

The Not So Invisible Woman

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Please note that this extract contains scenes of an adult nature

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1. THE COCK DOC

It was just after 9 a.m. when the doorbell rang.

I ran downstairs from my bedroom, adjusting my stockings, and opened the door. I had delayed my cleaning lady's arrival by one hour, and was relieved to see a tall attractive man in a white coat standing on my front step, and not Anna. He held a leather briefcase in one hand and a stethoscope hung around his neck. 'You must be Doctor Donny,' I said.

'That's me.' He looked up and down my body, then met my eyes and smiled. 'May I come in?'

'Follow me,' I said, and turned back into the hall. 'I assume you wish to examine me in the bedroom, doctor.' I walked up the stairs without looking behind me.

I led him to my bedroom, then shut the door, in case Anna had not picked up the message I'd left the previous evening.

‘Clothed or unclothed?’ I asked.

He looked over at me while putting his briefcase on the Chinese trunk at the foot of my bed. ‘I think unclothed is best,’ he said matter-of-factly, in a deep voice I found alluring. He spoke as if he’d been asked that question a thousand times.

‘Would you like me to remove my underwear, doctor?’ I asked, trying to sound nonchalant to disguise my nervousness. I’ve had dozens of strangers in my bed, men whose names I barely knew, but usually I met playmates in public places and checked them out before inviting them home. I’d never had a house call before.

‘Yes,’ he said, authoritatively. ‘But you can keep your bra on.’

I unbuttoned my shrug, pulled off my T-shirt and unzipped my skirt. Looking away, I slowly slid my knickers down to my ankles. I stepped out of the knickers, making sure to keep my transparent bra, stockings and high lace-up heels in place. I felt like a cross between Miss Jean Brodie and an Agent Provocateur model. Slowly, I folded my clothing, placed it carefully on the trunk and lay down on my bed. I felt the high of anticipation mixed with the excitement that comes only when I’m being touched by a stranger for the first time.

Dr Donny put the stethoscope to his ears, moved towards me and placed the tip of the instrument over my pubic area. I had shaved the night before, leaving just a small rectangle of hair, and the instrument felt cold against my skin. I was more amused than aroused. I had never heard of a stethoscope being used to gauge the health of a woman’s pussy. This was not the doctor fantasy I had in mind.

‘Mmmmn,’ said Dr Donny, continuing to manoeuvre his stethoscope around my pubic area. ‘Your pussy sounds healthy enough.’ His tone remained authoritative, just the way professionals speak in a medical centre. I tried not to laugh. The tone was fine but the action was all wrong.

Dr Donny pulled the stethoscope out of his ears, put it beside his briefcase and resumed his examination using his hands. He placed his long fingers on either side of my labia, spread open

the lips, and rubbed his fingers in a small circle around my clitoris. 'You have a lovely pussy,' he said.

'Thank you, doctor.' I felt myself getting wet. Then, rather too quickly, I felt a warm tongue on my clit. I spread my legs to allow him easier access.

'I think I need to get you wetter,' he said, suddenly adopting a seductive tone, before carrying on with his oral investigation.

Dr Donny was standing beside me, leaning over while eating me out. His tongue continued to massage my clit for a few disconcerting minutes. It felt good, but as I lay back and let him carry on, I felt a slight twinge of regret that this handsome, dark-haired man was no longer behaving like a real gynaecologist. He was just another stranger in my bed. But I made the most of it and relaxed into the sensations.

I let him carry on for a few minutes. Then I turned my head and saw, just above eye level, Dr Donny's hard-on straining against the fly of his black trousers. Impressive. I reached across to feel his cock through the fabric. It felt large and fat and hard.

Feeling my hand on his crotch, Dr Donny stood up. 'Would you like to have a look?' he asked.

'Yes, please,' I whispered, trying to stay in character as the submissive patient.

Slowly he undid his belt and unzipped his fly, and released one of the most perfect cocks I'd ever seen. It had been two weeks since I'd seen one, and this was a great reintroduction to the species. I slid my hand around the thick shaft. Then I sat up from the bed, pulled his cock towards my eager lips, and took it inside my mouth. I felt hands on the back of my head, pushing me down the shaft. It was far too big to take in my throat.

