



Doctor's Orders: Divine Directions
A Horny Futa Short
by Razmagurk

"I think there may be hope for you two yet." the doctor smiled.

"You do?" Had she not been paying attention?

I looked across the room to my so-called husband, reclined impatiently on the other therapy couch, his grubby t-shirt pulled over the broad masculine musculature of his chest. Just getting him here had been like pulling teeth.

"Oh yes," she nodded. "We've dealt with worse."

"Miracle workers, us," the other doctor said, the shorter one with the silver hair. She gave a wink to her golden blonde colleague. "Relax. You have nothing to worry about."

"Oh." My jaw loosened, my fist unclenched, my body relaxing despite myself. "Good."

There was something about the way these two spoke. Like everything they said felt so right, so true. Ringing bells cutting through all the chaos.

It made you want to ignore the fact that they were cuddling, in the tall leather chair, the classical beauty of their naked bodies glowing as bright as their smiles.

It made you want to ignore the fact that they had golden, feathery wings.

It made you want to ignore the fact they had huge fat *cocks* draping down to their knees.

Who had referred these therapists again?

"But therapy only works if you want it to work," the first one warned. "Luke, Lindsay, are you sure you two want our help? Whatever form that may be?"

"If it can save our marriage." I eyed up Luke. "I, at least, am willing to try anything."

"Whatever you have to do." Luke pursed his lip. He hated being told what to do, but he nodded anyway.

"Well then." The second doctor smirked like she knew something we didn't. "Let's begin."

"The way we see it," the blonde said, brushing her colleague's generous bust as she lifted a clipboard from their desk. Her eyes sparkled deep and blue like the night sky. "There's two major issues. First, Luke, these anger issues."

He huffed and crossed his arms over his broad chest. Even after all the crap he'd put me through, he just wouldn't be helped. We were supposed to be a team!

"Luke, please." I buried my face in my hands. For all his masculinity he could be such a child. Couldn't he at least try?

"Second," said the other, teeth glinting like a knife. "Is the fact that you're a cheating whore. Is that about right?"

"What!? The hell kind of therapy is this?" Luke rose, fury flashing in his eyes. "I didn't come here to be insulted. I don't have to take this!"

"You want to fix it? You gotta acknowledge it. You gotta face it. You cheated on your wife, asshole."

"Sit down Luke," I urged. "Do you want this to work or not?"

"Fine!" Luke flushed, fists clenched, teeth grit as he seethed. "For you."

"As I was saying!" the blonde interrupted. "I think there's a common cause for all of your problems."

"There is?" Luke asked.

"Oh yes." She nodded seriously, tapping a pen down on her clipboard. "All the tests point to the same thing: you've got Cock-Starved Slut Syndrome. I'm surprised it went undiagnosed for so long. It must be a major hurdle in your everyday lives."

"Sorry." My husband rose in his seat. "I've got *what*?"

"C.S.S.S. Have you never heard of it? It's when a patient has deep-seated girlish whorishness but suppresses the urges so strongly they don't even realize until it all comes bubbling out alongside other emotions."

"It has a few names and variants," the little one snickered. "Wanton Strumpet Condition? Cock-Socket Syndrome? Horny Bitch Disorder?"

I frowned. I think maybe I'd heard of that last one?

"These are technical terms. It's when deep down in your heart and soul, you're nothing but a ditzzy jizzrag and you just don't know how to express it. This is a textbook case." The golden blonde continued, her eyes working their way down her clipboard. "Honestly, it's a good thing you came to see us when you did. If it's not handled delicately it can lead to rampant androphilic addiction and bimbofication."

"Wait..." There was something wrong with that, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Luke was struggling with it too, opening and closing his mouth as though he was about to object but couldn't quite decide to what.

"In other words," her voice seemed to resonate all the harder. "The more you fight this therapy, the worse it's going to get. Untreated Sluttiness can lead to all kinds of para-psychophysiological symptoms."

"Para-psycho whatsits?"

"All this bad energy?" The silver one failed to suppress a grin. "It's going to make you grow big *juicy* tits!"

"Among other things."

"That's ridiculous!" He jumped up, stomping a foot. "People don't just grow boobs! And I certainly don't have any deep-seated urges, slutty or otherwise!"

