



# Doctor Hardy and the Hysteria Machine (The Doctor's Pleasure #1)

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**Category:** Historical

**Description:** Lady Beatrice Campbell has an urgent — and utterly unspeakable — need.

Despite the undeniable attraction between her and the dashing Lord Eric Greenwood, Beatrice's innocence and strict upbringing send her into a fit of hysteria when he dares to ask for a kiss.

Mistaking her panic for rejection, Eric may soon turn elsewhere in his search for a wife — and an heir.

But a whispered recommendation from her seamstress leads Beatrice to the discreet office of Doctor Hardy, whose scandalous hysteria machine promises blessed relief to ladies in her condition. Will the good doctor's prescription of pleasure and praise cure her? Or will it awaken something far more dangerous?

A sizzling tale of forbidden longings, burning passions, and a daring woman who learns to take her pleasure into her own hands.

Medicine has never been so scandalous.

**Total Pages (Source):** 13

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: August 11, 2025, 5:48 am*

## Prologue

LONDON, 1877

Lady Beatrice's heart thumped wildly against her corseted ribs when Lord Eric Greenwood spotted her across the room.

Behind her back, white-knuckled fingers tightened around the pink and ivory fan.

Eric deposited his glass in a servant's silver tray, stopped to exchange a few words with the magistrate, then made his way through the crowded parlor towards her.

"Lady Beatrice," he bowed and kissed the back of her gloved hand.

She was ever so glad for the cover of her gloves. Underneath the silky layer was a damp palm and fingernails bitten down to a most unladylike shape.

"Lord Eric." She lowered her eyes and curtsied.

To an outsider, this might appear to be the pair's very first meeting. But Beatrice enjoyed this deliberate formality they shared. Like in a quadrille, they danced through their months of courtship with elegant civility. Never pressed bodily against each other, and never alone without a chaperon. Traditional and polite, everything she was taught a courtship should be.

"Always a pleasure, my Lady. You look breathtaking tonight."

Beatrice was feeling a little breathless herself, caught inside Eric's green eyes.

"You are too kind, my Lord."

"May I have the honor of this next dance?"

Beatrice made a show of checking her engagement card, knowing full well that she saved the waltz for her dashing suitor.

One-two-three.

They glided together, arm in arm, and their surroundings faded into the background.

One-two-three.

The lapel of Eric's evening jacket felt luxurious under her nervous fingers. Light from the chandelier, fractured by his sandy hair, danced off the gold watch chain swaying with his graceful steps.

One-two-three.

His cologne, sandalwood and amber. A keen awareness of his hand at her waist, its warmth burning through her layers. His eyes twinkled, and Beatrice could not find it in herself to break his intent gaze.

The dance came to an end, and she had to steady herself in his strong arms.

"Beatrice?"

"Yes, Eric?" She had missed his question.

“I asked if you’d like a tour of the rose garden. It’s lovely this time of year.”

Beatrice nodded. Feeling overwrought from the dizzying dance, she jumped at the opportunity for some fresh air.

They sneaked out of the party. Taking her hand, Eric led them through a side passage towards the back of his sprawling estate. When the old butler emerged from the cellar with more refreshment, they hid noiselessly in the shadows to avoid discovery. Beatrice had to cover her mouth to suppress a giggle.

Their first time truly alone together without her overbearing family or eagle-eyed chaperons, and she adored every second of it.

Finally, they stepped into the conservatory.

In her twenty-three years on earth, Beatrice had seen a great number of fine things, but the sight stunned her silent.

Housed in a cathedral of wrought iron and glass panes was an ocean of roses. In the dim evening light, white, crimson, and blush sprawled as far as her eyes could reach. The blooms clustered in thick bushes and clamored along trellises, some draping over artful archways, some climbing up towering marble statues.

She took a deep breath and let the heady scent wash over her in waves.

“Oh, Heavens. How marvelous!”

He beamed. “My late mother’s pride and joy,” then quietly, he added, “And I hope one day... Yours.”

Turning to face her, the young man took both her hands in his.

“Lady Beatrice. There is no delicate way to put this, but my duty demands I marry and secure the family bloodline. It was a heavy burden I carried and loathed, but after I met you... The idea of matrimony became one I relish.”

“Eric—” Her heart was in her throat, her dearest wish on the tip of his tongue. One word. Say it, and I will be yours. Beatrice willed her heaving chest to calm.

He squeezed her hands and chuckled, his eyes bright with unshed tears. “Please, before I lose my nerves.”

Taking a deep breath, he continued, “The thought of you passing through this life by my side invigorates me. I’ve never been the most daring man, but you give me courage. Lady Beatrice Campbell, will you marry me and make me the happiest soul in England?”

“Oh, Eric!” Beatrice felt breathless, the aroma of a million roses in bloom coursing through her veins. “Are you in earnest?”

“Most earnest, my darling.”

“Then, my Lord—”

Sensing her ready affirmation, Eric wound his arms around Beatrice and lowered his lips to hers.

Before he could close the final inches between them, however, before she could promise her undying love to the man of her dreams, Beatrice felt her knees buckle.

Her vision darkened.

The last thing she saw as she tumbled to the ground was Eric’s worried face and

hundreds of red roses, turning into a deeper shade of crimson, then blood, and finally black.

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### Chapter One

“Y ou seem distracted today, dear. Something on your mind?” Lady Alice asked over her half-moon spectacles, setting down the heavy book of lace samples.

Beatrice felt naked in the piercing blue gaze of her seamstress. The proprietor of Maison Ashbury gave an uncanny impression of seeing straight through her faithful customers, laying their thoughts—as well as bodies—bare in her fashionable fitting room.

“I don’t even know where to begin.”

The older woman put one skilled, gracefully wrinkled hand on her bare arm, and Beatrice burst into tears.

Between heaving sobs, Beatrice told her everything. Her fateful stroll with Eric in the rose garden. The most romantic night of her life turned ruinous because of her shameful inadequacies. How she had, like a fool, decidedly and irrevocably driven the dashing suitor out of her life.

Lady Alice produced a lace handkerchief and led her to a leather armchair, “It was hardly your fault, my dearest. You were simply overwhelmed.”

Beatrice sighed and slumped into the chair, her new green dress slung forgotten on its winged back. The silk ball gown had cost a small fortune, but she was in no mood for this final fitting.

“How can I ever show my face again?”

The social season was in full swing, and the budding romance between the youngest Lady Campbell and London’s most eligible bachelor was the talk of the town.

“Why don't you write to him?” counseled the reasonable lady, “Tell him it was all a terrible misunderstanding?”

Beatrice buried her face in a handful of Cluny lace and groaned, the embarrassment still raw.

“Alice, he tried to kiss me, and I flew into a fit of hysteria! Being near him, my nerves take on a mind of their own. And before he asked me to marry him, he spoke of certain... duties. Wife and an heir.”

How could she be trusted with carrying his bloodline? If a mere waltz in his arms left her breathless and faint, how on earth could she expect to consummate a marriage and perform her wifely duties?

Lady Alice squeezed her shoulder, apparently understanding her unspoken shame.

“Well, my dear. Get dressed and come take your tea with me. It so happens I might have just the solution to your problem.”

Beatrice turned the unassuming card over and over, her tea cold and untouched on the table.

LADIES — A new hysteria treatment to afford immediate relief in cases of agitation, nerves, insomnia, and infertility. With a little perseverance may effect a long-lasting cure. The world’s first true beautifier that works from within. Warranted to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.



Call on Doctor Richard Hardy's clinic, London.

“Will this treatment work?” She finally asked, raising one eyebrow.

“Only one way to find out.” Alice winked over her cup.

### Chapter Two

Three days later, Beatrice found herself outside the new clinic at ten o'clock. Lady Alice had written to the mysterious Doctor Hardy on her behalf and arranged an appointment.

She rang the doorbell. It gave a harsh and urgent cry, and Beatrice pulled the black woolen cloak tighter around her trembling shoulders.

