

Harder

by Pan

Chapter 3

When the couple returned to the doctor's office, he could immediately sense a difference in their demeanor. Mike was trailing a few steps behind his wife, his head hung in shame. Mary, meanwhile, appeared more confident than in any of her previous visits.

"So," Dr. Zibilich said, sitting in his chair opposite the couch. "Tell me how the last week has been."

"G-good," Mike said. "I think."

The doctor raised one eyebrow. "Mike," he said scornfully. "You've seen what your wife looks like when she's satisfied. Even though you have somehow managed to avoid experiencing this in the first twenty years of your marriage, by now you should recognize the signs."

Mike's shoulders slumped. "She's not satisfied," he admitted. "Not really."

Dr. Zibilich turned to the woman sitting confidently beside him.

"Mary?"

"It's been better," she said generously. "Better than ever before."

The doctor nodded, his bushy beard swaying slightly at the motion.

"That sounds positive. Better how?"

"Mike has been getting me off," Mary said. "Truly getting me off; not like the orgasms I was having before."

She hesitated, and the dark man leaned forward.

"Tell me what's happening, Mary. The process only works if you're honest."

"He makes me cum once or twice," she said reluctantly. "And they're good! They're real good, honey, I promise."

Mike gave her a weak smile, and Dr. Zibilich made a note.

"But it's only one or two. And only ever with the toy. We tried having Mike fuck me again..."

The doctor's eyebrows shot up. "Why did you return to that?" he admonished. "You know it isn't going to satisfy you. You can only be satisfied by a real man, not someone like Mike."

"I know," Mary admitted. "But it would be so great if he *could* satisfy me. We thought it was

worth a try...”

“I suppose,” Zibilich replied with a shrug. “There is no harm to it, in theory. If you’re going to be dissatisfied anyway, you might as well be dissatisfied with your husband inside you.”

“I did my best,” Mike said, and the doctor nodded.

“I am certain you did, Mike. I’m sure you did the best you could. But now, you will both admit, more extreme measures are needed. It has been made perfectly clear that Mike will never satisfy you – not with his penis, not with toys. And while you can find some satisfaction with self-pleasure, it’s not the same.”

“So what do we do?”

“A marriage is a union,” Dr. Zibilich told the concerned-looking man. “A partnership. But in business, even the strongest partnership needs to outsource certain duties. In order for two people to effectively build a life together, you must sometimes bring in other parties to cover the weaknesses.”

“Other parties?”

“Yes, my dear,” the doctor replied warmly. “It’s a simple case of ensuring that needs are met. Supply and demand, if you will.”

There was a brief pause, as the doctor looked back and forth between the couple.

“I am, of course, assuming that you want to stay together.”

“Of course!” Mike said. The two men turned to Mary, who was biting her lip. “Mary?”

“Oh, honey...”

“It is important to be honest,” Dr. Zibilich interjected. “If you are going to be happier apart from this man, the most valuable thing you could do right now is realize and communicate that.”

There was another long pause as Mary looked back and forth between the dark-haired man and her husband, but finally she nodded.

“I do,” she said softly. “If we can solve this problem, I want to stay with Mike. He’s my family. We’ve built a life together, and I’ll do whatever it takes to continue...to continue our partnership.”

“Excellent!” Dr. Zibilich said, clapping his hands together loudly. “Then, as I was saying: the real problem is that Mary needs to be fucked every day, hard. And Mike is completely incapable of this.”

Mike shifted uncomfortably in his seat, but the doctor continued unabated.

“So we must outsource. Now, I want the two of you to consider – are there any real men in your life?”

“What do you mean?” Mike asked defensively.

“Well, perhaps this is not a question for you.”

Turning to Mary, the doctor reached for her hands. Looking deep into her eyes, he asked the question again.

“Do you know any real men, my dear? Men who would be able to come over and fuck you every day. Men who could use you for sex, the way you need to be used.”

“I’m sure she doesn’t know–”

Dr. Zibilich held up one hand, and Mike fell silent.