I didn't want to gag, so I pulled back and began stroking the base of his cock whilst licking and sucking the head.

'That is very good,' he said, resuming a professional tone. 'Very good indeed.'

That made me laugh. Clearly, we weren't playing doctor and patient any more.

I was a little disappointed that the curtain had fallen on our little drama so quickly. I had expected more role-playing, had wanted my fantasy doctor to touch and grope and explore my body for more than just that two-minute stethoscope scene. I'd woken up feeling horny and antsy with anticipation. I had wanted to play out the doctor-patient scenario for many years.

The hot doctor's visit was one of the few boxes left on my fantasy list that hadn't been ticked. For as long as this fantasy had been on my mind, I'd had girlfriends who'd giggled about their own. While most of them kept their dirty dreams locked up, unrealised, I learned to act on mine, even if their outcomes often proved less satisfying than my imagination.

I had planned simply to lie back and be used and probed like a patient on the gurney. It was not my intention to be an active, much less an equal, participant in a sex act that morning. After all, sex was nothing new for me. The doctor-patient scenario, however, was new – and long overdue. I'd been to orgies and sex clubs, hooked up with hundreds of strangers and fuck buddies before, and today I was hoping to finally fulfil my number one fantasy – of being completely passive and submitting to another's control and authority and expertise. Even a fake doctor's expertise.

While sucking Dr Donny's cock, and enjoying it, I concluded that probably I should have been clearer about my doctor fantasy when I arranged it. The fixation had popped into my head a decade earlier, out of the blue while masturbating, and it had remained there, unfulfilled, ever since. So when, the night before, I was asked about my sexual fantasies while chatting with guys on Swinging Heaven, I took the opportunity to toss the idea out there. I'd waited too long for this doctor's appointment.

Swinging Heaven is my favourite hook-up site, my one-stop shop for quick cock. Either because I'm a long-time user or one of the few genuine single women on the site, I get a free membership.

After my divorce in 2001, I decided that until I found a man

with whom I could truly be myself, I'd just have fun. Like me, and unlike too many of my previous boyfriends, the new men in my life would have to have moved beyond the idea of monogamy. I didn't believe in it and didn't intend to practise it – at least in terms of sex. I have a monogamous heart but very different standards when it comes to my body. So unless I met my soulmate, I decided, I'd have fun with a portfolio of guys who wanted to have some fun of their own. Most of them, I discovered, were on Swinging Heaven. When I'm on the lookout for a new man to fill an empty space, with a few strokes of the keyboard, I can see exactly what's on offer.

In the 'Jacuzzi' chat room a man named Donny introduced himself. His face pic was blurred, but not so blurry that I couldn't tell he was attractive, dark haired, and in his mid to late thirties. I pulled up his profile to check out his cock. The first photo showed a well-tanned man with broad shoulders and an attractive Mediterranean-looking face. He was wearing a loose white linen shirt similar to one that Daniel, an ex-boyfriend of mine, had pretty much lived in until it turned to shreds after four years. Daniel also was broad and dark and Mediterranean looking, as was my ex-husband, David. Which is to say, Donny was just my type. Or had the potential to be. My type is also well hung, and in his profile Donny advertised a nine-inch cock. So I checked out his other photos. He wasn't lying. Up popped a photo of a baton of a cock, standing bolt upright, almost parallel to his chest. I wanted to meet him.

'Nice cock.'

'thanks would u like 2 meet it'

'Love to. I'm feeling horny as hell.'

We began to discuss interests and he asked me about my fantasies. I told him I had a lot, most of them pretty stupid and typical: being gang-banged, being cast in a porn movie and having to show the director how tight and deep my pussy is – pretty run-of-the-mill stuff.

'hot'

'My number one fantasy is that I'm having an internal

examination by a handsome male doctor and he uses his cock as the speculum.'

'i have a white coat,' Donny wrote back, 'and a stethoscope ;)'

'Really?' I was surprised and instantly excited at the direction this chat was taking. Usually I didn't participate in chats and instead just watched guys wank live and issued instructions. I regularly told guys to play with their balls, to lick their pre-come, to play with their nipples. It was a turn-on to be the director of the action and not the subject of it, and guys liked it, too.

