some things you can do, but as long as it's just a bit sore.”

She nodded, and seemed a little disoriented.

“Now tell me, what do you mean 'feeling weird'?” He asked with a knowing grin.

“Like...” She hesitated “Like I should be doing something.” She turned around to stare at the doctor's chair, and furrowed her brow.

“Really? Well, let's see.” The doctor crept behind her, and covered her eyes with one hand.

“Uh, doctor?” She said, startled “Shouldn't I sit...on the...bed...?”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. No need for that.” He casually placed his other hand on her shapely behind, a shameless act that she ignored completely, her eyes already losing focus and closing.

“You just need to relax, and fall into your usual hypnotic trance.”

“Usual hypnotic trance?” She asked, and suddenly smiled, her eyes glazing over “Yes, doctor. As you wish.” She said giddily, a content smile plastered on her face.

The doctor spanked her curvacious ass, and walked over to sit on his chair. His pregnant patient's eyes were glinting with servile joy. Her breathing was slow and serene, and her smile sincere and happy.

“Shall I begin doing my duty, doctor?” She asked with eagerness and gusto.

“That would be great, silly slut. Let's begin with those sore titties of yours.” He said, letting his cock spring out of his pants, already fully erect and revived, ready for more fun.

The black haired, knocked-up chick slid the straps of her shirt from her shoulders, and exposed her gigantic mammaries. She also took her pants and panties down to her ankles, just in case the good doctor had a hankering for fucking her pussy. She was a good, co-operative patient, after all.

And as the good patient she always strove to be, the young woman fell heavily to her knees, and began the short, slow crawl towards him, ignoring her aching back and sore, jostling hooters. When she finally reached him, the obedient woman immediately lowered her head further, and cupped the doctor's balls in her bright pink lips.

“Mm-phua! Thank you so much for allowing me to do this, doctor.” She looked up at him with her big, dark-brown eyes, and traced her tongue up along his shaft, kissing his tip passionately like a lover.

She continued wetting his rod with long, meaningful licks, from balls to tip, occasionally jerking his tip while tenderly

kissing the side of his manhood. She made obscenely lewd kissing sounds that filled the room with an almost romantic ambiance. The young woman worshiped the doctor's cock with devotion she never showed her husband, and never will, unless the doctor commanded it.

The doctor groaned in delight and arched his head back. Her lips were tightly wrapped around his tip, and her tongue twirled violently. She felt a nudge on the back of her head, gently pushing her down. She took the hint, and dove down deep, gagging on the doctor's cock with a gentle, feminine moan.

“Oh, so good!” He moaned, and moved her head up and down a few times, an act she accommodated perfectly, allowing him to use her like his own personal fuck puppet.

Smiling wickedly, the doctor pushed her head down with all his might, making her choke and gag before letting her go back up again, and gasp for air. She smiled sheepishly at him, and once she caught her breath, she gently grasped his cock, and gave the tip a moist peck.

“Is your manhood sufficiently lubricated, doctor? Should I move on? Or are you not done with my mouth?” She asked, eager to please.

“Move on, my lovely little toy.” He said, caressing her cheek with the back of his index finger “But that doesn't mean I'm done with your mouth.”

“Of course, doctor. Silly me.” She squeezed her big jugs with both hands, and held them up for him, serving him the next item of sexual pleasure. An item she was more than glad to offer.

She tightly wrapped his hard-on with her voluptuous boobs. With a sexy whimper, she began moving her soft, bouncy tits back and forth, moving her heavy, pregnant upper body up and down at an increasing pace.

The doctor looked down at the devoted young woman. She gazed up at him as if he was a god.

“Feels like two silky smooth, soft cotton bags wrapping my cock.” He said, pinching her nipples and turning them like knobs.

“I'm glad you like it, doctor. My big pregnancy tits are for your pleasure.” She smiled up at him. Her lips twitched slightly as she felt the sting of his pinching on her sore titty-tips.

“So how's the baby, anyway?” The doctor asked “What did the OB-GYN say?”

“Everything is perfectly normal, doctor.” Said the pair of pleasing tits “She said everything seems to be advancing normally. Thank you for asking, doctor.”

She thanked him courteously, as if she was sitting and drinking coffee with him, rather than kneeling before him and giving him a submissive titfuck.

“No need to thank me, slut. It *is* my baby, after all.” He said, placing a full palm on one of her big boobs, and squeezing it like a stress ball.

“Does your husband suspect anything?” He inquired curiously.

“Not at all, doctor.” She said, tightening her squishy hold of his throbbing member “My husband has no idea it was you who planted this baby in my tight cunt, doctor. You can fuck me whenever you wish.”

“I know that, cum-doll. Hmm, I know that all too well.” He said and patted her head compassionately, making the brain-addled pregnant lady beam with joy

The doctor decided to be a bit more hands on, and so he pushed her hands aside, and grabbed both her tits. He gripped them so forcefully, that his pinky was nearly invisible within the mass of cushiony flesh.

“Drop your arms.” He told her.

“Hnn. As you wish, doctor.” She complied with another moist whimper, and let her arms dangle limply.

The doctor didn't start moving his own crotch up and down (that would require a level of physical exertion he didn't feel like putting in). Instead, he bounced her jugs up and down like two overblown volleyballs. She was still doing most of the work, holding her body up and doing her best to adhere to the pace he dictated.

The devoted pair of tits tried her best to make him think it was him doing most of the moving, even though he would probably get muscle cramps after a minute, if he were to really try and move her heavy body like that, using his hands alone. Fortunately for her, she was fit enough to be the perfect, big breasted sex toy for him – She was so happy to please him sexually, and make him feel stronger and more virile at the same time.

As smart as the good doctor was, the lust and arousal dimmed his senses. He didn't notice at all that most of his force went to squeezing her tits hard, and that his slave was still the one in charge of the vertical motions.

“Are your fun-bags still sore?” He asked wickedly.

“Yes, doctor. Your pair of fuck-toy boobies are very sore.” She said, her arms still dangling at her sides, not making a single move to make him loosen the fierce hold, which served to enhance the burning pain she felt.

“Really? Because I find this exercise extremely pleasurable.” The doctor said egoistically.

“That's all that matters, doctor.” She said meekly “I am so happy I can donate my body to medicine while still being alive. I'm glad my body can be of use to you, doctor.”

She inadvertently reminded the good doctor of the method he used to take charge of her body and mind. It was one of his regular M.O's, and his all-time favorite to be frank.

“You do realize I'm using your body solely for selfish sexual pleasure, yes?” He asked devilishly.

“I do, doctor.” She nodded agreeably “Once donated, my body became one of your belongings, doctor. No one can stop you from using your property, in any way you see fit, especially not a nearly useless object, like myself.”

“A sex object, you mean.” He corrected her, still squeezing her tits around his hard dick.

“I will serve any function you wish me to, doctor. My body is yours, to do with as you please.” Said the young woman he impregnated.

“That's a good girl. I'm going to use your body for a long, long time.” He informed her.

“Your words give my life meaning, doctor.” She leaned her head down to kiss his tip, before it was submerged between her tits once more.

The doctor spent a couple of minutes pumping between her tits with his eyes closed. Suddenly, he felt weird moistness on his junk. At first he thought she was drooling on it, to give it some extra lubrication, but he soon realized the liquid felt too thin, and watery.

“Would you look at that.” He opened his eyes and looked down “My pregnant slut is lactating. How sweet.”

White liquid flowed from her nipples like lava from a volcano, glazing her round jugs with thin strands of milk.

“You know, cunt, women lactate when they feel an emotional affection of a maternal magnitude. It's interesting this activity made your body react like that. Although maybe it's the fact I was squeezing your tits so hard.” He contemplated.

“I love serving your cock, doctor.” She cooed, lashing her tongue to lick whatever parts of his cock she could.

“I would always treat your cock with more affection than anyone else, doctor. I promise!” She swore solemnly.

“That's so lovely of you, cum-doll.” He let go of her tits and used his thumbs to press her nipples in.

Ignoring the new source of discomfort, the obedient, owned young woman brought her own hands to squeeze her jugs around his cock as tightly as she could, and kept the titfucking going for the doctor's pleasure, as he pumped his thumbs in and out of her nipples, making her squirt her mother's milk like a fountain.

“Ohh, I'm gonna cum! Keep doing that!” He groaned.

“Yes doctor!” She smiled and sensed a new surge of energy building within her, feeling her slutty efforts coming to fruition.

A moment later, the good doctor began shooting a nearly constant stream of thick, sticky sperm. He grunted and moaned with every heavy spurt, unleashing the full brunt of his arousal

on her neck and tits, squirting her alabaster skin like a water gun. His cum drizzled down and gathered between her tightly held jugs, which she proudly held before him.

“Hah!” He sighed and slumped in his chair “That was amazing, as always.”

“Thank you doctor.” She bowed her head respectfully, and extended her tongue down to lick the sticky white puddle that gathered in her cleavage.

“My crotch could use some cleaning.” He mentioned offhandedly, noting the milk residue smeared where her boobs bounced.

“Right away, doctor.” Without letting go of her tits, she leaned forward to lick his crotch clean, before diligently licking her breasts clean, and wiping both areas with wet wipes the doctor provided. He lounged in his chair, yawning as he watched her toil away in her nearly nude state. Her big milk-jugs swayed from side to side as she wiped the floor on her hands and knees, and her bubbly ass shook and wiggled.

With her pants and panties still wrapped around her ankles, her pussy was fully exposed between her bare ass cheeks, and as he watched her bend over to lick a speck of cum with her tongue, her big belly touching the floor, the doctor couldn't help but sport a revitalized erection.

“Stay where you are, cunt.” He ordered, and got to his knees behind her.

“Yes doctor.” She kept wiping the floor with her hands, but her knees stayed rooted in place.

He teased her pussy for a second, and penetrated her with a low grunt “Hrrm!”.

Bouncing her big ass on his crotch for a minute or so, was all the doctor needed to cum. He pressed his crotch to her meaty buttocks, arched his neck up, and deposited his load deep in her pussy.

“Get back to cleaning.” He pulled out and told her with a prodding spank, wiping his flaccid cock on her curvacious behind.

“Yes doctor.” She nodded and complied. The doctor returned to his seat casually, and watched as his creamy load oozed from her fuck-hole. It put a nostalgic smile on his face, reminding him of the time he knocked her up.

Once she was done cleaning, he told her to get up and get dressed, and before long there was no trace of the servile debauchery she participated in, on her graceful, if somewhat heavy form.

“When I spank your hot piece of ass, you'll wake up from your trance and return to the pretense of your normal life.”

“Yes doctor.” She nodded.

He smacked her ass so hard, that she was still rubbing her sore behind in the waiting room.

“So what did he say?” The young man asked.

“Not much. Everything seems normal.” She replied, and the two left.

“Wait till you see the parking spot I snatched.” The young man bragged to his pregnant wife as the door closed behind them.

The agitated businesswoman was the only one left in the waiting room, and she looked positively pissed.

“For fuck's sake! It's already 8:35! I should have been out of here by now!” She muttered angrily.

The doctor made her wait for ten more minutes, and she was not having it. She stood up and rushed to his door.

“Ma'am, you must wait for the doctor to...” The receptionist tried calling out to her.

“Oh, bite me!” The angry woman snapped at her with piercing eyes.

She charged into the doctor's office, fuming.

“Is this what you're doing while people are waiting for you outside?! Reading the paper?!” She screamed and slammed the door behind her.

“It's almost nine already! I'm half an hour late because of you! What kind of business do you think you're running here? Do doctors think appointments are nothing but helpful suggestions?!”

Is it because you went to med school?! You think you're above everyone?! Gosh!!" She spat venom in his direction, her eyes flaring.

"And what are you smiling at?!" The doctor's calmness pissed her off even more.

He chuckled, folded his newspaper, and stood up.

"Miss, if you don't like it, you are welcome to leave. However, I do believe you are here for a good reason. Otherwise, why even come to see me?"

"So that's it?" She asked angrily, while he walked over to make sure the door was shut "People are depending on you, so you can do what you want? No wonder there always seems to be just a handful of other patients in your waiting room." She tried to insult him, but he clearly did not mind.

He locked the door and took the key out of it, placing it on his desk.

"Well, I'll be brief, then." She said "And next time I'll go to another doctor."

"I'm having some discomfort in my *ahem* private areas." She said, fighting her embarrassment "So I guess I'll need a gynecologist referral. So why don't you just check whatever you need to check, and get on with it."

She walked over to the bed, acting haughtily.

"As you wish, little slut." He said with a mocking tone.

SLAP

A forceful spank landed on her behind, making her jump and gasp.

"Let's see the little bitch change her tune." The doctor mumbled under his breath, smiling devilishly.

"Holy sh--What the fuck do you think you're doing?!" She turned around furiously.

"How dare you?!" She roared.

"Oh, fuck.", The doctor said with shocked wide eyes, "That was wrong."

"You damn right it was wrong! I'm going to sue you for everything you've got! And then I'll make sure you're put in jail

and have your license revoked, and then I'll...*Gasp* What the fuck are you doing?!"

She made another shocked shrill, as the doctor shamelessly and maliciously squeezed her tits through her blouse.

"Who do you think...you...are..." She raised her arm to slap him, but suddenly a weird calm took over her. Her eyes glazed over, looking empty and blank. She blinked a few times, breathing slowly, and looked down at her body, confused.

"Oh." She absentmindedly moved the same arm she intended to slap him with, down to her skirt. She unzipped the side, and let her skirt fall to the floor and reveal the sexy (and quite transparent) black pantyhose she was wearing.

She kicked her skirt away, still looking somewhat dazed. She felt confused, until her entranced gaze lay on the man before her. His smile broadened, as he tightened his grip of her breasts, before letting go.

"I think we both know who I am, bitch, and what you are." He said confidently.

"Y-Yes doctor! I-I'm so sorry!"

In a flash, the young woman dropped to her hands and knees before him, leaned her head down, and began to kiss his shoes like a groveling, pathetic slave.

"Mphua! I'm so sorry! Mm! Mph! Phua! For being so rude, doctor!" She begged like a peasant before a powerful monarch, lavishing his feet with loud kisses, licks, and pecks.

"You may rise to your knees, trash." He said, and let his already hardened cock out of his pants.

"Ohh thank you, doctor." She kissed his shoe one last time "Thank you! This bitchy cunt is not worthy of your kindness!"

The respectable businesswoman rose to her knees and looked up at the man before her. Her eyes conveyed adoration, and endless reverence. He offhandedly lay his hard member to rest on her flushed face.

"That's it, cunt. Your face is just a stupid, pretty pedestal for me to rest my cock on." The doctor looked down at her with superiority and arrogance.

He crossed his arms and looked down at her, letting his cock lay on her face as if that was how it was always meant to be. She was quiet, and patient - A furniture for the comfort of the doctor's erect member.

"Hmph, I always said I should write these things down." He chuckled "I spank a bitch instead of squeezing her tits, and I may get a headache that will last longer than any grudge fuck."

"Yes, doctor." The face supporting the heavenly weight of his cock said dumbly "Write it down, doctor."

"Heh, I'm glad you agree, trash."

"Thank you so much for putting your cock on such a rude piece of bitchy trash, doctor." She said slowly and sexily, her plum-colored lips tickling his underside. The fire burning within her completely doused and subdued.

The doctor took her by the hair, and flicked his tip on her lips. She responded by parting her lips, opening her mouth wide.

"That's right, you bitch!" He started fucking her face "Bitches like you should be quiet and suck cock!"

"Yeth 'octor!" She tried saying through the fierce throat pounding, looking up at him with her bright, green eyes.

"I said don't talk bitch!" He said and rammed harder into her. She slurped and choked on his cock, drooling thick blobs of saliva down to the floor. By the time the doctor had enough with fucking her face, her chin and neck were drenched with the bubbling stickiness of her own drooling, well-banged lips.

He smirked and gave her a reprieve, laying his lubricated length across her face once more.

"Now," He looked straight down on the happy face under his cock "let's discuss what your problem really is. You remember now, don't you?"

"Oh, yes doctor! It was so silly of me to forget." She said, her lips tickling his underside again.

"I see your everyday self is still a hard-ass bitch who's got her panties in a bunch, and thinks she can boss people around."

"Yes doctor. I'm so sorry for her behavior, doctor."

“That's okay.” He smiled down at her “That's precisely why you started my special bitch humiliation therapy.”

“Yes, doctor.” She agreed “I need to be degraded and treated as the trash I am. That's the only cure for my bitchiness.”

He slapped her across the face with his dick, making her eye close shut.

“Get up.” He told her “And show me how well you've trained your fuck holes.”

“Whatever you command, doctor.” The obedient young woman stood up, bent over the bed, and tore a big hole in her brand new pantyhose.

Firmly lodged in her pussy was a medium sized pink dildo, and in her ass was a rigid chain of purple anal beads.

“It's no wonder these made you feel so uncomfortable, seeing as you're such a fucking tight-ass.” The doctor mocked, and spanked her willing behind.

“Ah! Yes doctor! My holes still require training!”

He smirked, and yanked the dildo from her soaking pussy with one quick stroke, tossing it to the floor.

“Ohh.” She whimpered.

Without warning, the doctor rammed his shaft into her pussy, and started pumping. He played with the beads lodged in her ass, slowly pulling them out, inch by inch.

“Ohh, yes doctor! Ahh~n! Fuck this cunt, teach me a lesson!” Cried the prim and proper businesswoman, as she spread her ass cheeks wide for him.

“I'm just a fuck machine, doctor!” She screamed as his crotch repeatedly hit her bubbly behind “Fuck this worthless bitch that you own!”

He plopped the final bead from her tight ass, and gave her a barrage of disrespecting spanks.

“Ahh! Ahn! Yes doctor! Tenderize my uptight ass till I learn my place! Thank you so much for treating me like the piece of trash I was always meant to be!”

“Well, well.” He pulled out of her, to her horny moan of disappointment “Now, what should I do with this tight ass?” He

asked, and spanked her hard, making her buttocks jiggle.

“Fuck it, doctor. Please...” Her pleading, begging answer came immediately “I'm so lucky to have such a smart man treat my bitchy stubbornness. Please fuck my bitchy, bad, control-freak ways away. I need to become the submissive bitch I was born to be!”

Salty beads of tears rolled from her eyes as she emotionally proclaimed her most deepest wishes to the good doctor. He smiled, proud at the amazing progress the former serious, stern, and powerful woman has made, and with a grin on his face, he began sticking his tip in her gaping asshole.

“You are becoming quite the successful hypno-whore, aren't you?” He leaned down and whispered in her ear.

“Y-Yes, doctor.” She hissed back lewdly “I'm your obedient little hypno-whore. I'll bend over for you whenever you wish, doctor.”

“Yes you will. And what happens when I squeeze your breasts?” He shoved his cock deep into her ass with one quick motion, and spanked her again. Her butt cheeks already had an alluring, rosy shade of pink to them.

“Ahh! Oh my god! I-I become your trashy bitch that lives to be humiliated in every way you can conceive, doctor!”

“Hrrm! That's right!” He growled “Make sure you remember that, because I clearly can't keep track of all my fuck-sluts and their triggers! Hah!” He laughed at himself.

As doctor Powell diligently tenderized her bitchy ass, making her properly docile and subservient, he just happened to glance at the clock.

“Fuck! It's already ten past nine!” He said with disappointment, and pulled out of her.

“What's wrong doctor? Did this worthless slave displease you?” She moped.

“No, your ass was fine.” He reassured her “I have to fill my latent paperwork. I promised myself I'll start today at nine a.m. sharp, after fucking my morning pussies. I always postpone it, so I have hours of backlog to fill.”

He held his erection in hand, remorseful about the postponed pleasure, and sighed.

“I've got to do it now, thought. Can't postpone it any longer, or people might get suspicious.” He determined.

“On your hands and knees, bitch. It's time for your office chair humiliation. You remember that one, yes?”

“Yes doc--”

“No, no. Chairs don't talk.” He reminded her. She nodded wordlessly, and silently crawled on the floor till she reached the front of his work desk.

The formerly confident businesswoman straightened her back horizontally, slightly arching it down so it would be more comfortable for her master to sit on. Her tits were exposed thanks to the rough handling she received while being fucked up the ass, and her fuck-holes lay bare thanks to her torn pantyhose.

The doctor poured himself some coffee, and parked himself squarely on her back, wiggling back and forth a bit till he felt comfortable. The young woman took the abuse with meek joy – It was all a part of her extremely important “bitch humiliation therapy”, after all.

The doctor began filling out his paperwork, a backlog of a few weeks.

“Fuck. There's no way I'll be able to concentrate like this.” He realized, tugging on his hard-on.

He found his little receptionist buzzer, and clicked it a few times, until he heard a very audible, horny squeal coming from the waiting room. The lock turned, and the door opened seconds later. Into the room walked the tall, bespectacled receptionist, with a broad smile on her face. She was the only person the doctor trusted with his spare key.

“You called, doctor?” She asked with a mischievous smile, exposing her gravity defying tits for him immediately.

“How was your day, fun-bags?” He took a sip of his coffee and asked.

“It was amazing, doctor.” She cooed and walked towards him, gyrating her hips like a limber sex kitten.

“Oh, and look at the cute little chair.” She mocked the haughty businesswoman.

Crouching down before her face, the kinky receptionist grabbed the human chair by the chin, and brushed her cheek with her tongue.

“Not such a bitch anymore, are we?” The receptionist continued mocking, hiked her skirt up, slid her panties aside, opened her pussy with two fingers, and thrust her hips forward, towards the smiling businesswoman's spaced out face.

The short haired blonde responded accordingly. She stretched her head forward like a tamed toy, and started eating the receptionist's pussy out, her bright green eyes moist and unfocused.

“Ohh!” The receptionist squealed “Such a naughty, dirty chair! I'll have to clean you up later.”

“Don't interfere with the patient while she's being, heh, treated.” The doctor said, almost with a straight face.

The receptionist curled her lip and looked down like a scolded brat. She backed away a step, circled around, and hugged the doctor from behind, pushing her soft knockers on his back.

“Did you see how I rode that old man before?” She asked, seeking approval.

“I did. You got really good at handling my loose ends. I'm glad I taught you some of my hypnosis tricks.”

“Me too.” She agreed, and kissed his neck.

“But of course, when two like minded people like us meet.” She ruffled his hair, and got closer to whisper in his ear “An exchange of some pervy tricks is always great.”

The doctor chuckled along with her, but then sighed.

“I have so much damn paperwork to fill here...” He complained.

“Good luck with that! I think I'll go find some lovely ladies to satisfy my lewd bi-curious nature!” She licked her lips

lasciviously “There aren't any appointments till the afternoon, anyway.”

She turned to go, but the doctor took a firm hold of her hand.

“Ooh! getting frisky, are we doctor? Wanna have some fun?” She pounced on him and straddled his raw hard-on, making the businesswoman whimper and tremble under the extra weight.

“I do, but I'm afraid I have to finish this paperwork. I just need you to slowly blow me while I work. You know, just to keep my cock warm and occupied.”

“Meh, that sounds boring. I'm your employee, and in many ways, your partner, not one of your 'patients'” She informed him with a coy, cheeky smile.

