

# MEMOIRS OF AN UNLICENSED SEX THERAPIST

By Erik Johnson

## The Case of A Fish So Cold She Made Penguins Shiver

One day a desperate couple, Rhonda and Blaine Dearing, came to see me. It seems Rhonda had recently become frigid.

Rhonda was an incredibly striking woman. Tall, elegant, hair wrapped behind her in a beautiful French twist. She carried Blaine on her arm like an accessory. She entered my office and sat herself down, a Great Dane among mutts. She stared at me for a second sizing me up, seeing if I was correctly sizing her up. The flutter in her eye told me she knew I saw the terror there. A slight tremor announced total surrender. There was no use- she saw I saw Grace Kelly had toilet paper hanging out her butt.

She opened her lips to speak, then closed them. She coughed nervously. After another false start she tried to wet her lips with a dry tongue. Finally, Blaine, playing the gallant card, jumped in.

“Dr. Johnson.....”

“Mr.”

“Really? You don’t have a degree?”

“No.”

“Oh my....I didn’t.....Well, then, mister Johnson, let me say, Rhonda, despite possible appearances to the contrary, is one of the most physical women I’ve ever known. She absolutely adores making love. She likes it, I should say liked, most every morning and definitely every night, and she was really quite exhaustive. Very, very, demonstrative, remarkably passionate, lubrication always effusive, extremely vocal orgasms which she seemed to incur at will.”

Wow, I was in love, but, like he said, a glance revealed not a sexual giantess but a study in mortification. Rhonda’s dignity had been pummeled and try as she might, she could muster no response. She was like a mute pantomiming speech. She quickly gave up even the pretense. I could see Blaine primping to resume his narrative, but I cut him off. Rhonda had clearly run up the white flag. His verb tense had told the whole story anyway.

“Maybe she doesn’t love you anymore, Blaine.”

Rhonda jerked around as if shocked by a cattle prod. “Oh, no! That’s not true. Please don’t ever think that!” She seemed sincere but I’d have been more convinced if she’d spoke it to Blaine and not me.

“C....c.....c.....”

Like most men he found it almost impossible to ask for help, but to his credit he took a deep breath and got it out.

“Could you help us? We’re quite at the end of our rope.”

“You understand my commitment would be to Rhonda, and not to you or to your relationship?”

Blaine shot me a defiant look. “I ....I trust in our love. We still have great desire for each other. I know we do. It’s just that.....”

“You don’t have to explain. I get it.” I actually didn’t have a clue and knew I may never have. This kind of pathology was a very slippery slope. The source of a glacier could be, most probably was, incredibly deep, way beyond anywhere she may want to go. Total success would be a long shot, failure probable. As I am a hands on therapist I could get slandered, maybe sued, my reputation, always teetering, crushed. Then, again, I might help a very lovely lady, and have a good time doing it.

“As long as you both understand that there’s never any predicting where therapies can lead. It can mean your separation. It can lead to institutionalizing.....”

I watched them both gulp. I waited for them to make a move to leave. When they both stayed put I said, “The sessions are to be one on one with Rhonda, and I want a signed statement that releases me from all liability.”

Blaine started to huff and puff. Modern manhood requires at least one testicle be fortified with litigious fluid, and Blaine was about to evidence how bountiful was his wellspring. Rhonda, hanging by a thread, quickly filed her own brief.

“Blaine, I don’t know what else to do.”

For men pussy will almost always trump ego. Blaine slunk out the door, leaving me face to face with his disturbed but gorgeous wife.

She looked at me with a self-conscious nervous half smile.

“Relax, Rhonda. Blaine’s right. This is obviously an aberration.”

“I have absolutely no feeling in my vagina.”

“Is it just with Blaine?”

“I have no idea.”

“It’s important to make that distinction.”

“I understand, but I haven’t been with anyone else in months. I adore Blaine.”

“How about when you touch yourself?”

“It’s like the skin on my elbow.”

“What about your breasts? Any sensitivity there?”

She appeared to be thinking it over. Then she ran her hand quickly over both breasts. “No.” It was clearly meant as panache and she almost pulled it off, but she couldn’t hide an edge of hostility.

“What happens when Blaine touches them?”

“They used to turn into huge spikes.”

“But now?”

She clamped her lips together as if trying to stop anything from getting out.

“How do you feel when Blaine touches your breasts now?”

“I.....I.....”

“You what?”

“I get pissed!”

“And obviously you can’t think of any reason.”

She shook her head.

“Mind if I try?”

She stared at me blankly.

“It’s what we’re here for, Rhonda.”

She nodded bravely.

I was about to find out something about Rhonda, because though a vagina can resist in various ways, (mainly through thighs mightier than an alligator’s jaws), breasts are relatively defenseless. Like a penis a breast essentially doesn’t care who fondles it- it will respond unless hindered by pathology.

