

The Therapist's Clients



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2026

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags Inc/Reluctant Press
4645 Van Nuys Blvd., Suite 101
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or
call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Mags Inc/Reluctant Press, 4645 Van Nuys Blvd, Suite 101, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403 USA - or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

The Therapist's Clients

By Jessica Matthews

I noticed her as soon as I walked into the bar. She was with a group of girls, chatting loudly and laughing the way girls do when they're together. I guessed they would be telling horror stories about their boy-friends.

I could only see her from the back, long blonde hair falling in a cascade over her shoulders and over the silver fur coat she had half taken off so that it fell over her shoulder. One was exposed, showing a tanned upper arm. I could tell that she wasn't as slim as the girls who usually caught my eye, but she was shapely and who couldn't look at that hair?

Her foot was to the side of the table at which she was sitting. A shining black stiletto with a heel that tapered to a very fine point. I didn't know that they made shoes so high, let alone how anyone could walk in them. She looked across the room and caught my eye. I suddenly felt embarrassed for staring and looked away like a guilty school kid.

I took my place at the corner of the bar. The bartender, Harry or Henry or something, recognized me and a whiskey sour arrived a few moments later. Coming in here after work had become a habit in the last month.

It was something to fit empty hours in my empty life.

It wasn't a good habit but then the work wasn't good either. I was feeling that despite having a brain the size of the universe, all I was doing was training AI to take over my job. I knew it would not be long before I was unemployed again. Then what could I do? I wasn't built for manual work, and all the bars seemed to have a full complement of staff.. I was being paid to make myself obsolescent.

I sipped my drink slowly. I could see her in the mirror behind the bar. It wasn't a full picture, but I could see enough to keep me interested. She was wearing a pale gray dress under that coat. The reflection showed a low neckline; low enough to keep me interested. I guess I've always been a "tit man" as some would say.

She caught me starting again and I tried to smile a sort of apology as I looked away. I got another drink and kept my gaze determinedly to the front. I watched the barkeeper mixing drinks. It wasn't exciting but I didn't want to be caught starting again.

"I got you another drink." The voice took me by surprise. "I hope you don't mind, but I'm not ready to go home yet and I saw you were on your own."

I turned to look and she was standing there, with that hair swaying over her shoulders and the fur coat over her arm.

"I'm Melissa by the way, and I got myself one too," she said. "I don't like drinking on my own."

We sat side-by-side, looking at each other in the mirror behind the bar. I turned to her at the precise moment she turned to me.

"Well, this is fun." She laughed. "We need to talk about something."

"So tell me what do you do."

"No, you go first."

"I'm training an artificial intelligence bot to take over my job in stock, shipping, and ordering." I sighed. That was probably not the greatest opening line in the history of the pickup but it had the virtue of being honest.

"You don't look like a computer guy."

"I never wanted to be one. I thought I could be a writer. I drifted into basic jobs because I thought they'd leave me the time to write something meaningful," I confessed. "In the end all I do is work, drink a little, and worry about wasting my life away." I was starting to sound a little pathetic, even to myself.

"That sounds like purgatory. Why do you do it?"

"It's not much of a job, but it's all I have to keep body and soul together. And I could explain more, but it's not exciting. What about you?"

"I'm a qualified therapist, psychology and behavior modifier as well as being a part-time act in the clubs. I'm available for private parties if you know anyone."

"Know anyone? Heck no, I don't think I even know anyone who might throw a party and invite me." I

paused and thought. I couldn't think of two more mismatched people having a drink together.

"We should do this more often." She smiled and raised her glass to me.

"Agreed, I'm usually on my own every Friday night, drinking a toast to the weekend."

"That sounds sad." She looked at me again. "I'd ask you to take me home but I guess you don't have a car here."

"I don't have a car anywhere." I replied, brightening at the thought of being taken home anywhere.

"But I don't do that on a first date."

"Is this a first date?"

"No, this is a chance meeting, You'd have to ask me sometime." She smiled, showing her even white teeth. "Maybe next time we meet and then maybe we could have a date."