“Have fun dreaming about it, though.” She winked and moved to stand up, but he stopped her, enveloping her face with an open palm.

That action alone was enough to make her stop in her tracks. Her pupils shook in her eyes and her body felt petrified. She seemed a little confused, but the doctor knew how to fix that.

“Obey me, you spoiled bratty cunt.” He said with a deep, commanding voice. Her eyes immediately glazed over. Her body became relaxed and somewhat limp, and a meek smile formed on her face. Her wicked playfulness vanished, and gave way to pure docile submission.

“Yes, my master.” She said with a small nod “I will obey whatever you say.”

The doctor gave her pert behind a squeeze, her fun-bags a hearty fondle, and nudged her off of him, to the relieved sigh of the woman serving as his chair.

“Get under the desk, my lovely slave.” He said, pushing her head down where it belonged.

“And make sure to suck me nice and slow. I want to have constant pleasure while I work on this excruciatingly boring paperwork.” He added.

“Anything you say, master. I live to be your sex doll.” The young receptionist took her glasses off and placed them on the floor. She puckered her soft lips and kissed her master's bulging erection. She felt comfy and content in her proper place beneath his desk.

She pursed her lips around his trunk, and started bobbing her head back and forth, slowly and steadily. She gently patted his underside with her tongue, and with each slow heave, she dove down till her lips tickled his balls. She remained down till she gagged, and then rose back up at the same slow and measured pace. Her eyes were blank, staring into nothingness, and her face lacked any and all expression.

The doctor looked down at her with a smile.

“Hmph.” He smirked “My partner? Don't make me laugh. I still cherish the memory of meeting you: A med-school first year student, in a class I was forced to teach. You acted so strong, so defensive of women's rights and equality. You were so prissy and prim and proper and prudish! Heck, you made this conceited bitch I'm sitting on look like a brainless, slutty bimbo.”

He made a low moan and a drop of pre-cum escaped the tip of his cock, and mixed with her saliva.

“It took me two hours to turn you into my bisexual slave, and another week to make you think it was your idea to drop out and come work for me, as my sexy receptionist and willing accomplice. I still prefer you as my submissively enthralled slave, though.”

The hot brunette moved her head back and mashed her lips on his tip.

“I am happy to be your slave, master.” She said, her voice a bit muffled “Thank you for making a good and proper woman out of me.”

“Hehe, you're welcome, fuck-slave.” He chuckled and pushed her head down “Hmm, I sometimes wonder why I created that other personality of yours. Ahh, that feels fucking great.”

“I'm happy to please, master.” She said and dove back down.

“That's nice. Shut up now, I've got some work to do.”

“Yes master.”

The doctor stretched his fingers, picked up his pen, and continued writing.

“Oh, fantastic. Out of ink. Maybe the universe doesn't want me to do my paperwork.”

He looked around for his trash bin, but realized it was out of sight, behind his desk's side.

“Well I'm not going to get up just to toss this fucking pen in the bin.” He said, too busy sitting and enjoying his blowjob..

“I'll do this instead, heh.” He chuckled playfully, spanked the platinum blonde businesswoman, and stuck the pen in her ass.

“Ngh...” She whimpered, and was rewarded with another powerful spank.

“Problem?” The doctor asked, and got no response. The formerly arrogant businesswoman stared ahead with a timid smile on her face. Furniture don't talk, she reminded herself, and passed the doctor's test with flying colors.

“Good girl.” He rewarded her with a third smack on her butt, and her pussy tingled with excitement.

He had many spare pens on the desk. So many, in fact, that he decided to have some fun with his eager-to-be-humiliated patient. Before the hour was up, the doctor found that he can fit about three pens in her ass, and placed his stapler in her pussy, with a couple of other pens. She was so happy he found so many uses for the holes in her body.

Him ejaculating into his receptionist's welcoming mouth was another thing that happened before the hour was up.

“Keep my dick in your mouth and keep sucking if I get hard again.” He told her after finishing his climax.

“*Gulp* Yeth mashter.” The docile receptionist swallowed and said, keeping his cock warm and cozy between her lips, next to her servile tongue.

It took the doctor over four hours to finish his entire backlog of paperwork. Seeing he was done, he stretched his arms up and smiled triumphantly, and as he lowered his hand he showered

another halo of spanks, smacks, and slaps on the well beaten behind of his willing patient.

He fed his obedient receptionist with three more creamy meals during those hours, filling her stomach up with nutrients that were important for a sex slave like her. The thrill of finishing what he set out to do rejuvenated his erection, and he stood up to give himself a just reward.

“Go get me something to drink, bratty cunt.” He told his receptionist, who looked up at him with puppy eyes from under the desk, a single strand of white drizzling from her gluttonous lips.

“Yes master, right away.” She said and crawled away, seeing no reason to stand up until she reached the door.

The doctor circled around his previously angry, impatient patient, still on her hands and knees with a wide smile plastered on her pretty face. Her tits dangled from her opened blouse, her pantyhose was torn, and her bubbly ass cheeks were red and shiny. Her back was arched downwards, but still firm and strong, ready to accept the weight of the good doctor again, whenever he pleased.

And best of all, she was as quiet as a mouse.

“You know, I think I like you like this.” He said, and reached down to yank the three pens out of her ass.

“Here, open your mouth a bit.” Wanting to use her ass for something else, he used her mouth as his pen holder instead. She still smiled, the pens held between her teeth like a dog's bone.

He went to one knee, took his cock in his hand, and guided it into her gaping asshole.

“Hrrm yeah! That's nice.” He groaned and penetrated her. Before long, he was pumping in and out of her, moving her entire body back and forth with his perpetual motion.

Her head swung back and forth as well, but she did her best to remain quiet, as any good furniture in her position would. It's not like she was unused to having the good doctor anally bang her, and even though her ass was already numb from all the

spanking, the devoted office bench maintained her posture and remained in her place, while the doctor had his fun.

The smile never left her face as the doctor grunted and moaned behind her, spitting on the place where his rod penetrated her, to further lubricate her anal fuck-hole.

“Your treatment is going quite well, bitch, your ass is much more fuckable and less tight than when we started.” He said, not really expecting a response from the feminine furniture he was anally boning.

“Ohh yeah, that's what I like. Quiet, accomodating, obedient – No awkward questions, no complaints. You're not trying to compete with anyone, and you don't think you're better than anyone.”

He kept ramming into her, slow and deep.

“You don't *want* to be better than anyone. You are content with being of use to me, and adhere to my masculine authority, and you love it, don't you?”

The doctor began increasing the pace, his own speech arousing him, and making his cock throb in her ass.

“Answer me, cunt!” He spanked her “You love it, don't you?”

“Ahhhn! Yes doctor.” She obeyed, the pens dropping from her mouth and falling down to the floor

“I love it very much! Nyaaa!” She moaned, a cute smile on her blushing mug.

“That's a good girl! Oh I'm gonna cum! Oh fuck!”

He pumped his load deep into her, gluing his crotch to her sore behind with a loud smack.

Her tongue dangled from her mouth, and her eyes crossed, as she felt his load fill her ass up.

“Hah...Hah...” He panted, wiped his brow with his forearm, and got back on his feet.

After spending a few moments watching the cum draining out of her well fucked behind, and down to her pussy lips, the doctor decided it was time to end her rather long appointment. Plus, he

realized a bit too late that his stapler was being soiled with cum as well, along with her cunt lips.

“Okay, stand up. I'm done with you.” He said dismissively.

“Yes doctor.” She stood on her feet obediently, and the stapler and pens still lodged in her pussy fell to the ground.

“Look at this mess.” He complained “Pick it all up, and lick your cum from the stapler, and the floor.”

“Yes doctor. Sorry, doctor.” She nodded.

She bent over a few times, once for each pen, actually, as the doctor specifically requested. She kept her legs straight, and thanked the doctor for each and every spank he awarded her bent over behind.

“Okay, good.” He said once she was all done “Now find your beads and your dildo, re-plug your holes, and put your skirt back on.”

“Right away, doctor.” She nodded, and went to work.

She was quite utilitarian in her actions, finding the sex toys thrown on the floor and sticking them in her pussy and asshole. She lodged them in her holes as casually as she would put away a bottle of milk. She zipped her long skirt back on, and stood before the doctor with blank eyes, awaiting his will.

“Good girl. Now, come over here.” He pulled her to the door, got behind her, and nailed her ass to it, dry humping her.

“Hmm, feels good even though I just came.” He said, pushing his crotch onto her.

He placed his hand over her eyes, and squeezed her tits hard, putting her in an open, suggestible trance.

“When you leave this room, you will forget all that had happened here. You'll only remember that you received an important treatment for your condition, for which you are eternally grateful. You'll remember that you accidentally tore your pantyhose. You will still feel the dildo and the anal beads, and they will make you horny and bothered, but none of your other senses will be able to perceive their existence. All clear?”

“I understand, doctor.”

“Excellent.” He gave her one final spank, and sent her on her way.

“Thank you for treating me like trash, doctor.” She said and opened the door, sighing to herself before stepping outside.

The blonde businesswoman got out of the room and almost immediately the big, slutty smile was gone from her face, replaced by her usual, overly serious mug. She rubbed her behind with a frown, wondering why it felt so sore and sticky between her buns, but her mind quickly gathered that it must be the result of the treatment she had just received.

The receptionist only now walked across the waiting room, holding a cup filled with some alcoholic beverage for her boss. She was still in her tamed and thoroughly entranced state.

“What's in the cup?” The blonde asked her as they passed next to one another. She stopped her zombie-like stride forward, and answered without even turning her head.

“The doctor's favorite whiskey. I had to go downstairs to find it, and put two ice cubes in it, just the way he likes.” Her voice was soft, flat, and monotonously paced.

“Are you all right?” The stern blonde asked the receptionist “You look...Different.” She said with a frown.

“I do?” The receptionist asked mindlessly, her gaze fixed on the door to her master's office.

“Yeah. Didn't you wear glasses before?” The patient raised a wondering eyebrow.

“Yes.” The receptionist answered “I dropped my glasses under the doctor's desk.” she said in a casual, if somewhat drone-like tone.

“Okaa~y.” The blonde said, rolling her eyes.

“Holy shit, is that the time?” Her eyes fell on a clock that was hung on the wall “I can't believe the stupid treatment took four and a half hours!” She shook her head “My boss is going to kill me!”

“Just give him a blowjob.” The receptionist said in her emotionless monotone.

“Eww! No way!” The young businesswoman said, making a disgusted facial expression.

“My mouth tastes funny.” She suddenly noticed, smacking her lips together.

“It's probably the medicine.” The receptionist droned on.

“I guess.” The blonde accepted the receptionist's suggestion “It tastes like ass.” She frowned in disgust again.

“Well, I have to hurry on out of here. Tell the doctor I look forward to my next bitch humiliation therapy session. I will make sure the door hits my stupid ass on my way out.”

“Will do, miss. Good luck.” The receptionist said flatly and continued walking towards the door to her boss's office, with the glass of ice-cool whiskey in her hand.

“W-Wait...” The blonde scratched her head “What did I just say?”

The receptionist stopped in her tracks, and slowly turned her head to look at the blonde with her glassy, empty eyes.

“Is there a problem?” She asked in an eerily robotic way.

The businesswoman couldn't hide her startle from the somewhat creepy response of the receptionist – She acted like one of those emotionless vampires in all those old horror movies, after a character gets a little too inquisitive.

She swallowed nervously, and tried to remember what bothered her, but came up completely blank.

“N-No. I guess not. I have to get to work.” She determined, and rushed outside.

In complete silence, the receptionist turned her head back to the doctor's office, and walked towards it. Her master was waiting, and he must have been famished after such a long morning of paperwork, not to mention all the entranced hotties he fucked.

Maybe, if she's lucky, he'll let her spend some more time under his desk, before he reawakens her fake, coy, playful self. If she's really fortunate, he might even leave her in her current state for good, this time.

###

Psychosis Hypnosis

By **Will B. Gunn**

Doctor Xaviar's secretary, Aletta, sat on her chair and gently played with her clit. She wore no bottoms, a fact that was well hidden from anyone who happened to be standing on the other side of her desk. She had a red dildo shoved deep in her pussy, and she wanted so much to slide it in and out, at an ever increasing pace, until she reached a deafening, faint-inducing climax. Unfortunately, to do that, she'd have to receive the proper permission from her boss.

Aletta had strong Scandinavian roots, and she had all the physical characteristics the superficial man would expect from such a progeny— Big tits, hair like a silky golden waterfall, and the height and gracefully slim body of a Nordic goddess.

Her attitude towards life changed quite a bit since she began working for doctor Xaviar. She met him a week after her twentieth birthday, at the behest of one of her female professors. As a daughter of immigrants, her ambitions were insatiable. She was going to get a law degree and defend women against harassing bosses and unfair, unequal pay. She even considered getting into politics later in her career.

That was no longer her plan, however. In fact, her past ambitions are the polar opposites of her current ones, and she had only her boss to thank for that. It only took her a few sessions with doctor Xaviar, to help her identify her real problems.

He is such a brilliant psychotherapist. He could see how uptight and stressed his new secretary was, and generously offered her a free appointment with him, after work. She refused at first, foolishly claiming she needed no help. Fortunately, the professor that got her the job interfered, and Aletta reluctantly agreed, figuring that one session couldn't hurt. She admired her professor, and saw her as a role model for feminine strength.

Still, the stubborn young woman wouldn't open up. In fact, she seemed content to sit in silence throughout the forty-five minute session, glaring at the doctor with sharp eyes, and promising to quit right after. She never wanted the job in the first place, anyway, and only accepted it because her professor insisted. Besides, the doctor kept leering at her legs like a pervert.

All of that changed once the doctor had the ingenious idea of trying hypnosis on her, in an attempt to get the tall, busty blonde to open up and listen to his suggestions. She scoffed at the idea, but after some convincing, a disbelieving Aletta relented with a derisive sigh, rolling her eyes.

"I'm probably too strong willed and focused to be hypnotized." She stated arrogantly.

She was so wrong.

The good doctor was so nice to explain her mistakes to her, as he lulled her into a deep, relaxing hypnotic trance.

"You see," He told her "hypnosis isn't just a deep state of relaxation, it's also a state of solid, unwavering focus - Focus on the voice of the hypnotist. Focus on my voice, Aletta."

"Focus...Your voice...Yesss..." She heard herself repeat, feeling herself floating into blank bliss.

The doctor was so right, which was hardly surprising. He is so smart, and an expert of hypnosis, to boot. It was so easy for the hot blonde to focus on his voice and his words, until she fell into the deepest state of entranced sleep.

It was a great success. Aletta finally opened up to him, removed all her masks, and told him everything that had bothered her.

He told her that she was only faking being strong and independent, and she knew he was right. He told her that the stress in her life was her own fault, because she was trying to do everything on her own, and make her own choices. He made such a compelling case, Aletta simply had to agree.

Every time she was honest with the doctor, every time she said what he wished to hear, and every time she agreed with his

claims, Aletta felt a sense of elation she couldn't possibly describe, at least not without using big words that have already completely slipped from her silly mind.

Finally, he told her that in order to be happy, she had to let someone else make her decisions for her. He taught her that obedience is bliss, and said that he was the best person to guide her through life. He told her she didn't even need to think for herself, anymore. It was so freeing, so liberating. From that moment on, she wouldn't have to worry about anything, ever again. She just had to trust him, and follow his commands to the best of her ability.

Aletta felt a tinge of doubt when she opened her eyes, still entranced, but the great pleasure she felt every time she followed one of the doctor's orders helped drill the truth into her stupid head – She was meant to be a good, obedient slave for him.

He had her undress, slowly and sexily, shaking her booty for him and squeezing her tits for his pleasure. He told her to open her legs before him and masturbate while looking at him. She blew kisses his way while piercing her smooth pussy lips with two fingers. The legs he ogled before were wide open for him, and she loved every moment of it.

When he told her to kneel between his legs, unbuckle his belt, unzip his pants, and orally worship his cock, she was slightly taken aback. It was only fitting that after the long, sensual blowjob, which ended with his spunk glazing her beautiful face, all doubts vanished from her mind. She thanked him with a wet kiss on his cock, and submissively declared her eternal servitude, as sperm flowed down her face and dripped from her chin.

It took Aletta a few more sessions, to learn exactly what her new master expected from his sex slaves. That was all a year ago, however. Since then, she became a fully fledged member of his harem, along with her usual duties as his employee. She was chosen to be her master's personal caretaker. It made her so proud, and made the other slavegirls so jealous.

Her job was to be by her master's side all day, and all night, catering to his every need, wheeling him around wherever he needed to go, and carrying him on her arms when required. As dainty as she looked, Aletta had impressive upper body strength.

Doctor Xaviar was disabled. An accident left his legs paralyzed many years ago. Luckily, his cock remained fully functional, and his arms as well, so he could use them to guide any one of his slavegirls, as they attempted to orally pleasure him.

Most fortunate of all, the accident did not harm his supreme intellect, allowing him to lord over his stupid thralls. Even the collected intelligence of all the women in his service could not match his wit and genius. That was the reason they all ended up serving him.

Their daily routine starts with a morning shower. Aletta, along with a random assortment of nubile slaves, help their master keep himself clean. They fill the tub with hot water, rub soap all over his body, and take turns diving down to suck him off. They use their young, perky breasts to soap up his arms and back, letting him squeeze and fondle as much as he wishes.

During breakfast, he usually receives a tight and squishy titfuck from his bustiest slave. Aletta used to address her as Professor Adler, with great respect, but she quickly got accustomed to “giga-fun-bags”, a name that their master had picked. Aletta was angry at her professor, at first. The older woman was ordered to bring their master new, youthful slaves from her college class, and Aletta was quite upset that it took her former teacher so long to lure her into the fold. She wasted so many months on college studies, months she could have spent serving her master's carnal needs.

Doctor Xaviar had a big, handicap accessible car, and a driver who used to be one of the few female commercial airline pilots, a very stressful job, especially for a woman in a male-dominated field. That was why she sought the help of a psychiatrist.

Before her master re-educated her, Aletta was upset at the existence of such professional disparities between men and women. To her, it was a sign of societal misogyny. She was so misguided and silly.

Such trivial matters never bothered her anymore, though. She was sure the driver was more than happy to abandon her airplane for a car, and her high paying job for free service to a middle aged handicapped person.

After all, master allowed the driver into his home. Well, sometimes, when he wanted to fuck her, and she was also given permission to orgasm once a week. Plus, as far as Aletta could tell, the master's kennels weren't a bad place to live, and the former pilot's doghouse wasn't a bad place to curl up and sleep for the night.

He was such a nice man, showing all the dumb cunts their proper place in life. None of his bitches ever thought of living without him, and he had plenty of slobbering, yapping bitches in his private backyard kennels.

Once Aletta pushed his wheelchair in, and made sure he was fully satisfied, she took her place at the reception desk. Like any good sexretary, Aletta secured her red dildo in her cunt, and attached vibrators to her nipples, setting them to a low tremor, so their vibration would remain inaudible.

She was to keep her pussy wet, just in case her boss felt like fucking her between appointments. She was not allowed to climax without his express permission. She was keeping herself wet and ready for *his* pleasure, after all, not her own.

So, she casually played with her clit, sharp gasps escaping her mouth. Every time she nearly went too far, she whimpered, closed her legs for a second, and bit her lower lip until her arousal subsided.

The last time she had an unauthorized orgasm, the doctor tied her nipple piercings to the door, and had his slaves throw away a box of uncooked rice, one grain at the time. Every time they went in and out, they slammed the door open and shut. Her young

titties were stretched so thin that day, she thought her cup size may have increased.

An unlawful orgasm was also the reason her nipples were pierced in the first place. It turned out to be a good thing, though. Her master often uses her perky rack to carry small objects, by hanging a small plastic bowl from her nipples. It's become his favorite method of snacking in front of the TV, on a lazy Sunday morning.

“Oooh no no no!” She cried and moaned at the same time, rubbing her clit in circles and grinding her flexible hips, her red dildo roaming within her. She couldn't stop, she was seconds away from cumming.

The door handle turned suddenly. Aletta jumped in her seat, took her hand from between her legs, and wiped her eyes and her brow, just in time to smile at the three women who walked into the room. They surprised her, but also saved her from rudely disobeying her master's whims.

“H-Hello, ladies.” She said, her face flushed and her cheeks red. She adjusted herself on her seat and tried to look proper.

The people coming in usually didn't care enough to notice her, anyway. They had their own issues to tackle.

“Hello to you, too.” Said one of the older women, a blonde with puffed-up curly hair and dark eyes.

“Me, my partner, and this young lady here have an appointment with the shrink.”

“I'm their house guest.” The younger woman said in response to Aletta's questioning expression. She seemed impatient and disrespectful, folding her arms together and rolling her eyes in a snobbish way. Everything in her attitude and posture implied that she didn't want to be there.

She had black hair, small breasts, and a petite figure. Her eyes were a shade of light-blue that sparkled so brightly, they made the world around them seem dimmer in comparison.

“Yes, our house guest.” The blonde said, shaking her head and lowering her eyes, clearly upset by the young woman's words.

“Stop it, Rory! Can't you see that you're hurting her?” The brunette said, putting a reassuring hand on her life partner's shoulder.

“Why should I care?” Rory retorted stubbornly.

“Maybe because we gave you a home after...” The brunette started, but the blonde gave her a meaningful look that quieted her down. The petite, beautiful youth huffed, and looked away dismissively.

Aletta was a bit confused, she wasn't expecting anyone to arrive for another half an hour or so. The trio's little squabble allowed her to shuffle through her keep-appointment book, and make sense of things.

“I'm sorry ladies, but from what I see here, your appointment is only scheduled to start in twenty-five minutes.” She said.

“Are you sure? It's not at 4:30? I thought we were five minutes late.” The blonde said with a frown.

“I'm certain. Doctor Xaviar's appointments always start at a full hour, and are forty five minutes long.” Aletta nodded and said.

“You're kidding me, his name is Xaviar?” Rory asked with an amused smile, her majestic blue eyes shimmering with glee.

“Is he a character in a sci-fi show?” She mocked.

“Rory, that's rude.” The brunette scolded.

“Oh just leave her alone, Courtney.” The blonde said and turned to Aletta “Is he busy right now? Can he see us early?”

Aletta's face soured and she shook her head with disappointment, mainly because she knew the doctor would love to meet the stunning trio standing before her, as soon as possible.

“Sorry, he's currently in there with two female cops. The police department forces them to see a shri- I mean, a psychotherapist, because they've had some behavior issues.”

“Should you be telling us that?” Courtney, the middle aged brunette asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah, isn't that supposed to be confidential?” Rory chimed in.

“I didn't give you their names, did I?” Aletta shrugged and cocked her head sideways, a dumb smile on her face.

“They're being very quiet, aren't they?” Rory noticed “You'd better put ear muffs on when we're in there. It might get loud.” She giggled devilishly.

“Oh, Rory...” The blonde sighed and face-palmed.

