

Addressing the Issue

Being a psychiatrist wasn't easy for me. There's a lot of ways one could mean that – the cost and rigor of med school, giving up most of my 20's to education, advancing myself in a largely male-dominated field... but none of those are really my big problem. Not any more, at least.

No, my problem is that I came back to Podunk, Indiana to open my practice. It says something about how people see my home state that I literally have to clarify to outsiders that Podunk isn't the actual name of the town. It's actually Whitestown, which is frankly even worse given how it sounds to anyone with the least bit of racial sensitivity.

It may as well be Podunk, though. Fewer than three thousand people live here; I'd proudly graduated as valedictorian of my high school class – population twelve. There was one restaurant in town, one general store (no joke – it was literally named The General Store), and two neighborhoods, so everyone either had something to aspire to or someone to look down on.

The proximity of Indianapolis was the only thing that had made opening a practice here viable when I moved back to take care of my parents, who were advancing in years and in dementia. So I took referrals from doctors in the city, mostly low-grade stuff that wasn't worth their time. I was barely working twenty hours a week, but I'd only been at it a couple months and I still had a lot of room to build up. *You can do this*, I told myself, as I did every time the doubts crept in. *You're intelligent, and compassionate, and you're going to make a difference.*

"Lisa? I mean, Dr. Halstead?" came a voice from the doorway.

Speaking of making a difference, there was my receptionist, Deanna. "Yes, Deanna?" We'd gone to high school together; she'd been #11 by academics, though #1 in popularity. She still looked almost as good as she did then – full breasts, trim waist, long legs, round butt. Hairstyle and makeup I used to be undyingly jealous of, though after having seen more of the world I now knew marked her as provincial to anyone with a modicum sophistication.

(Not that I was ugly – I like to think I'm actually a fairly attractive woman. But I didn't ooze sexuality like Deanna – thankfully – and she had never let me live it down at the time. Now, she fetched my coffee and vacuumed my floors. But as thin as profits were, she should feel lucky to have a job at all, and I felt magnanimous to give it to her. Frankly, she made almost as much as I did right now, but I got respect. Even if she still called me "Dr. Halstead" as an after-thought, and one she found at least somewhat amusing.)

"Your one o'clock is here."

"All right. Send him in."

My one o'clock was a young man of maybe twenty or so. He'd been referred from a colleague in the city for "mild disassociative conditions" (which to me read as "wanted to whine to me about his life without having any real problems"). Still, for \$90/hour with student loans to pay down, he could whine all he liked.

The young man shuffled in, dragging his feet every step across the office and the looking hard at anything but me once he'd plopped down on my couch. He was tall and skinny, and I couldn't tell if his hair or his face was greasier. Deanna made a grossed-out face; I gave her a stern look to shoo her out the door.

I glanced down at his name in my file to refresh myself. “Welcome, Frankie. I’m Dr. Halstead, as I’m sure you know. Now I understand you’ve had a couple visits elsewhere, but instead of just reading a bunch of notes in some file, I’d rather just have you talk to me about yourself, and about what brought you here.”

(Honestly, I’d much rather have read the notes, but the referring psychiatrist had hardly provided anything.)

He kept looking around the office a while before responding, but part of my training had been in making comfort with silence. “Yer new at this, huh.”

“Well, I’ve been studying for this for more than a decade and have two years clinical experience, but yes, the practice is new.” I tried to make my voice pleasant. Maybe I succeeded, maybe I didn’t. Either way, I didn’t need to impress this kid.

He finally looked over at me, and in what I deemed too familiar a way for my comfort. “Purty, too. Younger’n any shrink I ever saw.”

“I finished med school a year early, in fact, so you’re not wrong. Now let’s—”

“Almost as purty as your secretary.” I’d worked hard to shed all traces of that accent from my speech, but he’d apparently made his peace with sounding like an inbred yokel.

“Deanna is my receptionist, not my secretary, but... Frankie, I’d really prefer we talk about you rather than about me and my staff.”

“Mm, right.” He looked away again.

“So let’s start over.” I forced a professional smile. “Tell me why you’re here.”

