Counselling Happiness

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Corrin Hadlee had established the understanding that he was never going to be a great teacher. He had ambitions that he would be able to mold young minds and make better people out of those he taught. It was just that he could not exercise control over the classes he stood in front of. Everything seemed to fall to pieces. He was good with one on one, but when he stood in front of 20 or 30, or even 5, they seemed to sense his weakness. The whole thing just fell apart.

It was suggested that he move towards “pastoral care” - He should become a counsellor, and try to make a difference that way. It seemed to work for him. These people came into his life and when he gave just academic advice he was confident, but he was troubled by the thought of giving advice to troubled youth. He was not a psychologist, and it seemed easier to refer people if it seemed that there might be a risk of self-harm. But he wanted to be more helpful.

Kane Jensen was in need of advice. He had completed an unsatisfactory first year and was looking for some ideas about a career. But a problem had emerged, and he was inclined to share it with somebody – somebody who would respect confidences. He did not want a psychologist because he felt that this was not an illness. He just needed to try to understand it – his desire to dress and act as a woman.

When looking back through his childhood he realized that it had always been there. It was just that he never had the opportunity to pursue it. His family home was small and crowded. There was no opportunity to dress up even if he wanted to. There were women’s clothes, but his mother and sister were small, and while he was not large, he was sure that he would not be able to wear them. Still, he had hoarded some items of their discarded clothes for some reason. He could never even try to put them on in that house, but he could hold them and admire them.

Those limitations and his interest in pursuing his ambition to get into film-making. had allowed him to put his thoughts aside and live a life much the same as any young man his age. His inclination had always been towards art and performance rather than sport, and he studied hard and performed well. He won an art scholarship to go to college.

At college he had chosen courses in fine art, art history, film and animation, and drama. But he had come to the sad view that he might not have the talent needed to put these skills to use. Instead, he had sought solace in women’s clothes. He bought some items online and for the first time he dressed up, strictly in private. He enjoyed the experience, but that somehow made it worse. It was that problem now made real and immediate.

Corrin Hadlee’s door was open, and Kane Jensen walked through it.

He felt at ease discussing other courses with practical application with Corrin, and possible work in films or the theater not necessarily requiring high levels of creativity, but then he felt the need to disclose his urges. It was almost as an aside – he was drawn to cross-dress.

Corrin looked across at the young man and had a sudden vision – almost an epiphany. Instead of seeing the young man who had walked in, here was suddenly a woman dressed as a man. The look of sadness on the expectant face was suddenly explained – this person was looking for something; this person was not living her true life.

“Maybe you need to let these feminine urges loose?” said Corrin. “Perhaps your lack of direction is down to confusion about your own gender?”

“I am not sure if I am confused about my gender,” said Kane, but even as he said it that confusion seemed to descend on him. “I have always seen myself as male. I just like pretty things.”

“Do you think that you are pretty when you are cross-dressed?” Concealed by his desk, Corrin could feel the swelling in his pants, and struggled not to reach down to readjust.

“I think I can be,” said Kane. “But there are limitations. And I don’t like wigs.”

“Does it make you feel good about yourself when you are pretty,” Corrin asked.

“Yes,” said Kane, clearly musing about some view of himself in a mirror somewhere. Corrin was forced to reach into his crotch so he looked away out the window to draw the youth’s attention.

“To feel good about oneself is so important to mental well-being,” said Corrin. “You are fortunate that the career that you are looking to embark on is open to self-expression. You don’t have to be less of a man to present in a more feminine manner these days. The most important thing is to have a healthy psyche, and that means, in your case, looking more pretty than you do right now. You should experiment a little. Maybe come back and see me and tell me whether there are positive effects?”

“Are you suggesting that I should try crossdressing in public?” asked Kane, perhaps in disbelief, but perhaps with a hint of excitement.

Corrin sensed that he may have overstepped. “You move at your pace,” he said. “I am suggesting that you should not be constrained to appear nothing but male. Try gender-neutral clothing. Perhaps remove some body hair and consider a skin regime. Grow that hair a little longer. You are a creative person. Present yourself in a way that makes you feel pretty, if that is what you want. It doesn’t have to compromise your masculinity – not in the times we live in.”

Kane paused to give this some thought. “You think this might help?” he asked.

“Look, I’m here help students find the best way forward,” said Corrin, leaning forward to appear earnest and to give more room in his pants. “Why don’t you try it. Come back and see me. My door is always open.”

It was open a few weeks later, but Kane did him the courtesy of suggesting a time by email the day before. When he walked into Corrin’s office was a little disappointed that he was not in a pink dress, but it was clear that Kane was taking his advice.

He was wearing tight pants that showed that his legs were well shaped, and he was wearing a bright top that could well be worn by a woman and had room for a bust. His hair was longer and looked freshly washed and shiny. His face looked smooth – even too smooth to be just shaved.