“Heh, don't worry about that, Rory.” Aletta giggled back “The walls, door, and even windows are fully sound proof. The doctor could be nailing, Uhm, stuff into the floor in there, and you won't even hear a squeak.”

“I see. Okay then.” Rory said with a cute little bounce, and hopped over to sit in the waiting lounge.

“Hold on, if we have thirty minutes to spare, we could go to the mall and walk around a little bit.” Courtney suggested.

“I like that idea.” Her blonde partner said with a smile, and gave Courtney a loving kiss on the lips.

“Meh, get a room.” Rory scoffed at them “Whatever, let's go.”

The young beauty moved her pert behind to the door. She wore a pair of tight mini-jeans and a pink top that hugged her skinny upper body tightly. Her lesbian hostesses wore matching one-piece dresses (of different colors) that extended just below their knees, and showed a delightful amount of impressive cleavage.

Inside the therapy room, the two lovely policewomen were already deep into their hypnotherapy session. They were both so happy they agreed to try it.

“Ahhh doctor! My obedient pussy is so horny and wet, may I please orgasm?!” One of them cried, rubbing her police badge into her cunt, and pushing her massive jugs into her mouth with her other hand.

“Me too, doctor! Please! My pussy is wet and horny too!” The other one squealed.

Both police officers were in their mid twenties, athletic and gorgeous. Their shirts were off and their vests were open. Their tits were fully exposed, and their naked, smooth legs were spread

wide. Both used their police badges to rub their pussies frantically. Their eyes crossed and their tongues lulled from their mouths, making them look like brainless bimbos. They panted breathlessly and writhed on the sofa, like a pair of bitches in heat.

The doctor smiled.

“Let's see. Which one of these pussies deserves to climax for me first.” He wondered aloud, and his two sows squealed and begged with their dim-witted eyes.

“I'll choose...” He pointed his finger to one of them, cruelly teasing her, before switching to the desperate cunt next to her.

“You!” He said, and enjoyed seeing the young woman convulse and writhe in pleasure, while her friend and colleague made a sad, disappointed face.

“And now you, too!” He exclaimed, and the saddened bitch suddenly erupted and squirted all over the floor.

“Ahhhhhh! Thank you, doctor!!” She smiled and said as she moaned.

“Oh my, you soiled my floor with your pussy juices. Get on your hands and knees, and lick it for me.” He ordered “And remember, obedience is the only thing that brings you any joy.”

The two jumped to obey with a long, high pitched “Yesss doctooooor!”

They crawled to the puddle of pussy juice, arched their necks down like an animal drinking from a lake, and began lapping the sticky puddle from the floor like kittens, their bare asses wiggling jovially.

“Good girls.” The doctor praised them.

“Thank you, doctor.” One of them said with a giggle, her firm, soft tits dangling from side to side, and her pointy nipples scraping the floor with every sway.

“Obedience is joy. Obedience is pleasure.” She added between slurpy licks.

The doctor enjoyed the view from his wheelchair. By the time the floor was shiny and clean, the doctor required a more intimate service from his compliant policewomen

“Okay, little piggies, come over and unzip me.” He could move his hands to do it himself, but liked it better when his slavegirls did it for him.

“Yes doctor.” The two chimed together and crawled to him.

His throbbing cock sprung from his pants, making the two sexy kittens moan.

“Now plant your tongues on it while I tell you about the twisted pleasure I get from humiliating you bitches. Each of you take a side, like the good sex toys you are.” He ordered with a wicked, vengeful glint in his eyes.

“Yes doctor!”

The docile policewomen followed his instructions to the letter, each pressing her tongue onto a side of his cock, and patiently waiting for the story he promised he'd tell them. They rubbed their lips and brushed their tongues back and forth along his length, alternating between looking at each other's mesmerized eyes, and up at the man who ruled their very existence.

“Ahh, that's nice. Move up and down a bit faster.” He told them.

“Yesh, thochthor.” They said with their tongues broadly pressing onto his hard-on, and began moving quicker, polishing a few inches of his shaft, over and over.

“Hmm...” He closed his eyes and took the sensation in “Yeah, that's okay for now.” He patted both their heads like pets, and smirked.

After a moment of quiet reverie, the doctor started his tale of woe.

“You see, my worthless dolls, I have a complicated relationship with the police.” He said, and sighed in a reminiscing manner.

“I bet you wondered, when you got here, why a virile man like myself is stuck in this damned wheelchair. Well, it has a lot to do with ignorant, young police officers, such as yourself.”

As he said that, a mantle of sadness shrouded their pretty faces, and they looked up at him apologetically.

“Mine was truly a terrible case of mistaken identity, and police brutality.” He continued “I wouldn't want to sour the mood by re-telling the whole sordid affair, but let's just say a SWAT team broke into my home and shot me in the back, severely damaging my spine. They were looking for a drug dealer, and invaded my home by accident. To make matters worse, after the ordeal, they had the audacity to claim that I resisted arrest.” He clenched his fists with anger.

“Of course, they later realized I was falsely accused and let me go, but as you can see, the events of that night changed my life forever.”

The young women were still listening, but much of their focus went to polishing the fleshy rod between their slobbering lips

“The cops who caused my injury emerged with barely a slap on the wrist. I did receive millions in a court settlement, but knowing that those incompetent liars returned to their jobs unscathed made me seethe with anger.”

“Mh Phua, Mmmm!” Their panting increased as the story went on. They felt so bad for the good doctor, they just had to lavish his cock with warm, wet love. They rubbed and fingered their soaking pink pussies, ready to offer their tight cunts at his command.

“I nearly fell to a deep depression, but then I found a book that taught basic hypnosis. The notion of controlling others to do my bidding always charmed me, even more so after my injury. I wasn't going to let a thing like that happen to me, ever again.”

He looked down at them as they pathetically lashed their tongues and bathed his manhood with throbbing joy.

“Mph! Ahm! Mmh!” The drooling mouths licked and kissed, oblivious to the world around them.

“Of course, that book only taught the most rudimentary knowledge. Parlor tricks, nothing more. To achieve my goals, I knew I had to study more professionally. So I went to med-school, intent on becoming a hypnotherapist. Believe it or not, I found several like-minded individuals there.”

He grasped one of them, and shoved her head down on his balls.

“Ohhh...” She whimpered, and gave his testicles a long, moist kiss.

“Hmmm, that's nice.” He said, and continued regaling them with his tale

“We researched the subject on our own, far from the prying eyes of the university staff and ethical committee. I still have fond memories of Cassandra. She was our class's valedictorian, until me and my friends perfected our method, with her help. She was reluctant, at first, but soon her devotion to our cause became so grand, that she did her own research, and came up with ways to help us control her! Oh the sweet, sweet irony!”

The policewomen grunted and snorted, one servicing the doctor's balls, and the other sucking his tip like a lolly-pop. They were so engrossed in their duties, they barely remembered to breathe.

“Casey ended up having a rather successful career, actually. For years, she was the best name in hardcore porn.” He chuckled, and held them both up by the hair, with his cock between their lips.

“We ended up making some amazing discoveries.” The two cops stretched their tongues out to lick his erection “Do you have any idea how easy it is to hypnotize women into becoming horny, submissive sex toys, with the right knowledge? Hmm?”

They looked up at him with smiling eyes, and he pushed their lips back on his cock.

“Heh, I suppose you do.” He said, patting them gently.

“This is the part of the story where you come in, my lovely cunts.” He said, pressing their heads onto his cock, mashing their tongues to their chins and their lips on his rod. They crossed their eyes, focusing on his cock, their warm breath panting on its sensitive, throbbing skin.

“The thing is, even though I've had plenty of time to get over it, I'm still harboring strong feelings of hatred and anger towards cops in general. I know it's irrational and unfair, most cops are probably good people, or at least decent enough, but I simply can't get rid of this anger burning within me.”

He began violently moving their heads on his cock, until he forced one of them down his length, choking her on it so roughly that she gagged. Even as the air was choked out of her, she looked up at him with subservient eyes, willing to die, or at least faint, in his service.

“Ohhh, yeah.” He let her gasp for air.

“I am a reasonable man, however, and not one to fall prey to my vengeful instincts. Since I engage in some, let's say, suspicious activities in my humble practice, I need the help of the local police precinct to cover it up.”

He shoved her back down forcefully.

“Hrrrrm, fuck!” He growled, fucking her face so roughly that her jaw made a few pops.

“Hrrm! So I made a deal with your boss, you worthless piggies!” He said, pushing her face down mercilessly.

He pushed her down until his arm muscles gave, and lay back with a long drawn, satisfied sigh. He closed his eyes for a second, and then looked down at them, breathing heavily himself.

“It's pretty simple.” He said calmly “I make sure his female subordinates are as submissive and willing as possible, and get my cathartic release in the process. In exchange, he overlooks whatever illicit activities I may be up to.”

The two looked up at him with adoring, tearful eyes, and continued worshiping his hard-on. “I hope this answers your

question regarding why you were sent to me, fuck-meats.” He said.

“Mm, yes doctor.” One of them said, cupping his balls in her lips.

“We understand, doctor.” The other said, licking his well-lubricated shaft.

“Good girls.” He said “I’ll let your chief give you your daily instructions. I believe he likes new female officers to spend their mornings under his desk, patrolling his crotch, if you know what I mean.”

He tickled their chins with his forefinger.

“Heh, of course you do.” He said.

“I hear he also likes lesbian shows, so you should practice your pussy licking.”

“Yes doctor.” They both said, in turn.

Doctor Xaviar reached down to their chests.

“Tits.” He said, reaching to grab both pairs of round breasts “Use your tits.”

“Yes doctor.” They said happily, squeezed their tits together, and pressed their chests with the doctor's cock in-between.

“So, to be clear, you will let your boss fuck your cute little asses, whenever he wishes. You will be the precinct cum pumps.” He explained as they hopped up and down for him.

“Of course doctor!” One of them said, purposefully pushing her hardened nipples onto his rod.

“Anything for you, doctor!” The other chimed in, before lowering her head to continuously flick his cock's tip with her tongue.

“Hrrrrm, good girls!” Doctor Xaviar growled, and warm cum began to shoot from his cock, landing on their engulfing tits, glazing them with white.

“Hah! Hah! Lick it off of each other.” He ordered with a jubilant smile.

“Yes doctor.” They cooed quietly, and began licking each other's tits and nipples, making lewd slurping and kissing sounds

as they did.

The doctor instructed them to tuck his flaccid cock back into his pants, and shoved them away.

“Time for your punishment, you sows.” He said in a menacing fashion “And make sure you bring your batons and shockers for our next session. You'll need them for this part.”

“Yes, doctor.” They shook their asses in anticipation, hoping to satisfy the good doctor's thirst for vengeance.

“Let's start with you biting each other's nipples hard, and pulling back till it hurts. We'll see where we go from there.” He said, and sat back on his wheelchair, ready to enjoy the show.

“Yes doctor.” “Punish us as you see fit, doctor!”

About twenty minutes later, the two lesbians came back, with Rory at their side. This time, Aletta was ready for their arrival, and made sure to compose herself about five minutes in advance.

“Welcome back.” she said with a smile “The doctor's previous appointment is still going, but I'm sure they'll be out soon.”

“Whatever...” The snippy young woman said, and parked her cute butt on one of the chairs.

Inside the sound proof therapy room, the doctor looked at his clock, and realized he might as well wrap things up.

“Okay, you can stop.” He told the busty policewoman who was busy pulverizing her partner's naked behind with forceful smacks and spanks, making sure to give the reddened, swollen cheeks a loving kiss after every harsh strike.

“And get dressed. Pronto.”

“Yes doctor.” The two exhausted bitches said, breathing heavily.

The doctor ogled at their bruised bodies one last time, as they smiled happily and put their clothes back on. Their behinds were crimson red and would probably ache for a week whenever they sit down. Their nipples had distinct bite marks on them, and their clits were unnaturally stretched after a very feral sixty-nine-ing that the good doctor ordered.

Their body glistened with sweat, their chins were moist from shoving their faces deep in each other's muffs, and their faces were red from the physical exertion. Even fully clothed they looked like horny sluts, their skirts sticking to their moist crotches, and their nipples jutting from the fabric of their blouses. The doctor decided he will be keeping their bras for himself, as trophies.

“Okay, you know what to do once you leave, right?”

“Yes doctor.” They nodded enthusiastically.

“We'll try our best to act normally, and not like the obedient, slutty sows we really are.” One of them said.

“We'll continue our jobs as usual, but allow any man to touch and fondle our sexy bodies, as much as he wants.” The other one said “Even the criminals, but we won't let them go free, and only provide oral service if they explicitly ask for it.”

“And what about your boss. Show me what you'll do once you're alone in his office.”

The two mind-fucked young bitches looked at each other with playful eyes, nodded, and spun around, popping their asses in the doctor's direction, and hiking their skirts to reveal their well-beaten behinds once again.

“Hello, sir.” They said in unison and began shaking their booties from side to side “Your obedient cunts have finished their re-education. Thank you so much for allowing us to be a part of your police force. Please pound our owned asses to your heart's content.”

“Nice. I think he'll like it. Now get out.”

“Yes doctor.” They lowered their skirts, and shook their asses to the door. Outside, they paid the allotted fee to Aletta, telling her just how beneficial the session was, praising the doctor for his expertise. Aletta knew, of course, that the two were now much less cops, and much more living blow up sex-dolls.

She sent the two on their way with a lewd smile, and told the doctor's next appointment they are welcome to go in.

“Come on, let's get this over with.” Rory said, and walked first into doctor Xaviar's office.

The three of them sat on the sofa before the psychiatrist, with Rory in the middle.

“Really? You're bald and wheelchair bound?” Rory smiled coyly, looking at the doctor “Do you happen to be the headmaster of a secret school for special youngsters?”

“I'm afraid not.” Said doctor Xaviar, focusing his gray eyes on her crystal blue ones. Just looking at her angelic face and those shiny blue gems she called eyes made him harden in his pants, but he couldn't afford to show it, yet.

There was an awkward silence, none of the women sitting on the sofa knowing how to start.

“Go on, introduce yourselves, ladies. I'm not a mind reader, unlike that other wheelchair bound bald man you were referencing.” He said, winking at Rory.

The blonde cleared her throat and straightened herself in her seat.

“Okay then. My name is Nina, and this is my wife, Courtney, and this...” She put her hand on Rory's shoulder, but the young woman writhed away from her touch “...is Rory. She just started college a couple of months ago.”

“I see.” Dr. Xaviar rubbed his chin “And how, if I may ask, are you related to one another?”

“I'm their house guest.” Rory said simply, appearing bored. Courtney looked a bit peeved by Rory's words, and the blonde Nina just had a dour look on her face.

The doctor chuckled. “Forgive me if I'm wrong, but I have a feeling there's more to it than that.”

The three remained silent, awkwardly looking down or glancing at each other.

“Okay, this was a great session. If you would please go and pay my secretary, Aletta, I would appreciate it.” Doctor Xaviar said.

“Great! Let's go.” Rory moved to stand up, but Courtney stopped her.

“Sit down.” She said through gritted teeth “We are here because we are worried about you.”

“Oh so you are here for a reason? I was getting worried.” The doctor jested.

“Aren't you funny.” Rory said grumpily.

Doctor Xaviar smirked again, and looked at the hot college coed.

“Since you seem to be eager to end our session, Rory, how about you tell me what this is about? The truth, that is.”

“I did tell the truth.” Rory claimed “Although I suppose I left out a few details...”

“Go on.” The doctor encouraged.

“Wait, Rory you don't have to...” Nina started, but the doctor silenced her.

“Why don't you want her to talk, Nina?” He inquired.

“It's not that.” Nina squirmed, giving Rory a concerned glance.

“She's trying to spare my precious feelings, doc.” Rory said dismissively “She's afraid I'll get all emotional and crap.”

“Interesting.” Doctor Xaviar complimented mockingly “I personally can't wait to see what happens.”

There was another moment of silence. Rory rolled her eyes again, and started talking.

“Here's the deal. About a year ago, my parents died. Nina and Courtney were their best friends, so they let me stay at their place till I was done with highschool. Now I'm a student at the local college, so I still live with them, but these two dykes are trying to act as if they're my parents, and they decided I'm acting out because I didn't process the whole grief thing properly. Which is bullshit. I'm fine. So tell them they're wrong, and let us go on our merry way.”

“That would be a convenient and easy way to settle this, for sure.” Doctor Xaviar said “But let's see if you can humor me by answering a few questions. For instance, why would your parents'

friends take you in after their deaths, instead of, say, an uncle or another relative.”

“My parents were gay, and they both came from ultra religious homes. Need I say more?”

“I suppose that explains it. How do you feel about the rest of your family rejecting you, even after your parents died?” Doctor Xavier asked.

“I never knew any of them. I literally don't feel anything about it.” Rory stated coldly.

“Excuse me, if I may chime in.” Courtney said.

“Go ahead.” Doctor Xavier replied.

“Oh boy, here we go...” Rory face palmed.

“First of all, we took you in, so you can show a bit more gratitude, Rory. Second of all, I don't know if it has anything to do with the death of her parents, two people me and Nina loved and adored, by the way, but Rory is acting too rebellious for her own good since she started college, and that is the reason we are here talking to you, doctor.”

The doctor listened attentively and nodded.

“Things are starting to clear up.” He said.

“What do you mean by too rebellious, if I may ask?” He wondered.

“Don't bother. I've tried figuring it out for weeks.” Rory sneered.

“Well, I don't know if rebellious is the right word.” Nina said hesitantly “But, the thing is, Rory has been...Well...”

“Yes?” Doctor Xavier pushed.

“Rory has been slacking on her studies and going to too many frat parties, where she does who knows what.” Courtney said curtly.

“Partying is the word you're looking for.” Rory said “Is this seriously what this is all about? You're worried I'm being a total slut-bag instead of focusing on my studies like a nerd?”

“I never used the S-word, but yes, I'm worried you are making very bad choices that will influence your future. For all we know, you might flunk out of college before the first year is done.

“Why would I flunk?! I'm doing fine!” Rory started getting angry.

“How are we supposed to know, Rory? You never tell us anything!” Nina complained.

“You're not my parents! You're just a couple of lesbians my parents knew when they were alive! I barely exchanged a word with you until a year ago!”

“Making sure you make the right choices is our way of honoring their memory!” Courtney shrieked.

“Ladies, please. Calm down. Take a few deep breaths, and relax.” The doctor raised his voice, but maintained a cool, serene tone. He needed his subjects calm and tranquil, if his true agenda was to succeed. He didn't care about their story and inner strife. All he saw was a couple of lesbians with impressive knockers, and a perfect eighteen-year-old treat they happened to bring with them.

“That's it. Deep, long breaths. I know the perfect way to make all your troubles go away. I know exactly how to lift your burdens. Rory, being new at college can definitely be stressful, so it's understandable that you would need to let off some steam.”

“Exactly.” Rory nodded, inhaling and exhaling deeply.

“But that doesn't mean you should go wild and destroy any future prospect.”

“Thank you.” Courtney nodded this time, breathing slowly and calming herself down.

The doctor spoke in a very paced rhythm. The attractive trio found themselves pacing their breaths according to the underlying beat of his speech.

“And as for you two, Courtney and Nina. I understand you feel like guiding Rory, through her first years of adulthood, is a cross you must bear, out of a sense of respect and duty, but you must allow Rory to make her own choices, and her own mistakes. She

is a grown woman, an adult by any standard or definition. I'm sure you went a little wild in college, yourselves.”

“Yeah...” Nina smiled coyly, her voice droning on a bit.

“I suppose so.” Courtney agreed, her voice mellow and drawn.

“Hey, doc?” Rory asked, frowning sleepily.

“Yes Rory? Make sure to breathe slowly, and relax.” He reminded her

“Okay.” Rory replied “You said you knew a way to solve our problem?” She asked, a tad dazed.

“Lift your burdens.” The doctor corrected.

“Yeah. Our...Burdens.” Rory repeated.

“Erase your concerns. Eliminate your fears. Remove your sadness so that only happiness remains. Keep breathing in, and out.”

“H-How will you do that?” The gorgeous coed asked.

“I've already begun.” Doctor Xaviar replied with a wicked half-smile.

“The best way for us to get everything out in the open, to be truly honest with one another, is through my specialty. Hypnosis.” He said.

“You want...To hypnotize Rory?” Courtney asked with a yawn.

“Not just her. It's important that all three of you fall into a deep trance.”

“Us...too...?” Nina asked.

“Yes. It's the best way to help all three of you with your issues.” The doctor declared with confidence, easily making the trio agree with him.

“Do you understand?” He asked, and the three nodded together, their bodies beginning to slump on the couch.

“Wh-What if you just hypnotize her, first?” Courtney asked.

“No.” Rory protested sleepily “Then you two could tell the doctor to...program me with triggers.”

Rory started shaking her head, and the doctor knew he had to rein her in.

“Trust me, Rory. I am not going to let any of you implant any unwanted triggers. Now breathe, and relax, understood?”

“Yes sir.” Rory nodded.

The doctor stared at the petite cutie with wide eyes. She walked in with such a strong, stubborn vibe, but her last response reeked with natural submissiveness.

“Do you like being hypnotized, Rory?” He just had to ask.

“I...I just want this over with...As soon as possible.” She said slowly, clearly lying.

“Of course you do.” He said with a smirk “Breathe and relax, then. I will have the three of you under, in no time.”

“Okay...” She nodded and closed her eyes.

“Hmm? What was that?” The doctor insisted, taking a slight risk with the stunning young hottie.

“Y-Yes sir.” She corrected herself, confirming his suspicion.

“Good girl.” He said, and a smile formed on her face.

“Now, I want you to picture a twinkling ball of light, and focus on it as you breathe in, and out. I will count from five to one, and with each number, you will feel yourself floating further and further away, into a deep, relaxed state. The deepest and most relaxed state that you can imagine. You will feel your body melting like ice cream on a hot, sunny day, and your mind dripping away like a leaky faucet.”

“Five. You already feel more relaxed than you have ever been.” He said.

“Four. Your body is pleasantly melting under the warm caress of the light in your head.” Rory slumped sideways, her legs spreading slightly, making the doctor grab his crotch with glee.

“Three.” He said, unable to hide his smile “Your mind slips away, leaving a wonderful feeling behind.”

“Two. You are ready to fall into a deep, hypnotic trance. You hear nothing but my voice.” He paused, letting them soak it all in.

“And one. The light fades away. All that remains is blissful nothingness.”

Their heads fell down on the couch cushions. The doctor gave them a few seconds to enjoy the pleasant sensation of being entranced, grinning to himself and mumbling “The hard part is done. Time for some fun.”

“Rory, Courtney, Nina, can you hear me?”

“Mm-hmm...” Courtney said.

“Yes...” Nina replied sleepily.

“Yes, sir...” Rory said in a respectful manner, so different from her previous demeanor.

“Good. I will now tell you very important facts. Very important truths. Everything I tell you, while you're in this trance, is inherently true, which clearly makes everything else, inherently false. No matter what I tell you, it will cement in your minds, and become a part of who you are. Understood?”

The trio nodded, breathing soothing sighs and uttering a dreamy “Yessss.”