But standing had caused his heaving jugs to wobble free of his tank-top and the motion sent him off-balance, flailing to get a hold of himself.

"W-what the hell?" he yelped, grabbing at his swinging knockers.

"Not quite," the silver one smirked, wings flapping gently.

"You see?" Gold made a note on her clipboard. "You can try to hold these things back - you can try to keep them buried deep down with tight clothes and bras and binders and self-denial, but it's not healthy. The more you scrunch them in, the worse it gets."

"But then you know all about that, don't you?" the little one said, running a hand tenderly down her body and giving the other doctor's balls a professional fondle. "Spilling out in big hot pornographic outbursts. Mm..."

Slutty outbursts?

That definitely wasn't right. The only outburst he had were when his temper boiled over and he... he...

I thought back to him falling over the grocery counter, begging a single mom to fuck his pussy raw with an eggplant. Or that time he was bent over the table at thanksgiving as my brother went balls deep into him and the whole family looked on mortified. Even our wedding was marred by him drunkenly riding the best man.

"Oh, he does." I blushed at the memories. "How many dates had been ruined because you lost it and grew stupid slutty tits, Luke?"

"I never!" He clutched his head. "I've... I'm..." He looked down at his swelling boobs, as though he wasn't used to them ballooning up like this the at inopportune moments. I don't know why he was even trying to deny it, he was doing it right now.

"See?" Silver grinned. "The more you fight it, the worse things are going to get."

"I guess..." I furrowed my brow. "I had never really realized how much things had escalated, how bad things had gotten. When we were dating it had all started so innocuously. The occasional boob slip, or his ass spilling out of his pants when he..."

Wait.

Hadn't it been... some other kind of outburst? Something violent? Screaming at the single mom for taking too long? Almost coming to blows with my brother? Throwing his best man out in a drunken stupor?

But no.

I stared into the taller doctor's gold-flecked eyes. Bright. Warm. Safe. They sparkled like the night sky. That anger of his seemed so dull now. Like it was part of someone else's life. All the pain it caused replaced by memories of his binders snapping, his huge braless breasts bouncing comically in the air, time after time. Cartoonish wobbling and hentai physics.

Harmless.

"So, wait," I was still taking this all in. "This condition is responsible?"

I glanced over at him, as he struggled to calm his tits. For a moment I felt bad for him, but no, even if that was the case, it was no excuse for the way he'd cheated on me!

"It's true. He can't help it, he's nothing but a mewling slut deep down. Don't worry, we'll find a safe outlet to keep it from all exploding everywhere."

"But tell us, Lindsay, how do these outbursts make *you* feel?" They both looked at me. Gold had her free hand wrapped as far around Silver's cock as it could go. She was giving it a loving, professional stroke.

I hesitated. I'd been afraid, hadn't I? That it would only be a matter of time before he turned his fury on me. But that didn't sound right at all. Why would I be scared he'd wave his tits at me?

How did I feel? Humiliated? Angry?

"Jealous?" the little one offered.

"No, that's not quite it. Why would I be jealous of..." But as I thought more about it the more sense her suggestion made. The thought bounced in my head, wiping away any others.

Jealous. Jealous because he could have his tits waving out everywhere and no one batted an eye. But if I were ever to try that I'd be called a crazy bitch. The moment I expressed any emotion, I'd get labeled as irrational. Because as a woman I had to always maintain my decorum.

"Yeah," My eyes widened. "Jealous!" What a perfect word.

I looked over at him now. He was red of face, eyes wide. Squeezing his big fat melons like he'd never seen them before in his life. Did he have to be so... *dramatic*?

I crossed my hands over my chest and suppressed a pout. Why couldn't I get away with that?

"God, Luke," I sighed. "Put your fucking tits away. Why are you always like this?"

"You see?" Gold grinned. "This is why therapy is so important. But I think there's more to this. Luke's behavior is him communicating to us. Luke, is there a reason you're fondling your horny melons at us?"

He whimpered.

"I think he just doesn't want to put them away." Silver raised an eyebrow. "I don't think he ever wants to put them away."

"But I don't have boobs- I don't -" "What the fuck is going on!?" His blush changed to anger, but that flash of passion running through him just made his fat horny titties even sluttier: Bigger, perkier, his areolas aiming upwards as his nipples tightened, 'headlights on full' for all to see.