"I don't know when or where," I replied, feeling a chance slipping away. "I don't have the money to wine and dine anyone."

"I wasn't asking for that. You said you were here every Friday." She slipped off the bar stool, waved, and walked out the door.

I sat there for a while, thinking, then I decided it was time to walk back to my apartment before I drank too much. So ended the most disastrous first meeting with a woman in my life. I cursed myself of being so pathetic,

I went to the bar on several of the following Fridays. But she wasn't there. I drank maybe a little too much, waiting and hoping, but eventually I gave up and went home.

Then one Friday, there she was. Her hair was different, shorter and a little more waved and curled, but it was still as blonde as I remembered.

I couldn't help but look at her, even though she was sitting with about five other girls, equally as stunning; blondes and brunettes. I sat at the bar, nursing my drinks. I was trying to avoid looking at her, but I knew I was a bit obvious. She saw me too. She caught my eye and I knew she'd stay after the other girls had gone.

"This is getting to be a habit." She sat next to me as the barkeeper placed a drink in front of each of us.

I raised my glass in thanks. "The girls with you looked amazing."

"They're my students," she replied. "And one of them was a recent graduate come to show what's possible. I'm glad that you were impressed."

"Such pretty girls; who wouldn't be impressed?"

"What if I told you that you hadn't been looking at girls at all. Some of them were boys."

"I'd never believe you."

"Believe it. I told you what I did."

"But you didn't say..." I didn't know what to say.

"It's my behavior modification classes," she replied. "I teach boys to be girls." Had I heard that correctly?

"I can't believe that there were any boys." I said.

"I'm not going to tell you which ones."

"I don't think I'd believe you anyway."

"You'd better believe it. I'm good at what I do. They learn everything to make a career out of being girls."

"Are you really telling me that there are guys out there who want to be girls?" I guess that was a naive question to ask but upon reflection, I was .pretty naive overall back then. She didn't flinch.

"You'd be surprised. I never expected to be doing this but now I don't think I'm ever going to be out of work." She laughed. "I like seeing what they can become."

"How does that happen?"

"Well, they have to want my help. Maybe they can see their way to being a performer, or maybe they have a rich boyfriend. I don't know, but I can help them on their way. You were impressed anyway."

"I saw a group of girls. And red-blooded male would have looked and fantasied. How on earth do you do that to them?"

"It's what they want, I simply make it possible."

"I still can't believe it."

"Okay, think back to what you told me about your prospects. You as much as said that your job was

disappearing. You said that it was tedious and I'd guess it doesn't pay well."

"You got that right."

"Now imagine you saw the way out of there." She paused. "If you had the right physical attributes and you could get an easier life, could you see yourself as a female impersonator, or even changing to being a full-time female?"

"What if you looked like a truck driver?"

"Then it would be impossible." She looked me up and down. "What are you? Five foot three, a hundred and thirty pounds?"

"I'm five foot four."

"Whatever. You could be one of my students if you wanted to be." She paused like she was challenging me. "It could make your life easier than playing computer games all day."

"Are you saying that girls have it easier?"

"See for yourself. You didn't see anyone there acting like a guy in a dress." She sipped her drink. "I can't make people do things they don't want to do. If they have a want, I can make it easier for them; help them to see things from another perspective."

"That sounds like really deep psychology." I tried to lighten the conversation before it went into darker territory." This conversation was become stranger by the minute.

"You're right. One day I may explain it all, but not today." She looked me in the eye as she said it. "For all I know you may want to write it all down but don't worry, I don't care because no one would believe it."

“Does that mean I can take notes and maybe write something?”

“Make sure the names are changed to protect the innocent.” She sighed. “And maybe the not-so-innocent as well.”

I could see the start of my literary career but that was back then.

“Hi, Melissa.” I answered my phone. “How’d you get my number?”

“You left your phone on the bar when you went to the restroom a couple of weeks ago.” She explained. “I wondered if the future prize-winning author would like to come over and talk through a few things. You can bring your notebook.”

“Just tell me where and when.” Was I sounding as desperate as I thought I did. She didn’t seem to think so as she continued.