“Good girls. Now, this is the most important fact I have to teach you. While you are in this trance, you must obey all my commands. If my commands stretch beyond this trance, you will still subconsciously obey them, whether I allow you to remember them or not. Remember, you can achieve this magnificent, blissful feeling only if you follow my instructions, and obey my orders. If you fail to obey, I will never allow you to return to this deep, deep state of euphoric bliss.”

“From now on, you will answer every command I give you with a 'yes master', before following it. I usually tell my new subjects to answer with a 'yes doctor', and only move to master once I've decided to add them to my harem. You should feel honored that you can call me master. It makes you happy. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.” Each of them said in her own time.

“And that makes you my slavegirls. New and happy members of my harem, eager to obey and please my every whim. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.” They answered faster, and with greater certainty.

“Good girls.” The doctor said “Now it's time to show you the kind of reward you can expect from obeying me. I want the three of you to sit straight.”

“Yes master.”

Rory was the first to lift her head and sit at attention, her eyes still closed, still in a deep state of sleep. The two married lesbians rose to the same position a second later.

“Good girls. Even though it was a miniscule command, you find yourselves feeling a tingle of pleasure between your legs, as if someone is pleasantly tickling your pussy lips. You feel better every time you call me master, and obey my orders.”

“Nnh...” The three whimpered as their legs shivered and their knees touched, their lips slightly parting as their arousal grew.

“It's all thanks to me, never forget that. Obeying even the smallest of *my* instructions will give you immeasurable pleasure.”

“Thank you...Master...” Rory whispered with a smile.

“You're very welcome, Rory. You are a very cute slave, aren't you?” The doctor blatantly rubbed his crotch through his pants, smiling lecherously at the pretty young thing before him.

“Yes master.” The happy coed said, lightly licking her sweet lips and gyrating her luscious, trim hips.

Now that he had them where he wanted them, the doctor loosened his belt, and focused on Rory.

“Rory, you need to stand up, and slowly remove your top and bottom. I want you wearing nothing but your underwear. Make it sexy, and alluring.”

“Yes master.” Rory said and shot to her feet.

The elegant young woman certainly knew how to move her body in seductive ways. She writhed her hips in long, slow circles, while running a hand under her shirt, cupping her small breasts. With her other hand, she rubbed the back of her tight mini-jeans and gently slapped her cute ass.

Still in her deep sleep, with her eyes closed shut, she peeled her shirt off and revealed the white bra under it, covering her youthful, perky tits.

“Turn around.” The doctor told her as she hooked her thumbs in her jeans.

“Yes master.” She lewdly gyrated her hips, like a belly dancer, and slowly slid her jeans off, popping her cute behind in his direction.

Under her jeans she wore a sexy white thong that matched her bra. Once her jeans slid down her long, smooth legs, she bent forward to the couch and spanked her bubbly, smooth ass cheeks. She swiftly kicked the jeans aside, and returned to an upright position, facing the horny therapist.

With her commands obeyed, and her master's whims fully fulfilled, she stood at attention and waited, like a battery operated doll switched to stand-by mode.

The doctor took a moment to look at her.

“Take the bra off, too.” He ordered.

“Yes, master.” She tore it off of her and threw it aside, leaving her firm tits to effortlessly and defiantly oppose the laws of gravity.

“Nice, nice.” The doctor mumbled as he feasted his eyes on her perfect breasts.

“And show me that ass one more time.”

“As you wish, master.” Rory cooed with a warm smile, spun around, and leaned on the wall behind the couch, wiggling her nearly bare behind for her master's viewing pleasure.

He watched her for a while, shaking her hips from side to side at varying speeds at his command.

“Okay, sit back down.” He finally told her.

“Yes master.” The graceful teen obeyed, and skipped over to the couch.

He offhandedly commanded Nina and Courtney to strip as well. The two older, and much bustier women sprung into action immediately, and were quickly down to their panties.

They stood topless before him, thrusting their bare breasts out, displaying them for their master.

“Courtney, bounce those big titties for me.” He ordered.

“Yes master. Bounce my titties.” She droned out, and began wiggling her torso side to side and up and down, making her big boobs jostle and bounce in all directions.

“Good girl.” He said after a short moment “You may stop now.”

“Yes master. Thank you master.” She stopped abruptly, standing at rigid attention once more.

Doctor Xaviar looked at her panties, and noticed a small wet dot, spreading from her soaking pussy. Even though the brunette acted like an obedient robot, her body still followed his order to become aroused with every task she completed at his command.

“Now ladies, I want you to sit down next to Rory, spread your legs, and begin rubbing your pussy lips through your panties. That last one goes to you too, Rory.”

“Yes master.” The three said, and Rory added a cute giggle, her perfect legs opening so fast, she nearly hit the other two with her knees.

“And as you rub your cunts nice and slow, you realize that you can only achieve this immense pleasure by following my commands. You must get yourselves nice and hot and wet, for *my* benefit.”

“Yes *oh!* Master.” Courtney whimpered, strongly pressing her fingers between her legs.

“And while you're rubbing your cunts and getting wet for me, I want you to repeat these words. My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.”

“Yes master.” The three said, mindlessly rubbing their twats at an increased pace.

“My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.”

“My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.”

“My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.”

Sweet, moist moans of pleasure filled the room. Every time they repeated their mantra, and with every brush of their fingers across the flimsy fabric of their panties, their dependence on the doctor's commands grew.

“Good girls. Now, I want you to slide your panties aside, and use your fingers to spread your wet pussies for me.”

“Yes, master.” The three said.

“My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.” Rory added, her dainty fingers already gently opening her tight lips apart. All three women felt lost in euphoria. Their cheeks were colored light rosy pink, a lot like Rory's pristine pussy.

“Excellent. You will now rub your pussies directly. This will increase your pleasure tenfold, and bring you to the brink of orgasm. You will beg me to allow you to climax, and once I allow it, you will thank me, and have the best orgasm of your entire life. You will know that you can never live without this pleasure, and that you can never be anything other than my sex slaves. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.”

“Heh.” He gave a smirk “Very well. Begin.”

The moment the three placed their fingers on their soaking honeypots, they immediately squealed in delight, their legs flailing and shaking from the force of the renewed, magnified pleasure.

“*Aah! Master!*” Rory was the first to beg, her tight teen pussy squelching wetly as she writhed.

“Please master. Please may I orgasm? My pussy is so wet and hot! *Ahh!* Please master, I beg of you!” Her knees jerked violently as steamy moans escaped her cherry lips.

Taking their cue from the beautiful puddle of young lust sitting between them, Nina and Courtney joined in.

“Master, may I please cum!” Nina was the first of the two to plead and beg, and her spouse, Courtney, joined in almost immediately. Their massive tits bounced like balloons as they fingered and rubbed their experienced cunts.

“I'm surprised your cunts are so well groomed, and so smooth.” He told the two lesbians.

“I mean, I expected perfect tightness and smoothness from Rory, not from two dykes in their mid-thirties. On the other hand, I suppose that when you eat pussy so much, you get in the habit of keeping your own snatch fashionable and hospitable.” The doctor surmised, and said nothing else, relishing the disappointment on their horny faces. They thought he was going to give them the go ahead.

“Okay then.” He chuckled “Remember, you cannot live without this pleasure, and you can only achieve it by obeying me. You exist to serve me, body and soul.”

He let his words sink in, and then...

“You may orgasm.” He said plainly and assertively, making sure the three of them heard.

A deafening scream followed as the three came to a wild, uninhibited orgasm. Rory's tight pink pussy quivered and flooded the sofa seat beneath her. Nina and Courtney gushed as well. Their eyes rolled to the back of their heads for a second, and they moaned out of breath. Even through their soul soaking orgasm, none of them ever stopped their hands. They kept on rubbing their numb twats, intent on stopping only when their master commanded it.

The good doctor knew his goal was accomplished. All three of them had a meek, docile smile on their faces, and any hidden or buried resistance they may have harbored was blown to smithereens, by the force of their orgasm.

“Good girls. On the count of three, you will open your eyes, but you will remain in your deep, obedient trance. You will continue rubbing your pussies, but you will not realize it. You will be sure that your pleasure and arousal stems from your obedience to me. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.”

“Great. One. Two. And three.”

Nina, Courtney, and Rory opened their eyes and focused on their master, smiling dreamily at him. Their fingers still roamed on their raw pussy lips, but their attention was fixed on him, and him alone. The doctor focused on Rory's mesmerizing blue eyes. Looking at them made the rest of the world seem as if it was in black and white.

“You have such beautiful eyes, Rory, and such an angel's face, now that you're not meanly pouting at the world.”

“Th-Thank you master. This sex slave doesn't deserve your kind words.” She said with a sweet smile, and blushed at the compliment.

“Hrrm, I need something to keep my cock busy.” He said, unzipping his fly and letting his erect rod spring up.

“Nina, bring those big tits over here, and wrap them around my cock.” He ordered.

“Yes master!” The blonde said enthusiastically, and rushed towards him without even getting her fingers out of her pussy. She knelt before him and tightened her impressive jugs around his shaft. With a horny smile and twinkling eyes, she began bouncing her mammaries up and down on his crotch.

“That's nice.” He said casually “It's a real crime that you limited these fun-bags to women alone, Nina.”

“I'm so sorry master!” The dyke looked up at him with subservient glee, giving her master the very first titfuck of her life. Nina never understood how useful her huge knockers could be, until she wrapped them around her master's cock.

“Since your hands are all busy and you can't continue rubbing your cunt, I want you to feel every bounce of your titties as if I am pounding into your pussy. Whenever your under-boobs smack against my crotch, you'll feel as though I rammed my entire length into you, okay?”

Nina looked confused at first. She wasn't really aware she'd been fiddling herself. It didn't matter. Although her entranced, yet conscious mind, failed to understand his meaning, her subconscious mind remained fully attentive to his wishes. Soon,

she felt her pussy tighten and convulse every time she thrust her tits down on his cock.

“Yes master!” She moaned with a dumb smile, not even sure what she was confirming.

Doctor Xaviar squeezed one of Nina's tits, and looked back at the charming Rory.

“Rory, I noticed something as I entranced you. I have a feeling you were not averse to being hypnotized. Is it possible that under the mask of sassy stubbornness, hid a natural born submissive, my cute coed slavetoy?”

“Yes master.” Rory confirmed, her majestic eyes glinting “I always fantasized about losing control. I dreamed about a strong man taking me, and making me into his cute little fucktoy.”

“How lovely.” The doctor said joyfully, pre-cum glazing his tip. Nina happily lapped it up with her tongue, never stopping her perpetual titfuck.

“So you were interested in hypnosis before, then?” He asked.

“Yes master.” Rory answered, still rubbing her pussy without realizing it “I always wanted to try going under, but never had the nerves to actively search for someone to do it. I'm so happy I was entranced by a professional like you, master.”

Jackpot. The doctor thought. He got her just in time, before some sleazy online hypnotist mucked her up and taught her things her tiny mind shouldn't contain. Ignorance about the true powers of hypnosis was keeping Doctor Xaviar in business, after all.

“Hrrm okay, I'm done with your tits for now. Go back and sit next to Rory.” He gave Nina's tits one last squeeze, pinched her nipples, and sent her away.

“Yes master. Thank you for using my tits, master.” She rose to her feet and immediately continued finger-fucking herself. She felt her master's hand spank her behind before walking back to the sofa, and accepted his hearty smack with a docile whimper.

Nina didn't care how demeaning it was, being sent away with a sharp slap on the rear. All she thought about was how proud

and glad she was, that the valley between her huge jugs now reeked with the scent of her master's cock.

“Okay, my enslaved cunts. Since I'm a professional, I suppose I should at least help you get to the bottom of your issues. Courtney, tell me exactly what's bothering you about Rory's recent activities.” The doctor demanded, a spark of wickedness flashing through his eyes.

“Yes master.” Courtney cooed and slapped her pussy lips, making a wet smacking sound.

“We've noticed Rory has been going to parties a lot, instead of studying, and she was shutting us out of her life. We were worried that she might be getting a little too loose with the boys, and...”

“You were jealous.” The doctor finished her sentence

“You want the beautiful little slut for your own.” He said.

“W-What?” Courtney asked absentmindedly “No, that's not it at all...”

“Oh but it is, Courtney-cunt. Never argue with your master.” He disciplined.

“Look at her, both of you.” He Commanded.

Nina and Courtney turned their heads to stare at the nubile young thing spreading her shapely legs between them.

“Look at that hot, lewd teen. Eighteen years of age. Look at that pink, fresh pussy.”

“Y-Yes master.” Courtney cooed and rubbed her twat more rapidly.

“You only took her into your home because you hoped she'll become your lesbian love-muffin, didn't you?” He suggested “And she dares to go and party with college guys her own age. That is so ungrateful, isn't it?”

Nina's pupils shook in her mesmerized eyes, as she struggled to compute the conflict between what she felt thus far, and her master's contradicting and wild assertions.

“Yes master.” She finally admitted, staring at Rory with carnal lust “We want her all to ourselves.”

“Ah-haa!” Courtney moaned, fixating on Rory's perky tits “Jealous, so jealous! I want her petite body to be my sex-toy, master!”

“Good girls, doesn't it feel good to be honest?”

“Yesss master!” The dykes said, clearly approaching another orgasm.

“Why don't you each suckle on one of Rory's firm, young breasts, while I talk to her about all of this.”

“Yes master!” The salivating lesbians moaned in delight, and lunged forward to get a mouthful of the perky coed tit closest to them.

Rory barely heard their discussion, her eyes and her entire being focused on her master. She felt the two dykes nibble on her nipples and ravage her peachy breasts, and responded with a slutty, horny grin.

“Rory you've been a very bad, ungrateful house guest.” The doctor said “Your hostesses have given you a home. They probably bought the pretty clothes you've discarded around this office of mine, and all they ever wanted in return was for you to be their lesbian whore.”

Nina and Courtney giggled at the doctor's words.

“Our hot little lesbian whore! *Mm!*” Courtney said with delight and fawned over Rory's hardened nipple, licking madly.

“What do you have to say for yourself, Rory?” The doctor asked with a criticizing undertone.

“*Ahhn!* I'm so sorry! I-I didn't know!” Rory's tongue lulled from her mouth as her erogenous zones were assaulted with pleasure, all at once.

Courtney and Nina tossed Rory's hand away from her wet snatch, and started rubbing her tight teen pussy lips with their own fingers.

“I think Nina and Courtney deserve more than just a mere verbal apology, Rory. As a professional therapist, it's clear to me that you should apologize by giving the two dykes a sloppy cunnilingus.” He clapped his hands, capturing their attention.

“Sit back with your legs spread, bitches.” He ordered.

“Mmh! Yes master.” Courtney took her mouth from Rory's breast, and sat with her back straight, still panting and ferociously rubbing her wet twat.

“And take your hands from between your legs.” He smiled and said.

“Yes master.” As instantly as humanly possible, the three women plucked their hands away from their sopping pussies, even though they were all inches away from achieving a deafening orgasm.

They sat before him with their legs spread wide, their cunts fully bare for him to look at. Only their useless, slid-aside panties and thongs still adorned their fuckable naked bodies.

“Rory, kneel before Courtney.” The doctor said.

“Yes master.” Rory said and obeyed. Doctor Xaviar ogled her pert behind as she knelt facing away from him, her white thong still parting her petite, bouncy cheeks.

“You do know what cunnilingus is, right Rory? It means licking and eating another woman's pussy, until she squirts all over your cute face.”

“Yes master.” Rory nodded, her eyes fixated on Courtney's sopping wet pussy lips.

“Good. Then begin showing Courtney what a grateful little coed you are.” He said, absentmindedly jerking off.

“And Nina, get your tits back here while I watch the show.”

“Yes master.” Both Rory and Nina said.

“Please allow me to express my never-dying gratitude for everything you've done for me. I'll happily become your sexy little lesbian fuck-toy.” Rory looked up from between Courtney's legs, and said, before shamelessly diving down, burying her face in another woman's soaking pussy for the first time in her young life.

Courtney smiled and moaned, her cheeks reddening while the coed cutie stuck her untrained tongue into the dyke's wet snatch, making obscene kissing, slurping, and licking sounds.

Meanwhile, Nina arrived to please her master with her big jugs. She wrapped them around his cock, but Doctor Xaviar took firm hold of her noggin, and shoved her, lips first, down his bulging erection. He didn't need to apply too much pressure, just press down slightly every second, and his lesbian love slave did the rest, gobbling his hard-on from top to bottom.

“There, now my cock is properly lubed up. You can start moving your tits around it faster.” He told her, pulled her up, and kept watching the lewd lesbian show.

“*Aah!* Yes master!” Nina gasped and squeezed her tits around his slick rod. She rapidly jerked his cock with her tits, each vertical motion making slick polishing sounds. The doctor didn't even look down at her. Instead, he focused on Rory's pert little rear wiggling.

The fresh coed shook her head from side to side, ravaging Courtney's cunt. She nibbled on Courtney's red, swollen clit, and pursed her lips on Courtney's meaty folds, nipping sweetly. Nina heard her lover moan, louder and sluttier than ever, and wondered what magic the gorgeous blue-eyed angel was working on her paramour's pussy. She didn't hang on to that thought for long, though, quickly returning her focus to pleasing her master with her tits.

“Oh wow! Okay, Nina sit back with your legs spread. Courtney bring those titties over here and wrap them around my cock. Rory, show the same gratitude to this blonde dyke's cunt. Understood?”

“Yes master!” The beautiful coed cheered, her chin, lips, and cheeks covered with glistening moist pussy juices.

In a flash, the obedient, docile women jumped to obey. Nina accepted another hearty slap on the rear as she walked away, while Courtney expressly delivered her tits for her master's carnal pleasure. Nina sat down, spread her legs wide, and waited for Rory to shove her face between them.

Rory took a few deep breaths before diving in, and Nina became too impatient. She grabbed the younger woman's head forcefully, and shoved her down on her flooding sex-pot.

“Ohh! lick my snatch you sopping little fuck-toy! Ahh! I'm going to cum! May I cum, master? Please!” Nina writhed her hips back and forth, treating Rory's head like nothing more than an interactive vibrator.

“Go ahead.” The doctor said, enjoying the tight embrace of Courtney's heavy breasts. The busty brunette drooled between her tits to further lubricate her service, and made sure to kiss her master's tip whenever it emerged from between her bouncy mounds.

Nina erupted in orgasm, squirting her juices on Rory's precious face. That was one of the most euphoric moments of her life, and the most blissfully degrading one in all of Rory's eighteen years.

“Ohh! That was so good.” Nina calmed down, and took Rory's face with both hands, lowering her own, to give the panting coed a wet, soft kiss. She could taste her and Courtney's mixed juices on Rory's tender lips.

“Such pretty eyes you have, my sweet Rory.” Nina said, looking deep into Rory's shimmering blue sapphires, before licking her flawlessly smooth cheek.

“Hah! Hah! Thank you so much. I am your lesbian sex toy.” Rory looked up and said with a coarse voice.

The doctor pressed Courtney's nipples into her huge fun-bags, watching the lust between Nina and Rory. It was a bit painful, but Courtney didn't mind, especially in the light of her master's next hoarse declaration.

“I'm cumming! Oh fuck I'm gonna glaze your fucking tits with spunk!” He shot his creamy load between her tits, filling up the crevice between her lubed-up jugs with sticky cum. Courtney let his sperm glue her big tits together. She wore it with pride, and stretched her tongue down in fervent attempts to lick it.

“That was amazing.” He said, focusing solely on the nubile coed, on her knees before Nina, and ignoring the cum covered pair of tits below him.

His cock was still as hard as it was before he shot his load. He was only getting started.

“You know what? I don't think it's enough for this little brat to say she's sorry and thank her lesbian owners by eating their muffs. I think her bratty, delinquent mouth needs a good cock washing. What do you bitches say?” He asked and patted Courtney's cheek with his finger, his sperm dripping all over her massive tits.

“Anything you say, master. You make all of our decisions. We are your slaves” Courtney said, blinded by the lust and pleasure her master has shown her.

“Yes master. You are so smart.” Nina said and rose to her wobbly feet. She dragged the willing Rory along, bringing her to kneel before Doctor Xaviar.

The three hypnotized sluts didn't even need to be explained what a “good cock washing” was. Rory opened her mouth with a cute smile, her glassy blue eyes staring up with desire, and Courtney and Nina firmly held her head, guiding it to their master's hardened shaft.

“*Ohh fuck yeah!*” He groaned in delight when the two dykes forcefully shoved Rory's face down. The teen coed expertly swirled her tongue around, making small gagging whimpers as her lips were choked.

Nina and Courtney looked up at him with eager faces as they pumped Rory's face up and down his dick, spearing her throat repeatedly as if she was an object.

“Mph! Ulp! Umph! Uph!” Rory slurped and choked and slobbered thick saliva down on his crotch.

Her hands dangled limply to her sides. She didn't struggle against the fierce throat pounding, even though it tremendously gagged her. She simply complied, fully and devotedly. The only movement she made was of her limber tongue, dancing wildly for her master's pleasure.

The doctor closed his eyes and rested his head on his folded hands, enjoying himself.

“*Ohh!* That's! So! Fucking! Good!” He suddenly shot up, pushed Nina and Courtney aside, and moved Rory's head on his own.

After three thrusts, he let go, and allowed Rory to catch her breath.

“Mpuah!” She wetly plopped her lips from her master's cock. Thick, gooey strands of saliva stretched between his rod and her well-fucked lips.

“Thank you for washing my mouth with your cock, master.” She said and kissed his tip gratefully.

“Yeah whatever. Rest a moment while Nina and Courtney take turns downing my cock.” He said.

“As you wish, master.” Rory bowed her head and made way for the two lesbians to do their duty. They made out with his cock as if it was their lover, as if it wasn't even between their loving lips. They essentially kissed each other, only with the doctor's cock in the middle.

“Okay. I'm bored.” Doctor Xaviar said after a few moments of alternating between his lesbian cock-suckers.

“Rory, use Nina's tits to jerk me off while I decide what I want to do next.”

“Yes master.”

Eager to please, Rory grabbed the blonde's massive tits so hard, that Nina feared she may yank them from her chest. It was Nina's turn to be the object, having her arms limp at her side while her tits were bounced on her master's cock by the giggly, cheerful Rory.

The doctor stared at the tits around his cock, and then at Rory's sparkling eyes, and with a flick to Rory's perky nipple, he told her to stop.

“I want to see how your lesbian pussies feel on my cock. Both of you.” He pointed to Courtney and Nina “You'll take turns

riding me, starting with Nina. Rory, you tend to my balls while they do that. And take those useless panties off, all three of you. Throw them in the trash for all I care.”

“Happily master!” The busty blonde said and stood up. They took their panties off in a blaze, and threw them in the rubbish bin, where they belonged.

Rory knelt back down to slurp her master's balls, and Nina took his shaft in her hand.

“Do it reverse. I want to see your hot ass bounce.” He ordered her about like a doll.

“Yes master.” Nina nodded and spun around gracefully.

She jerked his cock a few times, and guided the tip to tickle her pussy lips. Once it was properly secured, she sat down and took it all in. Just like that, Nina gave her most private slave-hole to the pleasure of her master.