"Shh, it's okay. Don't worry." Gold cooed. "This can all be very scary, I understand. You've bottled up this inner slut your whole life and now she's flooding out." She smiled empathetically. "But we're here to help. Why don't you sit back down?"

He looked from the therapists to his own drama-queen chest, confused. He fell back into his seat, head between his hands.

"See?" Silver grinned. "Sometimes admitting you have a problem is the first step. Progress."

"And what about you?" Gold turned to me. "You've been struggling with your own inner slut too, haven't you Lindsay?"

"Me?" The accusation left me feeling naked and vulnerable. "Oh no, you've got the wrong girl!"

"You've never had any little outbursts of your own?"

"No! I never-!"

I never turned into a stacked bimbo and prowled the clubs servicing tall handsome men like a sex-starved blowjob queen. I never got tag-teamed in a bathroom stall, my every hole stuffed, sore and leaking with well-earned cum. I looked over at Luke, still furiously mashing his tits, and pursed my lips. I never got to have any fun at all!

It wasn't fair!

"Lindsay?" Gold glanced down.

I followed her gaze downwards. My breasts were swelling! Already they'd expanded to the limit of my blouse, squeezed high and perky and full and slutty. My whole body was changing: my seat softer, my lips plumper. I could feel the sudden presence of whorishly applied makeup, extra-heavy on the mascara.

Oh god, was I really no better than Luke?

"Okay." It was my turn to turn red. "M-maybe I'd had a few outbursts. Back in high school? I fucked the rest of the swim team at that one meet." I still remembered the way my huge barely-legal jugs had burst

out of my racing suit after catching my boyfriend making out with Becky Daniels. "But after that I'd learned to keep my emotions contained!"

"Did you?"

Didn't I? My head was pounding. A weird blend of emotions. I thought back to all my secret bouts of shame and sorrow. Dark dreams and darker thoughts in the shower.

But no, that didn't line up. My mornings were flooded with wet dreams. Waking up horny and oversexed. Hours in the tub every morning fucking every hole again and again with my increasingly elaborate selection of sex toys.

That was normal wasn't it? Didn't everyone do that? Screaming into the void when no one was around?

I opened my mouth to say something, but the words didn't come. I let out a husky, horny sigh. A shower sure sounded good right now. A shower and - I glanced down at the doctors' throbbing girl-dicks - something long and hard and ready to get wet.

"M-maybe you're right." I ran a hand along my hypersensitive skin.

"Don't worry, that's one of the reasons we're here today, to discuss healthy ways of dealing with all this. To make things better."

"Oil on troubled waters." Silver smiled. "You don't have to hurt any more."

"Lindsay, you said you were jealous earlier. What do you suppose lies at the root of that? You want big slutty tits like him? Those soft cocksucking lips?"

I looked at Luke. God, look at him! Look at the way he flaunted it! His face becoming more sultry and wanton with each passing minute. His holes aching to be filled. His tits even bigger than mine, his shirt still pulled up over the top of them. What a fucking slut.

"It's more than that." I suppressed a whimper. I wanted to flash my titties too!

Was I no better than him? Had I been bottling up all this bad energy too? I could feel my lips swelling at the thought. I could feel my pussy glistening, my breasts so heavy and full and aching to be seen.

But no! It was totally inappropriate. I breathed deep. Him being a slut had gotten us into this mess, hadn't it?

No. the revelation hit me like lightning. It wasn't him being a slut, it was him trying not to be. It was him holding it all back in unhealthy ways.

I let out a breath.

"You're right." I blinked up at the doctors. "I have to come to terms with this. I have to express this bimbo whore inside me!"

"I like this one," Silver purred. "She's doing half our job for us."

"And what do sluts do?"

What didn't they do? Luke had his tits out? Fine. So would I! I'd never let him out-slut me again.

I ripped off my blouse, heaving bosom swinging heavy in the air before me. They were so perky and round and high! They were so big and horny and aching to be seen and squeezed and loved. They were free, and so was I.

The little one grinned lustily, rubbing a thumb around the head of her partner's cock as she squeezed her own balls in turn.

"Mmm..." she let out a soft sigh. "I love the sight of progress."