“Let’s meet at the Merlin Lounge on Saturday. I’ll meet you in the bar about eight.”

I started to reply but she’d hung up. Obviously I wanted to be there. It wasn’t too far across town, so I set off early. I’d no car back then so it was a forty-minute walk. I thought it would be worth it.

I got to the place, a small lounge, with seating for about forty people or so. I didn’t have to wait long. Melissa walked in but I didn’t recognize her at first. She was in a slinky golden dress, with thin straps and floor-length. Her shoes were high as was her golden up-do. There was more gold at her ears and wrists, on her fingers and round her neck.

If it was designed to convey an impression of eccentricity, it certainly did that. Another girl came in with her, not quite so eccentrically dressed but still walking as if she owned the place, classy and immediately eye catching.

Melissa came up to me and I stood enveloped in a cloud of perfume. I felt so small against her as she bent down to air kiss me. She must have been six inches taller than me in her heels. She took my hand and turned to the second girl.

"This is Bruce," she announced as the girl took my hand so softly; I tried not to react, guessing that this was some sort of test. "He's waiting for his boyfriend to pick him up and I thought it would be good for you to meet."

"Hi, Bruce." I leaned in for the air kiss as she hugged me, an easier thing as "she" didn't tower above me in the way that Melissa did.

"Darling, it's lovely to meet a friend of Melissa," she said in a deeper voice, but breathy and soft. This was peculiar but I tried not to act as if that was my impression. I guess I was trying to be sophisticated or something.

I couldn't help noticing her breasts in the low-cut white dress she was wearing, and the big diamond on her left ring finger. She turned and looked towards the window of the bar which opened onto the street.

"There he is," "she" said, jumping to attention. "Got to run."

I watched as she ran to a big red two-seat sports model with lots of chrome. A man about old enough to be her father or grandfather stood by the open car door. She ran up to him, kissed him fiercely before

tucking her dress as she slid into the seat, swinging her heels in afterwards.

"He's getting what he's paid for," Melissa said quietly as I turned back to her. "A boyfriend like that isn't going to set tongues wagging at the golf club."

"His look didn't suggest that they were going to a golf club," I said. "It looked like he was going to ravish Bruce."

"That's probably what Bruce is hoping."

"So are you going to tell me your story?" I asked when we sat down with our drinks.

"I think I want to." Melissa gave me that look again. "It could be fun, but I'm not going to tell it all at once and probably not in order."

"At least tell me where it starts."

"I was working as a psychologist, doing assessments for companies, potential employees and that sort of stuff. I was working hard and long hours, but I wasn't getting anywhere and I was getting bored. By chance I saw a hypnotist show and that was it."

"It can't have been that simple."

"It wasn't instant if that's what you're asking."

Melissa hesitated and looked at me in that way I was getting used to; big brown eyes under long lashes. She was silent for a while and I said nothing to interrupt.

In truth I loved looking at her. Her makeup was always perfect, perhaps on the heavy side, but dark

eyes and moist shining lips really did it for me, even if she was a bit older and more well-built than girls I'd dated before.

"I'd learned a little about hypnosis when I was a student. It was more the clinical kind, but the show was pure manipulation. The volunteers were under no illusion. They knew they were going to be used for entertainment. I think that was part of the conspiracy."

"Do you mean they conspired with the hypnotist?"

"Not exactly, but remember I said I couldn't make someone do things that they weren't comfortable with. These people were willing and knew roughly what they were going to be doing."

"I get it. The conspiracy was to be made to do things that they were inclined to do." I was getting the idea. "Like Bruce; is he one of your clients?"

"Bruce is a great guy. He's fun," Melissa replied. "I don't know how much to tell you but it's taken a long time to get him where he wanted to be."

"I don't understand." I tried to work it out. It was a bit beyond my mundane existence but I wanted to know more and there was nothing but time at the moment.

"He was an ordinary boy; no prospects and no qualifications. He had the right physique and ended up in a drag bar. He was a waitress. He saw how some of the other waitresses got into relationships and eventually came to see me."