'really. what do u say i cum round to yr place n give u a checkup'

'Sometimes I have breakfast meetings,' I wrote. I could drop my kids off at school and be home by nine. 'I just so happen to have an opening tomorrow morning. Do you have an appointment free at that time?'

'it just so happens that i do,' he replied. 'call me dr Donny. i'll bring my 9 inch equipment.'

Those nine inches were crucial because, when I see a real gyno, they always take out the largest speculum available. I've always been told that I have an almost abnormally deep vagina.

My ultimate doctor fantasy is actually a threesome, with a hot male doctor and a sexy female nurse. I'm lying helpless on an examination table with my legs in stirrups, and a female nurse with great tits and a low-cut uniform is massaging my clit. She's preparing me for the doctor, who'll use his own cock as a speculum.

I knew it was ridiculous, but I got off on the thought of a doctor sliding his cock in and out of me in an attempt to ascertain, to his satisfaction, whether or not I was orgasmic. That was a new twist on my theme. I had read a book about the history of the vibrator and learned that it had once been a common practice for doctors to vaginally massage patients suffering with 'hysteria'. The aim was to take the hysterics to orgasm and exorcise their excitable nerves. Hysterical or not,

the hysterics seemed to like the treatment, because the vibrator was invented as a labour-saving device after the queue at the doctor's office became unmanageable. I wanted the same treatment, plus an attractive doctor-and-nurse combo that could sort me out the old-fashioned way. But in the absence of two representatives of the medical profession, a single Dr Donny would do.

The doctor's appointment made, I signed off from Swinging Heaven and went to bed. I could hardly sleep.

Dr Donny lowered his hands and reached inside my bra and squeezed my nipples hard. 'I think you need an internal examination,' he said. 'Just to make sure your pussy is healthy.'

I concurred, but the doctor fantasy was shot at this point, and all I was thinking about was that big cock filling me up.

I grabbed a condom from my side drawer and handed it over. He pushed it down the length of his cock. I noticed it barely reached the base of his shaft. Dr Donny quickly removed his white coat and the rest of his clothes, and climbed on top of me.

Although my fantasy hadn't turned out to be what I'd expected, just sucking that cock really aroused me. So when he said, 'I need to be inside your pussy,' I was ready and plenty wet. But his cock was so thick, it took four or five thrusts before he could enter me. That was horny, too, knowing I was almost too tight for him. He inched his way in until my vagina gave way and his full length was inside. I felt him reach to near my cervix. It was a rush to be stretched and filled by someone so big.

'Your pussy is so tight,' he said, pumping me. 'I think I need to fuck you every day for it to remain healthy.' Then, as if hearing his own words and what they implied, he quickly amended his prescription. 'Well, maybe three times a week.'

I looked up at him.

'Twice a day,' he added.

I said nothing. Despite the pleasure his treatment sent surging through my body, I quickly came to my senses. There was no way I'd be able to fuck this guy that often, unless I put my kids up for adoption and handed in my notice at work.

Indeed, he would have been lucky for the opportunity to fuck me twice a week. And with a regular dose of that cock of his, I'd have been lucky, too. But with a full-time job and a second career ferrying my two teenagers to their schools and football games, I didn't have much time to sleep with anyone. The occasional morning fuck was my only available appointment, aside from two kids-free weekends a month when I had the house to myself. But, as he was pushing his cock deeper and deeper inside of me, I tried mentally reorganising my calendar to see where I could fit him in. I liked the sex, the way he felt inside me. Then I let the idea go and climbed on top of him, forgetting the practicalities while focusing on my fantasy.

We had been fucking for twenty minutes and still he had a rock-hard erection.

'You make me so hard,' he said. 'You're so horny.'

'Only when I have a big fat cock like yours in my pussy,' I said. My comment wasn't aimed at his ego. I was simply stating a fact. 'And a decent brain too. It's the perfect combo,' I added. Instantly I regretted my words. I was as cool to the concept of the one-off fuck, like most of the guys I met off of Swinging Heaven, but I'd just blown it, sounding like a girlfriend wannabe.

'I'm glad it works for you,' said Dr Donny.

I started grinding down, feeling him deep inside me. I came within minutes. Then I lifted my body off of his and, crouching between his legs, pulled off the condom and then grabbed his cock with my hands. I jerked him off until he came all over his stomach.