“You look happier,” said Corrin, after inviting him to take a seat.

“I am,” said Kane. “The hard part was talking to the guys who cling on to their masculinity like it is a life raft. I am just saying to them that I am extending myself as an artist should – not being constrained by my body to express myself in any way I like.. This look could be either, don’t you think?”

“That is precisely the point,” said Corrin. You have lived your life so far under the yoke of expectation that you express yourself exclusively as male. To truly achieve a balance in your life you might consider lurching over to express yourself as female. Only then can you understand the nature of humanity as an artist should. You cannot begin to reflect the human condition where you have only lived half of what comprises humanity.”

“Wow,” said Kane. “That sounds deep, but maybe … valid. Do you think I should try dressing as a woman? It seems going too far.”

“Not dressing as a woman, but being a woman, or as much a woman as you can be. It that going too far? How will you know unless you try it?”

It was less than two weeks after that when Kane returned to visit Corrin, quite late in the day when Kane knew appointments would be over. There was a knock on the door, and “she” walked in.

She was wearing a primrose dress, and by his guess something underneath it to cinch the waist and allow for a full bust and hips. It was short, showoff those legs, accentuated by strappy sandals with a heel. But it was the face and hair that was remarkable. The hair seemed to have highlights and it had been curled lightly, so that it bounced a little when she flicked her head, which she did playfully.

He might have said that he should not recognize her, but he did, and the fact cause his penis to stiffen. But what she did next made it necessary for him to adjustment himself under his desk.

“I go by Candy when I am dressed like this,” she purred. “It sounds a bit corny – Candy from Kane, but this is fun, so why not? I am really enjoying myself. It has given me a happy outlook on life, so that you for your advice.”

“Is this how you dress these days?” Corrin found himself almost stammering as he said it, as if under a spell. I seemed as if an alien creature was rising from his crotch and would tear through the fabric.

“I do like dresses and skirts,” Candy said, placing a finger on her cheek in a moment of contemplation, revealing a long manicured nail painted pink. “There is a sense of freedom in being out of pants. And the choice of colors – men can never fully express themselves. I feel sorry for them.”

“I am actually finishing up for the day,” said Corrin. “I wonder if we might go for a drink somewhere if you are free. It is just that I need to use the bathroom before we go.” He needed to do something, and it required her to leave his office so he could have relief.

“I would love to,” she cooed. Her voice was like hot caramel. “But unfortunately, I am committed tonight. I have a boyfriend, you see. The problem with looking the way I do is that I attract men, you see. Not that it is a problem since I discover that I am attracted to men, or at least to men who are attracted to me. Or it might be that the hormones. I was put on to those by one of the girls at the salon. It is early days, but from the moment I popped my first tablet it just seemed like I was becoming my true self. You were right about needing to let my feminine urges loose. The changes will be gradual, but I am looking forward to seeing the changes.”

She placed both hands on her padded bra, as if feeling through the sponge to the tiny germinating breasts below.

Corrin was done. He felt his penis explode and his underpants go wet and sticky.

“Well, you carry on then. Don’t let me keep you from your boyfriend. I just hope that you continue with your studies and that you continue to call on me for advice, or just for friendship if you no longer need my help.” Corrin was pleased that he was able to keep things together, even though his brain was swimming with outrageous desires.

“Of course,” she said. “You have changed my life, or at least started the change. It is only right that you help me to see it through.”

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| With a twirl of her dress and a flick of that hair she turned and was gone, leaving Corrin to contemplate his damp and flustered state.  He wonder – to watch her become the woman that he saw in the young man, over months or even years – the ultimate fantasy or the ultimate torture of frustration? How could he have imagined that such a creature might be interested in him, a plain-looking middle-aged failure?  Perhaps it might be better to terminate the counselling arrangement between them. His job was done. A troubled you man was now happy, and no longer a man. And she had a love interest – somebody to support and care for her.  It made Corrin wonder for a moment about his own happiness. Where was his lover? Why had it never happened for him? He was attracted to women, or so he thought, and yet no woman came close the one who had just walked out of his office. So, what did that make him? Life seemed to have dealt him a cruel blow. |  |

He learned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. A image came into his mind. It was a young man, perhaps Kane or perhaps not … he was naked and his body was changing from male to female, breasts swelling and male genitals shrinking away to nothing, and his face was full of joy.

Corrin Hadlee smiled.

The End 2174

Erin’s seed: “A college counselor is seeing a troubled student who confesses to not being sure if they are trans or just have a fetish for women’s clothes. The counselor, perhaps taking a bit of advantage, leads the student into expressing themselves step by step becoming a beautiful sexy woman who can certainly do better for a lover than a dowdy middle aged college counselor!