

**BULLET TO THE HEAD:
HOOKERS AND THERAPISTS**

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From The Author

want to give a big thanks to you for downloading my short story. Hope you enjoy it and share it with others.

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BULLET TO THE HEAD: HOOKERS AND THERAPISTS

“How does that make you feel?” A phrase tossed one too many times in a psychiatrist’s office. Like a lover so bored in their relationship that the I love you sounds so forced and depressing. There’s only so much one person could take until you erupted and confronted the dying elephant in the room.

“You look at me for answers when I’m coming to you for them. Why am I fucked up? Why do I wake up hating myself more than yesterday? And what do you do? You scribble on a fucking piece of paper and ask me how that fucking makes me feel. You wanna know how that makes me feel. I’ll tell you, but tell me it’s not about the money, tell me it’s not about making a payment on that new car, only then I’ll let you in. Can you do that, Doc?”

“You have trust issues, Max.” The man on the sofa who claimed to be a friend, a friend charging by the hour, was sweating beads as his patient confronted him.

“Trust issues, is that what you’re pulling out of your ass now? Anything to justify your true lack of empathy for the people who come walking into your office, hoping to be seen and not treated as another down payment on your next expense.” Max snickered.

“You’re projecting, Max.” The Shrink said, trying to gain ground.

“I’m not projecting, Doc. I’m just telling it for what it is. What you really are.”

The Shrink shook his head, wagging his finger at him. “You’re creating these false insecurities to keep yourself restricted from sharing, from letting anyone in. In your mind, everyone is an enemy. Look how quickly you jumped at me. Just because you pay me doesn’t mean I don’t care.” The Shrink said in a mocking tone, trying to dismiss Max’s claim.

“Doc, if you pay a hooker to fuck, does that mean she loves you?”

“I don’t follow?” The Shrink said, lost in where this was going.

“Tell me, Doc, will you sit down with me and talk when we’re not on the clock?” The Shrink began to clear his throat, which told Max all he needed to know.

“I have to keep things professional, Max.”

“Right there, Doc.” He pointed at the Shrink. “The same line a hooker would use.” The session was over.