As I rubbed the come into his chest, I looked at the clock. Forty minutes had passed since the doorbell chimed.

I lay down next to Dr Donny and wrapped my arms around his chest, noticing for the first time a slight paunch around his

middle. I hadn't seen this in his online photo. In fact, he had described himself as 'super fit' and online the body looked tight. But after years of internet dating, I'd grown used to words that weren't true and photos that were dated. At least the cock didn't lie.

I watched his cock go soft as we settled into an after-sex glow that hardly seemed justified. We'd only just met. And yet, in my experience, having sex with a stranger can be just as intimate as sex with someone I've known for years. It takes more than contact. It's a chemical and psychological reaction as much as a physical one. Thirty seconds, thirty years – what's the difference if the brain and the body connect?

'Well, that was nice,' I said, smiling. And I meant it.

'Fantastic!' he said. 'I'm glad you enjoyed my cock.' He smiled.

'You have a beautiful cock,' I said. 'It's the perfect size for me. I didn't even have to think about coming. It just happened. It doesn't always work like that for me.'

'I'm glad I could be of service,' he said, pleased.

I thought about what he had said about fucking me three times a week, and fantasised that he might actually have the time to make it happen.

'Nice house,' he said, looking around my large bedroom. He nodded toward the twenty boxes of high heels stacked against the fireplace. 'I see you like shoes.'

'I need a big house to store all my shoes in,' I joked. I'd had to pay my husband a quarter of a million to keep the place after our divorce, but it had become my refuge. During my marriage, the house often reminded me of my role as hausfrau. Now all mine, it was worth the long hours I put in at my day job at an entertainment company in order to keep it.

'So, doctor, what's your real job?' I asked.

'I run a small hedge fund and work from home about a mile from here.'

Money. Big cock. Local. Does it get more perfect than this?

The only other time I'd met a hedge fund guy was when I went to a party full of them, hosted by *Trader Monthly* magazine and organised by a party-planner mate of mine, Andrew. When Andrew mentioned the event sponsor was Chivas Regal, I decided to go for the drinks. At the last minute my then boyfriend, Karume, insisted on tagging along, on the pretext of making some 'business connections'. He didn't have a job at the time, so I suspected his coming had more to do with his not wanting me to be in the same room as a lot of men with a lot of money. I was his meal ticket. In the four months he lived under my roof, he never brought anything to the table, not even a bottle of cheap wine.

That night, I schmoozed with a dozen multimillionaires at Il Bottaccio, an elegant Georgian mansion turned private club on Grosvenor Place. Karume kept one eye on me and the other on the undernourished models shipped in for the evening as eye candy. As I later realised, juggling a number of women was second nature to him. When I eventually kicked him to the kerb, shortly after the trader party, it was because I discovered he had been sharing his bed with another girl. I wouldn't have minded that, but he had made me give up my own harem when we got together, saying he was 'a one-woman man'.

I was one of the few women at the *Trader Monthly* fête who had a nine-to-five job and sizeable boobs, so was a novelty for the traders, at least those who were actually as interested in brains as in beauty. I learned that, in addition to being loaded, traders could be fun, especially after half a dozen free Chivas cocktails. I picked up the business cards of a couple of attractive guys, before they were snatched away by Karume on the pretext of 'research'. His research never panned out, and I never met another trader until my doctor came calling. After Karume and I broke up, I swore I'd never support another guy ever again and I didn't.

'I have to get to work,' I said.

‘Me too.’

Dr Donny and I stood up and began dressing.

I was debating whether to suggest we schedule in another doctor’s appointment, when suddenly the doctor beat me to it.

‘Listen, I’m going to Monaco in a couple of days for the Grand Prix. Why don’t I fly you out for the weekend? We can fuck our brains out there.’

This could be a keeper, I thought. I’d only just met the guy and already he was talking about taking me away somewhere warm and expensive and exotic. Maybe I’d been right about the brain and body connection.

‘I’ll see if I can move a few things around,’ I said. My kids were going to be with their father that weekend, so that wasn’t a problem, but I had a client meeting on Friday afternoon that I’d have to rearrange. ‘Let me get back to you.’