Courtney stood next to the doctor, smiling as she watched her wife slide a cock into her. She rubbed her pussy, keeping it warm and wet for her master.

“*Ohh!*” Nina squealed and began bouncing up and down. The doctor grabbed a handful of her tits, and groaned in pleasure.

He felt Rory's gentle lips kiss and fondle his balls, her noggin occasionally hit by Nina's bouncing buttocks.

“*Hrrm yeah!* Switch pussies!” He emphasized his command by slapping both Nina and Courtney's shapely behinds.

“Yes master!” They jumped to obey. Nina stepped aside and stood next to the doctor, and Courtney spread her legs over his crotch. Rory looked up and helped Courtney guide the doctor's cock into her meaty cunt, never taking her slobbering lips off the doctor's balls.

“*Mmm! Ah!* Does my dyke pussy please you, master?” Courtney moaned as she bounced on his cock, desperate for her master's approval.

“It's not bad at all. Did you have many men parking their boners in your cunt, before you came out of the closet?” He asked.

“No master! Yours is the first, master! My lesbian cunt is your private boner garage! *Ahhn!*” She moaned.

“*Ohh*. That's pretty hot.” The doctor groaned and said, squeezing her round, bouncy cans.

“Okay, switch fuck-holes again, my dyke-sluts. And move your tongue more, Rory.”

The doctor continued switching between his lesbian pussies until they were both out of breath. When he finally allowed them to rest, they fell down, ass first on the floor, with an exhausted sigh and a loud thump.

“Don't get too comfy down there.” He told them “I'm still hard, and there's one more pussy in this room I still have to try.” He looked down at Rory “I saved the best for last.” He said with a broad smile.

Rory never stopped making passionate love to his balls, sloppily kissing and licking her master's testicles with blind reverence. She ravaged his balls so ferociously that his cock occasionally slapped her across the face, and yet somehow she managed to keep her oral touch tender, delicate, and ever so pleasing.

She heard what he said, and looked up. She kissed his cock, and wordlessly begged for him to fuck her. She let her tongue and weak sexy whimpers do her talking for her, almost like a begging puppy.

“How cute.” He said, holding her chin between his thumb and forefinger.

“Mount me, you submissive college slut.”

“*Ohh!* Yes master! Happily master! My pussy belongs to you, master!”

The thrilled young woman jumped to her feet and quickly spread her legs above her master's lap, holding the handles of his wheelchair for support. She holstered his tip in her tight, smooth, pink pussy, and looked deep into his eyes with sheer glee, her cheeks colored sunset red.

“That's a good girl, Rory. Courtney and Nina, since you did such a good job with her mouth, why don't you, heh,” He chuckled

“give her pussy a good cock washing.”

“Yes master!” They cheered, and put their hands on Rory's slender hips, gripping tightly. Rory took a deep breath, and pressed her perky tits on her master's chest.

“*Ahhhhh! Aah!* Thank you master! *Nyaaa!*” Rory squealed at the top of her lungs, as the two older chicks began pumping her hips up and down, all the way in with every strong thrust. In their mind, all they were doing was pleasing their master with a fuck-doll, who just happened to be named Rory.

The doctor could feel his heart pounding as he indulged in the amazingly tight pussy of the light and nubile sex bunny on top of him. Her tight cunt quivered and tightened as she wrapped her arms around him and held on for dear life, muffling her screams by nibbling on his broad shoulder.

“Do you like her tight teen pussy, master?” Courtney asked, bouncing Rory's ass on his crotch like a basketball.

“Hrrm! Hmm! Mmf fuck yeah!” He said, overwhelmed with orgasmic sensation.

As if the dick-numbing humping wasn't enough, Rory's sweet tits brushing softly against his skin drove him halfway mad with lust. When the hot coed got over the initial burst of lust, stopped her deafening squeals, and reminded herself what she was there for, she took her dainty palm, and gently patted her master's cheek.

“*Ah!* I'm here for your pleasure, master!” She gyrated her hips in circles and ruffled his hair “*Mmh!* Your pleasure alone. Fuck me, master. *Ohh!* Oh please, fuck me as much as you want!”

Rory looked at him with servile, moist eyes, her voice breaking up by the rough penetration into her pristine twat.

“Thank you so much, master.” She gently kissed his forehead with her soft, cherry lips “Thank you so much for making me yours, master.”

That was pretty much all the good doctor could handle. He violently moved his arms around, shoving his enslaved dykes out of the way, and with a feral growl, he began bouncing his teen sex-doll on his own.

“I'm cumming, you precious little slut!” He said coarsely, looking deep into her eyes with predatory lust.

She moaned, and smiled, the sweetest, prettiest smile he ever saw.

“Thank you master.” She whispered, her tight cunt numb. She bit her lip to stop herself from moaning, not wanting her squeals to bother her master during his orgasmic release. She wiggled her hips lightly as he shot into her from his throbbing manhood. He growled and grunted with every deep, long spurt, his cock vibrating inside of her pussy like a fish out of water, painting her white from her pussy lips to her womb.

“Thank you so much.” She said again, kissed his cheek, and snuggled him.

His arms slipped to his sides, his cock still streaming into her like a river. He breathed heavily, rested his head back, and looked up with a smile.

“*Hah! Hah!*” He panted “Well, that was a nice way to end our meeting.” He said in a low whisper, looking exhausted.

“Yes master.” Rory said “I'm always available for you, master. You can cum in me whenever you wish.”

“Hmm, that's sweet of you, my cute little cum dump.” He said and kneaded her tits, making Rory's heart fill with pride.

“Get off me and spread your legs on the floor. I want these big breasted lesbo-sluts to clean your precious, tight cunt-lips with their mouths.” He pinched Nina and Courtney's nipples, just in case they didn't hear his command.

“Anything for you, master.” Rory said, kissed his forehead lovingly, and stood up on weak, wobbly legs.

Her pussy dripped white, and red. She lay on the floor, on her back, and spread her legs wide, presenting her deflowered creampie. The doctor's eyes shot open with surprise.

“Ooh! she was a virgin, look!” Courtney gave voice to their joint befuddlement. She fell to her hands and knees, lowered her head, and shamelessly planted her lips on Rory's barely used pussy, licking cum and virginal blood as if it was strawberry vanilla ice cream.

“I can see that!” Nina giggled and said, joining her lesbian lover in munching the cum-glazed popped cherry. Rory's face twitched with a happy smile, as she felt the tender lips and tongues kiss and lick her nearly numb teen pussy.

“Heh, I guess you shouldn't have been worried about her partying too much.” The doctor mocked “She kept herself nice and pure. You didn't even need to come and see a shrink, really.”

“Mmh! Yes master. Mff! Rory kept herself nice and pure for your cock, master. Phua!” Courtney replied the only way her well fucked mind allowed her, and continued slurping the cum that kept oozing from Rory's tight fuck-hole.

“I'm surprised you could maintain such a sweet smile while getting so roughly deflowered, Rory.” The doctor said, looking at the dark haired angel sprawled on the floor, still smiling in her servile bliss.

“I live to obey you, master. *Ohh!*” She cooed as Courtney nibbled on the pink folds of her young pussy “I was so happy to make you happy, I didn't even notice the pain.”

She looked at him with wide eyes, filled with almost casual acceptance. Meanwhile, the two dykes treated her pussy like a platter serving of creamy jism.

“Courtney, move your ass a bit to the right. I'm not getting the best view.”

“Yeth. *Mmm!* Master!” Both lesbians did their best to point their asses up in their master's direction, so he'll have something nice to look at, should his eyes stray from Rory's creampie.

He watched them work until Rory's twat was clean as a whistle, and cleared his throat to get their attention.

“Okay, you may stop. Stand up before me.”

“Yes master.” The three stood at attention, proudly thrusting their bare tits forward.

“Since I'm done with you, for now, I'll allow the two of you to take your new toy home.” He told Courtney and Nina.

“Oh thank you master!” Nina said with a smile.

“Yeah yeah. I have some things for you to put on, before you go. A proper attire for slaves like you.”

“You are so kind, master.” Courtney squeezed her big tits and said.

“And of course you'll be on call, for whenever I feel like using any of you. My secretary will give you my address.”

“Of course master.” Nina said “You can call our bouncy tits to serve you, whenever you wish.”

“We are your sex toys.” Courtney said, bouncing her knockers together.

“We live to serve you, master.” Rory said meekly, rubbing her snatch slowly.

Aletta had one foot up on the desk, and casually fucked herself with her red dildo. The door to Doctor Xaviar's office opened, and the women that came out looked somewhat different from those that walked in less than an hour earlier.

Courtney and Nina wore short, tight black dresses that left the lower part of their curvacious asses bare. Their massive tits threatened to spill out of the barely covering décolletage, which was so generous that it left half their nipples exposed. Rory wore a tiny leather skirt that didn't even cover her pussy lips, it was more like a long leather belt. She had a collar around her neck, and her clitoris was sucked by a vacuum plastic cup, attached to a leather leash.

Nina held the other end of Rory's pussy leash, and Courtney held a second leash, attached to Rory's neck collar. They led the nubile coed on two leashes, shaking their curvacious bodies seductively as they walked towards where Aletta sat.

“I see you've had a productive session.” Aletta said with a smile, pinching her clit and adjusting herself on her dildo.

“Oh indeed.” Nina said “Tell the nice lady what you are, Rory.” She prodded the leashed young woman with a spank on her pert ass.

“Yes, ma'am.” Rory answered “I am a lesbian love doll. I live to please.”

“That's good to know.” Aletta said “I'm glad my master could help you.”

The three women spanked their butts at the mention of their master. Rory kept quiet while her owners spoke with Aletta, and stared ahead mindlessly like a meek pet.

“We need master's address, in case he wants to order us home to use our owned bodies.” Courtney said, and gave her hips a sexy shake.

“Ah, of course.” Aletta said, taking a slip of paper and writing on it “Your asses look very bouncy. Master likes bouncy butts riding him during commercial breaks.” She added.

“I'll be so happy to do that.” The staunchly lesbian Courtney said, her sexual orientation not influencing her desire to please her master, in any way she could.

“*Ohh!* My pussy gets wet just thinking about it.” Nina clutched the desk and moaned, standing on her tip-toes and stretching her ass out.

“Lick my pussy, love-doll.” She ordered with a giggle, wiggling her ass.

“Yes, ma'am.” Rory smiled and said.

She knelt behind Nina, and gave her cunt a passionate french kiss. Rory didn't even have to lift Nina's dress an inch, seeing as Nina's whorish dress was so short.

“Oh yeah! Wiggle that tongue in my twat!” Nina pushed the back of Rory's head, mashing Rory's mouth to her horny pussy.

“There you go – Master's address.” Aletta handed the slip of paper to Courtney.

“Thank you.” Courtney smiled courteously “Come on, Nina, let's head home. I have some delicious ideas we can try with our new sex toy.”

“Mmh, you and me both.” Nina said “Up, sex toy. Time to go home.”

“Yes ma'am.”

Courtney tucked the slip of paper between her tits, and the two lesbians strutted away, with the double leashed Rory walking two steps behind them, like a good pet.

It was the early evening, and Aletta was getting ready to close up. She figured her master will call her over to wheel him to the parking lot, as soon as he woke up from his much needed nap.

She certainly didn't expect three college aged hotties to show up wearing Catholic schoolgirl costumes that kinky sex shops often sell. Their plaid skirts were five inches long, not even remotely covering their pert asses, and their white tank-tops showed their perky under-boobs.

There were two skinny blondes with long, smooth hair, and one raven-haired beauty with twin-tails, or slut-handles as their master liked to call it. He really liked that style of hairdressing.

There was no doubt in Aletta's mind. Her master ordered these nubile girls over. They stared at Aletta with blank eyes, and the one with the twin-tails approached the counter.

"We are master's chaste cock warmers." She said calmly "Our slave holes exist to warm master's cock on his way home from work."

"That's nice." Aletta smiled "Master is taking a nap right now, though. You'll have to wait till he wakes up."

"Yes." The girl nodded, and returned to stand between the two blondes. The scantily clad trio stood shoulder to shoulder in mindless, unblinking, and unthinking silence.

"It could take a while." Aletta said "Hope you didn't have any other plans."

The dark haired one turned her head to stare at Aletta.

"Our plans are irrelevant." She said "We belong to master."

"Of course. Silly me." Aletta chuckled, and returned to playing with her dildo.

Silence shrouded the whole office building. No sound was made, save for the squelching of Aletta's dildo-banged pussy, and the sound of Doctor Xavier's snoring, which echoed in his

completely sound-proof office. The three sexy coeds didn't make a squeak, and didn't move a muscle.

“So how did master come to own you three?” Aletta asked curiously, after about ten minutes.

“Master always owned us.” One of the blondes said, clearly not even understanding the question.

“Well sure.” Aletta shrugged like it was obvious “I mean, where did you meet him?” She clarified.

This time the dark-haired one answered.

“He came to our college chastity club meeting.” She said “He told us he can help us in our quest to abstain from sex until marriage.”

“And then he hypnotized you, made you realize you were his sex toys, and fucked you?” Aletta asked, relishing the delicious irony.

The girl nodded.

“He explained that our hot asses belong to him, and that we exist to serve his sexual needs. He didn't fuck us yet, though.” She said.

“Oh? So you're still virgins?” Aletta wondered.

“Yes. We are master's chaste cock warmers. Our slave holes exist to warm master's cock on his way home from work.” She repeated the first words she said to Aletta. It was as if the words were recorded into her voice box.

“Master deserves only the freshest, most untouched holes to warm his cock.” One of the blondes added in a soft monotone. She had bright green eyes.

“Master deserves anything he decides he wants.” Aletta said, squeezing her breasts together.

“So it was only three of you in the chastity club?” She asked.

“No. There are about forty of us.” The twin-tailed one answered.

“Wow forty? I guess with thousands of students there's at least forty people in every crazy niche.” Aletta figured “And are all the rest hot girls like you? Or are there guys and uggos, too?”

“All girls.” The green-eyed blonde said “Only thirty-two are good-looking enough to serve master, however. The others are improving their bodies through surgery and exercise to match master's standards, as we speak.”

“Why only three of you here, then?” Aletta wondered.

“Master didn't want to pop us all at once, so he decided to have one of us to warm his cock, every work day.”

“But...There are three of you?” Aletta raised an eyebrow.

“Yes. In case master isn't happy with the first hole he chooses, the other two serve as master's back-up cock warmers.” The twin-tailed virgin explained.

“Well, that all makes perfect sense. Too bad master never takes me when he goes to visit the local college. It sounds like so much fun.” Aletta lamented, and got back to her dildo, leaving the trio to stare into nothingness, and wait with endless patience to fulfill their purpose.

Fifteen minutes later, Aletta started feeling bored. She looked at the three chaste coeds again, and smirked.

“They're not much of a conversationalists, but at least talking to them keeps me busy.” She mumbled.

“Hey, so how do you pick the three cock-warmers each day?” She asked.

“Master numbered us. We roll three numbers randomly.” One of them answered plainly.

“I see.”

Aletta tried to think of something else to ask the half naked coeds, but sudden white noises, coming from her master's intercom distracted her.

“Aletta-cunt, I'm ready to go.” Doctor Xaviar's voice echoed from the small speaker-phone on Aletta's desk.

“Uhm master, there are three college coeds here for you. A part of your club of chaste cock-warmers, they claim.”

“Oh right! I completely forgot. Funny story, Rory happened to be virgin as well.” He sighed happily “All right, send the cute cunts in.”

“Yes master.” Aletta said perkily, and turned to the trio.

“Master will see you now.” She told them.

“Yes.” The twin-tailed one nodded, and the trio marched as a cohesive unit into the doctor's office.

The doctor smiled as they walked in, shaking their candid hips from side to side at a pleasing pace. They stood in a row before him, and lifted their tiny plaid skirts to unveil their smooth virgin pussies.

“Nice nice. I see you pierced your clits, as ordered.” He moved his gaze between their bald pussies. Each of them had a small, metallic ring pierced into their clitoris.

“Yes master. The entire chastity club did, per your command.” The one in the middle said, staring blankly into the distance.

“How about those perky tits?” He asked with a pleased half-smile.

“Yes master.” The three said together, and lifted their tiny white tank-tops, showing their perky tits off to their master. Their nipples were also pierced, with shiny silver studs.

“Looking very good, my chaste prudes. Now let's see those asses.” He leaned forward on his wheelchair.

“Yes master.” They said like loyal soldiers, and turned around. They spread their legs a foot apart, hiked the back of their plaid skirts up, and leaned forward lightly, showing doctor Xavier their pert asses.

“That's a lovely view.” The doctor said “Did it bother you, walking around with those butt plugs all week long?” He asked.

“No master.” One of them said.

“Everything for you, master.” Another stated in a factual manner.

“And are your asses properly trained to take my cock, at my command?”

“Yes master.” They answered in unison.

“Good girls. Shake your asses for me a bit.” He said and let his cock out of his pants.

“Yes master.”

Doctor Xaviar tugged on his flaccid cock as he watched them wiggle their cute butts in perfect unison.

“Okay turn back around.” He said after a minute of viewing pleasure.

“Yes master.” They said and faced him again.

“Right. Each of you, tell me your number, your age, your first name, and your major. Let's start with you.” He pointed at the blonde with the slightly shorter hair, and hazel eyes.

“Three. Eighteen years old. Hannah. Communications.” She said.

“Seven. Eighteen years old. Selena. Medicine.” The twin-tailed beauty said. Her eyes were as dark as her hair.

“Twenty-one. Nineteen years old. Ashley. Art.” The green eyed blonde said.

“All right, in order for you slaves to warm my cock up, I need to have a hard-on. Otherwise, it will be annoying to stick it in your holes. Thing is, I had quite an orgasm, fucking another hot little number named Rory, a short while ago. Bottom line, you three need to use your tongues to coax me into having another erection, since my hands don't seem to be enough.” He said in an almost dry, informative manner.

“Yes master.” The three virgins said, got on their hands and knees, and crawled over to him.

“That's right, my sexy prudes, come and get your first taste of cock.” The doctor closed his eyes, and braced himself with a content smile.

“Ohh yeah.” He groaned. The three coeds licked his cock like kittens, lapping at a stick of honey. They were meticulous in their effort, their eyes glazed and their faces expressionless. Slowly and steadily, their sweet ministrations awakened doctor Xaviar's cock from its slumber.

“Okay I'm hard enough now. Selena, was it?” He pointed at the dark-haired girl below him.

She nodded meekly.

“Beautiful name. Time to try your pussy. Get up here.” He told her.

“Yes master.” Selena got up on her feet, and mounted him with no delay. She robotically guided his tip into her virgin cunt, placed her hands on his shoulders, and lowered herself down all the way. Her face didn't even twitch, as her hymen tore.

Blood began to slide down her master's shaft. Selena sat quietly and calmly, waiting for her next commands.

“Bounce up and down a bit.” Doctor Xaviar said, fondling her wonderfully smooth body.

“Yes master.” Ignoring the pain completely, Selena started moving up and down at a pleasing rhythm.

“Hrrm good.” He grabbed her breast and sucked on her pierced nipple.

“Your pussy feels great.” The doctor praised. Her blood drizzled down and began glazing his balls.

“Thank you master.” She answered, her voice solid and unwavering.

“Still, I don't want to decide on the first cunt I try. Get off me.”

“Yes master.” Selena dismounted and moved aside. She stood like a statue before him, slithers of blood still oozing from her deflowered pussy. The intelligent med student was reduced to nothing but a casually discarded cock-warmer.

The two blondes remained on their knees, staring into nothingness and waiting to be of use.

“Hannah, I want to try your virgin ass now.” The doctor said in an offhanded fashion. He didn't even remember which of the blondes was Hannah.

“Yes master.” The hazel-eyed aspiring journalist answered his call, and stood up. She unplugged her butt, and let the plug drop to the floor.

As mechanically as Selena before her, Ashley mounted doctor Xaviar, took tender hold of his cock, and guided it to her lightly

gaping, yet still small and tight virgin ass. She held his shoulders and slowly slid down his pole, her eyes looking straight ahead, not a whimper escaping her lips.

“Oh that's tight! You trained your ass well.” The doctor moaned as Hannah took him all the way in.

“Thank you master.” She replied blankly.

“Hop on my cock.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” She obeyed, his spear deep in her ass.

“Faster.” He demanded.

“Yes master.” Hannah hastened her movements like an automatic anal fucking machine, her pert bottom smacking the doctor's thighs with every bounce.

“Hrm fuck!” He spanked her petite ass with both hands “Now stick it in your cunt!” He ordered with a horny growl.

“Yes master.” Hannah quickly plopped his cock from her ass, jerked it twice, and tickled her soft pussy lips with the tip. Less than five seconds after it left her ass, the doctor's cock plunged into Hannah's pussy, breaching through her hymen and penetrating her with its full length.

“Ohh yeah! Keep bouncing!” He moaned.

“Yes master.” Hannah held his shoulders again, and bounced up and down repeatedly, lightly gyrating her hips back and forth. She rode him with more fluent motions than Selena, grinding her hips on his crotch like a proper cow-girl.

“Faster cunt!” The doctor bellowed as Hannah's red cherry juice joined that of Selena and Rory, adorning his hardened sword.

“Yes master.”

Hanna rode him so fast that virginal blood and pussy juices splattered every time her pussy lips kissed his balls. The doctor pulled on her nipple piercings and licked her neck like ice cream. Hannah never slowed her movements, even as her pussy ached for reprieve, even when she started going out of breath due to physical exhaustion.

“Yeah! You stupid bitch!” The doctor gritted his teeth at her, feeling his orgasm approaching.

“You wanted to save that amazing pussy for your marriage day? Fucking idiot! Ride my cock!”

“Yes master. My chaste pussy is all yours, master. Use me, master. Use this nubile prude as you see fit.”

Her monotonous chant helped the good doctor beyond the edge of orgasm. Like a nuclear mushroom, he exploded into Hannah, without holding back an ounce of his sticky jizz.

“*Ohhhh!*” He moaned, nibbling her slender shoulder. Thick blots of semen oozed from her penetrated lips, down to his shaft and balls, mixing with hers and Selena's blood to create a pinkish hue.

“Yeah. You are definitely my cock warmer for today.” Doctor Xaviar said, kissing her shoulder and enjoying his post-orgasmic bliss.

“Thank you master. It's an honor to have my pussy picked. My holes are for warming your cock, master.” Hanna said, bowing her head submissively.

“So, you're staying on top of me till I say otherwise. Ashley and Selena, I'm taking you home with me. You're now part of my permanent harem.” He informed them.

“Yes master.” Ashley said.

“Thank you master.” Selena said, the blood on her inner thigh beginning to dry.

“Ashley, you'll warm my cock with your pussy some other day.”

“Yes master. Whenever you wish, master.” The green-eyed blonde said, her holes ready whenever her master wished it.

The doctor embraced Hannah lovingly, and ran his fingernails along her back.

“All right. Time to wrap this day up. Ashley, insert Hannah's plug back in her ass. Selena, get two leashes from my desk's bottom drawer.” He said.