“I can think of a few,” Mary said, after a few moments of thought.

The doctor smiled.

“Excellent,” he said. “Mike – take notes.”

“Well,” Mary said slowly. “To begin with, there’s my ex.”

“Hans?” Mike exclaimed, wrinkling up his nose.

“Oh, I was actually thinking of Lucas...but yes, perhaps Hans as well.”

“These ex’s of yours – did they take you like real men?”

“Mm-hmm,” Mary nodded, her nose turning red.

“Mary, please. This is not something to be embarrassed of. If anyone should be embarrassed here, it is Mike – he is the one who is not a real man, who cannot fuck you like you need to be fucked. And he is not ashamed – are you?”

“N-no,” Mike mumbled in response.

“Excellent. Then you have no reason to be shy. To save your marriage, you need to find men who can make you feel like a woman. If you let shame or embarrassment get in the way, that will only slow down the process. So tell me: before you were with Mike, these two former partners – did they fuck you properly?”

“Yes,” Mary responded, her head held high. “Yes, they did. I’ve fantasized about it for years.”

“Then this is perfect!” the doctor exclaimed, loudly clapping his hands together once more. “This is what we are looking for. You should think – who else have you had these fantasies about? Who else in your life have you thought could make you feel more like a woman than your

husband does?”

“Mike’s brother,” Mary said, a smile curling her lips. “He’s in the navy.”

“Perfect,” Dr. Zibilich said, his eyebrows waggling with delight. “Mike, please write that down.”

“Yes, doctor,” Mike said. Neither of them caught the bitterness in his voice.

“Perhaps his father, as well?”

“Oh, yes,” Mary gasped. “I wouldn’t have thought of him, but yes – he’s a real man’s man, you know? He goes hunting on the weekend...”

“You said he was a sexist pig,” Mike interjected, but his wife and their doctor ignored him.

“That’s exactly what we need to find. Proper men. Men who put your husband to shame. Can you think of any others? The longer the list, the better the chances of this succeeding.”

“Our neighbor,” Mary said wistfully. “His wife always has the look of a woman who’s been properly fucked.”

“Excellent, excellent. Can you think of any others?”

“Well...”

Mary went pink, and the doctor shook his head.

“Please, Mary. You must get rid of this ridiculous shame.”

“Well,” she replied with a sideways grin. “There’s always you, of course.”

“You flatter me,” the doctor laughed in response. “But unfortunately, my schedule is far too full for me to be able to take care of your needs daily.”

“Are you sure?” Mike said. “I mean, we already know you can do it. Some of the people on this list are...”

“I’m sure there are many great contenders,” the dark man interrupted. “In my professional experience, real men are more common than you’d expect. It is people like you – failures of masculinity – who are the exception.”

Mike’s cheeks reddened, and he nodded in response.

“But perhaps I can occasionally offer a house visit,” the doctor said thoughtfully. “After all, your wife is an exceptionally attractive woman.”

“T-thanks,” Mike said, choking out a response. “We appreciate it.”

After a few more minutes of brainstorming, Mary finally shook her head. “I really can’t think of

anyone else,” she said, and the doctor turned to Mike.

“Now,” he said, “it is your turn to contribute.”

“Doc?”

“Now that you know what kind of men your wife truly desires. Can you think of anyone in your circles who might fit the bill?”

“Oh, I think we have plenty of...-”

In response to the dark man’s stare, Mike fell silent.

“Sometimes I do not think you want to save your marriage,” the doctor tutted. “I have tried to be utterly clear about the value of a longer list, and yet still you do not contribute. Do you not love your wife?”

“O-of course I do, doctor.”

“Then think! Think, sir! Who could do a better job than you of fucking her?”

Mike fell silent for a few moments, before tentatively offering a suggestion. “What do you think of my boss, honey?”

“Oh, yes! That’s a great suggestion, honey.”

“Good, Mike. Anyone else?”

“I don’t...”

“It might be helpful to try to think of men who you are jealous of. Those who make you feel less masculine just by being in their presence. That’s the kind of man we want fucking your wife; real men.”

