

Harder

by Pan

Chapter 1:

“I b-beg your pardon?”

“It was obvious the moment you walked in,” Dr. Zibilich said, his teeth poking out from his dark beard like a dagger in the moonlight. “Your wife needs to be fucked harder.”

The couple fell silent, and the dark-haired man lowered his glasses, his eyes travelling slowly between the pair sitting in front of him.

Mike and Mary were in their early forties, and had been married for almost twenty years. Mike was tall and broad-shouldered with short black hair and olive skin. He had brown eyes and a strong jawline, which their son had inherited.

His wife was short, just under five feet tall. As soon as she'd walked into the office, Dr. Zibilich had noticed her attractive figure and distinctive features. She had strawberry-blonde hair, green eyes, and a curvaceous body. As they sat, stunned at the advice they'd just heard, the doctor allowed his eyes to sweep over her large breasts, wide hips, and small waist. Like her husband, she wore her age well.

They looked like a typical middle class American family. An unusually attractive one, perhaps.

By the time he was done with them, Dr. Zibilich knew they'd be something else entirely.

“The magic has just...gone,” Mary had said glumly when they'd first sat down in front of him. The office was quiet – the rumble of traffic could be heard from outside, but the only sound within the four walls of his marriage counseling institute were people talking and the slow hum of the air conditioning.

“That's not uncommon after twenty years,” the dark-haired doctor had replied with a nod.

“We still love each other,” Mike had hastened to add. “It's just...well...”

That was when Dr. Zibilich had given his advice. His words had been for Mike, but his beady eyes had locked onto Mary's, and he didn't hide a smile as her skin went bright pink. She didn't turn away, despite her obvious embarrassment.

She just stared into his eyes as he spoke.

“Your wife needs to be fucked harder,” he'd bluntly stated. “Every day.”

After the longest of pauses, Mike finally mustered up another response. Mary, meanwhile, was

lost in their therapist's stare, feeling herself being drawn deeper into his gaze.

"H-how do you know? You haven't even..."

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

"I've seen cases like yours a thousand times," the doctor said dismissively. "And I could tell the moment I laid eyes on your wife. She needs to be fucked. How often do you two have sex?"

Mary blushed again, turning redder than before. Her cheeks felt hot, and her nipples hardened beneath her thin turtleneck sweater.

"It's been a while," she admitted.

"A few months," Mike added, looking down sheepishly.

"As I thought." Dr. Zibilich nodded. "It's very clear what needs to happen here. Mary needs to be fucked, hard. And I mean *hard*. Show me how you make love."

"H-here?"

"Yes, right here. On that couch. Now."

Mary blinked in surprise, and Mike opened his mouth to protest, but the doctor turned his surprisingly powerful gaze towards him. For the next few moments no one said anything as Dr. Zibilich's dark eyes bore into the husband's like a laser beam.

"Now," he finally said again, and the couple nervously obeyed.

As Mary undressed, the doctor's eyes roamed over every inch of her body, taking in her curves, her soft skin, and the way her large breasts filled out her top. He watched the muscles in her arms flex as she removed it, then her legs as she slid off her pants. Soon, she stood in front of him wearing nothing but a bra and – to his surprise – a white thong.

As she undressed, she seemed acutely aware of the doctor's eyes on her body. She turned to face him as she removed her bra, allowing him a perfect view of her full, round breasts as they fell into view. Her nipples were dark pink, and seemed to harden as soon as Dr. Zibilich laid eyes on them.

Mike followed suit, removing his own clothes in a hurry. His chest was broad and muscular, suggesting he worked out regularly, though he had the beginnings of a beer belly.

The couple looked at each other awkwardly, Mary in nothing but her panties, Mike wearing nothing but his briefs, and Dr. Zibilich broke the silence.

"Why don't we start with a little foreplay," he suggested, his voice dripping into the room like oil. "Mike, I want you to kiss your wife."

Mike glanced at his wife, standing in front of the doctor with her hands clasped behind her back. She was visibly nervous; there was a flush on her neck, and a slight tremor in her fingers as she fidgeted.

“Y-yes, doctor,” he said, a rasp in his voice. “If you think this will be best.”

“I do,” the man replied, nodding, and Mike moved his mouth to his wife’s.

“Kiss her harder, Mike,” Dr. Zibilich instructed. The first kiss had been a gentle peck, but Mike quickly grew bolder, his lips pressing against Mary’s, gently sucking on the lower part of her mouth.