“Yes master.” The girls moved to obey.

“These master?” Selena presented the leashes she took from the bottom drawer. Ashley already replaced Hannah's butt plug,

and Hannah leaned forward on her master's torso, warming her master up with her youthful body.

“Yes, Precisely.” He told Selena “Attach the hook to your clit rings, and hand me the handles.”

“Yes master.” Serena gave Ashley one of the leashes, and pulled on her clit piercing, struggling for a moment to attach the leash's hook to the relatively small ring.

The doctor pressed a button on his wheelchair.

“Aletta-cunt. Time to go. Get your hot ass in here.”

“Gladly master!” Aletta's voice cheered through the intercom.

Aletta shut off the computer, turned off the lights, and covered Hannah and the doctor with a blanket. Doctor Xaviar allowed Hannah to lay her head on his shoulder and rest, his flaccid cock resting idly in her pussy.

Aletta wheeled him out of the office, through the waiting room, and out to the floor's hallway. Doctor Xaviar held Selena's and Ashley's pussy leashes in his hands, pulling them after him by their clits. Sometimes, just for fun, he would yank on those leashes just to see their steps hasten for a second, before returning to their zombie-like pace.

“How was your day, master?” Aletta asked, her nipples tingling with a desire to please.

“I have a newly deflowered pussy warming me up, the third virgin cunt I plowed today, mind you. I've got two new lesbian love-dolls on call, ready and waiting twenty-four seven. Oh, and Ashley over there is still waiting to have her cherry popped.” He said, and with a grin, added “I had a fantastic day.”

“I'm glad master.” Aletta said, and felt compelled to add “My body is your sex toy.”

“I know.” The doctor said dismissively.

“Did you have a good day, Hannah?” He asked the eighteen-year-old coed on top of him, patting her blonde hair with long brushes.

“That's not for me to decide, master. I live and breathe for you, master. Whatever you say is truth.” She droned out.

“Well I say you had a very good day serving me, and that makes you happy.” The doctor said.

“Thank you master. I had a good day. I am happy.” Hannah repeated.

“That's sweet. Now clench your pussy around my cock. I feel another erection coming.”

“Yes master.” Hannah said, tightening her cock-warming hole with repeated clenches.

Doctor Xaviar could feel himself harden inside Hannah again. He knew that soon enough he will deposit another load into her. He once again contemplated that, if not for his crippling accident, he would never have had his own harem of beautiful submissive women.

“I realized something. I no longer pity myself for losing my legs. I guess I have too many servile cunts under my yoke to waste time on self pity. Life served me lemons, and I made delicious lemonade.”

“You helped so many women find their true purpose, master.” Aletta said as they reached the elevator.

“Indeed. I guess the true lesson here is that with enough ambition, anything is possible.” The doctor kissed Hannah's hair, exhaled slowly, and nodded off to sleep. He knew he could count on Aletta to get him back home, even if he slumbered.

His trust made Aletta so proud. She had immense ambitions as well, as the daughter of immigrants. Her ambitions simply conflicted with her master's desire to rule her existence. She was happy her ambitions were gone, and replaced with adoration and eternal subservience.

The tall blonde of Scandinavian descent wouldn't have it any other way.

###

Hypnophobia

By **Will B. Gunn**

Violet sat in the hospital's lobby, passing the time playing her favorite puzzle game on her phone. She was always into games which required some thought, and strategy. She checked the time, and realized she'd been waiting for over twenty minutes already.

“Excuse me, is the hospital administrator on his way?” She asked the nurse. Not that she expected a good answer. This nurse seemed to wear a permanent, vacant looking smile on her face, as though there wasn't much happening upstairs.

“Of course, miss inspector! The hospital administrator will be here shortly, he simply wants to make sure everything is set for your arrival.” The nurse said and gave a perky bounce, nearly popping her obviously fake boobs out of the tight, and frankly unprofessional pink blouse.

“What does he have to prepare?” Violet asked. “This is an unscheduled inspection. This facility needs to be up to codes and regulations. At any time.”

I don't like this. I can't give him time to cover up...whatever he might be trying to hide here.

“Okie dokie!” The nurse responded with a sort of dim witted amiability. Violet could see she was talking to a wall, or at least something with a similar lack of intelligence.

“The standards for nursing school graduates are really dropping...” She muttered with a sigh, and walked back to the bench.

I'll give them ten more minutes, and that's it. She determined.

Before she sat back down, a man wearing a doctor's coat came through the sliding doors that led into the hospital.

“Hi there. Are you the inspector?” He asked Violet.

“I am. And you are?”

“Hospital administrator and chief of medicine, Doctor Dallas Schmidt. Pleased to meet you. Welcome to Strawberry Fields Hospital.” He reached his hand forward.

“Violet Richards.” She shook his hand with a frown. “Aren't you a bit young to be chief of medicine? You couldn't be older than forty.” She said.

“And you don't look older than thirty, and yet here you are, ready to inspect our humble facility.” He retorted, looking her up and down.

“I suppose.” She gave him a stern glare, adjusting her glasses on her nose. “Regardless, Dr. Schmidt, let's begin.” She picked up her chart and pen, and began scribbling his name in the appropriate brackets.

“Indeed. Follow me.” He said graciously, and invited her inside.

Violet started immediately.

“So this is primarily a long term mental health care facility. Correct?” She asked.

“Indeed it is. Most of our patients are here on long term hospitalization. As you must know, the bulk of our clients are wards of the state for various reasons.”

“Yes of course.” She nodded, “Which explains why the lobby was completely empty, I suppose.”

“Yes, we rarely have visitors.” Dr. Schmidt said with a smile.

“You are in compliance with government mandated visitation rights regulations, I hope.” Violet raised her eyebrow.

“Of course, of course.” He nodded, leading her down an empty hallway.

“Here's what I don't understand, doctor Schmidt.” Violet started, and the doctor stopped and looked back at her.

“You deal mostly with severe fears and phobias, correct?” She asked.

“Redundant, Miss Richards, saying phobias is enough. And yes, you are correct. We deal with such cases exclusively, in fact.”

What an arrogant prick.

Violet clenched her jaw, but made sure to keep her conduct professional.

“Then why are most of your patients on long-term or permanent hospitalization? Phobias are normally not conditions which require isolation from the outside world.” She raised her concerns, pressing the butt of her pen, ready to sum-up his response on her chart.

“Oh we don't deal with the common cases here, Miss Richards. Severe phobias can be very debilitating. We help our patients deal with their fears.”

“Certainly, but Health Department standards and regulations dictate that most cases of severe phobia be treated without sheltering the patient, unless it is accompanied by more severe mental illnesses which may cause the patient to harm themselves or others. I looked through most of your patient files, and that criteria doesn't seem to fit any of them.” Violet said, finding his excuse dubious, to say the least.

“It sounds like you already determined our verdict, before even beginning the inspection.” Dr. Schmidt commented.

“I requested this assignment, because I found the fact that your facility passed the last inspection with flying colors unusual.” Violet admitted.

“Unusual? How so?”

“The lack of reports of the actual practices being utilized here, and the strange fact that nearly all of your patients are female.” Violet said.

“I assure you, you'll change your mind by the time we are done.” Doctor Schmidt said confidently.

“We'll see.” Violet replied, her tone doubtful.

I know you're up to something, Dr. Schmidt, and I intend to find out what it is. She promised herself, strengthening her resolve.

They stopped at the end of the hallway. There were two doors before them.

“You need to be sterilized before we enter.” He told Violet.

“Sterilized? How come? You don't have patients with compromised immune systems.” Violet asked, frowning her brow.

“Nevertheless, we prefer the patient area free of contagions.”

“But if you keep the patients in a sterilized environment for too long, they will not have the proper antibodies to go back to the world. You said most of your patients are here for long term hospitalization.” Violet continued grilling him.

“Which is precisely why you must be sterilized, Miss Richards. You wouldn't want to introduce unknown pathogens to their environment, would you?” The doctor peered at her from beyond his thick spectacles.

“But...?”

“It's a short process, Miss Richards. Let's not make a fuss out of it.” The doctor curtly cut her off.

“Very well. But I will personally check the validity of this practice with my higher-ups.” She proclaimed, and dotted it down in her chart.

“I expect no less. Go right in.” He graciously opened the door for her. A true gentleman.

Violet looked around the room suspiciously.

“Are you ready, Violet?” The doctor asked with a creepy smile, speaking to a microphone on the other side of the glass window.

“Miss Richards.” Violet corrected him. “Where does the sterilization aerosol come out from? I see no spray nozzles. All I see are a bunch of lights lining the walls.” She pressed her glasses to her nose inquisitively.

“Our sterilization room uses UV light to destroy any infectious material from your skin and clothes.”

“Ultraviolet light? Won't it damage my skin, and my eyes?” She asked.

“Not at all. We use special UV light.” The doctor explained.

“I've never heard...”

“It's a prototype.” He cut her off before she could finish her sentence.

“How did you get such a prototype in your facility? And, hold on, why aren't you in here with me? You walked into the unsterilized entrance lobby to greet me.” Violet was getting more and more suspicious.

“Starting sterilization sequence.” The doctor ignored her, and pushed a few buttons.

“Wait!” Violet shouted, making for the door, but then the whole room became filled with bright white light.

The light flashed around her, from all angles. No matter where she turned, it seeped into her very soul. She was immersed in it. The light stretched out for miles in all directions around her. It was infinite.

Her eyes fluttered, and an echoing robotic voice filled her ears. She could feel her mind, her very personality, being rearranged.

Sterilization process initiated. This machine will sterilize your mind of doubt!

The voice declared, and a flash of pink light coursed through the sea of pure white around her.

“Doubt?” She asked, her misgivings already gone. She didn't even feel them being sucked away.

This machine will sterilize your mind of shame!

The voice said and a red flash sealed the deal, erasing any trace of shame from her mind.

This machine will sterilize your mind of the troubles of opinions!

A black ring flew past her like a pipe wave, and once it washed through her, Violet felt clean of all her pesky agendas.

“I have no opinions of my own. I always agree.” She smiled, her voice echoing through the nothingness around her.

This machine will sterilize your mind of the burden of logic!

The voice asserted, and a blue laser beam shot into the middle of her forehead. There was no pain, just a sense of blissful release.

This machine will replace stressful free will with peaceful compliance!

The pure white around her seemed to somehow grow even whiter. As if previously she was engulfed with gray, and only now she saw what true, pristine light was.

Subject is fully sterilized. End process.

The voice proclaimed, and the lights turned off. Violet just stood there, looking around in disbelief. It took her a moment to realize the doctor was no longer watching her through the glass.

She walked through the door into the inner sanctum, a tad dazed, but also more giddy and energetic than usual. The doctor joined her there a moment later.

“You are not allowed to wear any clothing beyond this point, unless it's sanctioned by the hospital administrator.” He told her.

Violet looked at him with wide eyes, and blinked.

“And I do not sanction it.” He stressed out impatiently, after a moment of silence.

“Oh...” Violet looked down at her somewhat conservative get-up. “Of course. Silly me.” She said and immediately began disrobing, starting with her vest.

I have no shame. She thought with a smile.

“Should I just leave my clothes here?” She asked, already down to her bra and panties.

“Yeah, that's just fine.” The good doctor stared at her in a perverted way, checking out the smooth curves of her slim body.

She stood before him, naked as the day she was born, and patiently waited for the tour to begin.

“You won't need this.” He tapped the chart in her hand, and she obediently dropped it, giving him an accepting nod.

I have no opinions.

“And you can take those off, as well.” He reached for her face, and carefully slid her glasses off, before callously dropping them on the rest of her clothes. Violet looked at him with a pleasant smile. It was totally normal for him to decide such things for her.

“Okay then, let's begin.” He said with a light slap on her behind, and Violet walked beside him.

“Yes sir.” She said, following him like a docile lamb.

I always agree. Her voice once again echoed in her head, reassuring her.

“May I ask a question, sir?” She asked as they approached the first room.

“Go ahead.”

“Why didn't you get sterilized with me? Aren't you compromising the, uhm, what was it called again?” She frowned, confused. Violet wasn't used to being absent from words.

“Heh, it wasn't really a sterilization room, Miss Richards.” The doctor told her with a smirk.

“But, you said...” She started.

“Don't worry your perky little tits about it.” He said and pinched her nipples.

She looked down at his hand casually handling her body and felt a shadow of a ghost of a feeling that perhaps this was unusual. He saw her gaze and immediately spoke, “It's perfectly normal for me to touch you any way I see fit.”

“Okay.” Violet whimpered, and felt her concerns slip away.

I always agree.

The first room he took her to had one bed, a small shower, and a work desk with a mirror mounted it. The patient, a young woman with fair skin and golden hair, sat before the desk and brushed her flowing hair before the mirror. She wore long pants, long shirt, shoes, and white latex gloves.

“Emily. Eighteen-year-old female with severe Mysophobia, more commonly known as germophobia. She also has an acute case of Automysophobia, the fear of being dirty. She always brushed her hair for fifteen minutes every morning. It's part of her routine, a morning ritual, almost.” Doctor Schmidt said.

“I see.” Violet said, staring at the beautiful blonde brushing her hair again and again, as if in a trance. She didn't even acknowledge their arrival.

“That's why I allow her to wear those tight clothes, and the gloves. Plus it makes her cute body look really hot.” The doctor grinned.

“How do you treat her condition?” Violet asked slowly, feeling slightly mesmerized by Emily's monotonous hair-brushing.

“I am a firm believer in making patients face their fear.” The doctor said, and walked closer to Emily.

“Of course, with such severe phobias, one must use certain techniques to convince the patients to comply.”

“What techniques?” Violet asked.

“Hypnosis, mostly. Very deep, and powerful hypnosis. Tantamount to brainwashing, actually.” He said, casually looking at the blonde teen with hunger in his eyes.

“Does that really work?” The naked inspector asked, running her hand along her smooth, naked thigh. Doctor Schmidt looked at her with a bemused expression.

“Yeah. Very much so.” He chuckled, relishing the fact that she didn't even get a hint of the irony in her question.

He stood before Emily, and cleared his throat.

“It's time for my daily tongue cleaning.” He said, getting the dazzling teen's attention. She immediately halted her hair brushing, put the brush on the desk, and looked up at him with her sapphire eyes.

“Of course, master. It's my duty.” Emily said with a rosy smile, and dropped to her knees before him. Doctor Schmidt had already whipped his cock out of his pants.

Violet watched as Emily took hold of the base of his cock, with her rubber gloved hands, and planted a wet kiss on the tip.

The doctor gave a groan of delight, feeling her puckered lips press against his sensitive manhood. After a good, long smooch, Emily took her tongue out, and started lapping at his helmet, up and down.

Once his tip was sufficiently lubricated, Emily went lower, brushing her lips along his side, while sliding her tongue along his underside. She gave his balls a slurpy kiss, and moved back up, to take his cock down her throat.

She sucked him off with love and devotion, looking up at him with her wide, blue eyes. Saliva rolled down her chin, soiling the tight clothes which covered the rest of her body.

After about a minute of rhythmic deep-throating, the doctor tapped on her head, signaling he had enough.

“Move to the next part.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” Emily complied, and leaned her head further down. She untied his shoe-laces, and helped him remove his shoes and socks. With no hesitation, the young woman lowered her lips, and kissed the upper-side of his foot. She kept her ass up and available for the good doctor to rub or spank as he pleased.

“As you can see, after our treatment, even a woman with a severe case of germophobia, would lick and kiss my dirty feet clean.” He said as Emily tongued the spaces between his toes.

“That's remarkable.” Violet said with a slight gasp.

He is so amazing! She gushed.

“On your back now.” The doctor told Emily. “Miss Richards, to be certain that the patients are receiving good care, you'll need to participate in some or all of the activities I have them doing. Come over here now.” He called Violet over with an outstretched hand.

“Yes master.” Emily turned around, and lay flat on her back.

“Yes sir.” Violet walked within his reach.

The good doctor grabbed the back of Violet's head, and pushed her down to his crotch, slapping her lips on his cock.

“Suck.” He ordered plainly.

“*Mmh! Mbh! Mbh! Mbh!*” Violet opened her mouth and started sucking up and down, allowing him to sternly guide her movements with his hand on her head.

“*Ohh yeah!*” He moaned, polishing his hard-on in Violet's throat, casually fucking her face. He hovered his foot above Emily's head, and the gorgeous teen licked it like a kitten.

“That's right, clean my feet!” He barked at Emily, and forcefully pushed Violet's head down, making her gag. Her cheeks bloated, and her eyes widened, filled with tears, but she fought her reflexes and stayed down until the good doctor relieved the pressure.

“Okay, that's enough.” He decided a short moment later, after getting his other sole licked by Emily.

“Yes doctor. Thank you for using my tongue to clean your cock and your feet. Would you like me to clean your ass, as well?” Emily returned to a kneeling position, and offered.

“Nah, not today.” He lifted Violet's head back up. “But it should be noted that Emily's progress has been so remarkable, she doesn't hesitate to offer me a rimjob.” He told Violet, and she nodded in agreement, drool running down from the corners of her lips.

“Good. Let's move on.” He spanked Violet again, and moved to the door. Emily, seeing he was done with her, stood up and sat back down before the mirror. She took the brush in her hand, and resumed her monotonous hair-brushing, like a mindless Barbie doll.

“Yes sir!” Violet jumped after him enthusiastically.

The next room housed four patients. The walls, the floor, and the ceiling were a deep glossy black, along with the two black mattresses the patients slept on, naked. In the center of the room was a large, white doggy-bowl.

“Breakfast time, bitches.” Doctor Schmidt called out, and the four patients jumped from their beds, and crawled on their hands and knees towards the bowl, dangling their tongues out of their mouths and panting like eager puppies.

The doctor opened a black drawer, which was so well camouflaged in the uniformly colored room, Violet hadn't even noticed it. He took a plastic container, opened it, and emptied the thick, sticky, white sludge into the white bowl.

“Human sperm, from the local sperm bank.” He told Violet as he filled the bowl, careful not to let any of the objectionable liquid even get close to his clothes or skin.

“The sperm bank gives you...why?” Violet asked, watching in awe as the four patients swooped in and started lapping at the contents of the bowl like ravenous wolves.

“Three of these patients are leukophobic, afraid of the color white. The fourth one, this particular bitch,” he spanked one of the bent-over asses, “suffers from Spermatophobia, a condition of having an abnormal, extreme, and persistent fear of sperm. So you see, this way, we kill two birds with one stone, or rather treat two phobias with one bowl of cum.” He laughed.

“That's very efficient, sir.” Violet smiled, truly impressed, while the four gluttonous patients fought for every scrap of sticky cream they could get their lips and tongues on.

“I'll come back later to fuck you, bitches.” The good doctor promised, placed the empty container back in the drawer, and walked over to the door, to stand next to Violet.

“Thank you, mashter! *Umph! Mnch! Hmm!*” One of the patients called out, and immediately continued her meal of sticky delight.

“Master?” Violet asked. “Emily called you that, too, didn't she?”

“Yeah. You can start calling me master, as well.” He shrugged.

“Okay...Master.” Violet grinned at him.

“As you can see, they don't have a problem with white, or sperm, do they?” He said proudly.

“Yes, master. It's magnificent. But...If they are cured of their phobia, why don't you release them?” She asked.

“I'm not done using their bodies as sex toys, obviously. The one on the right gives the best titfucks.” He bragged. “Stop asking stupid questions, Miss Richards.” He berated, spanking her.

“*Ow!* Yes master. Sorry master.” Violet jumped up, and acknowledged her mistake.

“Moving on, then!”

“Yes master!”

The next room contained two naked young women. They knelt at the foot of their beds, held very realistic dildos in their hands, and licked them, like ice-cream. They had small, perky tits, and a slim, petite physique.

“These are Lucy and Tammy, both nineteen. They came to me with the most serious case of Ithyphallophobia I have ever seen.” The doctor said, shaking his head.

“What's that?” Violet wondered.

“The fear of seeing, or even thinking about erections. It can also affect men, in which case they'd be afraid of even having an erection. Fortunately, I don't have that problem.” He chuckled to himself, and casually guided Violet's hand to his still stiff cock. She gave it a few strokes, out of respect, before they moved on.

“The dildos perfectly simulate real erections, so I don't even need to shove my own down their throats.” He explained as they walked to the next room. “I still occasionally do, of course, but while I attend to my other patients, those two fuck-dolls can fight their fear with the fake cocks.”

“Inspired, master.” Violet commended.

“I guess so far I'm exceeding your expectations, huh?” He asked her.

“Oh yes, master! I don't know why I ever thought you'd fail my inspection! I'm so sorry!” She profusely apologized.

The doctor's cheeks were lightly flushed as he reached the door handle of the next room.

“This is one of my favorites, especially today.” He admitted, and opened the door.

Inside sat a busty woman with impressive curves. Before her was a single bar-stool. She was clearly older than both Violet, and the good doctor. The doctor stared at the big-titted woman, and she stared right back at him, in total silence.

“Uhm, what are we waiting for, master? If I may ask...” Violet was ready to rub her aching buttocks after another reprimanding slap.

“Assistance.” The doctor replied.

“A nurse?” Violet assumed.

“Something like that. Should be here in a couple of minutes. She's probably just getting ready.

Indeed, a mere minute or so later, an attractive young woman joined in. Her tight, pink pussy was perfectly smooth, her face was a work of art, and her body was like a statue of a Greek goddess.

“What a beauty.” The good doctor said, his eyes wide with awe, as he walked over to greet the new arrival with some probing fondles and gentle caresses.

Violet was confused. “You're reacting as if this is the first time you've seen her. Isn't she part of your staff?” She asked.

“Not at all.” He said. “This actually *is* my first time seeing her. How old are you, doll?”

“Eighteen, master.” The adorable teen replied.

“Fantastic. And do you know why you are here?” He took hold of her chin, tenderly.

“To get my cherry popped, master.” The young woman replied with a meek nod, her cheeks blushing.

“Good girl. Take your position on the stool.” He gave her the lightest tap on her pert ass, and the stunning beauty started marching. She knelt on the stool, bent over forward, and presented her virgin pussy to the older woman.

Violet stared ahead, confused, waiting for the good doctor to finally explain the meaning of the spectacle unfolding before her.

She watched as the older woman leaned her head forward, and began licking and sucking on the pretty teen's untouched twat.

"Mmh!" The virgin shuddered, her body shivering with arousal, as her cherry became wetter by the second, under the care of the much more experienced woman.

"Isn't it amazing?" The good doctor gushed, nonchalantly jerking his cock.

"I-I don't understand, master." Violet admitted. Her pussy tingled as she watched the magnificent cunnilingus the patient performed.

"Oh, right! In my excitement, I forgot to explain." He realized.

"Heather here is thirty-eight years old, and she has Parthenophobia, the irrational fear of virgins and young females." He explained.

"So I keep a steady flow of tight, virgin cunts for her to munch on. I try to get her a new one every Wednesday, to show her there's really nothing to fear of the inexperienced young babes. When she's done getting them nice and wet, I step in and fuck their sweet, untouched holes." He said, clearly getting excited.

