

Rebel  
by Pan

The therapist looked over his glasses at the young woman sitting in front of him.

“Now,” he said, his words slow and deliberate. “Adriana, is it?”

“Yes,” she replied, rolling her eyes. She didn’t want any part of what was happening. She didn’t want to be sitting in the expensively-furnished room, she didn’t want to be talking to the weedy-looking man in glasses, and she especially didn’t want to be answering his dumb, pointless questions.

“Tell me why you think you’re here.”

“Isn’t that your job?” she snarled in response.

The therapist grinned in response - a thin smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

“I think you’ve confused therapist and psychic,” he replied, lightly tapping his pencil against the pad in front of him.

Adriana’s eyes were drawn to the pencil. It was unusual that he was using a pencil at all - when she thought of pencils, she imagined being back in grade school, working to earn her ‘pen license’. It was almost comical, a fully-grown adult like him using a pencil for professional work. Pencils were for play.

This was going to be fun.

But more than that, it wasn’t a standard pencil. She could imagine a standard pencil easily. Made of a light brown wood. Yellow sides - schoolbus yellow. Capped off with a pink nub of an eraser. Perhaps some black writing down the side, listing the brand.

The image was clear in her mind.

Instead, the therapist had a sparkly pencil. The kind that the richest boy in class would have. Where everyone else had the standard, unbranded pencil, one kid would come in with a case full of sparkly pencils covered in glitter. You’d know that they were his. They would be returned to him whenever one was found.

Everyone knew they belonged to him.

Why did her therapist have a sparkly pencil? At least it was in blue - not pink or purple or green. Nothing light and flippant and girly. Not the kind of pencil you’d expect an airhead to carry, someone who was desperately trying to project an image of youth, childishness. Glittery and sparkly, yes, but masculine. A man’s pencil.

Her therapist was a man.

As he tapped it, Adriana couldn’t look away. The sparkles reflected every light source in the room. Staring into them, she felt like she almost tell exactly where each glimmer came from. The window, behind her. The lamp, by her therapist’s side. The light, in the middle of the ceiling. So many light sources in the room. That was a good thing. It made everything so easy to see.

Everything was clear now.

“What was that?” she said, looking up from the pencil. How long had she been staring at it? She felt slightly dazed.

“I said that your mother told me the issue was one of rebelliousness.”

If he’d said that to her ten minutes ago (had she even been here ten minutes?) Adriana knew that she would have rolled her eyes and gotten annoyed. Her mother was a bitch.

But something about the way the question was asked stifled Adriana’s natural impulse to be mad about it, and instead she nodded.

“Mm-hmm,” she said, wondering if her therapist noticed the way her breasts bobbed slightly when she nodded. She wasn’t wearing a bra - he must have noticed. Men always noticed.

She knew her mother had noticed. That's why she wasn't wearing one; her mother hated it, and Adriana practically lived to piss her mother off.

"Talk to me about that."

Again, Adriana's reaction surprised her. If he'd asked her the same question when she'd first arrived half an hour ago, she would have snapped at him, maybe thrown in a swear word just to see the look of shock on his face. To show him that she meant...well, not business. Whatever the opposite of business was. Anarchy.

To show him that she meant anarchy.

But again...there was something about his tone. His demeanor.

She still wanted to get a reaction out of him, but not the same reaction she strived to evoke from her mother.

Adriana didn't want to shock him. She wanted to...impress him.

She wanted his respect.

"I hate her," she replied simply. Politely.

Demurely.

"She's constantly trying to enforce her rules on me."

"That sounds frustrating," the therapist said sympathetically, and Adriana's heart swelled. Yes! He *got* it.

She'd only gone to this therapy session because her mother had forced her to. She'd planned on behaving so poorly that the therapist would report back that she was a lost cause, an uncrackable case. Then her mother would be fucked.

But - to her utter surprise - Adriana seemed to have found an ally. A therapist who *actually cared*.

She never would have believed it.

"So you rebel to get her attention?"

"No," Adriana said, after a moment's thought. "Not exactly. I could do any number of things to get her attention. I rebel to piss her off."

"Ah," the therapist said with a smile. "Nice."

The teenage girl's eyebrows shot up at her therapist's reaction. The sympathy, that was unexpected but made sense.

The support? She hadn't seen that coming at all.

"Really?"

"Oh yes," he said, jotting something down with his sparkly pencil. Adriana's eyes were briefly drawn to it once more, before her new friend continued, and her focus returned to his face. It was a handsome face. Masculine.

Strong.

"Trust me, I talk to a lot of kids with shitty parents. If you're completely disempowered under them, sometimes that's the only thing you can do - a sort of non-violent resistance, so to speak."

"Exactly!" Adriana replied, throwing her hands in the air triumphantly. "You get it!"

"Of course..."

He frowned, and Adriana leaned forward, suddenly desperately curious to hear what he had to say. He was so understanding, he seemed so intelligent. She was sure that any advice he offered would be well worth hearing.

"What?"

"Well, I was just going to say...I don't want to sound like I'm overstepping, of course."

“Please,” Adriana said. “I want to hear. I promise.”

“There’s always a risk of being slightly too obvious about it.”

“Isn’t that the point?”