“Well doc, truth is I’m kinder lonely.”

It was immediately apparent why, if the past minutes were an accurate reflection of his personality. “Keep going,” I urged. “Tell me more.”

“That’s ‘bout the long and short of it, doc. Not sure how much else there is to say.”

“Lonely in what way? Family? Friends? A romantic partner?”

“Last one, I reckon.”

“I see. And how long have you been feeling this way?”

And so on. The session didn’t really pick up from there – just him dribbling out information in the tiniest pieces possible and me having to go hunting for meaning behind it. Never had a steady girlfriend, didn’t grasp how to build relationships with women, no positive female figures to speak of in his social circle, nobody specific he had his eye on.

When the timer finally told me the session was coming to an end, I had him sit up and face me. “All right, Frankie. Two things I want you to work on for next time. First, I’d like you to try to think of me as someone you can open up to. I know it may not be easy, but I want to help you, so the more open and honest you can be with me, the better I can do that.”

“Arright, reckon I can try. Second thang?”

“Second thing is I’d like you to get a little practice talking to women. Not ask them out or anything, but just say hello in passing, ask them how they’re doing today – totally superficial.”

“Super fish what?”

“Sorry – superficial, it means surface level. Chit-chat. Do you think you can try that for me?”

“I can try to try.”

“All right. Just tell Deanna on your way out that you need another appointment next week, and she’ll take care of you.”

“Wouldn’t mind takin’ care of her, neither.”

Instead of slapping him, I just shook his hand and showed him the door, then made a note in his file. If I was going to help him not be such a little pig, it couldn’t start with me calling him one.

I hit the intercom a short while later and asked Deanna to come in and wipe down the couch. I usually did it myself, but part of me wanted to see if she’d been harassed by young Frankie in turn, and part of me hoped as much. Some discomfort would do her good.

She came in with a sullen expression. “That guy was such a little creepo,” she said.

“Hey now, don’t forget he’s a client.”

“He was trying to look down my blouse the whole time I was scheduling him, Lisa.”

“Deanna, we’ve been over this. In this office...”

“It’s Dr. Halstead, right, right. Sorry.”

“And I know he’s not very good with women. We’re working on that.”

“Just do what I do and slap a guy every time he gets fresh.”

“I think I’d have to charge more for that kind of thing,” I joked.

“Hey... is this yours?” She plucked something out of the couch cushions and held it up. It was a gold necklace with a large sapphire – or meant to look like one anyway. The color wasn’t quite right, and as I looked closer, I saw the “gold” was actually just plastic with a thin layer of paint over it. Stranger still, saw the stone had some kind of faint light inside it.

“No... I think he must’ve dropped it,” I answered.

“Looks like it came out of a Happy Meal. Rock’s totally fake.”

“I noticed that too.”

We both stared at it for a long moment. “You don’t think that guy was trying to...”

I frowned. “No, I’m sure he wouldn’t...” *Bribe me into liking him.* I didn’t quite say.

“Yeah, that makes sense. Otherwise he’d left it in reception,” he said.

That made two people I’d wanted to slap on that couch today. “Well whatever. I’ll give it back to him next week, and make sure he understands that if it was meant as a gift, that it’s not appropriate.”

A week later, Frankie shuffled back into my office again like he was trying to build up a static charge. He plopped down on the couch without a word. “You’re awfully quiet again,” I said as Deanna closed the door after giving him a little glare.

“Yep, reckon so.”

“C’mon, Frankie, your homework was to practice talking to women. And what am I?” I smiled.

“A five, with your hair up like that, but you could make seven if you tried.”

It took me a moment to even understand his response, and when I did, it took another moment to quell the urge to march across the office and kick him in the stomach. Still, I’d had to remind Deanna a dozen times to be respectful towards our clientele, and I had to walk the walk.

Besides, I told myself, maybe he was just joking. He might not intentionally be acting like a complete chauvinist, but just not know the difference. Heck, after one session, I couldn't even know if he might have something deeply disturbed inside his brain that made him act like that.