The two looked at each other, then kissed tenderly, a singe of heat beneath it. It was good to see them working so professionally together.

"But we should take a moment to address the other result of this condition," Gold said.

"Oh, right!" Silver shot my husband a glare before turning to me. "The cheating. Why don't you tell us about that, Lindsay?"

Fuck. The memory still burned hot.

"It's just like I said earlier. I caught him with some other slut's lips wrapped around his dick. And like, this wasn't just him getting his sloppy cunt passed down the aisle on an airplane. This was him with another woman! Sleeping in our bed. Fully in control of his actions."

"And how does that make you feel?" Silver purred.

"How else is it supposed to make me feel!? I'm pissed, betrayed, hurt." I rubbed my thickening thighs together. Somewhere in the back of my brain that word was still bouncing around: Jealous.

Jealous. I focused. I tried to think it through. Why? Because of course Luke would be the one to do that. Luke could do whatever the hell he pleased, couldn't he? Damn the consequences. Why couldn't I do that? Why couldn't I grab some bimbo off the street and fuck her ass silly?

"It was a mistake!" His boobs quivered in indignation. "I told you, Lindsay, it's not going to happen again!"

"It wasn't supposed to happen in the first place. How am I supposed to trust you?" I'd been so afraid to confront him. Scared of what he might do. But God that felt so silly now. What had I been afraid he might do, shake his ass at me?

"Because I'm trying! Doesn't that count for anything? How many times do I have to apologize? How many times do I have to explain myself? I'm here, aren't I?" There was a genuineness to his tone I wasn't expecting. "How am I supposed to prove this to you?"

I wanted to yell back, I wanted to bicker and scream and be petty. I was hurt. But it was so hard to focus on any of that when my boobs seemed to be growing again, getting bigger and lewder and hornier by the second.

"I think, Luke," Gold took over, "that at times like this you need to prove yourself with actions, not words. Trust is something you'll have to work on, bit by bit. But here's what you can do to help – if you want her trust, you're going to do whatever she tells you from now on. You're going to take her opinion and word as gospel. Whatever she orders, you'll jump to obey. Isn't that right?"

There was a heaviness to those last words.

"Fine." He rolled his eyes. "Whatever you say."

I sighed. Couldn't he see that this attitude wasn't helping?

"Maybe he needs some sort of physical reminder?" Gold turned to Silver.

"I think I might have just the thing." She smirked and pulled a short leather strap out from behind her. A dog collar?

We all turned expectantly to Luke.

"I'm not wearing that."

"Would you prefer a hot branding?"

"I don't care. I refuse." He stood up again, and his tits, big as I'd ever seen them, swung so hard they almost pulled him over. He tried to step away, but the motion just set the seams of his pants splitting. He looked down in horror at his thick thighs, his wide hips, his ass impossibly perky for its size.

"W-what's happening to me?"

"I did warn you about trying to fight the therapy, didn't I?" Gold's smile was as threatening as it was professional. "It'll only get worse if you leave. Why don't you take your seat?"

He flushed in humiliation, red and hot, and not just because of his bare flesh. He was trying so hard not to stare at the doctor's dick. Christ, control yourself, Luke.

"Luke, please." It was my turn to be more genuine than I'd intended. "Sit down. Let's give this a go."

He whimpered in defeat and fell back down on his fat fuck-cushions.

"See?" The sweetness returned to Gold's voice. "Actions speak louder than words. Now, let's take a moment to reestablish trust, shall we? Put this on him."

She offered me the collar. I raised an eyebrow. This was weird, right? But who was I to argue with professionals?

I walked over to him and put the collar around his neck. He shot me a glare as I did so, but didn't try to resist. As soon as I finished, the clasp seemed to disappear entirely. It was only then that I noticed the tag said Slut. Why would it...?

But of course. I almost smacked my forehead. That was his name, wasn't it? What else was it supposed to say? I mean, sure it was a weird name, but I'd known that when I'd married him. Little Slut Bitch.

Even if that made me a Bitch by marriage. I let out a giggle despite myself. Only now did I realize how appropriate a name it was.

"Now what?" He looked around in trepidation.

"Now, I think you'll obey your wife's every instruction, won't you? It'll be second nature. You won't even think of it."

"He will?"

"I will?"