The arrangement was most unusual. Hysteria treatments were no longer a novelty for the modern women of London, but these intimate procedures were always performed in the sanctuary of one's parlor at home.

Not that her parents would ever sanction such a scandalous experiment, even with her future and marriage on the line.

Beatrice shifted her weight between her feet, waiting. All around, passersby hurried on with their day, oblivious to her furiously pounding heart.

Imogen, a good friend and the most daring woman Beatrice knew, had spoken of her own hysteria treatments. The good doctor, half-blind with advanced age, undressed and examined her nether region most intimately. Imogen had lowered her voice and whispered, heat tinting her pale cheeks: He touched me inside, Beatrice. His two fingers felt around in my cunny, then he declared my womb 'wandering'.

Beatrice was no student of medicine, but she was skeptical of the idea of Imogen's internal organs taking a leisurely stroll of their own volition, hysteria or no hysteria.

Will this Doctor Hardy perform the same shocking examination on her untouched body? Her nervous fingers closed into a fist.

Desperation, however, nudged her hand towards the doorbell once more.

A few minutes passed before the door opened to reveal a slender blonde woman. She wore a starched apron over a light blue dress, and a spotless white bonnet.

“You must be Lady Beatrice,” she greeted, “My name is Agnes, Doctor Hardy’s assistant. He has been expecting you.”

Agnes led Beatrice through the door and down a short hallway. “Lady Alice wrote about your fainting spell in her letter. Have you been treated for hysteria before?”

“I haven't. But my friend has told me what it generally entails.”

Agnes nodded and showed her into what looked like an examination room. “Doctor Hardy's methods are more... unconventional.”

“Unconventional?”

“Revolutionary.” The doctor's pretty assistant declared with surprising fervor. “I can personally assure you that his treatment is the most effective in London. But first, let’s get you undressed.”

Beatrice lay on the cherry wood and red velvet examination couch. Stripped down to only her chemise, she waited for the doctor under a thin white sheet. Agnes, after making sure the patient was comfortable, had gone to fetch him.

Feeling restless, she glanced around at her surroundings. The examination room was understated and homely. Heavy curtains were tightly drawn, likely to preserve her

privacy, leaving the room illuminated by gaslights.

To her left, a low flame danced and crackled in the fireplace, keeping her body warm in its current state of undress. To her right was a small writing desk and a chair.

In the far back corner of the room stood a large box of polished dark wood, its heavy lid secured by an intricate lock.

She stretched out under the sheet and wriggled her toes, relaxing somewhat. There was something about the soft-spoken Agnes that put Beatrice quite at ease. And her unreserved endorsement of Doctor Hardy's medical prowess was certainly reassuring.

She closed her eyes and willed her heart to quieten. She would go through this revolutionary treatment, and her nerves would improve. Then perhaps, she'd be able to bare her heart to Eric without fainting.

After all, Beatrice decided with a lovelorn sigh, there was nothing in the world she wouldn't do to win him back.

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### Chapter Three

Beatrice's eyes snapped open at the opening of the door. Then, they widened at the sight of the most striking man.

Doctor Richard Hardy was decidedly not the fair-haired young Lord of her daydreams merely seconds ago.

Standing well over six feet tall, Doctor Hardy towered over the dainty assistant trailing behind. In addition to his impressive height, he was absurdly muscular and athletic for a man of medicine.

His square-jawed, masculine face held a dark and magnetic appeal. Black hair, burnished by firelight, shone like onyx. Beneath a pair of thick, manly eyebrows were sapphire-blue eyes set off by his embroidered navy vest.

"Lady Beatrice," greeted the dashing doctor as he entered the examination room, his baritone voice deep and smooth.

A rush of desire coursed through her veins, and her pulse quickened. The doctor walked towards her in a deliberate, controlled manner that reminded her of a great feline predator. For such a tall and robust man, his steps were light and silent.

He bent to whisper something to Agnes, who nodded and left, before drawing up a chair to sit by Beatrice's prostrate form.

At this proximity, she could smell the herbs and musk on his shirt collar. So different

from the light, woody scent of her Eric, she noted with a pang.

Doctor Hardy laid a palm on her forehead, and Beatrice felt almost lightheaded at the simple touch. He had the long, graceful fingers of a musician. Fingers that were about to examine her most intimate womanhood.

This would be the ideal place for one of her fainting spells, she thought dryly. Right on the doctor's examination couch.

"When was your last cycle?" The doctor asked without preamble, withdrawing his hand.

She sputtered. "Last week. No, two weeks ago."

He sat back in the chair and crossed his legs, tailored black trousers outlining his sinewy muscles. Doctor Hardy's direct gaze—although Beatrice was well aware that it held nothing but a professional interest—burned right through her.

"Agnes has introduced the unconventional nature of my methods to you," he explained. "Simply put, I am not a believer in treating each separate symptom for what it is: a tincture for nerves, a teaspoon of whiskey for insomnia, smelling salt for a fainting spell... If you believe in that sort of thing."

"Here," he continued, gesturing around, "we believe there is but one true cure for all hysteria symptoms, which are merely different manifestations of the same disease—the many heads of Medusa, if you will—pleasure withheld."

Beatrice gulped. "Pleasure, Doctor?"

"Yes. Joys of the flesh." The way he enunciated each word sent a tremor down her spine, and she was grateful for the cover of her white sheet. "For your symptoms, I

would prescribe a full course of pleasure treatment over three weeks, if that is amenable to you.”

“It is,” she hurried to say. “Well, I don’t know how much Lady Alice had explained in her letter. The thing is... I am anxious to see improvement, Doctor, before I see Eric again.”

Doctor Hardy nodded in understanding. “Yes, I am aware of your misadventure in the rose garden.”

She lowered her lashes. Shame welled up in her eyes and threatened to fall. How unladylike to cry before your new doctor, she cringed, almost naked and lying under a sheet.

The man pulled out a handkerchief and, with a gentleness that belied his impressive physique, dabbed away her tears before they could roll down her cheeks.

“Hush,” he lifted her chin and made her meet his eyes. Her face felt impossibly hot against his cool fingers. “Listen to me, Beatrice. It’s perfectly natural for a maiden to react the way you did. There is nothing to be ashamed of—do you understand?”

She was still ashamed, but could not find it within herself to disagree with the handsome man and his earnest, searching eyes.

“Yes, Doctor. But I hate that I was so weak.”

“Well, it’s your doctor’s job to nurse you back to health then,” he said with a good-natured wink, drawing from Beatrice a tiny, wet smile.

“Thank you, Doctor. I’m ready for my first treatment.”

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### Chapter Four

With a quiet knock, Agnes reentered the room carrying a tray of crystal vials. Doctor Hardy selected a small one filled with amber liquid and dismissed her with a nod.

He uncorked the bottle and brought it under his nose.

“Almond and bergamot,” he breathed in as the lovely scent wafted out between them.

“I think you've had enough of roses for the time being, no?”

Beatrice smiled sheepishly, touched by the doctor's kind consideration.

“Shall we begin?”

He reached under the examination couch and pulled up a pair of wooden leg rests. Beatrice hadn't noticed them there before, and eyed nervously at the attached leather straps.

“We won't be using the straps today,” he promised, hiking up the white sheet to her thighs. “Your symptoms, as they were, were not particularly serious. Here, spread and raise your legs. Precisely like that.”

Beatrice rested her weight against the couch cushions as the doctor maneuvered her legs into position. She found the leg rests moved smoothly and independently of each other.

It was utterly indecent to have a man handle her naked, shapely ankles like this, not to



mention—her heart quickened at the thought—where he was about to touch her next.

At the doctor's soft urging, she found herself weak-kneed with longing. And when he ran his hand along her bare legs, a flush of desire warmed her through and through.

"Breathe," he encouraged, stroking her knee in soothing circles. "Now, if at any time you find yourself overwhelmed, simply say the word and we will stop the treatment."

"Thank you, Doctor."