As I'd been prepping for this session in my many idle minutes, I'd kept telling myself that I had to treat every case like it was special, and that this was seemingly an excellent opportunity to put that attitude into practice. Frankie needed my patience and understanding, not my judgment.

"So tell me about how your homework went. Doesn't matter if it went well or badly – there are no judgments here. Just you and me."

"Well, I reckon it didn't go so good," Frankie responded.

Once again, it was up to me to drag more than a single sentence out of him. Bit by bit, I came to understand that he hadn't made much of an effort. I didn't get the sense that he was too intimidated to try, but more so that he just hadn't taken the suggestion to heart. It was almost like he just... didn't care.

Which was absurd, of course, considering he was paying for therapy for just that problem.

"So Frankie, what I'm going to propose is that you and I do what we call 'role play'. This will be a no-risk way to give you a little experience having positive dialogues with women. I'll play the part of a woman you meet, say, at the gym," not that our town had one, "and you just be yourself. Then I'll give you some feedback."

Now, I know this sounds ridiculous. After all, I'm a psychiatrist, and this was basically date coaching. Still, something told me there was more to Frankie beneath his hard-to-crack shell. Deep down, I was sure that there was something special about him.

"So, because this is our first attempt, I'll start. Ready?"

"Sure, doc."

I remembered him saying he preferred me without my bun, so I pulled out the chopsticks and let my hair down, shaking my head to toss the auburn tresses back behind me. Frankie sat upright on the couch, watching with more interest than he'd shown towards anything else in our session. "So hi there." I smiled warmly.

"Well howdy to you too, doc."

I let the smile slip to break character. "For purposes of our role play, I'm not Dr. Halstead. If you'd like, you can call me Lisa. But only when we're role-playing."

"Nah, I like you as doc. It suits you. Maybe when I get to know you better."

"I... but..." Was he this dense? No matter – it was small stuff. "Fine. If that's what you want to call me, fine. So... hi again."

"Howdy."

"C'mon, Frankie, *talk* to me. Don't just say hi."

"What am I s'posed to say?"

"Well, ask yourself what you want out of this interaction. My phone number, for example."

"I got that already – Miss Deanna gave me your card last week, case I needed it."

"But I mean my *character's* number. Or... well, whatever. Just decide what you want from me, and try to guide the discussion to getting it."

He nodded, thinking it over. Our talking role play resulted in a good long period of ironic silence. "Well," he said finally, "I reckon I'd like to see ya with yer top off, is what I want."

My jaw dropped. "Frankie! I... no!" His boldness was actually kind of impressive, in some ways. But still.

"I do somethin' wrong? You look cross."

"Well... let's pause the activity for some feedback."

"Sure."

I stood up and rolled my desk chair to sit directly across from him. He looked a little cleaner this week, and for a moment I wondered if I'd been too hasty writing him off as slovenly and gangly in our first meeting. "So, suppose you meet an attractive woman and you'd like to initiate a romantic relationship."

"Talk English at me, doc."

"You see a pretty girl, and you want to ask her out." I waited for a spark of comprehension, then went on. "You're never going to get it like that, just saying you want to see her topless. You have to show an interest in her, not just physical, but emotional too. You need to develop a bond."

"So first I bond, then I see dem boobies?" Somehow, he seemed to be asking sincerely. *Be professional. Don't judge. Don't slap him. Definitely don't show him your boobies.*

"Well... you might. Or you might not – not every conversation will lead to more. But you have to start slowly. Show interest, appreciate her."

"Like buy her somethin', ya mean?"

"Well, not necessarily, but..." I was suddenly very self-conscious.

He nodded. "Say, you like that necklace I got ya, doc?" he suddenly asked out of the blue.

"Oh yes, that – I was coming to that." And I had been, as it was the source of my self-consciousness. By now, I wasn't all that eager to return the thing, even though it was obviously necessary. With it sitting in front of me no my desk all week, I'd realized it wasn't as gawdy and cheap as I'd thought. I even tried it on – Deanna noticed and eventually admitted it suited me too. (Honestly, I think she even got jealous of me, so I left it on just to tease her a little.)

