

The Weirdest Case I Ever Had

Case Histories of an Unlicensed Sex Therapist

By Eric Johnson

In my line of work I've been called on to deal with practically every so called sexual aberration imaginable. I don't look at them as aberrations, but confusions that can lead to unusual practices, so being a successful sex therapist has presented me with many bizarre situations.

I've seen every kind of fetish- armpits, nostrils, fingernails, leather, dogs, horses, feces. I've seen mechanical devices that vibrate vaginas, scrape skin, stretch bones, probe anuses, jab eyes. With all that, you'd think that if I had to name the weirdest case I ever had I'd have to think a bit about it, but there is actually no contest. I had a case that I'll never ever forget. It gives me chills every time I think about it. It is ten times weirder than the next weirdest, and you know what? No props.

One morning a Mrs. Osgood came to my office and offered me a lot of money to bring a partner to her boss's office and perform sex so he could watch. I turned her down on the spot. I explained that I'm extremely careful about which cases I accept. My reputation has spread and I get calls all the time from horny women looking to get laid, or from curious people wanting to brag or complain that they've "had" me. I am not a fuck for hire or for show. I am a Sex Therapist. I only work with people that I can help break through damaging barriers. She then explained her boss's situation. When I finally understood what she was saying, I flip flopped. Even though it was not really therapy and amounted to sheer voyeurism, this was a special case. It would come down to an act of charity that would, meaning no disrespect, make Mother Theresa look like a player in the Eastern Carolina league.

Mrs. Osgood's boss was billionaire Jacob Gillespie who was suffering the end stages of Lou Gehrig's Disease, Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis, or ALS. The symptoms are the most severe conceivable—he had absolutely no control of a single muscle in his body. He was a hundred per cent immobile, totally locked in, like a coma victim except he wasn't in a coma. EEGs showed normal brain activity. He was assumed to be fully cognizant, but there was no real way to verify it. So here was a guy who existed as a brain only. An assistant had to hold his eyelids open, and close them when he thought he should blink. They got it down so the only way they could communicate with him was to ask him a question. If the EEG showed increased brain activity his answer was yes. If decreased, no.

The incredible thing was the guy could actually run his business that way even though he could never originate an order. His staff had to ask questions. “Should we sell this? Buy that? Fire this guy? Order that?” In the ever going effort to please the boss, some genius finally figured maybe Gillespie's brain would enjoy sex, at least seeing sex. When this inspiration was conveyed to Jake, his EEG looked like spaghetti trying to leap off the plate.

My immediate job now became to find the perfect partner for a pitiful billionaire reduced to eye balls exposed to the light of day by factotums. I figured the woman for this man (even though only a brain, the vestigial urges certainly would remain male) had to meet two requirements: she had to look fabulous, and she had to have real breasts. A billionaire does not pay good bucks for verisimilitude. If he's going to witness the spectacle of the human female in all her glory, she better have real glories. And she had to be able to stay cool through a very bizarre situation. In short, she had to meet very rigorous job requirements.

Regarding specification number one, it so happens I don't know many especially gorgeous women. Especially gorgeous women when they admit to sex problems, don't often seek solutions from unlicensed sex therapists. I would clearly have to go “out of house” to find just the right candidate, and my instinct told me that should

I travel the wide world over, advertise on the internet, hire Hollywood agents, I would find no better talent than what could be found in my very own town's renown tittie bars. In this case finding a gorgeous woman to have sex with would be no joke-it really would be a tough job and I really had to do it.

I started with the glitziest clubs, the ones that visiting businessmen asked for, the ones named after precious metals. Unfortunately, ordinary silicon filled the shimmying chests of every lady that interested me, and though some beauties had me wavering, I felt committed to my principle-only in real tits do you find the essence of human kindness, and I wanted to show Jake, not just friction, but sex as a metaphor for creation, which itself was a metaphor for God's love. Romantic? Maybe, but for Christ's sake, this was a guy who retained all his senses but couldn't move. If I was not to bring some grace to a human in this condition what was I doing alive on earth? Sex therapy would stand for nothing if it couldn't connect to the intact brain of this poor soul.

Weighed down by these lofty ideals, I found myself descending into lower and even lower-class establishments, until I had to sadly conclude that there was not a single erotic dancer in the whole city classy enough not to have had a boob job. Fortunately, I was wrong.

I found her in a truck stop, one of those advertised in chrome letters on highways every hundred yards. Why she was there and not in a precious metal I never knew. Maybe she had a thing for Peterbuilt. Maybe the owner was her uncle. Maybe she lived out back and didn't like to travel. I only knew the moment I saw her, from fifty yards away, she was the one.