I moved to Rhonda and unbuttoned her blouse. She had on a half bra and I couldn’t stop myself from staring in admiration. She was quite amble and ever graceful. I unhitched her bra and slid it from her. I reached out and traced each breast with a finger. I checked her expression which was startlingly deadpan.

I took both globes softly in my hands and put my tongue on a nipple. I licked all around it and then around her aureole. As I say I have found breasts ultimately defenseless. Lick a nipple long enough and it will reach for the sky. Aureoles start looking like a teenager’s face. Fires get lit, warning messages get sent ovenward- “Hey, time to start greasing the pan!”. It’s all a very basic connection. Breasts are powerful and profound instruments, which men, contrary to folklore, misunderstand and underestimate.

I spent a half hour, licking, caressing, messaging, Rhonda’s breasts and got no reaction whatsoever. They just lay there like aspic at the church

bizarre. It clearly wasn't Blaine. Something was seriously turning her off. Finding out what could mean an exhausting search through an intricate maze, like finding an electrical short in a car, I helped her put her bra back on, and buttoned up her blouse. She looked back at me in mock boredom.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself."

"Sorry, I had to know if it was specific to Blaine."

"I told you I adore him. Next time heat up some Similac."

Pretty funny. I wanted to smile suavely, but could only manage a sheepish smirk. I tried to summon up my professional self.

"You know, if not Blaine, you really are pissed off about something."

"I'm pissed off I can't get it up anymore."

I laughed out loud. Sassy. She was going to be more interesting than I thought.

"Something's closed you down. We're going to have to dig for it. What have you been dreaming lately?"

"Nothing."

"What nothing? Everybody dreams."

"Not me. Not any more. I used to dream. Wonderful, juicy, hot, dreams. Vivid.. It was like going to the drive-in every night. Not now. Now I wake up blank-which is how I go to work, have dinner, and go to bed."

Lord, even her subconscious had clamped down. Before bringing out the fancy stuff, maybe just sheer straight-up detective stuff would reveal something.

"Do you remember the last time you got it on with Blaine?"

"Absolutely. Three weeks ago. We went to a party at my sister's, drank bottles of great wine, smoked some pot, came home, fucked our brains out."

"And the next night?"

"Blaine was in Roanoke on business."

"For how long?"

"Four days."

"And when he came home you couldn't wait to get at each other."

"Yes, he didn't even say hello. He tore my clothes off."

"Then?"

"He tore off his clothes."

"How come you didn't tear off his clothes?"

"I...I don't know. I just didn't feel like it."

"I take it that that wasn't typical."

"Oh, hell no. Usually I have him unzipped with both balls in my palm before he can get out of his shirt."

Jesus.

“Didn’t he notice something was wrong?”

“I don’t think he was in the mood for note taking.”

“O.K. So then what happened?”

“Well, if you must know, the usual.”

“Which was.....”

“He threw me on the floor, took his penis and rubbed it over my breasts, my neck, face, lips.”

“What were you feeling during all this?”

“I was freaking out at how not into it I was. Usually I’d have grabbed him and shoved him down my throat.....Sorry, but you wanted.....”

“Didn’t he see you weren’t responding normally?”

“Yes, he stopped and asked what was going on?”

“What’d you say?”

“I told him I just wasn’t into it.”

“What was his reaction to that?”

“He wanted to know if I’d met someone while he was away.”

“Had you?”

“Of course not.”

“But something messed you up during those four days.”

She stared at me blankly.

“You have any idea?”

Again a blank stare.

“Were you attacked?”

She shook her head.

“Somebody die?”

No.

“Were you sick?”

No.

“You have no memory of anything occurring during that time that was in the least disturbing.”

She shook her head.

“Think about it, Rhonda. Relax. Let your mind go back. Did you experience anything during those four days that was out of your routine?”

She rolled her eyes around.

“No, I just don’t recall anything at all unsettling, or dramatic, or even unusual happening.”

“What did you do during that time?”

“Nothing, I went to the beauty parlor, bought groceries, cleaned the house a little, wrote on my computer, went to the gym, went to work, all the things I usually do. Really quite boring. My days are very ordinary.”

“Did anybody say or do anything at work that bothered you.”

“Well, people say stupid stuff all the time. But nothing I hadn’t learned to ignore.”

“Anybody say anything sexual to you?”

“Not that I remember.”

“Nothing happen at the beauty parlor? Nobody say anything weird?”

“No, not at all. They know I don’t like to talk drivel. They let me alone.”

“What were you doing at the computer?”

“E-mailing my mother. Paying some bills. Not much.”

“You weren’t browsing around the internet?”

“A little. I look for restaurant reviews, movie reviews.”

“You ever visit chat rooms?”

“Never.”

“You look at porn sites?”