"Now Frankie, you have to understand that I'm your therapist, so our relationship has to be strictly professional. You can't go giving me jewelry like you were trying to be romantic."

"Oh, right, sorry. Didn't really peg you for a workin' girl, but I'll be sure to bring cash next time."

Again, I needed a moment before I followed his crude thought process. "Frankie... no! I didn't mean I'm a... hooker," I said in a whisper. "I just meant you have to pay me with money and insurance for our time together, just like everyone else, and no more presents."

"You din't like it?"

"That's got nothing to do with it," I said, pressing my legs together. I loved it, actually. It looked amazing on me. If someone other than a client had given it to me, I'd have gone home with them for sure. I'd lost sleep fantasizing about what I'd do for such a gift – from the right giver. Too bad he was a client. "It's just not appropriate."

"Arrright. So... can I have it back then?"

He wanted it back? Oh, of course. I turned and look for it on my desk, rummaged through drawers. Frankie was trying to see down my blouse – and I'd taken to wearing more flattering things around the office, figuring I was a confident professional and it couldn't hurt business – and as it turned out, he was the one who found it. "Uh, it's around your neck, doc."

I froze, feeling like an idiot. Of course it was. I'd put it on... when had that been? Oh yeah, last Friday. I guess I'd thought I didn't want to risk losing it, or having Deanna steal it, the jealous bitch.

As I reached for the clasp, though, I had a revelation. This wasn't what Frankie needed – not at all. He'd obviously faced rejection from women in the past (though he hadn't said as much, but c'mon, he had the social graces of a starving wolf) – and what would it do to him if I followed suit?

All the progress I wanted to have made by now would be destroyed. He'd never trust me again. "You know, Frankie... I tell you what. Why don't we make this part of the role play? You meant to be considerate by giving me this, and so I say, thank you. It's lovely."

"You really like it?"

"I do." My character did, anyway. She was evolving – started out as kind of a cold fish, but I think she was actually materialistic and shallow.

And horny.

"Can I see it then? Them buttons is kinder in the way." He gestured to the top few buttons on my blouse. It was actually a low-cut blouse – the top button alone would show my bra if I undid it, that's how professional I'd been feeling when I got dressed this morning. And it'd show off the necklace, which was mostly revealed already.

Still, in character, he had to see that making friendly gestures yielded results. So even though no real girl would ever do this just to be given a piece of jewelry, I undid the top three buttons, stopping just over my belly button. It was tight on me, and the tautly stretched fabric naturally pulled back to reveal most of my bra. (Luckily, it was a very serious pink with a red bow.)

"Damn, doc, dem's some big titties. Hadn't figgered you was hidin' so much from me!"

"Frankie, if you're trying to impress a girl, don't use foul language. Say they're 'nice boobies,' or 'a great set of jugs.'" I'd remembered the word boobies was one he'd used last week, and Deanna had complained he'd complimented her jugs. I wanted to keep him in his comfort zone while not sacrificing the professional nature of our relationship.

"They're both of those things too, I reckon." He reached into a pocket, pulling out what I recognized after a moment was a bracelet. It might have been shiny plastic, but if it was metal, it was something cheaper even than the necklace. It had a bunch of fake diamonds on it (almost certainly plastic, but maybe glass?).

Frankie dangled it out in front of me, and I couldn't help noticing how well it went with the necklace. Weird, given how gaudy it was and how elegant I'd decided the necklace was. "Ya know, I was gonna give this to Miss Deanna. You think she'd like it?"

Deanna? No way she deserved this. This harassment, I mean. Totally inappropriate, way over the line. But also no way she deserved to be getting presents from *my* client! I'd grown up watching guys throw themselves at her, and I wouldn't stand for it in my waiting room, damnit.

“Oh, Deanna’s not really part of our little role play, so I’m not sure that would be very appropriate, actually,” I said.

“Heh. Sumfin’ makes me think you just want this for yourself.”

“What? No! I mean, I’d accept it, if you offered, but only in character.”

