**It's Not a Disability**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

Phillip Hammond, the clerk at the unemployment office, wasn't making Amanda Adams feel good about herself right now. They were threatening to cut her benefits, and with her being unable to secure good references in her field, she couldn't get past the interview process at most companies. "Mr. Hammond, please. You have seen I have been applying for work. I have been trying. Really, I have."

"Miss Adams, I am sorry, but one can only receive unemployment benefits for so long. You've applied for it six times over the past five years and this last run was for six months, the maximum length of coverage. The only way you can get financial help is if you claimed a disability."

"But I don't have one!" Amanda yelled.

"I told you, Miss Adams. You should meet with our psychologist. Considering your... uh... history, I think he could help you."

"Help me? How?" Amanda wasn't clear what the social worker meant by her history, either.

"Amanda. You have lost five jobs, all because you got involved with men at your places of employment. We have warned you time and again. I think it could be a verifiable mental issue with you, and I am only suggesting that you go see-"

"Wait a minute, Phillip!" This was no time for formalities, thought Amanda, using his first name. "Three of those guys claimed they were single. I had no idea they were married!"

"You could have googled. Check their social media history, maybe?"

She ignored him. "I believed what they told me at the time, and I can't help it, that all of them got obsessed with me. They went out of their way to get me fired, after I broke up with them."

"Getting romantically involved is circumstance enough for losing one's job. Go see Dr. Blake." Phillip held a business card to Amanda. "Or go without any possibility of getting any assistance. Maybe start applying at fast food joints?"

Amanda graduated in computer science. She had far too many loans to accept such a low paying job. "Fine!" she yelled, snatching the card.

"You get one more check from us, and then it ends," said Phillip. "I suggest you go with whatever the doctor tells you, to pick up disability payments in the meantime. If you qualify, that is."

"I have no idea what I would be disabled for."

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Three days later, Amanda found herself standing across from the most handsome man she'd ever laid eyes on. Maybe early thirties, well built, tall, with full, dark hair and piercing blue eyes. She blushed as he introduced himself. "I'm Dr. David Blake. Pleased to meet you, Miss Adams. Amanda, is it? Welcome to my office. Please, sit."

"Pleased to meet you, too," Amanda said, briefly shaking his firm, strong hands.

As Amanda sat in the chair opposite the doctor, across from his desk, he spoke, "Considering my workload, I do not have a lot of time to spend with new, non-urgent care patients. My time is based on need, rather than just equal time for everyone. I reviewed your case, and discussed it with Mr. Hammond, your case worker. We work with them on many cases, not just yours."

"I see," said Amanda.

"Anyway, I am willing to write you up with an S.A. diagnosis. We can discuss whether you would like to try chemical treatments, such as we use to treat depression... or interactive therapy. Maybe both. But at this time, your case isn't that critical. I'll write up the diagnosis now, and you can set an appointment with my assistant for two weeks from now. Is that okay with you?"

Amanda was relieved the doctor was willing to write something up that would allow her to receive some income, but she was still foggy on things. "I'm sorry. An S.A. diagnosis?"

"Sexual addiction," the handsome doctor paused. "Combined with histrionic personality disorder. What we in the business term 'slut-like tendencies'. This creates a toxic environment for any workplace, of course. You can get disability payments, while you go through treatment. Once you finish, we can note it on your resume, and can help you with job placement. Your case isn't so unique, after all."

Amanda was having trouble breathing, flushed red with anger. "Did you just say I am a slut?"

"Slut-like tendencies only means that someone invests their need for validation, openly, and often. Most of them have, say, more than three partners a year, but they get off on the attention, more than the sex. It isn't necessarily nymphomania."

"You're saying because I have an active sex life, that I am a slut?"

"No, I did not say that. Although that is the very definition of the slang term, especially when it is involves multiple partners."

"So we're slut-shaming now?"

"Excuse me, Miss Adams!" barked Dr. Blake. "Let's go through the facts. You have had a sexual relationship with at least one man, in every job you have ever worked. Every time, it has led to trouble, and ultimately, termination of your employment. Would you say your actions were responsible for this, or not?"

"No! I would say having immature people, who were out for revenge, is what ended my employment at those places."

"You continue to disregard other people's feelings, even though these actions, and the results from them, have repeated themselves again and again. People get angry with you - valid or not - and push you out the door, when discovering your behavior."

"Well, it shouldn't be like that," Amanda insisted.

"But it is."

"Dr. Hammond, I am not a slut!"

"Allow me to explain, for one last time, what I mean. The reason I say 'slut-like tendencies' is due to specific behavior points. For instance, I could see that you found me attractive when you came in today."

"Dr. Hammond! I have made no such com-"

The doctor raised his hand with his forefinger up, hushing her. "Let me finish. It's okay that you find me attractive. I also find you highly attractive, but it's our personalities that separate us."

