

My Therapist Said

“Kyle Swift?” The woman who sat at the front desk attendant asked to the nearly full room of patients. Each patients looked to their left and then to their right, curious about who would stand next and where they were in the lineup. “Kyle Swift?” The woman asked again to the room of patients, but once again nobody stood.

“Excuse me, sir, do you mind tapping the gentleman sitting in the corner? I don’t think he can hear me,” the woman asked as she pointed to a young lad sitting in the corner, his focus narrowed towards his cell phone. The older man sitting beside him tapped the younger male on the shoulder and pointed to the front desk. Kyle pulled one of his earbuds out of his ear with an audible gruff of annoyance.

“What?” He shouted across the room to the front desk attendant. The woman nearly jumped from her seat at the overly aggressive attitude directed towards her from the male.

“The doctor will see you now,” she said softly, shrinking back into her chair as the male leaned forward from his chair and bared his teeth like a wolf ready to strike.

“What?” He shouted a second time. The front desk attendant opened her mouth to answer, but before the woman could respond to the overtly angry man the older gentleman sitting beside Kyle answered for her.

“The doctor is ready for you. If you weren’t so self-absorbed in your phone you would have heard her call your name – twice,” the man said matter-of-factly. Kyle cut his eyes towards the older man that sat beside him as he stood from his chair. The man looked to be in his mid-fifties, and hadn’t seen a gym in the last century. Kyle puffed out his chest, inflating his already large pectorals and folded his large arms in front of himself.

“If I wanted you to answer I would have asked you what she said. So if I were you old timer I would mind my own fucking business and stick your nose back into that newspaper, or I can do it for you.” Kyle narrowed his eyes towards the older man, while he diverted his eyes back to the newspaper quickly after Kyle’s daunting words. “I thought so,” Kyle said as he walked towards the front desk, snatched his clipboard from the woman, and walked into the doctor’s office.

Now Kyle Swift wasn’t the kindest boy in the neighborhood nor was he the happiest person in school. His parents had repeatedly been told that he had a lot of pent-up aggression, but they always thought Kyle’s problem was that it wasn’t pent up; it was running freer than either of them had hoped. Running rampant to the point where he had gotten into an altercation at school with another student and

it was either he is assigned anger management therapy or juvy. He decided the therapy was the lesser of two evils, but after sitting in the therapist's office surrounded by a bunch of wackos and drepressos; juvy did not look too bad.

"Kyle Swift I presume," a middle-aged man asked as he stood up from a leather seat that was fixated in the center of the room. The man reached out to shake Kyle's hand but his advances of being cordial were brushed off by Kyle as he observed the room.

It was a simple office; a large wooden desk sat in the corner of the room while a leather seat and couch sat in the center of the room, taking up most of the room. Kyle looked at the bookshelves that lined the walls of the room, all academic Kyle assumed. Kyle turned his attention back to the extended hand of the therapist and gave a weak disingenuous smile in return. The Therapist pulled his hand back, reading the obvious signs that Kyle had no interest in being polite.

"Why don't you take a seat over there and we can get to know each other a little better." The therapist motioned to the open couch that sat opposite of the chair. Kyle sucked his teeth as he took to the couch, spreading his legs wide apart as he sunk into the deep cushions and laid his arms on the back of the couch.

"What do you wanna know?" Kyle asked with a snarky tone.

"Well let's start with talking a little about yourself," The therapist said as he took a small journal and pen in hand, obviously anxious to begin the session.

"Next," Kyle said dryly as he looked at the clock that sat on the wall; already counting the minutes until his hour was up. The therapist tapped his pen on his journal, his face slightly fallen from the first of many pushbacks he was going to receive.

"What about school? I can see on your file that you play football. How long have you been playing?"

"Next," Kyle repeated. The therapist knew that if he was going to get any progress he would need to go with another approach.

"Kyle, I want to be honest with you." The therapist sat his journal and pen on the table that sat between them and took a deep audible breath. "I know why you are here, but do you?" Kyle leaned towards the therapist, placing his muscled arms onto his well-developed thighs.