“Hey now, I thought you was professional. I tell you what, I’ll trade ya for it, and you can wear it the rest of the day, afore you pass it on to Miss Deanna for me. Howzat?”

“Trade? What kind of trade?”

“Your top.”

“What? Absolutely not – it’s definitely not worth that. I don’t have a change, and I’d have to go home in just my bra!” As Frankie slowly formulated his response, my brain began to supply the countless other reasons why I shouldn’t accept his offer.

“I see – you’re wantin’ ta haggle. Well arright, I can haggle. You need to walk out of here head high, I get that. So I tell ya what. Bra and panties, and it’s yours for the day.”

“Two days,” I countered. *Wait, what?*

“Done.” And he tossed it to me. At me, really, but I snatched it and put it on anyway. Man I looked good in it. It was tawdry, yes, but somehow it still suited me.

“Ahem.” Frankie cleared his throat, and I looked up.

“Oh. Yes. Well, just turn around and I’ll... you know.”

“Naw, that weren’t part of the deal.” He folded his arms across his slender – but somehow still very masculine – chest.

“I’m not taking off my clothes in front of you.”

“Fair ‘nuff. Just give it back now, and I’ll see if Miss Deanna drives an easier bargain, wants her bracelet early ‘stead of givin’ it to you first.”

I clutched at it. Deanna couldn’t have it. I mean, he’d said it was hers, and I suppose that was the intent of our original deal, to hand it off to her after two days (*not one, you shrewd bargainer, you*). Still, she shouldn’t be involved in this kind of... highly involved, intricate therapy technique. Which was all it was.

“OK, fine. But only because I think we’ve made good progress today.” I stood up, and with Frankie’s eyes leering at me unblinkingly, I undid the clasp on my bra, then nimbly removed it. The panties followed, but there I was very careful to maintain professional distance by showing as little of my behind as possible, and keeping my vagina hidden completely. (Or almost completely.)

I should probably have re-buttoned my blouse after, but I did like showing off the necklace, and besides, we were doing good work boosting his confidence. And not like it showed *all* of my titties. The nipples were barely out. I showed off more in a tanning bed, come to think of it. Not inappropriate at all.

Sure, his taking a whiff of my panties probably crossed the line, but we could work on that next session.

“I tell you what doc, this here clinic ever falls through for ya, you could make top dollar at the Dancin’ Bare.” This was the only bar in town, a smokey strip club with a pun that never failed to titillate the knuckle-draggers who thronged to it nightly.

“Thanks!” I said. He’d meant it as a compliment, after all. “Though telling a girl she could be a stripper might not always come across as flattering, you know.”

“Naw, you ain’t flat, doc – maybe compared to Miss Deanna, but dem titties of yours still look right good on ya.”

Before I could say anything else, the timer dinged, indicating the session was over. Frankie stood and went for the door, patting me on the behind as he passed me. “Hey now, session’s over,” I chided him.

“Right, sorry – ass like yours, a fella might almost forget you got a pussy right next to it.”

I laughed. He was so backward, but there was a sort of charm about it. “See you next week, Frankie. And remember, start those dialogues! Use what you learned with me today.”

Deanna never got her bracelet. She teased me for wearing something so cheap, though, so I figured she wouldn’t even want it. (Of course, when I wore it in the next morning, she was looking at it like it was a 14 carat diamond, but whatever. It’d be good for her to be jealous more often, developmentally.)

I did a lot of reflection that week on Frankie’s case. I’d definitely mishandled things so far, not drawing boundaries or correcting his heavy-handed sexism. My body was mine and mine alone, and he could only look at me if I gave him permission. Same went for taking my underwear, or having me strip for him. And it definitely wasn’t OK for him to be complimenting my cute little titties, or my hot wet cunt, or my sexy-as-hell ass.

So I’d sketched out a plan, and had been working towards it every day. Deanna and I had been over the plan, and while she was incredibly skeptical, I ignored it. After all, I was a professional therapist (who could even be a stripper, if she wanted), and Deanna was just the hottie I stole jewelry from.

It was a five-point plan, and I left it on my desktop like a suit of armor in preparation for the meeting.