The woman gasped, clearly enjoying the attention from her husband. Dr. Zibilich allowed himself a smile as he observed their passionate embrace.

“Good, good,” he said approvingly. “Do you see how she responds to a firmer kiss? To the passion you’re showing her?”

“Uh huh,” Mike grunted, still kissing his wife.

“That’s because of her submissive nature. I spotted it as soon as she entered. Mary needs to be dominated. Underneath, deep down, she wants to be controlled. She craves being used. She needs to be fucked, Mike. *Hard.*”

Mary’s eyes shot open at the accusation, and she pulled back from her husband’s kiss.

“What...what are you saying, doctor?” she asked timidly. “I’m not like...”

Dr. Zibilich raised an eyebrow, cutting her off. He leaned forward, his eyes boring into hers as if trying to look through her soul.

“You love your husband,” he stated flatly. “But underneath it all you crave submission. Control. A strong, alpha male who can take charge and use you however he wishes.”

“That’s absurd,” Mike objected, and Mary nodded in agreement. “Mary is...”

Now Mike was the one to be cut off by the doctor’s intense stare.

“This is what your wife needs,” he repeated. “This is what will save your marriage. The only question is: are you the man to give her wife the hard fucking she requires?”

Mary put a hand on her husband’s arm.

“We should talk about this,” she said, looking nervously at the doctor.

Dr. Zibilich shook his head. “The time for talking is over. Now is when we discover: Mike, are you able to give your wife what she needs? Are you the man who can truly satisfy her?”

“Yes,” Mike said, the stammer in his voice gone. “Yes. I’m that man.”

“Then show me,” the doctor said, gesturing towards the topless woman standing in front of him. “Show me you know how to fuck your wife.”

Mike didn’t hesitate. He grabbed Mary and pulled her onto his lap, kissing her more forcefully than before. Mary gasped at her husband’s actions, and Dr. Zibilich watched them with a gleam in his eye.

When Mary was on top of him, her breasts pressed against his chest, Mike reached behind her to grab his wife’s thong-clad ass. He began moving his hands up and down her body, squeezing and kneading her soft flesh as she kissed him passionately.

“Fuck her,” Dr. Zibilich growled, his voice rough and insistent. “Fuck your wife, Mike. Prove to her that you’re a man.”

Mike slid his fingers into Mary’s panties, and she moaned in pleasure as he found her wet pussy.

“Oh god, Mike,” Mary groaned, biting her lip as he pushed two of his fingers inside her. “Fuck me.”

“Now,” Dr. Zibilich ordered, and Mike nodded.

He removed his fingers from her pussy, and Mary whimpered as she felt them leave her. Mike slowly lowered his wife’s wet thong, revealing her hairy cunt. He placed his fingers at her entrance and parted them, exposing her pussy lips. Mary was panting, her breath coming in short gasps. Slowly, he sank his middle finger into her, stretching the tight muscle around his digit. Mary cried out, and Dr. Zibilich sighed impatiently.

“She’s more than ready,” he hissed. “Do it.”

Mary gasped as her husband’s finger disappeared inside her, and Mike leaned forward, kissing her once more as he lowered his briefs.

“Mmmmm,” he grunted, thrusting his hips upward. Mary gasped as she felt her husband’s cock pressing between her legs. She wrapped her arms around Mike’s neck, pulling his mouth to hers. His tongue plunged deep, kissing her hungrily. Her skin was flushed, her nipples hard, her pussy wet.

“Now!” Dr. Zibilich roared, and Mike obeyed, pushing forward and entering his wife for the first time in months.

Mary moaned softly as her husband’s member slid past her vaginal lips. She clutched at his back, trying to pull him in further, faster, harder.

*Harder...*

Mike grunted and started pumping his hips, driving himself into Mary’s hot, slippery hole. He

leaned forward, his face buried in her shoulder as he fucked her as roughly as he could.

But it wasn't enough.

"Harder," the doctor demanded. "Go deeper."

Mary moaned again as her husband drove his dick into her, trying to be forceful, trying to give her the hard, dominant fucking she required. But it just wasn't happening. Mike was too gentle, too tender.

"Is that the best you can do?" Dr. Zibilich asked, his disappointment clear. "Is that as hard as you can fuck your wife?"