"But, if you pop them right after she's done. Uhm, where do you find such a consistent flow of new virgins to deflower?" Violet asked, befuddled.

"My friend is the Dean of Medicine at the local college. He doesn't like fucking virgins, so he sends all the virgin coeds he hypnotizes over to me. He rarely ever misses a week, that old horn-dog." The good doctor answered.

"So you collaborate with the local college to help treat your patients, and train inexperienced college slavegirls? I must say, master, I'm getting more and more impressed with every new room on this tour." Violet said with absolute sincerity.

"Indeed. And as you can see, dear Heather has no issues with virgins, or young women, anymore." The doctor rubbed his cock, and walked over to the center of the room.

"That's enough, slut." He told Heather and pushed her head away, already teasing the coed's tight muff with his other hand.

He secured his tip in her pristine pussy, and slowly pushed inside. Heather watched as he penetrated the teen pie she just finished licking, and a wide grin formed on her previously expressionless face.

“Fuck her, doctor. Deflower her tight cherry.” The middle aged woman sang joyfully.

He was halfway into her pure, pink pussy, and her face twitched in pain that soon turned to pleasure. With her hymen torn, Doctor Schmidt grabbed the teen's trim hips, grunted, and rammed his full length in.

“*Ahhh!* Fuck me, master! Use my tight pussy, master!” The deflowered coed moaned, clutching the base of the stool she knelt on, hanging on as the doctor started rocking her Lolita-like body back and forth.

She was so happy to give her virginity to him, so wet and horny as he fucked her, that there was barely a trace of virginal blood. At least not any Violet could see. There may have been a sliver coating the good doctor's hard-on, but he was fucking her so fast, it was impossible to tell.

“Virgin cunts are the best!” He groaned and pressed his pelvis on her pert butt, taking a small break to jovially spank her smooth, bubbly cheeks.

“Yes master. *Mmh!* I saved my virgin cherry for your use. Please fuck me more!” The young coed said, and writhed her body like a limber kitten, moving his erection around in her hot wet cunt.

The doctor gave a feral growl, and began pumping into her at a breathtaking rhythm.

“*Ohh fuck! I'm cumming! Ohh!*” He groaned and arched his head back, thrusting his pelvis into her with all his might.

He bucked his hips into her with a sequence of deep moans, as one after the other, heavy loads of cum filled the cute teen's previously untouched pussy.

“Thank you for filling my pussy with your cum, master.” The adorable hottie looked back at him, and said, her eyes

shimmering and her pretty face glowing in the aftermath of the rough fucking she'd just received.

He chuckled, "No thanks needed, cunt. I prefer to unload into you, and it's much less messy than spraying it on your face, or on the floor." Doctor Schmidt pulled out, teased her cream-glazed pussy-lips a few times with his tip, and walked away.

"Clean her up and send her back to college." He told the middle-aged, busty patient.

"Yes master." Heather nodded with a dreamy look in her eyes, and buried her face in the scrumptious pussy perched before her, gulping the cum and virginal blood oozing out of the smooth, young twat.

The doctor stood next to Violet, watching the pussy eating show with folded arms. The enthralled coed giggled and smiled, wiggling her ass at the pleasant tickles the patient gave her. She was clearly a very willing, happy little fuck-toy.

"My dean friend is going to have lots of fun with that one." The doctor said with a half-smile.

"Okay, moving on." He clapped his hands suddenly, and pulled Violet by her hardened nipples.

"*Mm!* Yes master. Watching your treatment methods is very enlightening." She said, and hopped after him.

The next room was much bigger. It had wooden, parquet flooring, and a gigantic mirror lined the length and breadth of one of the walls. If Violet didn't know better, she would assume she had entered a dance studio. In front of the mirror stood three stripper poles, and next to the door was a portable CD player.

Around each pole, stood three exquisite young women. They wore a variety of sexy outfits, low-cut blouses, crop-tops, tiny skirts and tight shorts that emphasized their pert, bubbly booties. Their make-up was glamorous, and their skins sparkled.

They each held the pole with their right hand, kept their head down, and their legs lightly spread. They looked like inactive pull-toys, waiting to be played with.

“Okay, these patients suffer from three separate phobias, but their treatment can be easily combined, like the cum-guzzlers back in the black room.” The doctor explained.

“Those three.” He pointed to the rightmost pole, “are gymnophobes and dishabiliophobes. They are afraid of being seen naked, undressing before someone, and seeing someone else naked.”

“The three holding the middle pole have chorophobia, the irrational fear of dancing.” He continued, “and the three leaning on the faraway pole are scopophobes, afraid of being seen or stared at, so make sure you really ogle them good as they dance.”

“Understood, master.” Violet nodded, happy to be a part of the healing process.

The good doctor walked over to the CD Player, and patted the play button with his finger.

“All right, let the strip-off...Begin!” He bellowed jovially, and pressed his finger down.

Up beat Electro-pop music filled the room, and the nine women raised their heads and tightened their grips of the poles. They looked at one another with shy smiles, but the music quickly overrode all their inhibitions.

It started with a few subtle rear end twitches, to the beat of the persistent bass-line, and quickly bloomed to a full-on, lively, vivacious striptease show. The young women giggled at one another and smiled coyly at their spectators, happily showing off their alluring bodies.

With no doubt or inhibition, clothes began flying through the room, as the women twirled around the poles, shaking their perfect bodies to the up-beat rhythm.

“For sluts who are afraid of dancing, they are very energetic.” Violet noted, just as one of the girls dancing around the middle pole tossed her panties right on her head. She proceeded to sniff the pink silk with a silly giggle.

“That one is getting really wet. I guess I shouldn't be surprised, considering how she's grinding her hips on the pole.”

Violet continued her overview, watching one of the patients sliding her pussy on the cold, hard metal.

Violet then stared at the girls on the leftmost pole, who were almost all naked by now. They blushed redder than ripe tomatoes for a moment, but the music clearly ruled their bodies and minds more than their silly fears. They vibrantly shook their asses from side to side, showing off their curves, shamelessly and gleefully.

Unsurprisingly, the nudity phobic chicks on the rightmost pole were the last to strip completely naked. They were even bothered by Violet's nudity, when they first lifted their heads. A couple of minutes into the first song, however, and they already happily accepted the good doctor's fondling of their tits as he rubbed against them. He pressed his cock on their smooth, glittery skin, as they moved their bodies in a sensual dance.

"Come on, Miss Richards. They'll finish their performance in an hour or so, when the music stops." He took Violet by the hand, and led her out of the makeshift pole-dancing studio. "I usually stay and fuck them a bit, but since you're here." He smiled at her, and cupped her breast.

"Is the fucking related to their treatment?" She wondered.

"Of course not. It's just fun. I told you to stop asking stupid questions." He scolded.

"Sorry master."

On the way to the next room, two scantily dressed women passed by them. They wore whorish make-up, walked on insanely high heels, and had gigantic, fake boobs.

"Off to work, ladies?" The doctor asked courteously.

"Yes boss!" One of them, a redheaded slut, answered.

"I love working for you, boss!" The other exclaimed with a high pitched squeal. She had silky brunette hair, and a tall, slim figure.

"Get to it, then. Remember to be careful from the cops, especially during the day, okay?" The good doctor cautioned.

"Yes boss!" The two said, and hopped on their very merry way.

“Those are Trish and Jane.” He said when he noticed Violet's inquisitive frown.

“Trish came to us with severe Cypriphobia, a fear of prostitutes. Jane is a common case of Ergophobia, the fear of work. Evidently, all Jane needed was a job that fit her skills. Now that she fucks and sucks for a living, she couldn't be happier. And now that Trish works as a full time hooker, she sees that prostitutes aren't that bad, and certainly not scary. In fact, most of her friends now are ladies of the night.”

“So they prostitute themselves for you?” Violet asked, a bit shocked.

“They do it for themselves, to help their condition. Which is why the hospital keeps all the money they make. Everybody wins.” The good doctor declared happily.

Violet paused. She somehow felt there was something wrong about that practice. She knew it was illegal, but the gripes and problems she felt she ought to have seemed to be hiding under a blinding veil of mesmerizing light.

“That's very pragmatic of you, master. The bureau always encourages hospitals to find ways to self fund at a greater percentage.” She finally said, unable to see any issue with using patients as free-labor call-girls. In fact, she was beginning to wonder why other medical establishments aren't doing the same, seeing as it was so easy and profitable.

The next room looked like the basement of a bondage sex club. The two women inside had spiked collars around their necks, piercings in their nipples and clits, battery-operated dildos buzzing in their soaking pussies, and anal beads lodged up their asses.

On the walls hung a variety of leashes, whips, straps, and bondage equipment, and there were two cages on the floor, one for each of the patients. Their hair was dyed purple and blue, and their bodies were scribbled on with words of perversion and submission, dubbing them “sex toys”, and declaring they are “cunts for master to fill with jizz”.

“Hello master! Would you like to spank me?” The purple-haired patient offered up a spanking paddle for the good doctor to use on her shapely behind.

“No! Please tie my titty rings to the wall and whip *me* instead, master!” The blue-haired patient begged, a whip in her hands.

Doctor Schmidt chuckled and turned to Violet.

“These bitches used to be police detectives. They were certain I was committing illicit, kinky acts with my patients. They were so utterly demure and prudish.” He explained.

“How did they become patients?” Violet asked, as the purple-haired ex-cop turned around and started spanking herself with the paddle, trying to entice her master.

“Once I managed to look past my own anger, at their rude intrusion into my business, I realized the two of them suffered from a somewhat rare case of Paraphobia, the fear of sexual perversion. Or at least what the afflicted believe, from their own twisted perspective, constitutes sexual perversion.”

He took the paddle and gave the purple-haired woman a harsh swat on her curvy rear.

“*Ow!* Thank you, master!”

“As you can see, they no longer have any problem engaging in acts they themselves find perverse and lewd.” He said, and handed the paddle back to the former police officer.

“Another wonderful success story, master.” Violet agreed joyfully, watching the two perverted BDSM sluts shake their booties for the good doctor.

“Play with us, master!” “Yes please!”

The two whined.

“Sorry, sows. I just ejaculated a few minutes ago, and you know I don't like toying with you two without ending by spraying your perverted bodies with cum. I'll fuck you later today.” He promised, spanked all four ass cheeks, and led Violet outside, leaving the two patients to play with their whips and bumpy dildos among themselves.

He led Violet around the corner into a new hallway, and showed her into the first room. The sign on the door read “Here live happily, wifey-slave and master”.

Inside, it looked like the kitchen of a wholesome suburban homestead, fitted with a fridge, some counters, a stove, a microwave, and a small wooden dining table. There was also a dark-haired woman, wearing a pornographic version of a wedding gown, exposing her tits and her ass. She had a doggy collar around her neck, with a small bell tied to it.

The bell jingled gently as the patient stood over the stove, working on a delicious meal and humming a soft, merry tune.

“This is Claire. She used to be the head nurse here, before I took over. She was very defiant to my proposed changes to this facility. A real ball-busting, ice-queen bitch.” He spat, clearly still feeling resentment.

“It took me a while to diagnose her. She was resistant, but I finally figured her problem out.” He smiled wickedly, staring at the patient's ass shake as she hummed and cooked.

“What was it?” Violet was eager to soak more of the good doctor's wisdom.

“She had a complete misunderstanding of how relationships between men and women should be, which resulted in a strong case of Gamophobia, an irrational fear of serious relationships and marriage.”

The doctor walked over to the slutty bride, whipped out his cock, and slapped it on her curvacious ass.

“*Mm!* Hello master! Wifey-slave is almost done preparing your breakfast.” She wiggled her ass at him, pressing her cheek against his semi-erect cock.

“Very good, wifey-slave. Your husband-master is very happy with you.” He said, heartily grabbing her ass cheek.

“Keep wiggling your ass on my cock and I'll have a nice breakfast for you, too!” He groaned and started humping the smooth skin of her bubbly butt.

“*Mphh!* Wifey-slave's mouth is getting watery just thinking about it, master!” The former nurse squealed, and flipped the

pancake one last time.

The good doctor sat down at the table, and his submissive wife-slave served him pancakes with maple-syrup, yogurt, some neatly sliced fresh fruits, and a tall glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

“Would our guest like to dine under the table with wifey-slave?” Claire offered Violet, inviting her to her knees.

Violet took a moment to think about it. She looked at the delicious meal Claire prepared for the doctor, and thought about the meaty snake between his legs.

“Absolutely!” She cheered, and quickly dropped to her knees. Claire slipped under the table right after her, and together they crawled over and began sharing the doctor's cock between their wet, hungry lips.

There was something extremely soothing about kneeling under a table with another dumb bimbo, and tenderly worshiping cock. Violet could see why the former head-nurse surrendered herself to a quiet life of a submissive wife-slave.

“*Phua!* I hope you'll find a real husband to serve, once the doctor finishes helping you with your phobia and discharges you. *Mphh!*” Violet wished wholeheartedly, and began lavishing the doctor's balls with messy kisses and slurps.

“What do you mean? Master is my dear husband. I will be his little wifey-slave forever. *Ulp! Umph!*” Rachel replied with dimwitted eyes, and dove down between her master's legs.

Violet felt sorry for the silly patient. A wonderful man like Doctor Schmidt would never stoop to marrying a worthless cum-guzzling cunt like her. Violet had no such delusions. She was just happy for the honor of serving as a wet mouth at his feet.

She vaguely remembered wanting to expose his wrongdoings, but every time her limber tongue slid around his balls, those blurry memories vanished from her mind. And soon enough, she stopped even trying to recall why being a respectable, independent career woman was so important to her.

“Phhhuff! Being a simple-minded skank *-Phh!* is so much more fun than what I was before!” Violet squealed with delight, and took Claire's place, choking on the doctor's cock, while Claire used the break to kiss his inner thigh.

Violet's reverie was cut short when her slave cunt clenched in a surprise orgasm. She rode out the pleasurable clenching and felt the orgasm forcing her to tighten her lips around the base of his shaft, and wiggle her tongue madly. Muffled moans of delight barely escaped her hard-working lips, as her pussy quivered.

She pulled off his cock with a gasp and allowed Claire to replace her on deep throat duties, “Wow. I've never had an orgasm without touching myself.” She whispered under her breath, and gave his balls a grateful kiss, before nosing Claire out of the way and diving back down onto her master's cock with sparkling eyes and a smile around her full mouth.

The clank of cutlery preceded the dragging of Doctor Schmidt's chair. His cock moved away from Violet and Claire, and the two crawled after him like simple minded pets. They whined, crawled from under the table after him, and planted their lips on the sides of his hard-on.

“That's enough, bitches.” He grabbed them by the hair and pulled their heads up. “I'm done with my meal, and I've got to finish my rounds.”

“Of course, master. Your loyal wifey-slave will clean the dishes, wash the floor, and keep the house nice and tidy for you, forever and ever.” Claire declared, stood up, and took his plate and empty glass to the sink.

“It's so rewarding to see how low she's sunk. Pathetic whore.” The good doctor laughed behind Claire's back, as the former head-nurse got to work on the dishes, humming away, shaking her bare ass joyfully.

“Let's go, Miss Richards.” He slapped his throbbing rod on her lips, and walked to the door. Violet didn't even bother to get back on her feet until they exited back into the hallway.

The sign on the next door read - "Maternity Ward".

That's odd, Violet thought, *Why does a mental hospital need a maternity ward?*

She considered it for a moment, but her head started spinning, so she stopped.

I'm sure master has a good reason for it. She decided, but something still bugged her. It was annoying, and she hoped it would go away.

Inside the room were three young female patients. Two of them had impressive pregnancy bellies. They sat at the foot of a king-sized bed, stared vacantly into nothingness, and rubbed their knocked up tummies in slow, circular motions.

The third patient was clearly the youngest of the bunch, a long-haired blonde with delicate features and a bewitching smile. She noted the doctor's arrival with a sweet smile, and lay on the bed with her legs spread open.

"The two sitting down are Roxanne and Ginger. The little cutie on the bed is Lana. She just turned eighteen a couple of weeks ago, and she's been a patient here for nearly a full week."

The doctor walked over to the bed, and started running his fingers on Lana's smooth skin.

"Tocophobia, the irrational fear of pregnancy and childbirth." The doctor explained as he rubbed his tip on Lana's velvety pussy lips. The hot teen held her legs apart with both hands, and whimpered in response.

"Each patient in our maternity ward has a severe case of Tocophobia. And as with all the other patients in our institution, the most effective treatment seems to be confronting them with their fear." The doctor finished with a grunt and pushed his pelvis forward, sticking his full shaft right into Lana's tight cunt. Her pussy was fresh and young, but by how wet and easy to penetrate she was, Violet could tell the young treat had plenty of sex as of late.

"We keep track of their ovulation cycles, and I make sure to put my seed to work to help in their full recovery. The idea is

simple.” He thrust into the petite angel on the bed at a pace of his own choosing. “After they go through the process of being pregnant and giving birth a few times, they will no longer have any fear of it. I make sure the offspring is adopted by wealthy, childless families, so they can have a cushy, opulent future.”

He leaned his weight into her and grabbed her firm perky apples with a squeeze.

“Such perfect little titties, fit so perfectly in the palm of my hand.” He moaned as he rocked her statuette body back and forth.

Violet grinned at the enlightening demonstration, focusing her gaze on Lana's pink pussy. Something the doctor said did give her pause, however, as she watched his cock go in and out of the nubile teen's wet cunt.

“Giving birth a few times?” She asked slowly, as if having trouble grasping for each word.

“Did you say something?” The doctor asked as he continued fucking the puddle of young lust under him.

“Y-Yeah.” Violet stuttered. “Isn't it a little extreme? To impregnate them more than once...? Come to think of it, even doing it once seems...” She frowned. Doubts started piercing through the thick haze of lust she was in.

The doctor slowed down his plowing into Lana's pussy. “Don't worry your pretty little head. I am the specialist here, aren't I? I know what I'm doing.”

“I-I guess.” Violet blinked. “It's just...”

“Don't think about it. Remember your place. Think about the devotion and trust you feel towards me. Let yourself focus on that truth, and let everything else blur out and fade away.” He spoke strongly, his voice piercing straight into Violet's very core.

“Yes. You're right, of course.” She concluded, looking down in shame. “Sorry for interfering with your treatment, master. Please, carry on.”

The good doctor gave her a discerning look, and turned his attention back to Lana. With a devilish smirk, he leaned down

and continued fucking her to his heart's content. Violet soon raised her head and watched, in timid silence, her cheeks flushed and her lips lightly ajar.

“Master, may I orgasm?” Lana asked with a loud whisper, lust dripping from her sweet voice.

“You know the rules, honey.” The doctor replied, panting over her. “Only when I cum inside of you.”

But why? Violet found herself wondering, but she couldn't muster the nerve to ask it out loud.

“Sorry, master.” Lana shivered under him, arching her lithe body in ecstasy as she tried to hold herself off from exploding in a mind numbing climax.

“Fuck me, master. Use your slave's pussy.” She shuddered, gyrating her trim hips towards him. “My pussy craves your cum, master. You own my pussy, master. You give my life purpose!” Lana pulled on her tits and moaned, teary eyed.

“That's sweet. You're trying to entice me to a quicker orgasm.” The doctor smiled proudly. “How cleverly naughty of you.”

“Yes master. Punish your naughty slavegirl.” Lana gripped her thighs ever more tightly, spreading her long legs as wide as she could for him.

Her desperation is...intoxicating. Violet felt Lana's heat so vividly that her skin tingled. Her arousal seemed to tangibly radiate through the room, running its ethereal tentacles of passion along Violet's skin, between her breasts and her thighs, blowing warm breaths on her exposed pussy lips.

“So hot...” Violet mumbled, struggling to keep herself from lunging forward and humping the corner of the bed on which the good doctor fucked Lana.

Have to stay professional. My job is to watch, inspect, and obey master. Keep focused. Stay vigilant.

“Vigilant...?” She repeated the word out loud, as if wondering where it came from.

Something is missing. Something important. Aren't I...forgetting something? An important aspect of my job here.

Yeah...

She was getting close. The answer was there at the tip of her tongue, hiding behind an ever weakening mental barrier. But then, the good doctor pushed deep into Lana and threw his head back. His quaking orgasm cut Violet's train of thought, clean and sharp.

Master said I can orgasm when he orgasms. Violet remembered what the doctor told Lana, and her body reacted out of instinct. The hot scene before her had already revved her up, and watching her master's burly thigh muscles tighten as he pumped Lana full of cum easily pushed Violet over the edge.

What followed was a cacophonous symphony of moans and cries of blissful pleasure, as Lana and Violet both joined the doctor in his powerful wave of orgasm. Violet fell to her knees. She had to use her arm to stop herself from stumbling further down. She humped the thin air as her tender pussy lips quivered.

"I love you, master." She heard Lana say.

"I am your toy. I am your fuck-doll. I am a receptacle for your cum. I am so honored to be chosen to bear your children, master. I will always obey." Lana continued muttering her devoted mantra to the great man who just finished using her pink pussy. She spread her lips with her fingers, showing the good doctor how his cum oozed from her sweet hole.

The doctor gently stroked Lana's inner thigh, and gave a warm smile as he took in her radiant beauty.

A few calming moments later, and he stood up from the bed with a groan. "See that, Miss Richards?" He lazily waddled over to where she knelt, and used her hair to wipe his softening manhood. "Thanks to me, that scrumptious peach lying on the bed there is eager to get knocked up. She isn't afraid in the slightest."

"Your methods constantly succeed in impressing me, master." Violet looked up at him with wide eyes, passively accepting his actions as he rubbed his crotch in her face.

“Okay, moving on.” He tapped her lips with the tip of his rubbery member, and walked past her, patting one of the glassy eyed, pregnant patients on the head as he moved on by.

“Yes master.” Violet crawled a few steps before standing up, and followed him back into the hallway.

They turned right, and around the corner sat an unexpected sight, quite literally. Specifically, it was a naked woman with dark skin and big tits. She bounced up and down on the chair on which she sat, and it didn't take Violet long to realize she had a dildo in her pussy, a plastic dick that was fixed to the seat below her.

She whimpered as she hopped her juicy ass on the chair, her even juicier mammaries bouncing buoyantly. She acknowledged the doctor's arrival with a dreamy smile, and turned her gaze back to the wall in front of her, continuing her lewd exercise.

Violet turned to the doctor. “What's her story? Is she a patient?” She asked.

“Indeed she is, my astute slave. Francine came to us with a very bothersome condition. Kathisophobia, or the fear of sitting down. You can imagine how debilitating such a phobia can be.”

“Indeed. I'm learning about many conditions I've never heard about from you, master.” Violet said and looked at Francine with curious eyes. “Why the dildo, though? And why is she in the hallway?”

“Positive reinforcement, of course. A horny bitch like her can easily be trained to let go of her fears with a stiff ruler jammed in her cunt. If she wants to cum, she needs to sit further down. Every time she tries getting up, her wet pussy makes her sit back down again.” The doctor explained proudly.

“So you're training her to think with her pussy?” Violet asked.