1. *Love your own body.* He can’t make you uncomfortable if you’re perfectly content with who and what you are.
2. *Turn the tables on him.* If he talks dirty, do it right back at him. Let him see how it feels.
3. *Remember your place.* He’s a paying client, and you’re there to help him. Stop judging and think about how you can help!
4. *Enjoy compliments.* It’s just his way. Worry less about *how* he says them and just be glad *that* he says them.
5. *Absolutely no touching yourself.* No matter how good you feel. Even if he asks you to. Even if he orders you to!

Every night after work, I went out and practiced for my plan. Not in Whitestown, of course, but it wasn’t far to the next town over, and they had a bar that wasn’t a strip club. I’d dress up in something skimpy and revealing (once I went out and bought such clothes, anyway). Then I’d bask in all the attention it got me from men, learning to deflect and not internalize it.

When a guy wolf-whistled as I walked past, it was his way of telling me he appreciated the effort I went to with my diet, exercise and fashion. If a guy grabbed my ass, he was just communicating that he'd like to spend more time with me. If he came right away, it just meant I was good at my blowjob. Practically a professional.

Every night, I went home feeling full and content and proud of myself. I could do this. I wondered if the Dancing Bare had girls who sucked dick for a living. Working girls. Professionals.

I'd cleared all my appointments for the day. I couldn't really afford to, and without that revenue I'd actually be making less than my own receptionist that week, but still. It was the only way to spend the whole morning masturbating at my desk so I'd completely focused when Frankie arrived.

I heard him before I saw him. I'd left the office door a crack open so I could hear.

"Good afternoon, Frankie," Deanna said guardedly.

"Heya, Miss Deanna. Don't you look like four seasons in a day." I beamed. He was learning how talk to girls politely! "That shirt sure makes those huge knockers of yours look pos-I-tively mouth-waterin' today."

Well, it was a start.

And Deanna *had* been increasingly pressing the limits on the dress code the past couple weeks. (I'd said she shouldn't wear a tube top to the office Monday. "If you're going to wear *those*," she'd said, pointing at Frankie's gifts, "then I ought to be able to show off *these*." I'd let it slide. Then worn a tube top of my own the next day. She'd been livid.)

"They always look mouth-watering," she retorted somewhat coldly. "You're just not here to see them the other days."

"Hmm. Say, you're not wearin' the bracelet I left for you. Din't ya like it?"

"What? What bracelet? You know what, nevermind. Just don't buy me anything, OK? Lisa – Dr. Halstead – says I have to be polite, so I'm being as nice as I can be about it. You don't have a shot with me. Ever. Understand?"

"Well sure, if that's how you feel. You know, I bet doc kept the bracelet for herself, the sly fox. I'll just tell her she can keep it."

"Wait, *that* bracelet? You got that for *me*?" Deanna's voice was furious. "She's been wearing that all week, rubbing it in my face!"

"Hey, she rub anything else in your face? 'Cause I'd pay to see that."

Then before I could register what had happened, Deanna was in my office, scowling thunderclouds. "Look, Deanna, I can explain," I began, but it was actually Frankie who cut me off.

"Now now, doc, we had a deal, and you broke it," he drawled, shuffling in behind her. He looked so much more imposing, more manly, than he had last week. Must be working out or something. "C'mon, hand it over."

I looked down at it. It felt so *good*. And Deanna was definitely not ready to provide therapy on my level. Her wearing it would be so unprofessional – she'd look like just another bow-legged trailer trash girl from Whitestown.

In fact, that was my costume today, to help make Frankie more at ease. Daisy Dukes (they'd been jeans when I wore them in, so Deanna wouldn't know), a sheer white tank top I'd

gotten at Goodwill, obviously donated by someone tired of having her boobies plainly visible through her shirt, and... that was it. No panties, no bra – he wouldn't be out-negotiating me today, no sir.

Without the bracelet though, I'd look ridiculous. The necklace helped, sure, but I needed both not to look like I was wearing a slutty Halloween costume. "Please Frankie? Just... just for today. Then she can have it."