"Give it a try." Silver grinned.

"Uh." I furrowed my brow. "Stand on one leg?"

He rose back up, then raised a leg daintily behind him to counterbalance the great pull of his jiggling hooters.

"Ooh," I grinned "Tweak your nipples as hard as you can."

"Ow!" His moan was as much one of pleasure as pain as he grabbed his fat slutty nipples.

Blood pounded in my heart. I was chewing my lower lip.

"Now, um, turn around and make that ass shake!"

I grinned then almost fell over laughing as he turned, still balanced on one leg, and twerked for all he was worth, his naked porn-star ass putting on one hell of a show.

"You can think of all kinds of fun things he can do to prove his loyalty," Silver chimed.

And ooh. My pussy was already trembling. I *could*. Things I'd never dreamed of. He'd always been the one in charge, all machismo and bluster and no real understanding of what he was doing. Now my engine was purring in a way I wasn't used to. Lots of ways he could make this up to me.

"Well..." I bit my lip. "I guess it's a start."

He looked at me with fear in his eyes.

“Relax, Slut. Trust is a two-way street. I’m going to go easy on you. For now.”

He relaxed despite himself, obeying my every word even when I’d not intended it as a command. The fear fell away, leaving him a raunchy juicy mess.

“See? Already your marriage is well on its way to being saved.”

“But those are all symptoms of the bigger issue.” Gold steepled her fingers. “Let’s take a look at the root cause, shall we?”

“This is the fun part.” Silver grinned, her dick rising. “You’re both Cock-Starved Sluts!”

“And if we don’t act upon your CSSS now, you’ll just make the same mistakes all over again.”

“And how—” I swallowed hotly “—How do we do that?”

“Well, you two have both been hiding your slutty impulses. You’ve both been denying your deepest desires. That needs to change. I wouldn’t be surprised if the main reason Slut here was acting out was because of his inability to express himself. “

“By... cheating on me? Doc, this isn’t exactly pottery class he’s been slipping away to.”

“That sounds to me like you’re not being open to his feelings. No wonder he couldn’t come to you about it.”

He shot me a glance it took me a moment to decipher. Not his usual dismissiveness. Was there something hurting under there? Or was he just horny?

“Look, doc,” He cleared his throat. I appreciate the out and all, but I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Gold raised an eyebrow at him and when he spoke again his voice was high and girly and bubblegum pink. “I got swept up in the moment, that’s all.” He held a hand up to his throat and whimpered, as though he’d never heard his own phone-sexy operator voice before.

“You’ve been cheating, Slut. You’ve been checking out of this relationship. Don’t you see? This is obviously a cry for help. You’ve been showing the world what you need.”

“S-sex?” he ventured.

“Exactly!” You’ve been looking for love from those other sluts. Blow jobs and anal and all kinds of perverted things.”

“Hey now, it was just a -”

“It’s so obviously his love language,” Silver interrupted. “It’s how he learns and empathizes and forms bonds. It’s how he’s trying to express his sluttiness without spilling out all over the place.”

“So I -” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. “I should be giving him blowjobs?” This was not the direction I’d thought this was going.

"No!" Silver laughed. "You should be encouraging him to give them!"

"What!?"

"Don't you see?" Gold slid her hand faster along Silver's shaft. "He's treating those girls like he wants to be treated."

"Held down. Done dirty!" Silver added.

"That's crazy!" He grasped at his head, his hair lengthening and lightening by the second. "Sucking dick and taking it up the ass aren't anyone's love language! Especially not mine!"

Silver gave him a big grin. "If that's true, then why is it all you can think about right now?"

He looked like he was about to say something, then stopped. His eyes widened in surprise.

"Oh god!" His breath picked up, his pulse quickening. His lurid, naked nipples were throbbing and stiffening almost as hard as his dick. "Get it out of my head!"

"See?" she winked. "You're completely obsessed."

"Dicks," Gold nodded solemnly.

"Slut," I looked at him moaning piteously. "I had no idea."

"Sometimes it can be so obvious in retrospect."

She was right, it made sense. Him deepthroating all those popsicles, swallowing hot-dogs in one bite, all those hours on his knees at the glory hole. It was all starting to come back now. No wonder he spent so much time making his plump lips look as red and fuckable as he could. No wonder he was always wiggling his fat butt at every cute boy we walked past.