“Clearly works better than letting her think with her brain, I'd say.” The doctor chuckled. “And as for her being in the hallway, perhaps if the Department of Health gave Strawberry Fields more funding, we'd have a proper room to put her in. We have a lot of patients here, Miss Richards, compromises must be made.”

“Regulations dictate patient welfare must not be compromised under any circumstance.” Violet cited, out of instinct. It was an urge she regretted a moment later, when the good doctor reprimanded her with a sharp slap to her ass.

“Sorry master. I was out of line.” She blushed, hoping her swift repenting would spare her further punishment. Fortunately for her, a loud squeal from a nearby room managed to steal the doctor's attention.

It was the first room in the new hallway, and it housed more than a few patients. The one moaning out of her breath lay on a bed near the door. Her eyes were blocked by blindfolds and her ears covered with large plushy headphones, colored bright pink.

“Mmh! Ahh! Nnh! Aahh!” The young woman was in the throws of a tremendous wave of multiple orgasms. The linen of her bed sheets was soaking wet between her legs, wetness even reaching close to her ankles, indicating powerful squirting orgasms. Once down from the height of climax, the sensory deprived patient brought her dainty hand between her legs, and resumed her pussy rubbing with gusto.

“She looks happy.” Violet noted the depraved grin on the woman's face. “Can she hear us?”

“Not at all. The headphones block all sound.” The doctor said. “And she is certainly quite happy, thanks to my professional treatment.”

“Which is?” Violet pressed.

The doctor put his hand on her ass, as a reminder for her to watch her tone. He answered her question, nonetheless. “I used hypnosis techniques to lock her mind in a perpetual wet dream. A very pleasurable trance, for sure.” He said.

“But...why?” Violet hesitated, but her curiosity got the better of her.

“She has Oneirogmophobia.” The doctor replied with a casual shrug.

“Onegro...” Violet tried repeating, to the good doctor's amusement.

“It's a mouthful, I know. In laymen terms, it is the fear of having wet dreams.” He said.

“Oh! So that's why?”

“Exactly, Miss Richards. In her case the treatment is rather simple. She literally fears one of the best sources of pleasure in life. Healing her is as simple as using hypnosis to lower her debilitating inhibitions and letting her truly enjoy the bliss of continual climax.” He brought his tip over to the lying girl's mouth. She hungrily lapped at his manhood the second she felt it on her skin.

“Heh, by the time I'm done with her, she will be addicted to wet dreams.” The doctor declared with a snicker, tapping his cock on the young woman's face. “And her cunt is always so wet and ready, I often come here to give her a good hard fucking. I try to visit her at least once a day, usually right before I head home.” He moved the patient's hand away and slapped her pussy lips with three fingers, making her moan and writhe her body upwards.

“She, obviously, never awakens from her incredibly deep trance. Even during the night.” He finished with a smile, enjoying the patient's absentminded licking of his raw shaft.

“What about the other ones?” Violet looked around the room and asked. The doctor turned to her and nonchalantly brought the patient's hand back between her legs, letting her continue her wet dream uninterrupted.

The good doctor walked over to a patient kneeling in the corner. She kept her head hanging low, looking like a doll who's strings have been cut.

“This is Sylvia.” He gently ran his fingers in the broken doll's hair. “Look up, Sylvia.” He said with an assertive, yet empathetic voice.

“Don't want to...” Sylvia squeaked. Violet was shocked to see anyone refusing her wonderful master.

“Go on, Sylvia. We have a guest. Don't you want to show her the progress you've made?” He tried to persuade her with a warm pat on her slender shoulder.

"I'm scared." A sudden shiver coursed through Sylvia's body as she gave her weak, whiny response.

The doctor looked down at her with a mix of compassion and disappointment.

"Anablephobia. A persistent, abnormal, and unwarranted fear of looking up" He said. "As you can see, she still needs a lot of work. But watch this." He added and grabbed his dick with an enthusiastic expression.

"Sylvia, if you don't look up at me, you won't get to lick the yummy balls you love so much." He said with a teasing tone. Violet could see the meek patient's eyes almost literally light up.

"I love licking master's balls." Sylvia said with a flat tone.

"Yes you do. I programmed the fixation into her." He told Violet from the corner of his lips, and turned back to his patient. "Go on, Sylvia. You want your reward, don't you?" He prodded her again, although this time it worked much, much better.

The bashful young woman apprehensively tilted her head up. Her last motion was swift, like ripping off a band-aid. Her eyes crossed upon the doctor's crown jewels with a gasp. She lunged forward with a relieved grin on her pretty face.

"Isn't this better, Sylvia? Doesn't it feel great to face your fears." He smiled down at her as she sloppily made out with his balls.

"Yes master." She slurped. "Shorry for being sho shilly." She said with a giggly tone and continued lavishing his balls with love.

"See how lighthearted and merry she now is?" The doctor addressed Violet again. "It's moments like this that make my work worthwhile." He ended with a relaxed sigh. "Seeing the happiness in their eyes when they successfully overcome their fear, not to mention the pleasure of their wet tongues worshipping my testes." He scratched Sylvia under the chin, like a pet.

"It certainly looks rewarding, master." Violet fixed her gaze on his nuts with salivating lips, making the doctor give a snorting chortle.

"Okay that's enough, baby." He pulled back from Sylvia.

“Yes master.” The fearful woman gave his balls one last kiss, and let her head slump back down. The smack of her lips was followed by an audible gaff, from a different corner of the room. Looking over, Violet saw a brown haired girl pressing herself to the corner, seemingly trying her best not to look in their direction.

Violet frowned. “This one seemed to have a visceral reaction to something you did, master.” She noted. “Can't really see why.” She admitted.

“It's quite simple, Miss Richards. She is afraid of kissing. An affliction that usually affects young, inexperienced kissers, who are afraid of doing something 'wrong'.” He said. “Unfortunately, Nadia here is not only afraid of the physical act of kissing, she also hates seeing anyone kissing anything. To me, it feels like a self esteem issue, especially considering she's already twenty-one years old.”

“There's a fear of kissing? Seriously?” Violet was so happy to be learning so much.

“Philemaphobia is the technical term, and it's much more common than the fear of sitting down *and* the fear of looking up, mind you. Of course many physicians wrongfully diagnose it in young people who might simply have a bit of butterflies about their first kiss. You must be cautious when diagnosing a phobia.”

Violet soaked every bit of educational information the doctor was kind enough to dish her way. His next action seemed less professional to her, though.

“Kiss my feet, Nadia.” He walked over and told the naked brunette.

“Yes master.” The disgusted expression on Nadia's face vanished, replaced by a docile smile and vacant eyes.

Why make her do that? Violet wondered, watching Nadia obediently lower her head and kiss the upper side of his outstretched foot, trying her best not to ogle the young woman's round, nicely bent ass.

Can't she kiss other things? It's not like she's a germophobe like that first patient. Violet wanted to ask the good doctor about

it, but was afraid of being scolded and spanked again.

Doctor Schmidt, on his part, never even averted his gaze from Nadia's ass. He reached down and made a grab. "I'm hard again." He announced as he rose back up with a sigh, and walked over to the three remaining patients, kneeling in a line next to the wall, opposite the door.

"Let me introduce you to the rest of them." He told Violet while casually tickling the lips of the trim, tall, raven-haired beauty who knelt first in line. She instinctively parted her lips for him.

"This is Layla." He said with a grunt and pushed into her mouth. "She has a fear of being choked or smothered, also known as Pnigophobia." He regaled as he slowly jammed his cock down her throat. When she began gagging, the good doctor grabbed her head and pumped in and out a few quick times, even going so far as to block her nose for a few short moments.

"Hmm, feels awesome." He groaned in pleasure, and pulled out of her mouth with an abrupt movement.

"Looks like she's fine with being choked now." Violet looked at Layla, noting the smile on her face as tears of joy rolled down her cheeks.

"She's been a patient for a while." The doctor dismissively moved to the curly haired ginger next to Layla.

"This is Dana." He started brutally fucking her face right off the bat. "She's a lesbian, which in itself is not a medical condition obviously. Androphobia, on the other hand." He gave a fierce grunt and increased the pace of his sharp pelvis whipping. Dana slobbered and drooled on her chin as she gagged on his shaft.

"Androphobia. The fear of men?" Violet did some quick thinking, recalling her limited knowledge of Greek words. The doctor nodded and gave her a smiling thumbs up, too overworked to verbally respond. He continued fucking the willing mouth below him.

Violet actually saw Dana move her tongue under his cock, an impressive feat for any woman getting so forcefully face fucked, let alone a dyke. Watching the intense oral scene was gripping,

for sure, but Violet still found herself asking silly questions she really shouldn't have. Like whether what her master was doing actually constituted a proper medical procedure.

Don't be silly, Violet. She told herself. *Or I'll have to spank me, myself.* She thought with a giggle.

“What's funny? *Ooh!*” The doctor asked with a moan, filling Dana's throat to the brim.

“Nothing, master. Sorry.” This time Violet did spank herself, angry for daring to distract her master from his sacred work.

He didn't seem to mind it much, though.

“Yeah! Take that cock, cunt! Use your fucking tongue properly!” He growled with every deep thrust.

It's always nice to see a doctor who likes his job. Violet smiled. *Although he is being quite vulgar.*

“Here I cum!” He gave another moan and quickly pulled out of Dana's mouth, shoving his rod into the third patient in line with no delay.

“*Ohh! Ohh yeah!*” He started filling her mouth the second he pushed into her lips. The sticky white goo overflowed her lips and dribbled down her chin.

“Swallow as much as you can, Penny.” He said, and the patient immediately started gulping his load down her throat.

“Very good girl.” The doctor praised her, and turned his head to address Violet. “Phagophobia, the fear of swallowing. I make her swallow my cum at least twice every day.” He bragged and walked over.

“I need to wipe my cock.” He said and gave Violet a clear signal.

“Oh right. Sorry, master!” Violet hurriedly knelt and lent her hair for him to wipe his cock on.

“We're almost at the end of our tour.” The good doctor informed her with glee.

They didn't go into the next room, but merely watched the patients through a display window. It's not that they were in a rush, the doctor simply didn't care to get his clothes wet. The

room was filled with steam, and in it, four patients stood in the gushing stream shooting out of at least a dozen shower heads spread around the room.

“The two blondes are Cindy and Mindy. They're both hydrophobes, and the reason they look so similar is that they just happen to be twins.” He grinned.

“Hydrophobia as in the fear of water?” Violet wanted to make sure.

“Affirmative.” The doctor winked at her.

“The other two are Galina and Lupe. Both came to us with severe Ablutophobia.” He pointed to the petite Latina and the Russian looking girl frolicking under the same shower-head, playing with one another in lascivious ways.

“That's the fear of washing and bathing.” The doctor continued when he saw the blank, questioning stare Violet gave him.

“Ohh. So this room is another space saver for you.” She surmised, and the doctor nodded in approval. They watched the four young patients play for a while, until the good doctor pulled Violet away. Watching them enjoy their endless shower was oddly captivating.

“And here we are at the next to last room I have to show you.” He opened the door to one of the biggest rooms in the facility. On a super king size bed lay seven gorgeous women.

“What do they have?” Violet asked.

“Oh they're not the patients. Just some swimsuit models who agreed to help us here, after I gave them a good hypnotic talking to, of course.” The doctor pointed to the far corner of the room. “That's the patient. Our only male patient, actually. I guess beautiful women are just naturally more fearful.” He postulated.

The patient was cowering in the corner, practically weeping as he gnawed on his fingernails. “P-Please let me out. I can't take it!” He sobbed when he saw Violet and the doctor.

“Now now, Doctor Howard. You have to face your fears. You know that.” Violet's master said, a vividly wicked glint in his eyes.

Violet's jaw dropped. "Dr. Howard? Isn't he..."

"The previous administrator, yes." He finished her sentence. "Back when he was in charge, this facility treated more generic ailments. That was before I turned it into a specialized fear clinic."

"I heard he resigned in a letter." Violet frowned.

"I wrote that letter, actually." Doctor Schmidt confessed. "His condition was way too severe for him to write one up on his own."

"His condition?" Violet shook her head.

"Venustraphobia. The fear of beautiful women. Hence, I got him his own personal harem, to deal with his fear." He ogled the seven hotties on the bed.

"That's...very nice, I guess. To go that far for his treatment." Violet said.

"He *is* a former colleague, after all." The doctor reasoned. "I do admit I sometimes use his harem myself. He never does, and trust me these bitches get horny. What else can I do?" He pulled on his shoulders with a fake shy shrug.

"Come join us, master!" One of the gorgeous swimsuit models couldn't hold off anymore, and the rest quickly joined her.

"Fuck us, master!" One of them spread her legs wide and energetically gyrated her hips in the good doctor's direction. Her smooth cunt was so wet, it made Violet downright envious.

"Later, babe. Focus on your own master, maybe?" He suggested.

"All he does is sit in the corner with a floppy dick. He squeals every time we try to suck him off! It makes us feel so useless..." One of the seven beauties lamented.

"Get each other off, then." The wise doctor found a solution for them, and before he could even finish the sentence the seven embarked in a wild pussy licking, cunt numbing orgy on the mega sized bed. The debauched display of fetching beauty made the former administrator cover his eyes and shrivel in terror.

His squirming squeal took Violet's attention momentarily, and a question floated in her mind.

“When did Dr. Howard develop this condition?” She asked. “It couldn't have been this strong throughout his career, and such an increase in magnitude is usually the result of a significant trauma.”

The doctor chuckled. “He started displaying symptoms shortly after I began using subtle neuro-linguistic programming to develop the condition within his mind. Although it became truly unmanageable for him once I started using powerful hypnosis techniques and intense mental conditioning to cement it into his subconscious. It didn't take too long, actually.” He finished with a carefree smile, but looked at Violet with peeled eyes, curious to see her reaction.

“You...you what?” She blinked and shook her head, trying to jog whatever bothered her into the forefront of her cognition.

“I hypnotized him so I could take over the hospital, Miss Richards.” The doctor repeated casually. “Let's move on.” He put his hand on her hips and led her away.

“Okay...” Violet let him move her about, her mind still locked in a loop, trying to figure out what was bugging her about the whole situation.

The doctor stopped her just before the one room they have yet to visit.

“Before we go in, I would be remiss if I didn't bend you over the wall and fucked you. It's a necessary part of the tour, as you should well know.” He told her.

Violet stopped to think for a second, until she realized the good doctor was tapping his foot on the floor impatiently. He had a job to get back to, after all.

“Yes, of course. Sorry I'm a bit slow today.” She apologized and quickly assumed the position. She pressed her cheek to the wall and popped her butt out for him.

“Nice and round and bubbly.” The good doctor appraised her ass with his hands and cock, as well as his eyes. He slapped her cheeks with his stick and rubbed it between them, pressing himself onto her and holding her tight.

“I'm ready for you, master.” Violet said as he smothered her with love. “I mean, my pussy is wet and ready, as always.” She didn't want to seem pushy.

“I know you are, Miss Richards. I just need a moment to erect my probing device, if you know what I mean.” He laughed. “I've had plenty of action this morning. As hot as you are, you can't blame me for taking my time.”

“I would never think of it, master.” Violet said, resigned to patience.

Her patience paid off. After a few minutes which felt like the longest in her life, the doctor rammed his throbbing “probe” deep into her.

She came, almost instantly.

“*Oh god! Master! Fuck me, master!*” She couldn't help but moan and beg for more. She tried being professional, but the way he plowed into her and kissed her neck made her lose all sense of decorum. He pressed her to the wall, held her hips firmly, and rode her flawlessly smooth body. He pressed his lips on her back and smacked her ass with his right hand.

“Good pussy!” He let out with a growl, wrapped her long hair around his hand, and used it as leverage to pound into her.

“Thank you, master! Thank you, *ahh!*” Violet moaned. She didn't even know what she was thanking him for, fucking her, or slapping her ass in such a degrading manner.

As easily as he thrust into her, the good doctor pulled out. “Good girl. You might finally be ready.”

“R-Ready?” Violet muttered, her pussy still quivering.

“Ready to finally become a patient here.” He opened the last door. “Ready to join your friend.”

“My...friend?” She stared at her master blankly.

“Have a look.” He invited, and Violet cautiously approached the door.

“R-Raven?” She gasped in shock.

Standing naked before a large spiral wallpaper, was a woman Violet knew, and even more so, loved. The words best friends forever were not cliché when it came to Violet and Raven. They met in their younger days, and stuck together through school, college, and even chose to pursue the same career, just so they could work together.

Raven was her roommate, her best friend, and on one uninhibited drunk night, which they both agreed to never talk about, her lover. Violet wasn't even that shocked to see Raven naked. After all, they lived together since they moved into the college dorms when they turned eighteen.

The good doctor gave her a few seconds to adjust to the shock. “Indeed. Your friend Raven was the previous inspector to come check on my facility. But you already knew that, didn't you?”

“No, I...” Violet's lips trembled. Her voice cut off, and suddenly everything came rushing back to her.

She was never assigned by her boss to inspect Dr. Schmidt's hospital. It was Raven's assignment. She remembered having breakfast with Raven that very morning.

“Everything seemed so normal until she came here for an inspection.” She spoke out loud, remembering how her best friend suddenly announced she'll be moving out and quitting her job. She didn't even bother going over her inspection result with the boss.

“She gave you a perfect score.” Violet looked at Doctor Schmidt with wide eyes. “Raven never gave a perfect score to anyone. It was a matter of principle for her. She thought perfect meant there's no room for improvement, and she believed there always has to be room for improvement. “Perfection is a fallacy” was practically her motto.”

“Clearly she changed her mind.” Dr. Schmidt gave Violet a wry smile. “Now why don't you come in. I'm still hard and I want to decide which of your pussies I'm going to fill with my cum.”

Dr Schmidt invited her to join her friend, or was it her master who commanded her to do so? She couldn't figure it out. She wanted to obey, but a hurricane of doubt caused large waves of resistance to storm within her.

She smiled at the doctor, her inner turmoil almost resolved. "Of course, master. I..." She stopped, or rather, her hand stopped her.

She was about to go in, but her left hand clenched the door frame tightly. Her eyes widened, and looked at Raven with utter fright.

"What did you do to her?" She seethed through gritted teeth, feeling like her own muscles were embroiled in a civil war.

"Oh my, Miss Richards, you never cease to surprise me. Every time I think you're done for, you somehow manage to claw your way back." Dr. Schmidt said with a wicked half-smile.

"What did you do to her?" She repeated, looking at him angrily.

"I'm helping her, Violet." He used her first name. "Tell her, Raven"

"Yes master. Master is helping me, Violet." Raven said with a dreamy monotone, staring at the spiral with sleepy eyes and a smile.

"You see, Violet, when Raven came over to inspect my facility, it didn't take me long to realize she could very much use our help." He stared Violet down with steely eyes. "Hypnophobia is quite an unfortunate condition, wouldn't you agree, Raven?" He asked, but kept his bewildering eyes on Violet.

"Yes master." Raven answered. "Thank you for helping me face my fears. It was so silly of me to be afraid of letting you hypnotize me. I'm so much happier now that I am your hypnotized property."

"Of course you are." Dr. Schmidt smirked. "So what do you say, Violet? Are you ready to treat your own phobia?"

"I...I don't..." Violet didn't know what to say.

"Can't decide? Or are you too afraid to decide?" The doctor kept going. "You may have Decidophobia. That's a real medical

term, no joke.”

“I...” Violet felt herself blush, suddenly realizing she was standing naked before him.

“Perhaps you have Doxophobia. That's the fear of expressing opinions and receiving praise.” He offered, almost as a salesman would. “I could give you lots of nice praise when you serve me properly, Violet. What do you say?”

Her fingernails buried in the wood of the door-frame. “I say fuck you!” She screamed and bolted in the other direction.

“Nice ass!” The doctor called out gleefully as he watched her sprint away from him.

“Shut up!” Violet tried hiding her backside as she ran. “I have to call the police. I have to tell them what's going on in here.” She told herself breathlessly, running as fast as she could through the winding hallways of the inner sanctum.

She picked her clothes up on her way and did her best to put them on as she moved. She passed the ditzy nurse at the reception desk half-naked, waddling forward as she tried putting her pants back on.

“Having a good day?” The nurse asked, squeezing her big tits with a moan.

“Fuck you!” Violet shot at her and zipped right past her. She was almost out.

“Okay!” The nurse said dumbly and bent right over, apparently waiting for Violet to, well, fuck her. Her mind was too simple to understand the proper context of Violet's invitation.

Violet barely managed to button her pants up, and her vest was still open, but her first priority was to get to the other side of the door at the end of the lobby. She pushed the door open as strong as she could, jumped outside, and leaned on the other side with a sigh of relief.

Dr. Schmidt emerged from the inner sanctum, casually fucking Raven from behind and walking her forward.

“What's happening, Jean?” He noticed the bent over nurse, and asked.

“The inspector lady said she'd fuck me.” Nurse Jean bent her knees and moved her ass in circles.

“She didn't mean it literally, dummy.” He guided Raven to get on the counter and spread her legs for him. Raven seemed more than happy to comply.

“Are you sure, master?” Jean asked.

“Yes. I am.” He shook his head. “I might have made your Psychophobia too extreme. You need to allow yourself to think a little bit.”

“Unlike you, Raven.” He gave her tits a squeeze as he pumped into her. “You can just be my mindlessly obedient, happy little hypno-slave.”

“Yes master. Your hypno-slave is happy to obey!” Raven's tongue lulled out dumbly as she made her declaration, her tits swinging back and forth as the good doctor fucked her.

Nurse Jean gave a disappointed sigh and stood back up.

“Where did the nice inspector lady go to?” She asked with a finger hooked in her lower lip.

“Don't worry, Jean, she'll be back tomorrow. We almost made it through the whole tour today. I have a feeling tomorrow's the day.” He pined hopefully.

“Why don't you just dial the magic room up to the highest setting, master?” Jean asked. Magic room was her name for Dr. Schmidt's white room, where he conducted his most intrusive mental conditioning.

“What can I say? I admire her moxie. I'm about to cum, Raven.” He smiled down at the woman sprawled on the counter.

“Thank you, master. I'm so happy to be your cum dump.” Raven said, and her warm words of willingness were enough to make the good doctor explode.

Outside, Violet looked at her somewhat disheveled attire, feeling a little disoriented. She sorted her breaths, and frowned.

“Why is my vest open? What was I doing?” She scratched her head and tried to think.

“Oh right! I remember now.” She started buttoning her vest up.

“So this is the place.” She looked at the large building casting its shadow over her. “Whatever Raven is up to, it has something to do with this place. Whatever got into her, I’ll figure it out.”

She blinked twice.

“Tomorrow, though.” She determined on a hunch. “I only planned on checking the premises from the outside today, anyway. Plus I need to buy new glasses, and get my spare chart. I wonder where I left them this time...”

With that, Violet rolled her sleeves, and began marching back to her car. She had a full evening of work, preparing for the important inspection she had to conduct the next day. She was fully intent on getting to the bottom of her best friend's sudden transformation. Perhaps next time, she might actually remember it, and if Dr. Schmidt wishes, she and Raven may be roommates once more.

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