"It's *mine!*" Deanna insisted, stamping her foot. One boob popped right out of the unbelievably deep neckline she was sporting. She scowled first, replaced it after.

Frankie's firm expression didn't waver, so I slipped it off (for the first time since I'd put it on), and sullenly handed it over to her. "Sorry, Deanna," I mumbled.

She slipped it on instantly, sighing happily and admiring it. She looked like such a cheap slut, like she was donning grandma's costume jewelry to attend the opera. I'll grant, it definitely made her jumbo jumbles pop, but c'mon, have a little dignity.

I tugged my shorts down; every time I stood up they seemed to sink deeper and deeper into my ass crack. Pretty soon they'd be a thong (if they weren't already).

"Now, this weren't how I's hopin' to start our session, doc, but I reckon you gotta make amends, as they say."

"Fine. I'm sorry, Deanna. It was rude of me, and I sincerely apologize." She just sighed and rolled her eyes. "Um, and your titty popped out again," I said when she didn't seem to notice.

"They've been doing that all morning. I don't have time to do all your errands *and* play seamstress."

"Hey now, that weren't hot at all. I was hopin' for a cat fight or sumfin', tearin' some clothes and maybe pullin' hair. Maybe a spankin', at least."

I wanted to tell him that the day I'd let Deanna spank my bratty little heinie was the day I tattooed "Daddy" on my bicep, but I remembered my game plan. Be supportive. He was expressing what he wanted, and technically he was already on the clock.

I turned around and bent over my desk. I didn't even need to take the shorts off, they were so brief. Frankie whistled through his teeth and took a few squeezes, but he recognized the role play for what it was soon enough. "Go on dere, Deanna. Whack your slut boss's ass."

If I'd known how very much into the role play my receptionist would get, I'd never have invited her to spank me. She did a few soft ones at first, but Frankie told her he wanted to see "dem slut cheeks turn redder her cherry on prom night". Then he reminded her that he'd gotten her that bracelet, and that he'd brought another one today that he hadn't decided who to give it to yet.

When all was spanked and done, I wound up having to conduct our session on my knees. My ass was just too tender. She lost count somewhere in the thirties, and just started these reverberating flesh-on-flesh *smacks* and naming the offense. "And this one is for making me go back to get you decaf!" "And that's for docking me an hour's pay last month!" "And this is for your stupid dress code!"

"You sure look good down dere on your knees, doc," Frankie said. Deanna was back at her desk now, no doubt admiring her bracelet and imagining a matching one for the other wrist. (Which, who could blame her. I couldn't stop thinking about it ever since he brought it up.)

“Thanks, Frankie. I hope you don’t take this as a sign that I’m some cheap, easy, smalltown trailer trash cock-sucking slut or anything. Because I’m not.”

“Aw damn, and here I was about to up your pay rate!” Frankie said with a laugh. So crude, but still, humor was a step up from his usual misogyny.

“Not that it’s important, or anything, but... did you mean what you said? About having a second bracelet?”

“Sure did. Why, you think my mama raised herself a liar?”

No, just a sexist jerk. “I was thinking, since we’re still conducting a role play, maybe I could... wear it. While we have our session. Then you could give it to whoever.”

“Role play? That’s that thing where you was pretendin’ you din’t wanna fuck me, right?”

“Well no, I wasn’t pretending, but yes, that’s the exercise we were doing last week.”

“Tell you what. You role play crawlin’ on over here and suckin’ me off, and I’ll role play letting you see the bracelet.”

His cock was in my mouth before I even started to rationalize why I was doing it. Which wasn’t good for my plan, but it was definitely good for my self-esteem. After all, why should Frankie be the only one whose mental health we improved with these exercises? Every time he moaned, or his cock spurted dribbles of precum into my mouth, or he stroked my hair and complimented me on being “at least the third-hottest blowjob queen [he’d] seen outside the state fair”... I just felt better and better about myself.