Taking a few deep breaths, Beatrice resolved to be strong. She must get her nerves under control for Eric, of course, but now there was a selfish reason too. She had only just met Doctor Hardy, but something about the man's commanding and magnetic presence made her longing to impress him.

The forbidden desire made her clench her thighs together and sent a delicious shiver up her spine.

"Let us begin with an internal examination," he said, nudging her raised legs apart further until he could fit one hand between them.

Without her stockings and bloomers, Beatrice could feel the warmth of his fingers travel towards her core. Slowly and gently, he parted her legs and massaged his way up the soft, untouched skin of her inner thigh.

"Very good, Beatrice," he murmured, leaning close to examine that most intimate, virginal part of her body. His measured breathing turned heavy— or was it only her imagination? —as he pushed aside the brown curls of her womanhood to reveal perfect, soft lips.

Heady pleasure rushed through her as a strand of the doctor's hair fell forward to

brush against her skin. It was intimate beyond words, having his ruggedly handsome face between her legs, inches away from her core. She could feel his every breath upon her sensitive wetness.

She could tell she was already soaked .

Utterly drenched with wanton needs, her body begged for the doctor to take her in hand. She spread her legs a little wider still, earning her effusive praise.

“That is perfect , Beatrice,” he said, his voice dark and gravelly, and she felt hot with pride.

Finally, with one skilled finger, the doctor touched her tight opening. She gasped at the contact before biting down on her lower lip at the embarrassing reaction.

“None of that,” he chided with all the kindness in the world. “Don’t hold it back. Your voice is a part of your perfect body, and you must let it feel and do what it will.”

“ Oh! Doctor!” When he touched her nether lips again, she let out a throaty cry.

“Good girl.” He said, and she was lost.

Through pleasure-hooded eyes, she watched the man work between her legs. Without breaking their gaze—lest she wanted him to stop—he parted his lips and extended his tongue.

Then he licked her.

“Oh, Heavens .” She could hardly recognize the keening moan that came out of her throat.

The doctor was thoughtful as he retracted his tongue and pulled his lower lip between his teeth. He was oblivious to the indecency of the act. Then, meeting her questioning gaze, he explained, “This is a working theory of mine. An experienced doctor can determine the progression of hysteria by the patient’s taste.”

“It was... I felt...” Beatrice panted and found she did not possess the vocabulary to describe the sensation.

“Have you never received oral pleasure?”

“No, Doctor. I—I am still a maiden.”

“Well! That is neither here nor there.”

“I meant to say... I was taught it is every woman’s duty to protect her virtue until marriage, and then to be available for her husband’s needs.”

Doctor Hardy sighed. “What of her own needs?”

Beatrice swallowed and held her tongue. The concept, to her, was a foreign language spoken in a distant land.

“Your body responded beautifully to my touch. Did you take pleasure in my tongue?”

“I—yes.” She admitted in a small voice, her cheeks burning.

“Very good,” he praised. “You are already making great progress. Now, I want you to surrender all that puritanical learning when I touch you. In fact, try not to think at all—simply let yourself feel me. Let your body be your guide.”

Doctor Hardy emptied the crystal vial’s fragrant content into his palm and rubbed his

hands together to warm it up.

“I want to hear you, Lady Beatrice. If you dislike something, you must try to voice it. Likewise, if something feels good, I need to know as well.”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“Good girl. Now, open up for me.”

### Chapter Five

T his time, she spread her legs without hesitation, and his hand found her dampened curls once more. Her knees wobbled when one fingertip parted the soft lips and sank inside to the first knuckle.

She felt her inner walls clamp down at the insertion. The doctor felt it too, for his eyes snapped up to meet hers and he smiled with approval.

“Your cunny is very responsive, Beatrice. That is a most wonderful attribute in a woman, especially one so unused to carnal pleasure.”

Very gently, he pumped the finger in and out of her, the oil and her wetness smoothing its way. When she relaxed her body and grew accustomed to his digit, he added a second finger.

“Oh!” She gasped at the full sensation when he sank the two fingers deeper into her unexplored channel.

“How do you feel?” The doctor asked, stroking his way deeper towards her womb.

“Wonderful, Doctor.” She breathed, “I’ve never felt so full.”

“Have you touched yourself there, Beatrice?”

Unbidden images flooded her mind. Fumbling, clumsy self-abuse after another restrained evening spent in Eric’s company, her womanhood wet and desperate, her

frustrated gasps and moans muffled under thick bedspreads.

“I have. But it never felt like this.”

The man nodded at her admission. “Just as I thought. You have never found your climax. We shall remedy that.”

Her devoted doctor got to work. As his long fingers pushed deeper, they grazed against a spot that made her raised legs tremble.

“What was that ?” She asked as he beamed down at her, her well-practiced manners forgotten.

“There is a pleasure point buried deep inside every woman. When an experienced man beds you, he should angle his thrusts to stimulate it.”

How strangely this Doctor Hardy described the most salacious acts! According to him, lovemaking was both a matter-of-fact and casual pursuit. Something a man is responsible for providing for the woman’s pleasure as well as his own.

Seeing she was silent and blushing furiously, the doctor paused his hand’s movement, and it struck her as a terrible loss.

“A penny for your thought?”

“I was just thinking... if Eric would be an experienced lover.” She covered the bottom half of her burning face with the cool sheet. “I would like him to... touch me like that. But that must mean—” She abruptly stopped herself, the implication too terrible to contemplate.

“—that he is a scoundrel, or a rake to indulge in frequent carnal pursuits.” The doctor

finished for her. With her big doe eyes peaking over the edge of the sheet, Beatrice nodded.

“Well, not necessarily.” Absentmindedly, as if out of sheer habit, the doctor’s fingers continued to massage inside her cunny as he explained. Beatrice found herself captivated by his words as much as the deft fingers working inside her, comforting and stimulating all at once.

“Sexual pleasure is a gift we were all born with, Beatrice. Given to us by a creator who—don’t you forget—made us in his very own image. It would be a terrible waste if we went to our graves without thoroughly partaking in it. Women, even more so, for the female orgasm is a wondrous thing to behold.

“Love, on the other hand... I do not believe it to be nearly as common a blessing.” His eyes took on a faraway look at this, and he shook himself out of the wayward thought. “But not to worry, my dear. In time, you will find yourself surrendering to these carnal longings without shame. This Eric of yours sounds besotted with you, body and mind.”

Beatrice gave a grateful little nod. “If only I could tell him how I return those feelings and more—without making a great fool of myself.”

“It’s a skill to take your pleasure,” said Doctor Hardy as he circled his fingertips against her buried pleasure spot, earning from her an open-mouthed gasp. “And just like any other skill, it takes practice.”

With his thumb, he found a small nub at the top of her opening, and Beatrice moaned.

“Oh! That feels...”

“Yes, my dear?”

“Like I was struck by lightning.” She breathed, “Will you do that again, with your thumb?”

The doctor rewarded her handsomely for voicing this request. Holding one of her trembling legs with his muscular arm, his thumb flicked at her sensitive nub and his fingers pistoned into her cunny in earnest.

“Oh, Doctor Hardy—”

“Just like that, bear down against my hand. There’s a good girl.”

She felt her inner walls clench around his pumping fingers. The sensation was beyond belief. Her simmering pleasure picked up and built towards something overwhelming and unstoppable.

Suddenly, he took away his thumb, and she whined.

Before Beatrice could voice her protest, however, the doctor took her ankles from the leg rests and draped one leg over each of his broad shoulders. She was stunned at the effortless way he handled her body, moving her limbs into place as if she weighed nothing at all.

Then, his tongue found her core once more.

This time, it was no longer a single, careful lick to test the state of her health. It was a focused, professional effort to drive her mad.

With the flat of his devious tongue, the doctor enveloped her swollen, sensitive bud. The warmth of his mouth made her shiver with need. His fingers still stroked deep inside her in conjunction with his licks. Insistent. Unrelenting.