She was hanging off a pole like a hundred other women I had seen, but she was not the same. She was magnificently elegant, graceful, like a feline in tall grass. She was hardly doing anything, but all eyes were on her. A light sweat glistened off her rich brown body as if an effects man had prepared her for a photograph in a high-class men's magazine. Though no patron was of her race,

their jutting jaws and slack tongues proffered homage. How could they not? She looked better than Halle Berry.

Exquisite as she was, I knew of no way to approach her other than the tried and true. I walked across the floor, right up to the edge of the stage where she was standing, her hands on hips, hips on thighs, thighs on legs so long and delicate they could have come off a giraffe. She hung there in perfect physical consonance, upper body enticing you lower, lower body inviting you higher. You couldn't take your eyes off where she merged.

I was smitten and had to remind myself where I was. I reached into my wallet and pulled out five twenties. I crudely fanned them out and held them up for her to see. She moved towards me not hungrily, not like a trolling shark, but bemusedly, like a curious research scientist sensing new data. She stopped a foot from my nose. I looked up her legs, through her natural breasts, into her glowing eyes shining down at me. Then in a gesture so sweet, so innocent, so emasculating, she held out her hand and smirked at me. I put the currency in her palm. She smiled pleasantly, closed her fist, and sauntered away.

I took a seat at a table and waited for what I knew would be my reward, and indeed, she soon appeared beside me. Seeking a professional persona I somewhat formally introduced myself, disclaimed prurient interest, then explained my mission, which came out sounding like prurient interest. Further inflaming my heart she seemed genuinely offended. How could I expect she was the kind to ever accept such a proposition? I leaned forward and whispered a figure into her ear. There before my eyes she turned into a Las Vegas hotel sign. I learned her name was Veronica.

The sight of Jake Gillespie in his office was one of the most gruesome visions I'd ever had either awake or asleep. Someone had decided that the place for the brain still ostensibly running the nation's fifth largest enterprise was where any CEO's brain ought to be—behind a desk. To that end they had his head, extruding dozens of wires and tubes, propped up so that his chin appeared to be

resting on top the desk. To either side stood two very serious men each with a thumb and forefinger holding open an eyelid. Behind them was a technician in a white coat playing with the dials on an EEG.

Mrs. Osgood stepped around the desk and beckoned us closer. Beside me I felt the incredible creature I hired, surely one of the world's least inhibited women, go rigid, then start to tremble. I pulled her forward.

Mrs. Osgood went to meet us, then turned to face Gillespie. She addressed him nervously, clearly fearful herself, though what could she possibly fear from an immobile skull completely controlled by her and her cohorts?

“Sir, this is noted sex therapist Eric Johnson and his partner. They have come to provide some entertainment that we hope you'll find stimulating.” She turned and extended an arm toward us as if we were on a reality series and better be damn good. She walked off snappily leaving us alone on the dance floor.

For a second I froze, which at least was in keeping with the icy, creepy, and totally alien environment I found myself. What was that wired piece of coral doing on the table, and what was I doing in the same room with it? I looked for some heat from the luscious juicy body alongside, but she no longer seemed so hot. The tormented look mangling her face evidenced sheer terror. This was more than stage fright. I felt totally naked, though I still had on my robe, which, feeling the need to initiate something, I peeled. I saw the two attendants blink Gillespie's eyes.

I went over to my scared star and stroked her face. I kissed her gently. She noticeably relaxed. I slid her robe from her shoulders.

I turned her towards Gillespie. Looking at that macabre wired head, eyes held open by two assistants, food being pumped into his stomach, colostomy bags hanging down, I remembered why I had taken this job. Maybe the poor soul trapped inside that totally defunct body really could derive some pleasure from seeing a vital lusty life force reenacting life's very creation. Look, at her, Gillespie. Dig those succulent nipples. Check out that seething

vulva. See what God hath wrought. Who knows, maybe the brain can get a boner. Maybe the mind can come.

I moved behind her and cupped both her breasts in my hands. I nuzzled the nape of her neck. I could still feel her trembling. She twisted her face back to me and I kissed her this time with my whole mouth. She responded eagerly, happy to lose herself in good old familiar sex rather than continue confronting this electrified horror. I moved my hand around and inserted a finger into her vagina. She raised her leg and put it on a nearby table, an endearing gesture that not only raised my staff but my spirits as it affirmed for me that sex really was the most palliative of forces and could outmaneuver anything, even primordial fear.

I added another two fingers and lowered my mouth to her nipple and started to lick around her areole. I was now deep into a full vaginal message when I felt a strange poke on my shoulder. It was too jarring and in fact anatomically impossible to be my lovely partner. I jerked around and was astounded to see Mrs. Osgood standing beside me. I looked at her in disbelief.

