

Freaky Friday Flash Fiction Number One

(November 13, 2009 Friday Flash Fiction Challenge on the [Let Me Get You Hot and Bothered Yahoo Group](#))

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Story Codes (FF MFF Oral Flash)

She couldn't believe she was doing it. She was following her doctor home; to his house.

He was going to give her something she had never had, something she could never achieve on her own: an orgasm.

Her problem had driven her last boyfriend away and driven her into depression. He had attempted to console her; tell her that many women never achieve the big 'O' and that there was nothing wrong with her as long as she could enjoy sex. But that wasn't enough. The shrink he sent her to didn't help. He suggested a sex therapist, but the one he recommended was three hours away, out of her price range and not covered by her meager insurance.

It didn't help that she had the biggest crush on him or that she had attempted, more than once, to bring herself to orgasm while imagining his mouth, his hands, his lips and tongue, his penis.

So, earlier today, she had cajoled him into giving her sex therapy to try to give her an orgasm using his experience as a doctor, and she hoped, also as a much more experienced lover.

Ever the gentleman, he said it could not be done at the office. So he offered to lead her to his home. He mentioned his wife, but she had been on cloud nine and didn't really listen. If he wanted to let his wife know, that was fine. It was therapy; he wasn't cheating.

Just therapy. Therapy that the thought of was making her soak through her panties and jeans, dampening the seat in her car.

They arrived and he lead her into the house. Every nerve was on edge. She could feel the dryness of her lips, her nipples against her bra, the knot in her stomach, and the slickness of her other lips as they rubbed together with her stride.

The he presented his wife. She was a beautiful woman, taller than her but shorter than him with long black hair and hips that made wondrous music when she walked. And they walked, the three of them, into a guest bed room where the wife sat with her on the bed while the doctor lowered himself to sit on

a fainting couch. The wife touched her on the neck and thigh, and leaned in with parted lips, and her mind caught up suddenly.

“But Doctor, I thought...”

“You thought what?” he asked.

“I thought that you, I mean, you, and I...” she stammered in confusion, as the wife stroked her thigh with soft, strong hands.

“You know I cannot. I’m not that kind of therapist. My oath prevents me.”

She sat crestfallen.

“But my wife, under my direction...” he trailed off as his wife pulled her mouth to her and kissed her.

Then she was naked with his naked wife, and hands, lips, teeth and tongue were on her body and at her center, and she lost herself. But there was no peak. And then new things were tried, and he was naked, and she saw his erection with its curve to his left, and the pleasure in his wife’s eyes as he pushed his wife’s mouth into her depths with his hips.

And then she could feel his thrusts through his wife, and the room swam. They couldn’t wait for her anymore, and there was a great twinge as she saw him fill his wife, and when his wife gave her own release in return.

Afterwards, she sat on the bed while the doctor and his wife cuddled on the couch. And then she said “I think I might have, at the end.”

The wife smiled a sad smile, shook her head and said, “Honey, if you have to ask, you probably didn’t”

And then she cried. And sat and thought, and watched them with each other. She voiced her mind, and then they talked plainly.

The therapist left the room and emailed someone, and soon came back with papers that she signed.

And he was no longer her doctor. She was on her right side, with him straddling her right leg, with her other leg against his chest. His curve hit a delicious place behind her pubic bone, and his wife placed her sex at her mouth.

She could smell him inside his wife still, and then taste him. He was moving inside her, and she concentrated on the vulva at her lips, to please it as he told her to.

Time disappeared, and then she felt his release as it spread warmth through her sex, and tasted his wife’s surrender at her lips.

And then she knew what his wife had meant.

She didn’t have to ask.