He built her up towards something wondrous, her back arching and straining like a loaded bow as she strained to chase that elusive completion.

Almost there. Almost there ...

A breathless scream tore out of her throat when ecstasy overtook her. Beatrice felt as though she had lost all control of her limbs. Her hands had found their way into the doctor's luscious black hair, and her legs kicked against his burly back. If she had any semblance of mind to feel ashamed at this outrageous behavior, she would have been horrified.

But presently, none of that was in the front of her mind. All that mattered was Doctor Hardy's hot, slick tongue flicking at her impossibly swollen bud and lapping up the essence of her pleasure.

“Oh, God!” She blasphemed as the doctor slowed but did not stop coaxing every last drop out of her wet slit. He seemed not to even notice her flailing legs, landing little blows on his back. He kept his strong, steady arms wrapped tightly around her trembling thighs and drew out her orgasm.

“There you are,” Doctor Hardy muttered against her wetness, sending another shiver of stimulation straight into her soul, “There you are—let go for me.”

Finally, after every last drop had been wrung out of her body, Beatrice descended from the heady climax and found herself trembling like a leaf. She had a hundred questions, but they would have to wait until she could catch her breath.

### Chapter Six

When Beatrice finally regained her breath and her voice, she felt like she'd uncovered one of the great mysteries of the universe. The doctor had taken her apart expertly, before slotting every piece back together like a puzzle.

So this is the ultimate ecstasy married ladies and matrons wink and whisper about—this feeling of complete surrender. She felt refreshed. Invigorated, even! When her breathing gradually steadied, a soft sense of self-assurance crept into the hairline cracks left behind by her crippling doubt.

“Doctor Hardy, that was wondrous!” She covered her flushed face with her cool hands, watching him through splayed fingers. Feeling the blood still palpating inside every vein.

The doctor pulled away from between her legs and gently covered her modesty with the crumpled white sheet. His manly lips shone with the prize of her climax, his handsome face alighted by a satisfied smirk.

“You were perfect, Lady Beatrice,” he said, fire in his blue eyes. She had to avert her gaze, burned by the intensity of his look and his praise.

The smell of almond and bergamot had seeped into her pores, and her womanhood still gave a little twitch now and again, languidly. Dimly, Beatrice fancied that she would carry the fragrant scent for the rest of her life.

The doctor had marked her, and she could not find it within herself to mind one bit.

Doctor Hardy stood from his kneeling position by her couch, before gently wiping his glistening fingers with a gossamer handkerchief. He leaned down and pressed his palm against Beatrice's forehead, taking her temperature. She could smell herself on his hand, mingled with the oil he had chosen with such care for her comfort.

Would he soak his hands in a basin of water as soon as she stepped out of his door, tendrils of her wanton pleasure dissolving from under his fingernails? Or would he savor the evident success of her first treatment, and perhaps even take his fingers between his lips?

Before Beatrice could chide herself for these unbidden thoughts, she noticed something.

His manhood, hard and unyielding, strained against too-tight trousers. The good doctor's arousal was as evident as the daylight creeping under the heavy curtains of his examination room.

She swallowed dryly as she made out the distinct outline of his long shaft, so big and unmistakably girthy even through layers of clothing.

Did he take pleasure in administering her treatment? The thought was heady—this older, experienced, and completely self-possessed man wanting her. Exulting and yearning after just a taste of her private offering.

Inhibition lowered in the afterglow of her orgasm, her hand darted towards him before she could stop it.

“Doctor,” she whispered, and he suspended all movement upon feeling her small hand on his muscular thigh. Her eyes darted towards his tented trousers before fixing on his face.

“Lady Beatrice,” the man warned in a low voice, his hardness giving a twitch at the unspoken question in her eyes.

“Will you... Show me?” She asked. The question hung between them, and suddenly she feared his reaction. Would he reject her indecent proposal—even ridicule her? She was just an inexperienced virgin, getting full of herself from her very first climax.

“This would be highly irregular, my dear,” he said gently. “Please understand, Beatrice, that it would be irresponsible of me to claim your maidenhead during your very first treatment.”

“I understand, doctor.” She never hated her innocence more. Rejection it was, then. But his hand darted out to catch hers before she could retreat in shame.

“But you have made astounding progress today. Although I feel obliged to save the more advanced... procedures for your second session, I don’t see how a little reward won’t help us solidify that progress. After all, you have been a very good girl for me today.”

Beatrice gave a shy smile at his praise. “Thank you, Doctor Hardy.”

“Have you seen a manhood before?”

Her mind strayed to that summer, and to the most striking bronze statue she’d seen at a Parisian salon. It had stirred scandal, some said, for being too lifelike—the gentle droop of the arms, the curve of the thighs, the candid depiction of male nudity, all too human to be merely art. But Beatrice had lingered before the life-sized bronze man, unable to walk away or tear her eyes from the subtle lines in his sinewy body.

“Only in art. I’m afraid I am a complete novice otherwise.”

“That’s a wonderful observation,” the doctor said, his hand moving to cup the growing bulge between his legs. “Nature is a splendid artist. And we can learn a thing or two from the great masters. You see, we were all nude once, and content, before others taught us shame.”

Beatrice could not tear her eyes away from the doctor’s fingers, which were buried deep inside her moments ago, stroking himself through his trousers.

She lay perfectly still under the sheet, enraptured by the scene unfolding before her eyes. Her heaving bosoms and the hardened nipples outlined by the thin fabric betrayed her excitement.

The movement of his fingers was controlled and steady as always. She found it excruciatingly slow, the way he undid the small row of buttons lining his straining crotch.

The doctor was so hard . Beatrice thought weakly, as fabric gave way to reveal the full girth of his cock.

He grasped himself by the base and pulled it out before her eyes. Inch by inch, the full extent of his arousal came into view. In Beatrice’s innocent eyes, it looked as though the organ went on forever, dusty pink and deep purple pulsing with heat. He wrapped his hand around it and gave it one slow pump. As the thick head emerged from his fist, she saw that it was glistening with moisture.

His mouth opened in a silent moan as his pleasure-hooded eyes met her wide, honey-brown ones. This was her doing, she thought, a surge of power roaring against her eardrums. She aroused this Adonis of a man to his full, thick length.

He dropped his hand to give her a better view. His fully-hard cock stood erect and proud between them, a long blade of hard steel curving ever so slightly towards his

belly.

“It’s magnificent,” said Beatrice. He was magnificent, and she had almost forgotten to breathe. At some point, she had propped herself up on the cushions of the examination couch, and her sheet had fallen to her waist. The outline of her nipples were on full display, hard and full against the thin chemise that did little to conceal her arousal.

“Go on, you may touch it,” said her indulgent doctor.

With trembling fingertips, she stroked the thick tip. Reflectively, she pulled her hands away as if it burned her.

“It’s quite hot,” she said by way of explanation, before eagerly returning her hand to trace a long, bulging vein running along his length. His cock jumped under her hand, and another bead of moisture emerged from the top.

Doctor Hardy hissed as she explored him, from each distinct vein to the wide rim of his helmet, marveling at the velvety texture overlaying the solid hardness.

She stroked him with her fist, clumsily, imitating his movement. Beatrice could not wrap her fingers all the way around, and she noted with alarm that the cock was close to the length of her forearm.

“Good girl, Agnes,” he said through clenched teeth, before catching himself in the mistake. Beatrice pretended not to notice the blunder, but an undeserved possessiveness ate at her.

Deliberately, jealously, she wrapped both hands around his cock and formed a full circle. The doctor’s eyes slipped shut, and he moaned low in his throat.

“Yes, just like that. You are doing so well.” He stroked his fingers through the loose brown ringlets pooling on Beatrice’s shoulders, having long escaped the neat little bun she put them in this morning.

He let her touch him however she wanted for a few minutes, hissing and straining and full of praise. But just as Beatrice found her rhythm, one hand at his base and the other one spreading his glistening moisture on the thick head, he stopped her.