‘Just let me know,’ he said. ‘I can always book a late ticket.’

We walked downstairs and out onto the street. Dr Donny kissed me on the pavement outside my house. ‘Call me,’ he said. ‘We’ll have fun.’

And we would have done, had I ever been given the opportunity to see him again.

I got in the car, put on my Bluetooth, and rang my best mate Nadia, who loved hearing of my exploits.

Nadia is a 43-year-old Lebanese chick with wild dark hair that falls to her shoulders in corkscrew ringlets and a petite, almost boyish body. Thanks to her beauty and olive complexion, she looks a decade younger and often ends up with sexy men who actually are. We met through Karume, whom she fucked before he took up with me. Nadia dated him only briefly, before deciding they weren’t sexually compatible. He cleaned out her drinks cabinet and the food in her fridge, but she thought he was fun to have around, if not full time, and their friendship remained solid. We met when Karume took me to Momo Bar, a world music club in the West End, where

Nadia worked as a sound engineer and booked the acts. A fellow Pisces, I liked her immediately. She was amusing and said ‘darling’ a lot and spoke in dramatic sentences that ended in exclamation points.

‘Oh, darling,’ said Nadia, as I recounted my appointment with the bogus doctor, ‘had you met this man before?’

‘Only on the web,’ I said.

‘And you let him into your house? Are you crazy?’

I told her he was a hedge-fund trader who lived down the road. As if that made him a safe bet.

‘You know, darling, you never know. I could never let a strange man come to my house. I don’t know how you can do these things.’

‘I know. You’re right, I shouldn’t,’ I said. ‘I don’t usually do that.’ And that was true: I don’t. But I tried to explain that, for some reason, I just felt safe with him.

Except I really couldn’t explain it. I knew that even normal-seeming trader-type guys could turn out to be nutcases. But in my many years of fucking around, I’d always been lucky. I may have had bad radar when it came to boyfriends like Karume, but I had good radar when it came to sex partners. I told Nadia I had liked Dr Donny’s voice and that he had sounded smart and sexy and fun.

‘Darling . . .’

‘Anyway, he had an enormous cock. And he lives down the road and he’s a hedge-fund trader. And now he’s invited me to Monaco.’

‘Are you going?’

I explained that I had to rearrange a few things first and that then I would let him know. But in my head, I’d already decided.

I waited a few hours before texting my answer, so as not to appear too keen.

I didn’t hear back from Donny until after the weekend, when he popped up on Messenger.

‘sorry i didnt get back to u but work got mental’

I deleted him from my phonebook and blocked his name on Messenger.

I felt let down – annoyed at having been conned, hurt at having been so quickly discarded, and surprised at having been so easily hooked. I don't mind the fuck-and-gos; in fact, I quite like them. If Donny hadn't suggested meeting up again, that would have been OK. But I do mind being lied to. It is totally unnecessary. We'd both got what we'd wanted. I didn't need a second thwarted fantasy on top of the first one that hadn't worked out quite as I'd imagined.

About a week later, whilst casually looking for playmates on Swinging Heaven, I stumbled across a new doctor ad.

'Have you a Doctor Fantasy?' it asked.

I pulled up the ad and saw Donny's pics. One of them was new: a head shot that was cropped right where a woman's head had once been. I figured it was his girlfriend or maybe a wife. Her long brown hair was still visible, spilling onto his shoulder.

Hi Girls and Ladies

Who gets turned on when they go and see their doctor?

Well Dr Donny is here to fulfil those fantasises

I'm a sex doctor who knows how to treat the symptoms listed above.

Would you like to have the hardest, longest and most satisfying cock you have ever had to relieve the stresses of your daily life ??

Im totally clean, respectable, discreet and very st8.

I live in London but can travel. Im available during the day sometimes as well.

Get in touch soon and we can all have some fun.

Ooops nearly forgot i promise to keep it a secret !!!!!

Donny xxx

Perhaps I should have been flattered that Donny had taken inspiration from our morning tryst. But my first thought was

that he'd nicked my fantasy. I sent him a message on Swinging Heaven pointing out his spelling mistakes.

Liar. Cad. Shitty speller. Still, I had to admit, I'd suck his cock again if the opportunity arose. It was beautiful.