"Cause some faggot looked at me in the locker room," Kyle said proudly. "He isn't gonna be looking at anyone anytime soon with what I did to his eyes. Fucking gave him two black eyes." Kyle leaned back into the couch as his eyes scoured the room once more, but this time they fell onto a picture frame that sat on the therapist's desk. "Seems like I found another fag," Kyle said. He could see the corners of

the therapist's lips twitch. Kyle smiled an impish grin. "So fag what else do wanna talk about?" Kyle asked as he turned his focus back onto the therapist. He could see his harsh name calling was already getting to him. "What do fags even talk about nowadays? Nails? Clothes? Boys?" Kyle joked. The therapist took a long deep breath and gathered his belongings from the table.

"I think we can move past the pleasantries, for now, Kyle and go ahead and begin the session." The therapist said as he walked to his desk and retrieved a metronome. "Do you know what this is?" The therapist asked Kyle as he placed it in the center of the table facing Kyle.

"No," Kyle said gruffly, dissatisfied that his therapist didn't take his bait.

"It helps my patients concentrate during our sessions for the simplest of answers. Now all I want you to do is to listen to the ticking of the metronome." With a swift movement, the therapist tapped the side of the pendulum which caused a soft ticking to fill the room. "Now go ahead and stare into the center of the metronome and just relax." Kyle drifted his gaze to the object that stared angrily at the ticking pendulum. "Now just listen to the sound of my voice. Let all your worries and cares float away with the sound of the metronome as the ticking becomes softer and softer." The therapist could see Kyle's eyes begin to grow heavy as his words took on more of a gentler tone. "All your thoughts are no longer important. The only thing that matters is the sound of my voice and that of the metronome. Now sink slowly into relaxation and when I count to three you will become fully relaxed. One. Two. Three." Kyle's therapist watched as Kyle's eyes slowly shut as he counted to three, and at the final number, his eyes became closed. "Perfect. Now, Kyle, there's a few things I think we should address..." the therapist began to saw to Kyle while he was under his control.

Now Doctor Bernstein wasn't just the average therapist. Sure he was accredited by some of the most regarded publishings in the medical industry, top of his class at Johns Hopkins University, and of course, labeled one of the nations top therapists in the nation. But what really made him special was his talent for hypnotic suggestion. He had been trained by the some of the best in the world, and his results were highly documented and studied. While he typically used hypnotic suggestion to help get people through the roughest times in their life; thoughts of suicide, loss of loved ones, rape, but at this moment he knew that his talent would make the world a better place by taking this overly aggressive asshole down a few pegs.

"Now what do you do for fun Kyle?" Dr. Bernstein asked as he took his journal and pen back in hand.

"Football. I am the quarterback," he said; his voice mindless and monotone.

“Interesting..” Dr. Bernstein tapped his pen to paper for a few minutes as he examined Kyle’s form. “Take off your clothes,” he instructed. Kyle pulled himself from the couch, holding the same mindless gaze as he pulled his shirt over his head and dropped his jeans to the floor. Dr. Bernstein gave a whistle of approval as he looked at the rippled abdominals that adorned Kyle’s stomach and the tight toned pectorals that jutted from his chest. The therapist examined Kyle’s body as he felt his own dick begin to thicken up within his khaki pants. He adjusted himself slightly as he looked at the ugly boxer shorts that kept his privates covered. Dr. Bernstein gave a grunt of annoyance. He could not understand straight men’s interest in boxers. Probably has something to do with a lack of confidence or the need for privacy Dr. Bernstein thought, and that was when he had a dastardly idea.

“Kyle I want you to quit football,” Dr. Bernstein instructed him.

“But I like football. It makes me popular,” Kyle responded. Dr. Bernstein gave a chuckle of pleasure. Even better, he thought.

“That doesn’t matter any longer. You are going to quit football and I want you to begin to work on bodybuilding. A man like you should enjoy showing off your body. I can see you work hard on it. So when you leave this session you will begin to have an interest in bodybuilding. First, you will just look into it, but the need will grow more and more to the point where it is all you can think about. Do you understand?” Dr. Bernstein asked Kyle.

“Yes doctor,” Kyle said.

“Perfect. I think that is – oh wait I almost forgot the most important part of this meeting. Let’s work on that attitude of yours. I know it will be hard to completely change you in one session, but I think we can make some real progress in the future. Going forward I want you to obey everything I ask of you whenever I say please. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“Excellent! Soon I will have you behaving like the boy your parents wished you to be.” The doctor’s grin extended and widened until he resembled the Cheshire Cat. “Now let us dive in and figure out what really makes you tick Kyle. We can’t solve any problems unless we know the cause.”