"And since he saw you, Lindsay, as emotionally unable to provide, he went elsewhere. He found other girls to love him. But they failed to meet his emotional needs too, so he kept going, one after another."

"You're saying I'm not giving him what he needs?" I was mildly insulted.

"It's okay. It's not your fault. But don't worry, there are some therapeutic tools we can provide that may help." Gold gestured gracefully down to her enormous fuckstick.

Slut gulped and stared.

"And you do want to be able to help him, don't you?"

"Oh yeah." My pussy was all gushy, just imagining shoving those fat rods into his every wet hole.

"Good."

“And this - ” I shook away the vision. “This will keep him from cheating on me?”

“It’s a start.”

“Slut?” I turned to him. I don’t know if he was even listening. His entire gaze, his entire world, was focused on that dick. “What are you waiting for? Get on your knees. You want it so bad? Crawl over and get it.”

His eyes went even wider, a jiggling, barely contained bundle of excitement as he fell onto his hands and knees and crawled over. He grabbed Gold’s member, big and heavy. It swung meatily in his hands.

“Good,” I smirked. “Now get it good and wet. Use your tongue on every inch of that thing. And when it’s good and slick? You’re going to shove it up your virgin bitch ass. I’m going to make you bounce on that thing the way those girls bounced on yours. How do you like that?”

He hesitated, struggling with some inner demon, then nodded gratefully up at me before bringing his sloppy wet lips down upon it, whimpering in ecstasy.

“Ah,” Gold smiled. “Love.”

My heart pounded as I watched the sight. I had... complicated feelings. I was still mad, despite everything. Maybe that’s why so many cruel punishments were coming to mind. Tying him up, pimping him out, leaving him blindfolded as fuckmeat at a party with all his friends. It’s what he deserved, wasn’t it?

But there was more to it. Even beyond revenge, emotions drifted through my brain. Why hadn’t he come to me about his plans with those girls? Why - why hadn’t he brought me along? We could have fucked those sluts together. He was always doing whatever he wanted, consequences be damned. I was a slut too! Why didn’t I get to have that kind of fun?

And as if reading my mind, Silver beckoned me over and patted at her crotch.

I gave a smouldering smirk and slunk over to her, my thick thighs rubbing together juicily. I fell to my knees, getting eye level with her beautiful bitchbreaker. She smelled like sage and lavender and musky cocksweat. I couldn’t help but return her smile as I gave her meaty rod a kiss of my own.

The therapists gave each other a smug glance, their dicks rising to full shining masts as we got to work.

“See?” There was a husk to Silver’s voice. “Doesn’t that feel good? Doesn’t that feel so much more right? Doesn’t the world seem better with a dick in your mouth?”

We nodded and mewled. It felt freeing. A chance to express ourselves with our tongues and lips. And who cared who was watching? Who cared about being proper?

Where had these feelings been all my life?

I delved deep, and greedily. With her cock in my hand, I took charge of my own pleasure for once. She wasn't fucking me, I was fucking her, my mouth around her dick, and she was going to give my due.

It didn't take long before Slut had Gold's cock good and ready, glistening and slick. He'd been so eager to obey my commands. Now she had him tenderly over the therapy couch, ass up, wiggling in invitation. The doctor wasted little time. With a dramatic groan, Slut's eyes rolled up as she took him to heaven.

"And needless to say," Silver smirked, gesturing again to her dick. "You should be getting as much of these as possible."

"Mmm."

"You can help him get that, can't you? What better way to show him you love him, what better way to express your own emotions?"

And I suppose that was the thing – I did love him. Despite everything. That's why we were here. Because we both thought this relationship was something to fight for. Because despite our problems, there's no one else I'd rather be with.

I bottomed out on Silver's cock as I considered this. The thick warmth of it filling my mouth and throat so completely that it was all I could do not to gag. The breathlessness was invigorating.

"Date night's about to get a lot more interesting." I wiped the dribbling slobber off my chin as I came up for air. "Hear that Slut? I'm going to watch you giggle and flirt as we prowl for dick. Going to pimp you out for all the cute boys, going to keep the best for myself. Going to get my holes stuffed as I make you go down on cock after cock after cock. Night after night."