She smirked. “Believe me, I’ve done it. Don’t need to see somebody else doing it.”

I believed her.

“See anything weird at the gym. Some guy drop his pants or something?”

“Hey. Come on. I had three brothers. Is this really getting us anywhere?”

Didn’t seem to. Something traumatic happened sometime during a four-day period that she was suppressing. It could have been at any time, day or night. For naught I had been making quick probes hoping to find a short cut.

I told her I wanted to try one more thing. I wanted to hypnotize her, take her methodically through those days until we found out what had happened. No question the answer was there in her mind. It was just a matter of finding it.

I could see she was starting to lose patience, but she agreed. I had her lie down on her back and then I talked her into a relaxed trance that had her breathing steady and easy. I went through her first day just about hour by hour. She narrated all her activities without showing the least disturbance. She never broke her breathing pattern, never showed tension in her voice. To my dismay she went through the next three days in the same manner. Through two hours of interrogation she showed not a ripple of psychic stress. Her voice didn’t even reveal anxiety at coming a cropper. It was clear we were in a cul de sac so I brought her to.

When her head was clear, I told her what she already knew. I didn’t know why she had become frigid. She sagged and I could see she thought my failure was her fault. I explained that I clearly had missed something and could not possibly charge her for the session. She insisted she pay, but I wouldn’t take it. We exchanged goodbyes and she headed out my office,

clearly more depressed than when she walked in. I was thinking who I could refer her to as she was passing my desk. Her high heel twisted, she stumbled, and her hand reached out to stop her fall. It landed on my computer. She yelled and snatched her hand back. She quickly composed herself and headed out the door.

“Hold it,” I called after her.

She turned around. I motioned her to me. She haltingly retraced her steps.

“What was that all about?”

“What?”

“That business with the computer.”

“What business?”

“Why did you shout when you touched the computer?”

“I shouted?”

“Yes you did. You screamed.”

“I don’t know. I didn’t realize I did that.”

“Sit back down a second, Rhonda.”

She sat down on the couch and I put her back under. I was determined now to take her minute-by-minute through her time spent on the computer. I had made her narrate her every click for three days of computer use from which I could extract nothing of significance. Whatever freaked her out must have happened on the day before Blaine’s return.

“What’s the first thing you did on the fourth day-the day before Blaine came back?”

“I went into Quicken to pay my bills.”

“Who did you pay?”

“Well, I paid off my credit card.”

“What was on the card?”

“A jacket I bought from Ann Taylor.”

“What kind of jacket?”

“It was a wool blue suit jacket with gold buttons and pleats down both sides.”

“How did you feel when you wore it?”

“Fine. Very business like.”

“Did you feel kind of masculine, like you might blend in with the guys?”

“Oh no. I wore it with a white gossamer shirt that plunged half way down my chest. No, I didn’t feel very masculine.”

“Anybody say anything to you about it?”

“No.”

“What else did you pay?”

“The electric bill.”

“Were there any flyers in the bill?”

“Yes, there always are.”

“What were they for?”

“I don’t know, I didn’t look.”

“Are you sure? You didn’t see something in the flyers that could have upset you.”

“Yes, I’m sure.”

“Think real hard. Let your mind drift back to when you opened the envelope. What did you see?”

“I’m taking out the bill, I’m getting the return envelope, and I’m throwing out the rest.”

“You sure?”

“Yes, yes, yes.”

So it went, through every item on her credit card. It took an hour and a half to go through them.

“After you paid off your credit card what did you do?”

“I sent an e-mail?”

“Who did you send it to?”

“My mother. It was her anniversary.”

“How do you feel about your mother’s anniversary?”

“Fine, I hope she has many more.”

“What about your Dad?”

“What about him?”

“Why didn’t you send him an e-mail?”

“I sent it to both of them!”

“You said you sent it to your mom. Do anniversaries make you feel funny about Dad?”

She opened her eyes and looked at me like I was mad. She shouted at me.

**“MY PARENTS HAVE HAD TWENTY-NINE OTHER ANNIVERSARIES, AND NONE OF THEM EVER MADE ME FRIGID!”**

Good point. Had to try everything.

“Did you open any e-mails?”

“Of course.”

“Which ones did you read?”

“I don’t know. Whatever was personally sent to me.”

“You read any of the junk?”

“No, I told you. I open just the ones I recognize as friends. I delete the rest.”

“Which ones did you open?”

“I don’t know. Just the usual.”

“Well, tell me about one.”

“I can’t remember. E-mails all blend together.”

She was starting to get a little flushed.

“Think about it. Surely you can remember one.”

“I can’t. For Christ sake, it was two weeks ago!”

“Well tell me about any e-mail you’ve gotten in the last two weeks.”

Her eyes rolled up into the search mode. I could see beads of sweat beginning to form on her cheeks which had turned full crimson. A look of panic came across her face.