“Doctor?” She asked, the sting from his rejection pale in the face of her renewed arousal.

With great effort, Doctor Hardy composed himself. Breathing hard, he shoved his throbbing cock back into his trousers and buttoned them back up with jerky fingers.

“Your first treatment was extraordinary, Lady Beatrice,” he said, not meeting her eyes. “Let us continue to the next steps a week from today. Meanwhile, please think about what I said.”

Abruptly, he turned on his heel and left the room, leaving Beatrice dazed.

### Chapter Seven

Accompanied by an occasional cry of feminine pleasure from the examination room next door, Agnes read her novel. She had plucked it from the doctor's private library and made herself a steaming cup of tea.

The clinic's very first patient was overjoyed at the doctor's treatment, if the crescendo of moans was any indication. Agnes smiled to herself.

Despite her steadfast support and constant reassurances, Richard had nursed an unfounded anxiety over how his new practice would be received. Unbeknownst to him, before fate had put her in his path, Agnes was herself a refined lady who walked amongst circles not dissimilar to those of Lady Beatrice.

She took another sip of her tea and turned the page. Perhaps now he would believe her.

Without warning or a knock, Richard flung open the door and stormed into the private office.

"Richard," Agnes greeted as the somewhat disheveled doctor raked back his black hair with a hand. "How was Lady Beatrice's first treatment?"

"It went..." The commonplace question caught him off guard. Doctor Hardy looked distracted, as if he'd forgotten from whence he came seconds ago. "Exceedingly well," he concluded with a dismissive wave of his hand. "She will return in a week."



Agnes recognized the tension in the powerful man before her. By the tell-tale bulge in his trousers, she knew precisely the source of his frustration and its cure.

“Well done, Richard.” She said, setting down her book and beckoning him to approach. “I told you it would be a great success.”

“It was only an internal examination. As you suggested, I saved the machine for her second session.”

“Very wise,” said Agnes. She smiled at the vivid memories of testing Richard’s invention in his apartment. “You mustn’t scare away the maidens.”

“You were a maiden when you first entered my laboratory,” Doctor Hardy towered over Agnes, his hands bracing the leather chair’s arms. He had caged her in with his impressive body. “And you took it all in stride.”

“I do vaguely recall leaving that night without my virtue,” Agnes teased, craning her head to look at him.

“I did not— could not bring myself to... Even though she was beyond eager.” He admitted, his head hung in resignation, “And my resolution is weak.”

“It’s not a weakness to respond as any man would have,” she reassured him, cupping his face. “Even you, my dear Doctor Hardy, are only human.”

At this, he finally cracked a small, appreciative smile. “Where would I be without you, Agnes?”

In response, she pulled him down and planted a kiss on his flushed cheek.

“I know just what you need, Richard,” she whispered in his ear, her arms wrapped

around his neck. “Your cock enter the office before you could.” And his lips parted in a moan.

“Vixen,” he breathed, as she stroked his throbbing length through his trousers. He was so aroused that a small wet spot had appeared through the fabric.

“It looks like my job is already half done,” she said, gently pushing him off and turned around. Then, the doctor watched as his assistant climbed into the soft leather chair and knelt, raising her perky rump up in the air.

Agnes felt his large hand palm her buttock through her blue skirt, and waited, her heart in her throat. He squeezed one perfect globe, then the other.

“Gorgeous, Agnes.” His breath was coming out in pants.

She said nothing and waited. Finally, he lifted the layers of her skirt, followed by what felt like an ocean of cotton petticoats. Then she heard his sharp intake of breath.

“Agnes!” The doctor exclaimed at the sight of her womanhood, soaked, needy, and completely uncovered by underthings.

“I knew just what you needed,” she said simply, pushing back her puffy nether lips towards him in invitation.

He could control himself no longer. With a curse, he spat into his palm and tore open his trousers. Without pausing to undress further, he grabbed his weeping cock, pumped it once, and plunged home into Agnes’s perfect cunny.

Oh, but she was so wet . With one deep thrust, he impaled her like a hot knife through butter, his cock head hitting her womb.

“Go on, Richard. Take what you need,” Agnes urged, bearing back against him and rotating her hips around his unbelievable hardness.

“Christ!” he groaned, and put a stop to her movements. He held the soft skin of her buttocks hard, fingers digging into the tender flesh. “You’re going to make me spend.”

Agnes only laughed and clenched her inner muscles around him, earning another curse from the doctor. With one hand, she reached for the swollen pearl at her apex and rubbed herself with vigor.

“You did so well, Richard,” she said through rising moans, feeling her own peak almost upon her. “Now spend inside me—you’ve earned it.”

Doctor Hardy’s fingers on her behind turned into claws, and he began thrusting into her with wild abandon, broken moans and growls tearing their way up his throat.

“Oh—Agnes, yes... Yes, you little seductress—” A slew of blasphemes and praises fell from his lips as he fucked her. “Fuck! Your little cunny was wet and ready for me, wasn’t it? Waiting for me to fill you—”

The doctor’s assistant met him thrust for thrust, arching her back as she chased her peak. “Fuck me, Richard. Use my body as you see fit.”

Finally, the euphoria building inside Agnes broke. Pulse after pulse, her insides shook and clenched hard around her doctor’s thick cock, milking him.

With one, two, three hard thrusts, Doctor Hardy let out a triumphant howl as he found his pleasure inside his willing assistant. Agnes rejoiced as thick spurts of hot seed flooded out of his pulsating manhood and coated her trembling womb.

“Yes, Richard. Fill me up to the brim,” she coaxed, her walls squeezing around him as he cried out his pleasure.

With a great exhale, Doctor Hardy fell forward and wrapped her in his arms. Panting, his lips found her earlobe. He planted a string of open-mouthed kisses there, then along the wisps of soft blond curls along her hairline.

Agnes raised a hand to her hair. Her starched white bonnet still sat firmly in place. She felt a trickle of his spend running down her leg. Reaching back, she caressed his head.

“Thank you, Agnes,” he murmured into her ear, sounding sated and awestruck. “Although no praise shall ever do you justice.”

Feeling weightless and boneless, she scratched her nails soothingly on his scalp, earning from him a gratified grunt.

“Anything for you, Richard. Anything.”

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*Source Creation Date: August 11, 2025, 5:48 am*

### Chapter Eight

Beatrice tossed and turned in bed.

Since that night in the rose garden, rest had been hard to come by. Every night, just as she drifted towards sweet oblivion, her mind's eye would conjure up Eric's worried face, surrounded by a thousand blood-red roses. She would call out to him, but her voice failed. She would reach for his proffered hand, but touch nothing but thin air.

Tonight, however, a new scene haunted her dreams. As she reached out to Eric, a ready apology on her tongue, his dear, youthful face changed. It twisted and swirled, features shifting and monstrous in their strange transformation until they settled into those of another man.

Masculine, jetty eyebrows, sapphire-blue eyes, and black hair pushed back carelessly—the face of Doctor Richard Hardy.

Beatrice jolted awake and felt the dampness between her thighs.

Without thinking, she plunged her hand down and pushed two fingers between the silky folds.

“Oh—” She gasped softly, arching her back as she called up Eric's smiling face. Gingerly, she pumped the fingers into the tight channel, but found them a pale imitation of her doctor's strong, skilled hand. She could not even get close to that electrifying spot buried deep inside her cunny.

Remembering the sensitive button of flesh he had circled with his thumb, she pulled out her fingers and spread the warm, liquid pleasure around. Carding the sodden lips between her fingers, she stroked up and down along her tight little slit, trying to envision the doctor's tongue. It was no match for his hot, broad licks, but the silky wetness stoked the low fire simmering in her belly.

How did he do it again? Tentatively, Beatrice circled the little bud with her fingers. She shivered deliciously as a tingling sensation started between her legs and crawled up her spine. She arched into her hand, and she was wetter than it had ever been in these sessions of self-abuse.