“He doesn’t like this,” she said.

“What?” I took my fingers out of Veronica.

“He doesn’t like this. The EEG shows reduced activity which means he doesn’t like it.”

“Oh.” I actually scratched my head. What now? “O.K. I’ll.....I’ll try something else.”

Mrs. Osgood nodded and walked away. I was thinking fast. Though to me a beautiful overture before the first movement gets the juices going, maybe he doesn’t like all this foreplay. Maybe he’s used to going directly for the meat of the matter.

I took Veronica to the table and laid her down crotch towards Gillespie’s face so he’d get the nastiest view. I felt bad for Veronica having to go about it this way, but I slipped into her and started pumping away. I went at it fast and hard assuming this must be the ticket for this guy.

“HE DOESN’T LIKE THAT!” rang out through the room as if boomed from surroundsound loudspeakers. I raised my head and

saw Mrs. Osgood looking down at me like I was a dog that had just pissed on the floor. To spite her I gave Veronica a half dozen more strokes before I very reluctantly pulled out. I was flattered to feel Veronica trying to hold onto me.

“Are you sure?” not knowing what else to say.

“He knows how to say no. He clearly doesn’t like it.”

“Well what does he like?”

“We don’t know, but obviously not this. We must terminate this experiment immediately.”

I felt defensive. My professional reputation was being challenged.

“Well you know, Mrs. Osgood, sexual stimulation can be a very idiosyncratic thing.” What would turn on a man who had power over everyone he knew?

I took Veronica and turned her over. I spread her butt cheeks and was about to enter her rear when the technicians started waving their arms frantically.

“STOP! STOP” they shouted.

This was starting to piss me off. I stood up and was about to masturbate in Gillespie’s face, when Veronica grabbed me and started whispering in my ear. I couldn’t believe what she was saying. It had never occurred to me.

Mrs. Osgood was saying, “Sir, I insist you put your robes back on at once.”

I walked over and stood before Mrs. Osgood. Though she was a foot away from a stark naked man with a three-quarter hard on, she tried to affect a detached scientific demeanor.

I stared at her a second and then I reached out and tore her blouse open. She gave a yell and backed away in shock, but I pulled her to me and popped off her brassier. Her breasts tumbled out and I grabbed one and put it in my mouth. Mrs. Osgood shouted and pounded me on the back.

“YES! YES!” I could hear the technicians shouting. They were jumping around pointing at the monitor.

I reached my hand under Mrs. Osgood's skirt and slid a finger around her panties and fumbled for her pussy.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP! STOP!" she screamed.

"Hey, I thought you wanted to pleasure your boss!" I hissed in her ear. I spread her vagina as wide as I could and turned her so she could see the technicians who were beside themselves.

"HE LOVES IT, HE LOVES IT!" one kept shouting. I plunged a thumb up Mrs. Osgood and she groaned. I was good and angry and jammed my hand into her as hard as I could. I thought I'd hurt her, but evidently Mrs. Osgood had decided no sacrifice was too great for her beloved patron. She started to moan and exude juices all over the place. As soon as I realized she was abandoning herself, I yanked my hand out. She tried to grab me but I threw her off and walked over and got Veronica's robe. I brought it to her. A bewildered and frustrated Mrs. Osgood slowly sat up.

"Why did you stop?" she said. "He likes it."

I put on my own robe and started to escort Veronica out the door.

"WAIT, WAIT," Mrs. Osgood called. "You can't leave. You were hired....."

I was trying my best to control my temper though I had never felt so furious. I spun around.

"You know, I thought I might bring some comfort to an unfortunate old man in a horrible situation, but I have absolutely no sympathy for him."

"What? How can you say that?" Mrs. Osgood had recovered somewhat though she'd left her brassier undone, as if still having hopes. "Look at him. There's a poor human being in there," she pleaded.

"HEY, FUCK HIM!" I shouted.

"How dare you talk that way about one of the country's great men!" She seemed genuinely pained.

"GREAT? HE'S A FUCKING BIGOT!"

Mrs. Osgood face became rigid even as her eyebrow's arched, as if the notion had never occurred to her. It was her saving grace. I took Veronica by the arm and escorted her out the door.

I know I could have fucked Mrs. Osgood and made a lot of money, but a serious sex therapist has got to stand for something. Though it would practically break me, I would pay Veronica her fee and apologize for all I was worth.

To think- a man completely trapped by his body was trapped even worse by his prejudices. Pretty damn depressing

But, hey, a few seconds inside one of the spectacular women of the world-not a lost day by any means.