"Claiming I am a slut!" Did he really find her attractive, thought Amanda? 'Highly attractive,' did he say? Even as he spoke so degradingly of her?

"No, you're not a slut. As I said, you simply struggle with some tendencies. Continuing with my observation, you find me attractive. Understand, Amanda, that being physically attracted to someone is perfectly natural. So lets say I was at the beach. You would see me with my toned muscles, tanned skin. I possess a body you might like. It would interest or arouse you, yes?

Amanda sneered at the quack doctor, remaining silent.

"But see, you would get more pleasure by being the one barely dressed, not the other way around. Isn't that so? You crave attention, more than most other people require."

"I do no such thing," said Amanda.

"Miss Adams," sighed David. "I am a trained psychologist, and I actually specialize in sexually deviant behavior. I-"

"DEVIANT!?" screamed Amanda.

"Calm down. The point is, you can deny all you want, but you have specific markers. You can continue to deny the problem, or you can learn to change things."

"You think I would get horny, or feed off your attention, if I were half dressed? Is that all you got? That's the strength of your argument, in labeling me a slut?"

"Yes, it is my argument, but no, I am not labeling you a slut. Amanda, this is a behavior pattern I have seen many times over. You could strip right now, angry as you are, and you would still want validation. You would WANT me to be attracted to you. You would want me to be turned on by you."

As handsome as the doctor was, his personality was really turning Amanda off. "That is so fucking ridiculous," she said, crossing her arms.

"Fine. If you INSIST on having me drag it out of you, go ahead. Strip."

"Strip? Here? Now?" Amanda was appalled the doctor would ask for such a thing.

"Or don't. I can easily prove it to you in a matter of minutes, or you can continue to be resistant to the truth."

Amanda paused for a moment and then stood up, pointing at the doctor. "You know, you're right. When I first came in here, I did find you attractive. I'm well aware, physical attraction is natural. But believe me when I say, that by opening your mouth and spouting your bullshit, the attraction to you has completely evaporated. You are a fucking creep!"

The doctor remained sitting, shaking his head. "Do you want me to write this diagnosis or not? I don't have time to see you right now. Not until later this month. If you insist my opinion is wrong, you will have to wait until I can formally sit down with you."

"I would never sit down with you. For you to even suggest-" Amanda stopped.

She stared for a moment at the man, seeing his muscles ripping through his tight, dark shirt. He wore a bright tie with it, looking distinguished and professional, unlike his behavior. It pissed Amanda off, that someone so handsome, could be such an asshole. Amanda noticed his bronze skin, too, no doubt a product of a comfortable lifestyle. His short, dark hair contrasted with his piercing blue eyes. She almost wanted to ask him if he wore colored contacts.

"For me to suggest what, Miss Adams?" sighed the doctor, looking up at her.

Amanda held her tongue, dropping her purse. Instead of replying, she began unbuttoning her blouse. When she was down to her bra and panties, she finally spoke. "I'm going to prove you wrong, and you are going to write something else for me instead. Something that will qualify me to draw disability payments, while I find work. Agreed?"

Dr. Blake paused and leaned back in his chair. "If my statements aren't accurate, I will agree to that."

"What will you write up?" asked Amanda.

"It doesn't matter," said the doctor, "You won't win this bet."

Now Amanda was really pissed. In one swift motion, she unsnapped her bra, flinging it off, and ripped off her panties. "Dr. Blake. I can be stark naked in front of you, and not give one shit whether you like it or not. Fuck you, and fuck your bullshit quackery."

The doctor was visibly shaken. Not so much by Amanda's actions, but by her perfect body. Never had he seen such a vision, and he wasn't short of partners himself. "Jesus Christ, your body is amazing," he muttered under his breath.

The reaction was instant. Maybe Amanda hadn't noticed it like this before, because it hadn't been pointed out to her, but she was ecstatic, that this hot guy in front of her, was practically slobbering himself while staring at her. She got a kick out of the hungry look in his eyes. Amanda was already damp, hoping the doctor might be sporting an erection under his desk.

Then it hit her. Dr. Blake was right. For a moment, she stood frozen before him, watching him stare back at her. Amanda made no attempt to cover anything. Finally, she sighed. "Oh, my god. You're right. I act like a slut. You like this, and it thrills me."

Amanda was being brutally honest with herself, and the doctor.

"Amanda, you are not a slut," said the doctor, snapping out of his trance and finally looking her in the eyes. "As I said, you have markers. But now that we have proven who is right, why don't you go ahead and masturbate for me?"

"WHAT?" screamed Amanda. "Just because I admit to liking this, you think I would go that far? Just because you ask?"

"It's only a suggestion, Miss Adams, I don't mind. You know I would love every second of it. You might as well take advantage of the situation."