I was attractive, and goal-oriented, and definitely improving my client’s quality of life. Maybe letting a client bribe me into sucking his cock for a chance to see some dime store jewelry wasn’t strictly ethical, but it was certainly effective. Having a hot girl who’d had less than a shred of interest in him not two weeks ago on her knees, sucking him while she groped her tits and diddled her pussy like she could never get enough... well if he could do this, he’d have to feel incredibly confident approaching other girls.

Maybe later, I could see if he was willing to try it on Deanna. Just so I’d have a metric for comparison.

When Frankie came, it was a surprise. He didn’t ask, didn’t warn, just planted one hand on my forehead to push me back and the other on his dick to finish himself off, then pow, all over my face. And there was so much of it, too. Even with the bracelet on, I must look a sight.

“You know, Frankie, women usually appreciate it when a guy asks before cumming in their face. It’s considered polite.” I looked around for something to wipe my face off with, but I was out of tissues, having used them to clean up after dozens of masturbation sessions.

“Just use your shirt, doc.”

It wasn’t until after I’d removed it that I realized I could’ve done it with the garment still on. Whatever. Frankie liked looking at my titties, and I wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction of seeing me made uncomfortable by his lewd remarks. In fact, this was a fine time to re-focus on my plan.

“Thanks for cumming on my whorish little face, Frankie,” I said, hamming it up a bit. This wasn’t really role play any more, but I was proud of my body. As former president of my university’s feminist outreach club, I didn’t care who saw me crawling around my office dripping cum off my face, my ass beaten red by a woman with half my intelligence for not sharing some redneck’s cheap jewelry with her.

I was a professional, damnit.

Still, I'd been maybe a bit *too* professional – it was almost time for our session to be over. “All right,” I said, fighting the urge to break with part 5 of the plan as he ogled my bare boobies. “It seems like we’ve made good progress in helping you approach women and communicate your interest. Still, because this was role play, so far you’ve only been doing it with a character.”

“Not sure I follow you, doc – though in dem shorts you got on, gotta say I’d follow you for a day.”

“I’ve only been acting – pretending. My character was very polite and understanding about some of your more... aggressive comments. My character enjoys wearing slutty clothes, sucking off men and being leered at.”

“I see. You was just pretendin’ to like me.” Frankie leaned down, and with a quick tug yanked the bracelet off my wrist. I gasped – even though he’d said it was temporary, I thought surely I’d earned it with my selfless professionalism!

“Hey now – I told you up front it was a role play, didn’t I?”

He sniffed indignantly. “Reckon so.”

“And just because my character liked it doesn’t mean *I* didn’t like it too, does it?” Not that I had – much – but still, this was about building him up.

He smiled a little. “Reckon.”

“Right? So now, I just want you to use what you learned on an actual girl.”

“Aw. Dat mean I can’t just bend ya over your desk, pull dem shorts outta my way and fuck you all afternoon?”

“I have certain standards of professionalism I have to adhere to,” I said, wiping the trickle of moisture leaking out of my cunt and down my thigh, then sucking my finger clean. “Besides, I think you’re more than ready for the challenge. Just think of me as your practice girl – kind of a sure thing, satisfaction guaranteed, the batting cage equivalent of sex.”

“Wouldn’t mind putting you in a cage, doc,” he said with a grin.

I ignored it, not even wanting to think what the hell that comment actually meant. Time was almost up. “So what we want to do is move you out onto the ball field, playing an actual game.”

“Oh, I get it. You want I should fuck me some other bitches too.”

“Uh, sure. That’s a fine way of putting it.”

He nodded, rising to his feet. I made to follow him, but he put a hand on my shoulder. I guess he liked me on my knees. “You think Miss Deanna might be interested in a girl like me? Girl’s got T&A in her DNA, I tell ya, born to be rode hard ‘n put away wet.”

There was part of me that had felt bad for whatever woman happened to be in the path of this particular hurricane, but thinking about Deanna’s malicious delight in paddling my sturdy back porch, about her wearing that bracelet, and now maybe this one too...

“Deanna, could you come in here please?” I called. Maybe using her as an experiment for my patient’s lasciviousness wasn’t strictly within her job description, but...

Screw it. Once in a while, I could let myself be a *little* unprofessional.