“Oh. Well, I suppose our auto mechanic...”

Mary’s nose wrinkled. “Pablo? He’s...”

Holding up one hand, the doctor cut her off. “You cannot judge these prospects simply by physical appearance. Look at your husband – he is fit and handsome, but he fucks you like a little baby. Real men come in all shapes and sizes.”

Mary’s eyes flicked over the doctor’s body – visibly smaller than her husband’s muscled form – and nodded.

“I suppose,” Mary said reluctantly. “I’m willing to try it. For our marriage.”

“That is the spirit,” Dr. Zibilich nodded approvingly. “Anyone else, Mike? Anyone who you

have ever felt threatened by?”

“Our tango instructor,” the husband mumbled in response, and Mary’s eyes lit up.

“Oh, yes. He *would* be good. And...”

She hesitated, but at the dark-haired man’s encouraging nod, finished the thought. “Well...if youth isn’t a problem, we should try some of Aaron’s friends.”

“Aaron is our son,” Mike supplied, and the doctor nodded.

“Youth can often provide the exact energy that is needed. This is a most excellent list – Mike, did you write it down in full?”

“Yes, doc.”

“Send it to me, and I shall make some calls. We shall schedule our next appointment for two weeks from now, when you have had a chance to test some of these superior men out.”

“Thanks, doctor.”

“Of course, my sweet. Now, tell me – how are you feeling about this?”

“Excited,” the middle-aged woman beamed. “It will be good to be properly fucked again.”

“And you, Mike?”

“Also excited,” Mike said with a watery smile. “I mean...whatever it takes to save our marriage, right?”

“That is a very healthy attitude,” Dr. Zibilich said with a nod. He leaned forward conspiratorially – “I do not say this to all my patients, but it is my thought that you two have what it takes. You have all the potential for a healthy, strong marriage. I am very optimistic.”

Mary blushed, and Mike’s face became a goofy smile.

“Thanks, Doc,” he said, and the dark-haired man clapped his hands together loudly.

“Now, leave me! I have many calls to make.”

Mary’s face fell.

“Um...”

“What is wrong?” the doctor asked, his brow furrowing at her unhappy expression.

“I had just thought that...you could...”

The small man’s head tilted to the side for a moment before his eyes lit up brightly. “Ah! You

thought that I would perhaps fuck you again.”

“Well...”

He shook his head. “That was to demonstrate techniques to your husband. That was when we thought he might be able to fulfill you. Before we realized he would never be enough of a man to truly keep you satisfied.”

“Yes, but...”

Again, Dr. Zibilich tilted his head to the side.

“But what, Mary?”

The woman’s face was beet-red as she spoke. “But...it’s been a week, doctor. It’s been a week since I properly came. Since I felt like a woman.”

“Ah.”

The doctor turned to Mike, his dark gaze capturing the taller man’s full attention. “How do you feel about this?”

“Uh...”

“If I am to be honest, it is outside of my typical practice to pleasure your wife solely for her enjoyment. I am here to diagnose and assist, not to be the provider of husbandly duties.”

Mike nodded, as the cogs in Dr. Zibilich’s head continued whirring.

“But...your wife is in pain, in a manner of speaking. And what sort of a doctor would I be if I did not assist with such things? And since you are clearly incapable of giving Mary what she needs...”

The handsome man nodded again, his own blush starting to appear. The doctor seemed to make up his mind.

“Very well,” he said firmly. “If this is what your wife needs, I shall help. But it is my job to help with the marriage, not encourage a rift. So, to ensure that no harm is done by my actions...Mike, I need you to ask me.”

The tall man blinked twice.

“I beg your pardon, doctor?”

“It is clear from your wife’s words what she wants...however if this will breed resentment of any kind, it would be an entirely counterproductive pursuit.”

Mike nodded, clearly still not following, and Dr. Zibilich sighed.

“I need you to vocally affirm that you would like me to please your wife. That you require me to take actions you are not capable of, to ensure your wife’s happiness.”