"Y-yes," Mike admitted, sweat beading on his brow. "I'm sorry."

Mary's moans had turned to whimpers of frustration as Mike's thrusts grew slower and weaker.

"That's not good enough," the doctor said firmly, and the couple silently agreed. "Mary needs to be fucked *hard*. Harder than it seems you can manage."

Mike nodded. His cock had softened from the humiliation, and his failure clear on his face. He began stroking his wife's hair comfortingly, but she pulled away.

"No," she said, looking up at him with pleading eyes. "The doctor is right. I...I need it harder than that. I need to be fucked, Mike. Truly fucked"

Mike looked at the doctor uncertainly; Dr. Zibilich had a thoughtful look on his face.

"Perhaps I can show you," he offered, and Mike's eyes widened.

"I don't think that's necessary," he said demurely, but his wife shook her head.

"Please, Mike," she begged him. "This isn't working. Please. Let Dr. Zibilich help us."

It was obvious that Mike wanted to object, but at the sight of his wife's face, he relented. He nodded and kissed her gently, then stood up.

"Take notes," Dr. Zibilich said. "If you can get this right, it will be exactly what you need to save your marriage."

"Yes, doc," Mike replied, taking out his phone. Still naked, he sat on the chair in the corner of the room, watching as Dr. Zibilich undressed to take his place.

Dr. Zibilich was short and slender. In many ways, he appeared to be the opposite of Mike. Mike's body was muscular and powerful, while the doctor's was frail and delicate, and – aside from his thick beard – almost completely hairless.

But in stark contrast to his small frame, the doctor's penis was huge, almost twice the size of

Mike's. It hung heavily between his legs, its size evident even before it began to thicken at the sight of the naked woman in front of him.

"Are you going to fuck me?" Mary asked, forcing her eyes from the growing erection to the doctor's face.

"Yes," Dr. Zibilich replied, his dark gaze boring into the woman's. "I'm going to give you exactly what you need. Mike, watch closely."

Mary shuddered slightly as the man moved closer, his cock standing erect and proud as he grabbed her by her waist. She gasped softly as she felt his hands cup her breasts, squeezing them roughly. And she let out a long moan of want as he kissed her harder than her husband had, forcing her lips open as he pushed his tongue deep inside her mouth.

"Oh god, yes," Mary groaned. Unlike her husband, the doctor didn't tentatively explore her pussy. Instead, he pushed her down on the bed and immediately thrust into her, plunging his cock into her tight, wet cunt. Mary cried out, her legs trembling as he began fucking her.

"This," Dr. Zibilich said breathily, "is how your wife needs to be fucked."

"Yes, doctor," Mike said, his fingers moving furiously as he tapped away at the screen. He watched with fascination as Dr. Zibilich pounded his wife, driving himself into her over and over again.

"Fuck!"

"She's a natural submissive," the doctor said as he rammed his dick into her. "Look at her, Mike. She's so eager to be used. She's so desperate to be taken by a real man. To be possessed, controlled. Dominated."

Mary moaned loudly, her whole body shaking at the sound of Dr. Zibilich's voice. Mike could see that she was close already, and he continued diligently taking notes as his wife began to cum on the doctor's hard cock.

"Oh fuck," Mary sighed as Dr. Zibilich buried himself deep inside her, his balls slapping against her ass. "I'm...oh my g-god! I'm coming."

Mary's orgasm was unlike anything Mike had ever seen from his wife. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and she clutched at the doctor, pulling him deeper still. He grunted in response, but didn't slow down for a moment.

"This is what your wife's orgasm should look like," the doctor said, his breathing heavy. "This is the orgasm of true submission to an alpha male. Isn't that right, Mary?"

"Mmmmmm," his wife whimpered. "Yessss..."

Mike's hand paused in its tapping as he watched his wife's entire body heave. Mary was panting, her chest rising rapidly up and down. Her legs trembled beneath the doctor's assault, her arms

hanging limply at her sides.

“A female like your wife only has one desire, Mike. To please her dominant partner. For him to use her however he wishes.”

“Yes,” Mary gasped. “Yes, Dr. Zibilich. I’m yours. Please fuck me...fuck your slut.”

“Your instinct may be to slow down when you feel her coming,” he advised. “But resist that impulse. Your wife needs to know that her orgasm isn’t the focus here, that she exists to bring pleasure to men. So just keep going.”