**“I CAN’T REMEMBER! THEY WERE JUST E-MAILS! ORDINARY FUCKING E-MAILS! IT’S NOT IMPORTANT!”**

She couldn’t have been more wrong.

“Close you eyes, Rhonda. I want you to completely relax.”

She blinked a few times, then closed her eyes, happy, I think, to be rid the sight of me.

“Now it’s late in the afternoon, a wonderfully clear day. The sun shines a beautiful soft yellow light into your room. There’s no sound except a few birds chirping outside your window, and the faint hum coming from your computer, which you’ve turned on to write your mother and to see who’s messaging you. Maybe you drink from a cool glass of tea you’ve brought with you before you click on your e-mail icon. A few seconds pass during which you think of Blaine and how handsome he is, and how you’re going to enjoy being with him very, very soon. You click on the “get mail” button and watch as the list of subjects and senders pop on the screen like acorns landing under a tree. You read the titles of your fresh fodder from the outside world. What do you see, Rhonda?”

I could see her eyes flutter under her closed lids.

“Enlarge your penis, fuck horny moms, buy herbal Viagra, stop aging, fuck teen-age girls, buy herbal marijuana, buy long term care, increase your testosterone, get a doctorate in three months, grow a full head of hair, stay hard for three days.”

“What did you do then?”

“I tagged them and deleted them.”

“You didn’t open any of them?”

“No.”

“Then what, Rhonda. What did you see?”

“I.....I.....”

“What.....”

“I.....saw an e-mail that said ‘Hi Ronda Remember Me-Linda Class of 85’”.

“What did you do?”

“Well, I thought it was from a high school class mate.....”

“I understand. What did you do?”

“I.....I.....opened it.”

“And.....”

Rhonda was breathing quickly and sweating profusely as if about to give birth, which indeed she was.

“Was it from a high school class mate?”

“No.....it wasn’t. It was.....it was.....”

“What?”

“IT WAS HORRIBLE!”

Her face twisted into a pretzel.

“What was it, Rhonda? Let it out.”

“IT WAS A PICTURE OF DOCTOR PHIL IN THE NUDE WITH A BIG BONER AND HE WAS ABOUT TO STICK IT IN ROSIE O’DONNEL’S ASS! HE HAD THE EVILEST GRIN ON HIS FACE! OH MY GOD! I’M GOING TO THROW UP!”

She sat bolt upright and I quickly brought her a nearby vase. She grabbed it and made dry heaves into the vase. After a few minutes the spasms stopped. She was wringing from sweat and very pale. She ran both hands through her hair.

“Oh, God.”

She put both feet on the floor, smoothed her clothes, and finally just sat there looking at me. I smiled at her. She started giggling, and then laughing, then the whole light bulb went off. She guffawed.

“Jesus!”

“Are you O.K?”

“Oh, yes, I’m Jim Dandy.....”

She ran her hand through her hair.

“I can’t believe I made such a fuss over such silliness.”

“It wasn’t silly. I was an image that reflected a terror lying deep inside your psyche- probably in the psyche of many young girls.”

She started laughing again and shaking her head.

“Rhonda? Are you sure you’re O.K?”

She grinned and nodded.

“Can I come over for a visit?”

She nodded again.

I moved next to her. I took her waiting face in my hands and kissed her. Her lips were warm and giving. I put my hand on her breast. I could feel her body quiver. I found out what I wanted to know. She was alive again. She bit

my lip. The next thing I knew, and I have no idea how she moved so fast, my fly was open and my penis was in her hand. In a thoughtless frenzy I flung off her blouse, pulled off her panties, and dove into her. She was sopping. I put my hands under her buttocks and did about a hundred figure eights in under thirty seconds. As blast off approached I knew I had to make a decision. It could be dangerous for me to send her soaring. She could wind up fixated on me, and that certainly wasn't the goal of the therapy. I pulled out. She let out a gasp and reached for my penis, but I held it back. She started gulping spasmodically. I held her tight, stroked her face, and made shushing noises as if to a baby. When she finally stopped whimpering, I tapped the lips of her vagina with two fingers and said, "Let's save it for Blaine." She bucked me off.

"You asshole!"

She cursed at me the whole while she was throwing on her clothes. She looked incredibly appetizing hopping about, flushed, mussed, breasts jangling. She noticed my boner hadn't gone down. To the contrary, it was waving in the breeze.

"Let's save that for your fucking hand!" she shouted as she stomped out slamming the door behind her.

I sat there a few dazed seconds, and in fact had started to stroke myself when I heard the door open.

She walked back in, stately now, composed, a wry smile on her face, a gracious lovely lady.

"Thank you, doctor." She bowed like a musketeer and backed out the door leaving me unbelievably, disastrously, painfully smitten.

Not the first time, and hopefully not the last.