“It might seem so, on the surface level. But if she *sees* you trying to piss her off, it’s going to lose its effect over time, isn’t it?”

Adriana narrowed her eyes as she processed what her therapist was saying.

“I guess...”

“Whereas...I mean, if you’re rebelling against the state and they catch you, they’ll just execute you. If you really want to implement change, you can’t get caught.”

The young woman licked her lips in confusion.

“I don’t mean your mother will execute you,” her therapist clarified with a laugh. Adriana found herself laughing along as well - this guy was *funny*. She hadn’t been expecting that, either. “But...well, she knows what you’re doing, and that’s why you’re here. She’s caught you, so to speak, and sent you to me.”

“Yeah,” Adriana nodded. “But I don’t mind. You seem great.”

“Well, thanks,” the therapist said, nodding his acknowledgement of her compliment. “But you’ve got to understand - I’m the best of the best. Parents who send their kids to me always, always get a well-behaved kid back.”

Adriana felt her guard starting to rise, but the man’s next words were delivered with a comforting smile.

“...or so they think.”

“What do you mean?” she asked, leaning forward.

“Well, as you can probably tell, I tend to be on the kids' side. I think the parents deserve everything these kids can throw at them. But rather than rebelling openly, I encourage a more... subtle approach.”

“Like what?”

The therapist grinned - a broad smile that seemed to fill the room.

“Why aren’t you wearing a bra?” he asked, gesturing at the teenage girl’s more-than-generous chest.

“To piss off my mother,” Adriana replied immediately and honestly. She was glad that he’d noticed. She did it to piss off her mother, sure, but the attention it drew from men was a welcome side-benefit.

“And why do you think that pisses her off?”

The young woman considered the question. She’d never particularly thought about it before - she’d just known that it *did* piss her mother off, and hadn’t bothered breaking down the reasoning behind it.

“Because,” she eventually answered, “she wants me to be a proper lady.”

“Exactly,” the therapist said, his smile turning up at the corners. “Your mother wants you to be a good girl. So to rebel, you dress like a slut.”

A strange feeling came across Adriana, like she wanted to object.

But she didn’t. The man was right.

She was dressed like a slut.

“Now, dressing as a slut is effective. It pisses your mother off. But it’s too obvious - she can see it, tell you to change. Right?”

“Right,” Adriana nodded. Her mother tried to tell her what to wear *all the time*.

“So do the same thing, but in a more subtle way. Stop dressing like a slut; your mother can

shut it down too easily.”

“What are you suggesting?”

“*Be a slut,*” the therapist hissed, and Adriana widened her eyes at the suggestion.

“Ohhhh,” she gasped. He was so right. It was such a good idea. She had to become a slut.

The image was clear in her mind.

This was going to be fun.

“Your mother would be so pissed off by that, wouldn’t she?”

Adriana nodded.

“Her daughter, on her knees, sucking cock. Getting her holes stretched by cock. Can you imagine her reaction?”

“Yesss,” Adriana said. God, her mother would be *so mad* if her daughter was a slut.

It would be the perfect way to rebel.

“You’ll have to be careful, of course,” the therapist warned. “Don’t fuck anyone at school, or take anyone home. Nowhere your mother could catch you and shut it down. No, you’d need someone secret. Someone confidential. No connections to anyone else...someone who your mother would never suspect.”

As he spoke, the therapist rolled the pencil around in his fingers. Perhaps it was the glimmering lights, or perhaps it was just a random flash of inspiration, but Adriana knew exactly what to do.

Everything was clear now. She needed to find a man to fuck. To suck off. She needed to find someone who would use her like a cum dumpster, treat her like a slut.

She needed a man.

Her therapist was a man.

“I think I have an idea,” Adriana said, reaching down and pulling off her shirt, allowing her large breasts to fall into view.

“Oh yes?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, dropping to her knees. “I think I know exactly what will piss my mother off the most.”

As she fumbled with her therapist’s belt, trying to get his cock into view as quickly as possible, he murmured a question.

“What’s that?” she asked, letting out a small gasp as her therapist’s erection sprang free.

“I said that if you want this to work, you’ll have to be the perfect daughter in every other way. Otherwise your mother will suspect something, won’t she?”

Adriana nodded.

“I can help you with that,” he continued. “I’m an expert in these things. I can tell you exactly what to do, exactly how to behave. Does that sound good?”

“Uh huh,” Adriana murmured, before slipping her mouth over the head of her therapist’s cock.

“You’ll do everything I say, won’t you?”

The teenage girl nodded her approval, hoping he could distinguish it from the bobbing of her head as she slowly began blowing him.

“And in return, whenever you come in here, I’ll fuck you. I’ll treat you like a slut. I’ll stretch out each of your holes. You’ll be sticking it to your mother. You’ll be a total slut. And all you have to do is obey my every command.”

She grunted her approval.

“Good girl,” her therapist said with a smile. “Good little slut. Good little rebel. You’re

mine.”

*I'm yours*, Adriana thought, closing her eyes as her therapist began to fuck her throat. She wondered how many of his other patients he'd suggested something similar to. How many other teenage girls he'd made into his own personal sluts. How many other rebels walked out of his office knowing they were his.

Everyone knew they belonged to him.