No, self-pleasure , she heard the doctor's stern but kind voice correct her. He would be pleased to hear about her little exploration. Pleased to see Beatrice take her pleasure without shame.

"Doctor," she moaned under her breath, as her wet fingers flicked at the little nub which had swollen and grown in size.

Right there. Right there .

Pleasure built and built. As she wantonly rubbed at herself, a wicked wet sound echoed between the bedsheets. She arched her back and chased after that elusive peak.

She pressed her eyes shut and willed Doctor Hardy's baritone voice into her head.

Yes, Beatrice. Just like that. Good girl.

"Yes, yes! Oh, Doctor!" The dam broke, and out flooded ecstasy.

In the darkness of her bedchamber, light exploded behind Beatrice's eyelids. A

trembling delight rolled out from her apex and sent a bone-deep warmth into her extremities. The walls of her cunny trembled and clenched around thin air. She moaned and writhed against her pillow, her hand still between her legs, drawing out her very first self-induced climax.

As she drifted off to sleep, all Beatrice could think about was her doctor's praise.

Beatrice could not hide the furious blush as she described her hysteria treatments to Imogen. Her friend hung on to every word, her coffee suspended in the air, halfway raised to her lips.

"Some of us have all the luck," Imogen sighed wistfully. She took a sip from her forgotten cup and made a face. "Ugh! It's cold."

"He runs a most peculiar practice," Beatrice said, handing over the card from her seamstress.

"'The world's first true beautifier that works from within'. What is that?"

Beatrice read the advertisement over again.

"Maybe it means his—" she choked on the word, "his tongue."

"Or his cock," her friend said sagely.

"Imogen! I don't think the doctor would do that. He's a professional and a gentleman." She found herself vehemently defending the eccentric man and took a sip of tea to calm her pounding heart. At her first appointment, Doctor Hardy was patently aroused by her pleasure, but excused himself despite his roaring masculine needs.

“And quite handsome, I dare say. Why, my dear, you are blushing !”

Beatrice’s clever retort wilted on her tongue at another memory. The doctor’s distracted look when he spoke of love.

“It is strange,” she confessed, her voice low. “For such an extraordinary man, he seems quite content in his solitude. And you will laugh at me, but truly, you should see that physique of his. The man is simply astonishing . When he enters a room, something about him occupies its entirety. You almost cannot resist being pulled toward him. Like a... like a moth drawn to the flames.”

Imogen’s eyebrows shot up. “My word! I ought to make myself an appointment. And see if I can get his beautifier to work for me from within.”

“You are incorrigible. What about Philip?”

“What of him?”

“Well, a regular hysteria treatment is one thing. But taking another man...”

“My dear, we live in the modern world. There are many marriages—even amongst the grandest Lords and Ladies you know—with unconventional arrangements.”

Beatrice’s curiosity won against her good manners. “What sort of arrangements?”

Lady Imogen hummed into her cup. “Philip is happy if I am happy,” she said cryptically.



### Chapter Nine

A week passed, and Beatrice arrived promptly at ten o'clock again for her treatment.

This time, Agnes greeted her like an old friend.

“It is lovely to see you again, Beatrice! I trust you’ve been well?”

“Indeed, thank you,” she answered with a shy smile. Judging by Agnes’s knowing look, the doctor’s assistant knew exactly what she spoke of.

“Splendid! Doctor Hardy will be so pleased to hear.” They entered the familiar examination room. “The doctor will be with us shortly. He’s preparing for your treatment.”

Just like a week ago, Agnes helped her out of her coat and dress, until the patient wore nothing but her thin shift. This time, Beatrice rushed through the steps with sure fingers, her heart pounding with excited anticipation in the absence of nerves.

What was Doctor Hardy preparing? She wondered. The mysterious beautifier from his advertisement?

Her face flushed crimson at the memory of Imogen's crude remark. What if her friend was right? What if this ultimate treatment—this unconventional method which he was sure would raise more than a few eyebrows—was indeed his manhood?

Beatrice was shocked to realize that she would not mind if that were the case.

And what a magnificent manhood it was! She saw the doctor in her mind's eye, his teeth clenched, his self-restraint pushed to the limit as Beatrice explored his length and traced his veins... The memory was branded on her mind, and never failed to make her soaking wet between her legs.

“For today's treatment, Doctor Hardy has requested that I stay and assist,” Agnes said, gesturing for Beatrice to sit on the examination couch. “As long as the arrangement is amenable to you, of course.”

Beatrice answered in the affirmative, grateful for Agnes's consideration as well as her company. The assistant wore the same light blue dress, her white bonnet and nurse's apron spotless and starched.

“How long have you worked for Doctor Hardy?”

“It's been a while,” Agnes smiled and said. “I think I hear him now.”

“Good morning, Lady Beatrice,” the voice she'd heard in her nightly fantasy greeted cheerfully. “Have you thought more about what we discussed last week?”

The man took a few long strides and towered over her. He was only wearing shirtsleeves today, tucked into indecently well-filled dark trousers. Beatrice squirmed on the couch, already wet and ready.

“Yes. I've started tempering my shame for pleasure.”

“I am pleased to hear,” he praised and winked at her. “That will make your doctor's job easier today.”

With a nod at Agnes, the doctor turned to the wooden box at the back corner of the examination room. It looked quite heavy, Beatrice noted with curiosity. He picked it

up by a pair of wooden handles and carried it towards the ladies.

The doctor unlocked and removed the lid, and its four wooden sides fell away to reveal the strangest machinery Beatrice had ever seen. Interconnected parts and rotating gears were joined by chains along its polished metal body. A row of copper switches and a clock-faced meter lined its side. The machine was connected to a miniature steam engine, and Agnes was busy connecting its exhaust tube to the examination room's slightly opened window.

The strangest thing, though, was what could only be described as a rubber replica of a cock. It jutted out proudly from the front end of the machine, bright red and erect.

Even without Doctor Hardy's lesson on the male anatomy a week prior, Beatrice would have recognized the shape from its accurate craftsmanship. Realistic veins ran along its impressive length of eight or nine inches, and the flared end—expertly rendered down to the small indent at the tip—was a perfect rendering of a cock head.

The doctor watched as Beatrice took in the sight of his invention, apparent pride radiating from his body. He smiled indulgently when her hand reached to feel the rubber cock. Beatrice traced the rim around its head, then the little hole where a man's seed would spurt out.

Then it struck her.

“Is this...?” She raised a questioning eyebrow and looked up at the doctor. Her heart pounded hard with the question she couldn't bring herself to finish.

“Very good,” he was pleased by her keen observation. “It's an exact replica of my own manhood.” With a meaningful glance at his assistant, who had finished setting up the machine for their use, he added, “We decided it made sense to work with what I have, rather than sculpt one from scratch.”

That small pinch of unwarranted jealousy reared its head once more. In its wake, the outrageous indecency of the whole situation felt unimportant. For a moment, all Beatrice could think of was Agnes and the doctor, limbs tangled and writhing together on the crimson velvet of his examination couch.

At her silence, he went down to one knee before Beatrice and lifted her chin, gentle concern softening his sharp blue eyes. “I know this type of procedure is unheard of, and I would not blame you if you wish—”

“Treat me, Doctor Hardy. I’m ready.”

### Chapter Ten

When the doctor slanted his lips against Beatrice's core this time, she did not hold back. Grabbing handfuls of his luscious black hair, she pushed herself against his hot mouth and undulated her hips.

With Agnes still in the room, a hitherto unknown sense of competitiveness urged Beatrice on. She had nothing but goodwill towards the doctor's pretty assistant, but she wished to show them both how far she had progressed with the doctor's help.

“Oh yes, doctor,” she moaned, sounding a little more breathless than she felt, “Please! Right there...”

Doctor Hardy's muffled praises vibrated against her swollen, wet nub. She felt heady watching this powerful, magnificent man on his knees before her: his hands clenched around her bunched-up cotton shift, his tongue lapping at her arousal with wanton abandon.