"See? Progress." Gold spoke between grunts. "The more you two express yourselves like this, the better off you'll both be. In fact, I bet other things are going to come to the fore too. You're going to be going on a grand journey together. I'm so excited for you both! You're going to learn so much about yourselves."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, like your obvious domination fetish?" Silver winked.

"My what?" A flash of heat ran through me. I guess that made sense. The idea of holding him down as he choked on dick was making my pussy ache just thinking about it.

"And his total love of all things bimbo pink and girly." Gold smacked Slut's jiggling rump.

He flushed, mid fuck.

"Actually you know what?" Silver wrapped her fingers in my hair as I manhandled her balls before driving down harder on her shaft. "That's something you'll both have in common. Isn't that exciting? Nails and boys and makeup. High heels and crotchless panties. What better way to bond than to shop for slutty outfits together? It can be a cornerstone of your new relationship."

Ooh, maybe something in leather.

"No! I can't!" Slut's words were half-buried in gasps and groans. "I'm a guy! I can't go around sucking dick, I can't dress up in pretty slutty outfits and jiggle for all the boys, I can't- I can't-" his tits bounced with each of Gold's thrusts, swelling and swelling as he struggled, but it sounded more like disappointment than defiance.

"Aw honey," Gold gave a reassuring smile. "You can be anything you want to be."

"As within, so without," Silver winked.

"If that slutty you is what you put into the world," Gold said, bending over Slut's back, her heavenly orbs pressing into him as she reached her soft hands around to Slut's aching orbs, "then that's the you that people will respond to. Be yourselves: shop for skanky clothes and makeup. Flash your tits." She whispered the last part as she tugged at his ear with her teeth. "Act upon your every carnal instinct."

"I mean, look," Silver laughed "You've only just confessed these desires and look how ripe and fuckable you've become. You're already halfway there."

"Really?"

Gold lifted him up off the couch like he weighed nothing at all, the two still attached at her dick, using his whole body like the sex toy it was.

He looked down in surprise to see the belt-wide tartan miniskirt and schoolgirl blouse tied into a knot below his massive bust, showing off his pink naval piercing and hoisting his tits forward for the world to see. His pink and blonde hair bounced behind him in two ass-length pigtails.

"Mmm." He ground his hips eagerly into her, sensation overwhelming him. His outfit gave such easy access. A smile flashed across his face, but it was easy to lose it in the cock-dumb drool on his pretty lips.

I had to suppress a laugh at the outfit, but damn he made it look good. Real good. I didn't know if I wanted to try it on or rip it off him. Well, there'd be time for both.

"Don't you see baby?" I locked eyes with him, one of my hands still stroking tightly at Silver's slobber-slick shaft, the other playing with her balls. "They're right. They're so right! We can work through this together. All those slutty girly outbursts? We'll directed them into one continual stream of whorishness, side by side. We'll never go horny again. I'll see to that. We don't have to pretend that's not who we are anymore."

Slut mewled in ecstatic agreement.

"It's a good thing you two came to us when you did," Silver smirked. "How could things have gotten so bad? Tell me, how many times a day do you make him wear your underwear as he eats you out?"

"Uh? None?"

There was a moment's pause, just the shlorping of the cock in his ass as the two doctors exchanged a look.

"Well, how many times a week do you invite all the neighbors around to run a train on him?"

"N-none?"

"Let me get this straight." Silver slapped me across the face with her dick. "You haven't been dressing him up in slutty outfits? You haven't been teaching him makeup or training his ass to take big fat cocks?" She rubbed hers against my cheek for emphasis.

"No! None of that stuff." My brow furrowed. Why *hadn't* we been doing that? It seemed so obvious now. It was like going out on dates -- isn't that just what healthy couples did?

"Well, no wonder he felt like you've checked out of the relationship." Silver's dick sprang free of my lips as I hoisted up my considerable cleavage and buried her rod between my fleshy mounds.

"Hold on doc, that doesn't ~ mmm..." he was writhing as Gold masterfully manhandled his big slutty melons. "That doesn't sound right!"

"You see, people like your husband need to be taught their place in the world. In a safe, secure, *well-disciplined* environment."

