

## Therapy for Trevor

October 2022

We adults really are just overgrown babies, aren't we?

I'm glancing over at this fellow now through my narrow glasses – you know, the ones I don't technically need but which lend me an instant air of authority. Trever, his name is. He's been coming to see me for... let me see, how long has it been? Five weeks now? Not that it's done him much good, though...

You see, the walls he has put up around himself are unusually high. If we're going with metaphors, you might say his walls aren't just two-by-fours and drywall – they're concrete and rebar. Eighteen inches thick. With broken glass and razor wire at the top.

But that's nothing I can't break through – not when I'm so determined to get through to the frightened kid I see inside.

"So, Trevor," I begin, with a professional smile and a delicate unfolding of my hands. "I know you said you didn't want to come today. Can you tell me a little bit about why you think you felt that way?" Oh, he's not a fan of that question – I can see that from the tightening of his fingers and the flush in his cheeks. "Hey, aren't you supposed to be the expert? Why don't you tell *me*, lady?" He's glaring peevishly at me with all the irritated authority his twenty-seven years and masculine sense of self can give him. "Go on, tell me about how it's all my fault for not wanting to see a shrink. Tell me I need to open up and talk about my childhood and shit-"

"That's a great idea!" I enthuse, deftly using his own aggressive words as stepping-stones to my goal. Angry clients are so easily handled, honestly; just like in martial arts, their anger makes them clumsy and gullible. "It's so good of you to bring that up, Trevor. Now, I know in the past you confided about how your father was away from home for most of your childhood. And your mother... she often used to-"

"Just fuck off about my mom already!"

"Oh." I'm not entirely taken aback by the explosion – but explosions usually spell trouble for walls, and so I'm quick to seize the advantage. "I see you're feeling sensitive about that subject," I observe with a sympathetic smile. "Let's try to understand why you're feeling so strongly about this topic, shall we? You mentioned once that you remember an incident – something about a wet bed and

your mother-"

The punch he aims in my direction may be the first I've ever encountered in my quiet office setting – but it's certainly not my first encounter with violence. I don't have a purple belt in karate for nothing. Overextended as my enraged client is, once I rise from my chair and slip aside he's tumbling heavily down, my arms already slipping around him as he falls. And even as he begins to bellow and try to squirm to his feet, I'm more than happy to take initiative.

He's spiraling out of control, you see. And if I'm going to have anything like a productive session, I'm going to need to keep a good grip on things – quite literally. Which, in this case, is going to involve having him bent forcibly across my lap, his arms pinioned behind him and his spluttering head hanging almost down to the carpet.

"Trevor," I begin – and now, seeing him struggling and bellowing across my knees, I have this sudden flash of insight. He's not thinking rationally, so telling him how unreasonable he's being is useless. Threats are counterproductive, and so are pleas to settle down. Emotions don't listen to logic, after all. But what I *can* do is appeal to what's hurting. I can speak the language that that poor hurt boy inside him will understand.

"Trevor, you're being naughty," I tell him now, and his struggling redoubles, heels kicking out with all the wild anger of a toddler in the throes of a tantrum. "You're not listening to the nice lady like you promised your wife, are you? You're being very bad, and you're going to need to be punished."

Oh, yes. I'm a huge critic of corporal punishment in most circumstances, but this isn't exactly an ordinary case. And knowing the way child-rearing has developed these past decades, I've got a sneaking suspicion that his parents had no compunction about using it... just as I intend to use it now. As therapy.

"What the fuck- Lady, let me the fuck up! You- you bitch-" He's snarling, yelling, giving vent to all the anger and frustration that's been locked away inside. But of course, as the professional – and frankly, the adult – in the room right now, it's not my job to respond to such insults. "Those are very naughty words, Trevor," I explain firmly, reaching deftly over and retrieving the innocuous ping pong paddle from the top drawer of my desk. "Now you know better than to call people names like that. We're going to need to punish you for that, too..."

"For fuck's sake! Christ, lemme up-" *Thwack*. "Hey!" *Thwack*. "Ouch! What the-" *Thwack*. "Fuck!!" *Thwack*.

He's struggling harder now, trying to muscle his way free and escape the repeated smacks I'm dealing – with no small amount of force – to his backside. But of course he's pinned down; I know what I'm doing, and struggle and yell as he might, he's not going anywhere until I'm done with him. Unless...

Dang, it's interesting how easily those low-slung jeans slip down, isn't it? And if we're this far... I mean, those boxers practically come loose on their own...

"Trevor, listen," I admonish, now that his bare bottom on full display. "I'm going to keep on spanking until you quit struggling. You know you've been bad, and I need to see that you're willing to behave." And so it begins. I deal blow after blow to his defenseless ass: first on one side, then another, working back and forth and up and down with methodical precision. He's kicking and bellowing away, of course – but as my paddle changes his skin from its creamy pallor to a delightful shade of pink, so too it causes a noticeable change in his vocalizations...

Because those yells slowly break into sobs. Exclamations and curses become inarticulate groans. And yes, soon he's audibly sobbing – sniffing – wailing brokenly as I deliver the final round of stinging blows to his ass.

"There," I soothe when at last I've finished. He's hiccuping now, shoulders heaving, legs almost still now with abject despair and submission. "Come now, honey. You've had your punishment, and now it's time to clean you up." And before he quite knows it, he's awkwardly rising, settling onto my lap like some giant toddler, wincing visibly as his tender ass comes into contact with the fabric.

"Blow," I calmly order, holding a tissue to his nose – and he does. "Good boy," I commend, and I can't help but smile at the shocking transformation. Gone is the belligerent, violent man from before. Now I've got the real Trevor – the hurt, scared little Trevor – in my lap, contritely sniffing away. He needs comfort. He needs consolation. He needs...

Oh, I know of many things he could possibly need. But as I watch him blink and shift in embarrassment, I catch a glimpse of his right hand – rising up, brushing away tears, lingering for a split second near his lips.

"Here, honey," I soothe – and before he can object I'm taking his hand in mine, guiding it upward once more to his mouth. "Go on. It's okay. You know you want to. *Open up* for me..." And open he does... and in slips that thumb, home at last where it needs to be.

"Good boy," I smile once more, and as he wriggles silently on my lap, I laugh and pat his leg. "There, isn't that so much better? Now you're gonna feel so much happier. Now why don't you just close your eyes and relax, hmm? Just let go and be a good boy for me. We all need a break sometimes. It's okay. I don't mind..."

And as he mumbles out something inarticulate and sags heavily against me, I let out my own sigh of satisfaction. Oh, yes. Those walls aren't going to disappear overnight, of course. But right now, they've cracked and already begun to crumble. I've found the sweet little guy inside – and I'm going to be as kind and helpful to him as I possibly can.

It's my job, after all. My job, and also my passion.