'How is he turning this around on me again?' thought Amanda. The doctor arched back in his chair, and went back to staring at her body, sending shivers up her spine. "Really? You want me to masturbate? Here?"

"Yes, please. In the chair. Spread your legs. Show me everything."

"Dr. Blake, this is not appropriate."

"Of course, it isn't appropriate. It's the very reason you keep getting fired from one place to the next. But damn it, it is so fucking hot. You are a treasure."

The doctor's compliments made Amanda blush, and without thinking, she dropped back in the leather chair. "Will you jerk off to me?"

"If you make it hot enough for me. If you beg me."

Amanda arched back and spread her legs wide, while the doctor pulled his chair up to get a batter angle. She reached down with her right hand, inserting two fingers. "Please, jerk off for me. I'll cum for you."

"If I jerk off, I'll have to cum, too," said the doctor, matter-of-factly.

"Yes, yes. Let me watch, too."

"I'd have to get up from this desk... for you to see anything."

Amanda bit her bottom lip, nodding, while digging her fingers into her wet pussy even deeper. She'd had objections to this man only moments ago, and now all she wanted was to get off. And to see this man get off on her, too.

"I tell you what I am going to do, Amanda. I am going to take off all my clothes and stroke myself. I will stand behind this desk, in front of you, and let you masturbate while watching me... watch you."

Amanda groaned. His dirty talk edged her forward.

"Or I could come closer... much closer." Amanda moaned even heavier now, begging the doctor to follow through with his suggestion. "I could cum in your mouth, Amanda."

As he spoke, the doctor slipped out of his pants and underwear, and began unbuttoning his shirt, revealing his cut physique. He stood up, to finish removing it all, revealing a thick and long cock to Amanda. Amanda pumped faster now with the visual stimulation. "Please, please get closer, Amanda begged. She was almost whispering, ashamed to admit how much she wanted the doctor's cock. "Bring it here."

"Tell me how much of a slut you are."

Instantly, Amanda's hand stopped pumping. Juices were pouring all over it, and the chair beneath her, but her shock had preempted her horny drive. "What did you say?"

The doctor rounded the desk, bringing him (and his truly magnificent cock) closer to Amanda. She couldn't help but stare at his perfect body. "You want me?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, but then caught herself. "But you keep calling me a slut!"

Without warning, Dr. Blake rushed to Amanda, grabbing the back of her head, thrusting his rod into her face. Instinctively, she opened, taking it in. Unable to help herself, her right hand went back to the business of fucking herself, while David pumped his cock back and forth into her mouth. Amanda moaned again in pleasure.

"I will fuck you until you pass out, but you have to tell me you're a slut." David pushed deeper, slightly gagging Amanda in the process, before pulling out.

With her left hand, she grabbed his shaft and stared to his eyes, "Okay, I'm a slut. But you better fuck me, alright?"

With permission given, David picked Amanda up at the hips and tossed her around as easy as a sack of potatoes. He grabbed her left breast from behind, and then guided his stiff cock into her soaking pussy, using his other arm. In seconds, he was pounding Amanda from behind, with her face buried deep into the leather of the chair.

Amanda's first orgasm almost squeezed David's cock out of her pussy. "Are you kidding me?" he asked. "We haven't even been twenty seconds into it, slut." Now, David pounded twice as hard, sending Amanda into another quick orgasm that trailed behind the first.

Seconds later, David threw Amanda to the ground, spreading her legs high and wide, before diving his cock in deep, touching the far reaches of her inner cavity. Amanda felt David's cock bump organs she never knew she had. In this position, it took longer for Amanda to climax, but the endurance and pacing of the doctor was unmatched by anything she had ever experienced. In minutes, Amanda was squirting, soaking her, the doctor, and the carpet beneath them.

"No more... no more," Amanda pleaded.

"I'm not through with you, slut," barked the doctor. He pulled Amanda to her knees, just before thrusting his cock into her mouth again.

Amanda had rough sex before. It was always light and fun, but no one ever really pushed her boundaries. No safe word was ever at risk of being said. This was an entirely different experience. It bordered scary, yet she still felt safe. As Dr. Blake stuffed her throat with his cock, Amanda knew she had to make him cum, or she would risk passing out from asphyxiation.

Dr. Blake's thrusts were so forceful, it barely allowed Amanda any room to work any of her oral skillsets on the man. It didn't matter. Just as she thought she could take no more, Amanda felt his thick shaft pulsing and a rush of semen erupted to the back of her throat. In seconds, more was unloaded into her open, waiting mouth. Never had Amanda tasted so much cum at one time.

Dr. Blake pushed off and dropped into the leather chair behind him. He was sweating, breathing heavy. Amanda was a cum-soaked mess, laying on the floor in the fetal position. After a moment passed, she quietly said, "I guess I am a slut."

Dr. David Blake smirked. "No more than me, dear. No more than me."