"Do they?" I squeezed my fat titties around Silver's ramrod dick, sliding the hot flesh along her sensitive flesh, slobbering over her head whenever it presented itself.

"It's true." Gold was sitting on the therapy couch now, Slut bouncing in her lap. "Here, try calling him a good bitch. Let him know you really see and appreciate how much of a dirty whore he is deep down."

"But I'm - I'm not a whore!" Through the huffing and pouting his words lacked conviction.

"Oh dear, you see? It's worse than I thought. He's so far gone he's actually internalized it. Try it quick, call him a good bitch."

"Uh - " I looked him up and down. I looked into his doe eyes and his soft submissive soul. God, what was it about that expression that sent lightning through me? "You're a good bitch, baby. A real... needy cocksleeve. Look at the way you take that dick like a total pro. That's the Bitch I fell in love with."

"I'm not a -" But before he could finish the thought a blush spread through his face. A big goofy grin that I hadn't seen since we were newlyweds. "Really?"

"See? Progress!"

Then he caught what he was doing and shook his head, pigtailed waving behind him like a petulant child. Tears were welling in his eyes. "What the hell is happening?"

"Shh, it's okay." Gold pulled him into a hug, her dick pressing tightly up into him, pinning him in place in her lap. "You don't have to fight it anymore."

He gave a lusty groan. Tears flooded out of his eyes, but it was unclear if it was emotion or the fat dick pounding inside him.

"Therapy can be very intense." She pressed him against her warm bosom. "Feel it all across your body? That heat? That passion?"

He was still rocking his hips, stuffing his ass for all it was worth. Poor baby must have been agonizing inside. Years' worth of horny ache all venting out all at once. I brought a hand to my own slutty pussy. I'd never let us get this bad ever again.

"How do you feel?" Gold said.

He wiggled; he ran a hand down his body.

"H-hot."

"And? Be honest, bitch."

"L-loved!" He cried in ecstasy as his body spasmed and rocked with orgasm.

"Progress." Gold smiled.

"And you?" Silver whispered to me.

I looked at my big cum-hungry tits, bare, brazen, beautiful, busty. I looked at the dick between them, the dick I'd never in a million years have had the courage to act upon before this session. My body was a kettle of dominant sexual energy waiting to whistle out.

I looked at Slut screaming out. My husband, my whore, my Slut. I'd been so mad at him before, but now? His expression, his passion...

How did this make me feel?

"*Horny.*" It came out a half sigh.

"Close enough." She grinned.

"What are you?" Gold's voice rang as she quickened her pace in Slut's ass.

"I'm a horny bitch?" His voice was quiet, unsure, but then returned, louder and louder as his orgasm rang out. "I'm a horny bitch!"

"And with that, the healing can begin." Gold had tears in her eyes too, pulling her fat cock from Slut's ass with a thick shlorp, a creampie of white pearly cum filling the void left in him.

"Among mm- other things." Silver gave one last thrust between my tits as I coaxed out of her a spray of hot creamy cum all over my face and chest.

"And how does that all make you feel?" Gold asked me.

I relished the sensation of the cum still oozed down my freshly fucked face.

"Good." I took a deep breath, licking up what I could. "Liberated."

"And you?" She turned to Slut.

"Happy." He blushed, but then let out a girlish giggle. For a moment he looked like he was trying to stop it, but he gave in and expressed himself like the bimbo whore he was.

I was so proud of him.

"See?" Gold gave her professional grin. "I told you we could make this work."

"So... our marriage is saved?"

"Told you we work miracles." Silver grinned.

"Things are certainly on the right track." Gold and Silver made their way back to their leather seat, cuddling back up with each other in a horny feathered mess. "But it'll take a lot of work on both your parts to keep them that way."

I ran over and grabbed Slut by the collar, taking him into a big sloppy kiss, my mouth tasting his tender softness as the flavor of the doctor's cum mingled.

For the first time in a long while I felt optimistic about our relationship. It would take work? I'd put him to work alright. My pussy was buzzing at the thought of what I was going to do to him the moment we got home.

"How can we ever repay you?" Slut purred in girlish delight.

"Oh it's our pleasure," Silver grinned, giving her dick a wave. "Really."

"But there is one thing..." Gold winked.

"Could you send the next couple in on your way out?"

"So many miracles. So little time."

The End.