She reclined back against the headrest and her eyes fell shut, as she felt a burgeoning climax quickly approach.

Just then, she felt the doctor's hot mouth pull away from her.

Beatrice's eyes snapped open, and she panted, bewildered as the doctor rose to his feet.

He was hard for her again, she saw, feeling triumphant. If she offered up her

maidenhead now on a silver plate, he would not be able to refuse.

With a flick of his wrist, Doctor Hardy switched on the device.

It started to life with a loud, rumbling groan, but gradually settled into a low hum. Without a word from the doctor, Agnes checked over the machine's various components and gave him a nod.

"Everything is in order," the doctor clapped his hands once in excitement. "Lady Beatrice, are you ready for my hysteria machine?" A different voice echoed in her head: Lady Beatrice Campbell, will you marry me and make me the happiest soul in England?

She must do this for Eric. She must get past her hysterical nerves, marry him, and bear him an heir. Beatrice pushed down the unbidden thoughts. That whole plan was all well and good, she knew. But right now her cunny did not pulse from a sense of wifely duty. It pulsed because she ached to feel the doctor's cock inside her.

The doctor picked up the rubber replica of his cock, its flared base connected to the machine by an extendable coil. He uncorked the familiar little vial and dribbled its almond and bergamot liquid onto the vibrating tip. The cock glistened as he stroked along its length with a closed fist. His own hard cock twitched in his trousers as he worked to spread the oil. Beatrice's mouth went dry at the implication of what she was witnessing: the doctor taking pleasure from his own hand.

"To start, I am going to apply this device to your clitoris. That is the button at the top of your opening," he explained in a matter-of-fact voice, showing her the vibrating cock tip.

Beatrice reclined on the examination couch and put her ankles into the leg rests, and spread her legs wide for him.

“Terrific,” he said. “Now, this may feel intense.”

She nodded and told the doctor to begin. Standing on the other side of the couch was Agnes, a knowing smile playing on her lips as she held Beatrice’s hand.

The look on Agnes’s face was explained the second Doctor Hardy brought the shiny red cock down to her core. It’s touched her, throbbing and gliding against her tender flesh, aided by a mixture of the oil and her own juices.

Beatrice cried out in rapture.

“Doctor! Oh, Doctor!” She writhed as ecstasy hit her to the quick. The leg rests shook and clattered under her trembling legs, and she squeezed Agnes’s fingers hard.

“Try to relax.” Through the roaring blood against her eardrums, she heard Agnes’s soft reassurance. “Let it take over your body.”

It felt like being struck by lightning, Beatrice thought. Again and again, powerful waves of it began at her nub, which felt impossibly swollen and slick, and shot into every nerve end and vein. She thrashed against the examination couch, her hair flung out in loose ringlets in every direction.

“Yes—Oh, yes . Oh, please, Doctor!” She keened and moaned, broken sounds falling fast from her lips as the doctor kept the relentless pleasure coming. And coming.

Just as she teetered on the edge of that glorious abyss, ready to plunge headlong into its embrace, the doctor shifted the cock tip away from her bud and prodded at her opening.

Beatrice panted and pushed her hips towards him, earning a dark chuckle from the clearly aroused man, and said, “Take me, Doctor Hardy. I am all yours.”

The blunt tip nudged at her virginal slit. Warmed by the scalding heat of her core, it felt almost like the real thing. His blue eyes were dark as midnight as he held her gaze steady, and inch by inch, pushed the cock into her fresh, unused cunny.

“Since your maidenhead is still intact, there may be some discomfort,” he cautioned, easing the length into her, the girthy vibration shaking her intensely.

Beatrice prepared for the pain to come, but it never did. She groaned as the cock filled her to the brim, its tip pushing against her womb most deliciously.

“I feel—” She fought to get the words out between the waves of moans rising from her chest, knowing the doctor approved of such vocalizations, “I am soaring, Doctor.”

“Good girl. Spread your wings,” he said, and rotated the device so its flared base pressed against her clitoris while its bulk worked inside her.

Beatrice was indeed soaring, the pleasure driving her higher and higher, until her soul almost left her body to float above the scene. A woman possessed by ecstasy, flanked by the man working intently between her legs, and his assistant who steadied her wobbling legs to keep her cunny accessible.

She heard a deep, sultry moan, and it was a few seconds before she realized it had originated from her own throat.

“Yes! Oh, Doctor Hardy!”

“Yes, Beatrice. Just like that—let yourself go.”

She leaped into that dark, yawning abyss of ecstasy, black spots creeping into her vision. Beatrice spent, feeling a great rush of warmth pulsing from her core and into her entire body. It enveloped her entirely as she shook and shook, vaguely cognizant



of Agnes's arms around her.

He did not pull the rubber cock out of her, until he wrung out every last drop of her twitching, writhing pleasure.

When she finally descended back to her body, Beatrice could barely recognize the scene before her. Her cotton shift had risen to her bosom, hard nipple threatening to escape their confines. Strands of chestnut hair were stuck to her forehead and neck by a sheen of sweat.

Her feet had long escaped the wooden rests, and one leg was flung off the side of the couch. Chest heaving, she noticed that a healthy pink flush had taken over the entirety of her pale body.

She breathed hard as the doctor and Agnes both looked down at her, too overwhelmed to be ashamed of her outrageous nudity.

Beatrice searched the doctor's eyes, longing for him to praise her again for how good she was for him. But in the bottomless pools of midnight blue, she saw only hunger.

### Chapter Eleven

Beatrice felt her cunny twitch from the powerful climax's aftershock. Her gaze fell upon Doctor Hardy's trousers. He was unmistakably aroused by the treatment, too, his manhood straining for release.

She wondered if the seal of her virtue had been torn in the machine's wake. The old matrons had always made quite a fuss about keeping it intact until her wedding night. Their caution was harsh, and frequently accompanied by tales of an unfortunate woman who broke the fragile barrier after an innocent bout of horse-riding.

"You have exceeded all my expectations today, Beatrice. If you wish, we can call it a day," the doctor said, the rubber cock still vibrating in his hand, salacious and glistening with her ecstasy.

Conventional virtues seemed a mere trifle now. If her worth was truly determined by something breakable and paper-thin, Beatrice decided, she would not miss it.

"No, Doctor. I wish to complete my treatment."

He raised an eyebrow in interest, the corner of his lips twitching at the hint of challenge in her voice. "Do you, now?"

Beatrice looked to Agnes, who gave her a small, encouraging nod. So, she squared her shoulders and told the man exactly what she wanted.

"I want you to take my maidenhead, Doctor."

He exhaled harshly at her words and stroked himself through his trousers. Without having to be asked twice, he unbuttoned the trousers with his free hand and pulled out the throbbing, eager cock.

“If you are quite certain, Beatrice,” he held the girthy organ by its root, the rubber replica in his other hand paling next to its archetype. “I warn you, I must not spend inside your womb. Not before you are wedded.”

“Anything you say, Doctor.” She felt out of her mind with need.

She watched in rapture as the doctor took himself in hand, stroking and squeezing until several beads of clear fluid oozed from the tip and dribbled down the side.

He stepped out of his trousers and removed his shirt. His manhood, wet and shiny, curved up towards his belly and reached his uncovered navel.

Doctor Richard Hardy’s body was astounding. Muscles delineated his strong limbs and rolled beneath the hard planes of his torso. He was a work of art.

The doctor joined her on the examination couch and positioned himself between her pale legs. He moved towards her with the powerful grace of a lion stalking its prey, never taking his darkened eyes off hers.

She placed a hand on his broad shoulder. He was warm: marble transformed into a magnificence of flesh and blood.

The blood, presently, pulsed against her wet slit as he lined up the blunt head of his manhood. With a low grunt, he pushed forth into the hot depths of her, seating himself to the hilt.

“Yes,” she hissed at the sensation of being filled once more, and wound her arms

around the doctor's neck to pull his face close. He made quick work of her bunched-up shift, wrenching it up until the full breasts beneath fell free.