“Oh godddd!”

“Keep pounding the little bitch until she can’t stand it anymore,” Dr. Zibilich grunted, “until she begs to be filled with your seed. Is this making sense, Mike?”

“Yes, doctor,” Mike nodded, his eyes wide as he watched his wife get fucked as he’d never been able to.

“Please,” Mary groaned weakly. “Fill me up. Fill my cunt full of your hot, sticky sperm.”

“The goal is for this to be you, Mike. You should be the one making her beg, Mike. You should be the one filling this whore with your cock.”

“Yes, doctor,” Mike agreed. He watched as his wife’s eyes rolled back into her head, her mouth open and gasping as she came.

Mary’s orgasm seemed to go on forever; Dr. Zibilich not slowing down for a moment of it. His pounding was relentless, and when Mary’s orgasm was done, she had an adoring look in her eyes.

Mike stood, and cleared his throat. “Thank you, doctor,” he said. “This has been really—”

Dr. Zibilich held up one hand, silencing Mike, still thrusting into his wife. “Do you think we’re done?” he asked mildly, as though checking if the man wanted a glass of water.

“Well, uh, I thought...”

“This is the exact problem with your marriage, Mike. A woman like Mary shouldn’t be fucked to a single orgasm and then abandoned. Someone as lustful and wanton as her deserves more than that – and I’m more than confident that she’s capable of it.”

“Oh god,” Mary gasped, her legs shaking beneath Dr. Zibilich’s. He’d slowed down slightly to talk to her husband, but at his final words, began pounding her hard once more.

“I told you I was going to show you how to fuck your wife properly, Mike. And that means fucking her again and again. Fucking her so hard that she forgets her own name, until she can not breathe. There’s no need to be gentle or tender; a woman like Mary can be fucked for hours, and

should be. *Must* be. If you only take one lesson away from our session today, let it be that one.”

“Yes, doc,” Mike said bashfully. “I-I’m sorry.”

“Now, why don’t you sit while I show you exactly what I mean?” Dr. Zibilich ordered, his voice soft, and Mike did as instructed.

For the remainder of the session, Mike watched as his wife was taken by the doctor. He made her cum again and again, each time making her beg for him to fill her with his seed. Each orgasm left her shaking, panting, moaning in pleasure, but still desperate for more, and utterly submissive to the doctor’s will.

Mike took notes as he watched his wife’s body writhe in ecstasy. His cock was hard, but he made no moves to touch it – instead, he tried to learn as much as possible about his wife’s sexual needs from the small, dark-haired man inside of her.

It was obvious that he’d never even brought his wife close to the sexual ecstasy that she was experiencing in front of him. Her orgasms were intense, some lasting for minutes at a time; in all their years of marriage, Mike had only brought Mary to small, soft climaxes; orgasms of a few seconds before his cock squirted into her.

When the doctor’s orgasm arrived (perfectly timed for the end of the session), Mary’s response was immediate and intense: she screamed, digging her nails into his back, her whole body shuddering as Dr. Zibilich came deep into her pussy.

Mike sat silently, watching his wife orgasm harder than he’d ever made her. She looked like she might pass out, her eyes rolling up to the whites. When she was done, she collapsed onto the couch, completely spent. She had a look of total satisfaction on her face, and when Mike saw it, he felt his heart skip a beat.

He resolved that he would do all he could to bring his wife that same pleasure. Whatever it took.

“That’s enough for now,” Dr. Zibilich said, his tone bored as he pulled his softening dick out of Mike’s wife. “I hope that was educational.”

“That was amazing, doctor,” Mary said softly. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, my dear,” he replied, throwing the naked woman a quick smile. Mike noticed the doctor’s cum was oozing out of her pussy. “Mike, your homework is to try to fuck your wife as hard as that. Do you have any questions?”

“I don’t think so, doctor,” Mike said hesitantly. He was eager to begin, but also nervous. He didn’t know where this was going to go. “Is there anything else we should work on?”

“No,” Dr. Zibilich replied immediately. “As I said, the moment you came into my office, I knew exactly what the problem was. Mary needs to be fucked that hard at least once a day. If you can fix that, all your marriage problems will be resolved.”



“Thank you doctor,” Mike replied. “I’ll do what I can.” The short man nodded, a curt nod. “I’m sure you will,” he said flatly. “And we can only hope that it’s enough.”