His eyebrows shot up, but after a few seconds of staring into Dr. Zibilich’s dark eyes, Mike nodded.

“Vocally,” the doctor gently prompted.

“I’d...I’d like you to help,” Mike mumbled. In response, his doctor rolled his eyes.

“Do we speak to a small ant hiding in your collar? Please, Mike, in the interest of clear communication, be loud and specific.”

“I’d like you to...to pleasure my wife,” Mike said, standing up straight. Behind him, Mary was practically glowing with anticipation.

The doctor nodded, smiling. “And why would you want this?”

“Because...”

Again, Mike trailed off, but Dr. Zibilich was patient with his patient, and waited for him to find his words.

“Because I can’t...I can’t give Mary what she needs.”

“And what does she need?” he prompted one more.

“To be fucked,” Mike said flatly. “My wife...Mary needs to be fucked. By a real man.”

“Good,” the dark-haired man said, clapping his hands together. “Now, kindly assemble all of that together?”

“I need you to fuck my wife,” Mike said, his voice firm. “I need you to give her what I can’t. She needs to be fucked by a real man, and I...I don’t fit the bill.”

“Very good,” the doctor said warmly, and began to undress.

It wasn’t long before Mary was on her back on the couch, just like their first session, while Dr. Zibilich relentlessly pounded into her. Mike just sat in the corner and watched as their doctor brought her to orgasm after screaming orgasm, continuing well past the point where he would’ve felt compelled to stop.

“You’re so fucking *big*,” Mary shrieked, loudly enough that Mike wondered if the whole town could hear her. “Oh god, oh *fuck*, you’re so much bigger than my husband! Fuck me! Fuck me, doctor, take me with your big cock! I’m yours! I’m your slut! Fuck me whenever you want...oh, fuuuuuuuck!”

Dr. Zibilich fucked Mary until her eyes rolled back in her head, until she begged him for his seed

again and again, until she looked like she was about to pass out...only then did he grunt. With one powerful thrust, he filled the housewife with his seed, and she joined him in a long, loud final orgasm of her own.

After cleaning himself up, Dr. Zibilich pulled a chair next to Mike's.

"Congratulations," he told his patient cheerfully.

"What for?" Mike asked, his mouth dry. He hadn't even taken notes that time, just watched as the small, dark man had brought his wife to more orgasms than he had in the past year of marriage.

"Today, you have made a decision that will pay off for the rest of your life," the doctor said, clapping his hand on Mike's shoulder. He was still naked, his large cock covered with a mixture of Mary's juices and his own semen. "Today, you have made the decision to give your wife what she needs – what she *really* needs."

Mike just nodded, trying desperately to look anywhere that wasn't the other man's slowly-softening cock.

"I promise you," he continued, "it will be worth it. Today, you saved your marriage. Congratulations, Mike. You have done a wise thing."

Mary stirred on the couch, still wearing the yellow sundress that she'd entered in. Mike couldn't help but notice the spreading of a wet stain as the doctor's semen dribbled out of her. He turned back to the naked man sitting beside him.

"Some men might be confused why you are asking them to do what you cannot do," the doctor said, staring into Mike's eyes. "They might be wondering why you do not simply fuck your wife yourself. So to avoid confusion, you should do as you have done today. Ask them, beg them if you need to, to fuck your wife. Beg them to give Mary what you cannot deliver."

Again, Mike nodded, his head spinning at the intensity of the doctor's gaze.

"Make yourself sparse," he advised. "I am doing this in a professional context, so an audience doesn't bother me, but some men would prefer to take your wife in private. Leave them be, but make sure you are on-hand in case they need anything. Fluids, snacks..."

"Clean up," Mary offered from the couch, and Dr. Zibilich nodded.

"Excellent suggestion, my dear," he said. "Have hot towels ready in case they need a clean-up. Your job is to be there for anything they need. Do you understand?"

"Yes, doctor," Mike said, sounding more than a little stunned.

"Good," Dr. Zibilich nodded. "Now, leave me be. I have some calls to make..."