Neither did he hesitate before taking one full nipple between his lips.

The doctor was everywhere. His throbbing cock stuffed Beatrice to the brim, his heavy breath falling upon her never-kissed chest, his hot tongue swirling around one nipple then the other.

Then, she felt a sharp stab of pleasure when he pulled a tender peak between his teeth and bit down on it lightly. A rush of joy shot from her breast and down her spine. Involuntarily, her inner walls clenched around the doctor.

"Blast," he spat, her nipple falling wet and hot from his mouth. "Beatrice, I cannot spend inside you. And right now, you are making it very difficult."

His loss of composure drove her wild, and Beatrice clenched around him again, this time with an intentional wickedness while she watched his face.

The doctor cursed again, and his strong fingers dug into the soft skin of her hips, holding back his climax.

"Careful, Miss Beatrice," he warned darkly.

Keeping one hand on her hip, lest she get any more wicked ideas, the doctor began stroking his way in and out of her. The friction was beyond delicious, and a string of gasps and moans fell from her lips as her eyes rolled back and her body yielded to him.

Then, he brought the pulsating replica of his cock to the top of her opening again. It moved against her bud, and with the doctor's girth now buried inside her cunny, the

vibration of the machine felt so much deeper.

“Oh, yes!” She breathed, comprehending that she was fucked by two cocks at once. With her trembling core sandwiched between the doctor and his vibrating twin, there was nowhere to turn, and nothing to do but surrender.

The doctor fucked her hard, pistoning into that deep, secret spot at her womb with every long thrust, all while keeping the vibrating cock at her oversensitive pearl.

“Come for me again,” the doctor urged between clenched teeth, punctuating each word with another hard thrust. “Spend on my cock.”

Beatrice screamed as her second climax slammed into her. Her eyes rolled into her skull, and her hands scrambled for purchase on the velvet upholstery of the couch. She thrashed against the pillow, torn apart by the torrent of bliss.

“Doctor! Doctor!” She cried, tears blurring her vision, and she clenched and trembled around his cock.

He stopped slamming into her, one hand around the base of his cock like a vice, lest she milked from him the forbidden seed. But he kept working the machine against her nub until she could come no more.

At last, Agnes turned off the switches, and Beatrice fell into a heap on the examination couch, thoroughly used and drenched in sweat.

Wordlessly, Agnes climbed onto the foot-end of the examination couch and lifted her skirt and petticoats. Beatrice watched as she knelt in supplication and braced her arms.

The pretty assistant wore no undergarments, and her perfect, pale buttocks opened to

the doctor in welcome.

He positioned himself behind his assistant. Tossing the rubber cock unceremoniously to the floor, he held Agnes by her small, cinched waist and impaled the petite woman in one hard thrust.

My God , thought Beatrice, her cunny must have been drenched and ready .

“Yes, Richard,” Agnes moaned, her voice low and sultry.

The doctor was well past delay. Beatrice watched with fascination at the military efficiency with which he rammed into Agnes, so different from the measured strokes he gave to Beatrice.

His heavy balls slammed against Agnes as he rutted her, wanton wet slaps echoing wickedly in the examination room. Without an exchange of instructions or a soft caress, the doctor used her cunny like his own fist.

Hard and fast, he took her willing body. Beatrice found herself growing wet again at the sight of their rough lovemaking. A sharp exhale escaped her lips, and the assistant’s pleasure-hooded eyes snapped open.

She moved towards Beatrice’s reclining body, the doctor’s cock buried deep inside her, taking his relentless pleasure. Ever so sweet and accommodating, Agnes nudged Beatrice’s legs apart with gentle hands.

Her mouth found the patient’s clitoris, and her tongue flicked at the little nub.

At this, Doctor Hardy was temporarily arrested in his movement, transfixed by rapture as Agnes licked and sucked at Beatrice. Then, with a few more unsteady thrusts, he groaned and emptied spurt after spurt of his seed into his assistant, crying

out her name.

Agnes hummed as the doctor's pleasure coated her womb, undulating her hips to wring out every last drop. Her mouth kept working on Beatrice, who felt a great thrill come over her at the other woman's ecstasy. She sensed the doctor's pleasure through Agnes, whose lithe, yielding body had inexorably joined all three.

He held Agnes's buttocks, which now bore red marks of his frenzied need. Breathing hard, his dark eyes landed on Beatrice.

"Agnes! Please—" Beatrice pleaded, as she felt the approach of another trembling climax.

"Yes, just like that." The doctor praised. Agnes, who still had his cock buried inside her, flicked her tongue faster against the patient's cunny.

Beatrice came again when she felt certain she had no more to give. Voice hoarse from her screams and cries, she merely groaned softly as the other woman held her legs and coaxed her, drawing out her bliss with her tongue.

"Well done, Beatrice," said Agnes when she pulled away from her, her soft pink lips shiny with her essence. "Congratulations on completing today's treatment."

### Epilogue

The weeks of her hysteria treatments went by in a flash. One day, Beatrice found herself staring at her fingers around the teacup, trying to puzzle out why they looked different.

Then it struck her. She could not recall the last time she had bitten her fingernails, which had grown back long and strong.

The face beaming back at her in the mirror was radiant, a rosy glow tinting her pale cheeks. Delighted at this sudden discovery, Beatrice danced her fingertips across her features, as if reassuring herself it was not a dream.

She laughed; it was real. Doctor Hardy had transformed her. Even her laugh, which used to carry a wispy, breathless quality, sounded sensual and deep.

That evening, Beatrice spotted the elegant figure in a tailored evening jacket across the crowded parlor. Instead of waiting for Eric to find her, she walked directly toward the man of her dreams.

“Lord Eric. I trust you have been well?”

Eric whirled around, caught off guard to find Beatrice beaming at him. “Lady Beatrice!” He said, clasping her hand in his. “What a pleasure! I did not expect to see you tonight.”

She smiled and shrugged, her heart light as a swallow at his warm welcome. All was



not lost, after all.

“Well, here I am in the flesh.”

His eyes were so full of adoration that Beatrice could not believe she ever doubted him.

“Come, let me introduce you to my sisters. They have been asking after you most insistently.”

Three Months Later

The new Lady Greenwood sat against the headboard of the giant four-posted bed and stretched out her legs between the fresh, cool sheets.

The wedding was opulent and grand. She had no doubt the guests would rave about its every last detail for months. Beatrice, dazzling and sumptuous in her glimmering white gown, and Eric, her Prince Charming, in the finest suit and top hat.

“Lady Beatrice Greenwood,” her husband marveled as he joined her in the bedchamber, having changed into his nightshirt and robe.

“Lord Eric.” She gave him a dazzling smile and closed the book in her hands.

He sat by her on the bed and reached for her hand.

“You have made me the happiest man today.” He said, his voice tinged with dreamy disbelief, “Please know that there is no rush, nor obligation, to—”

She quieted him with a finger on his lips.

He fidgeted with the corner of her book, not wanting to overwhelm her with the

unspoken duty that hung heavy in the air between them.

“I know, darling,” she said.

Months ago—in Doctor Hardy’s examination room—she had vowed to be brave. Brave enough to endure her woman’s duty with grace and poise. Brave enough to let her new husband dim the room and join with her under the covers.

Brave enough to make the doctor proud.

But now, she wished for nothing more than to feel the warm sturdiness of Eric’s body against hers. Nothing more than for the velvety iron of his manhood—she could see it tenting up the thick material of his nightwear—to slide home into her ready womanhood.

“Eric, I’m ready.” She said, taking his hand and bringing it under the covers.

His green eyes widened as his fingers touched her naked thigh, for she had shed her underthings before he entered the room. His hand roved across her perfect, soft skin and found the unmistakable wet desire beneath the soft curls.

“Oh, my darling Beatrice,” he breathed, the restraint he’d upheld for months crumbling. “How I have wanted you!”

“You have me completely, body and mind,” she said, beckoning him to join her.