"Did you get him straight to Golf Club Man?"

"I think there was nothing really straight about Bruce." She laughed. "But no, I didn't want to take

him seriously at all. He begged and eventually persuaded me to help him. I thought he was faking it all to get his hands on some money.”

“What changed your mind?”

“I told him that he needed to convince me that he wanted to go full-time. To be a girl in all appearances full-time. He’d have to dress and adopt a few feminine mannerisms. Remember the basic rule; unless there’s an acceptance of what’s likely to happen, it isn’t going to happen.”

“He looked really convincing today.”

“It’s taken him a couple of years and a lot of work.” Melissa replied. “Now he’s like a girlfriend. And he’s not going back.”

“He couldn’t, not now. Especially when he may have caught a generous older man who wants a mistress like him.”

“Golf Club Man looked keen.” I said.

“He may be, but lets not talk anymore. Take me to dinner.” Already she was in control of our “relationship” which amounted to no more than acquaintances at this point. It was a harbinger of what was to come.

She took my hand and held it as we stood. I knew not to ask more than she wanted to tell me, but I knew there was more to come.

I think you guessed. I didn’t pay for dinner. Melissa waved the bill away and signed a tab, then we

walked through to a corner table at the quieter side of the bar.

"I remember you saying that you discovered you had a talent for hypnosis. I want to know for my book."

"You didn't tell me that you were going to write about me."

"I'm not going to name you," I protested. "I'm only after something to start the story."

"I'd hate to be known as the one who turns boys into girls," she said. "But some things are true. I didn't think about hypnosis when I was a student but once I tried it, I discovered how easy it was. I think I must have a gift because other therapists find it so hard."

"Is it so easy?"

"How about this?" She took my hand. "Watch how easy it is."

She played with my fingers, saying nothing but inspecting my right hand minutely. She flexed each of my fingers in turn, then slipped a gem-encrusted ring from her middle finger and pushed it onto the middle finger of my left hand which she then placed palm down on the table.

"Do you know what I've done?" she asked, looking at me intensely. "I've stuck your hand to the table and no matter how you try, you're not going to be able to lift that hand."

"I looked at her in disbelief; disbelief at first and then I understood that my hand was stuck. I looked at her.

"I can almost hear what you're thinking." Melissa looked very amused as I tried to lift my hand. "That ring is worth a lot of money. You can keep it if you can raise your hand."

I tried and tried. I think my face showed how hard I was trying and more than a little disbelief.

"This is silly." I tried to pull my hand away with my other hand.

"Oh, you silly boy." Melissa put her hand over both of mine. "Now you've got them both stuck."

"I don't know how you've done it, but the jokes over." Both my hands were locked together and stuck. "Please release them."

"The joke, as you call it, is far from over." She smiled. "In fact, the fun is just beginning."

"It's not fun. People are looking at me and both my hands are stuck."

"Okay, release," she said.

Suddenly my hands became my own again. I moved to take off her biggest diamond ring which she slipped it onto the third finger of my left hand. "The ring is stuck on your finger." She smiled at me. "And every time you see it or feel it there, it's going to remind you that I can control you."

"That's nonsense," I said, trying to pull the ring off my finger. "It's a little tight though. You must have forced it over my knuckle."

"Did I?" She took my hand and slipped the ring off my finger as easily as ever. "No force involved at all." She slipped it back into place. "But it's stuck there."

I looked at it dumbfounded. I touched it and turned it. It seemed to slip easily round. It seemed to be quite loose. Quite loose but when I tried, I couldn't take it off.

"How long is it stuck?" A silly question in the circumstances maybe, but you have to realize that I was feeling a little stupid. A LOT stupid, actually.

"It's there forever, or as long as I want it there." She smiled at me.

"But it's a lady's ring," I objected; the words slipped out as if it mattered what it looked like when I couldn't remove it.

"It was my engagement ring from one of my husbands." Melissa took my hand in hers and examined the ring on my finger. "I always thought it looked really beautiful."

I tried once more to remove it, but she was right; I couldn't take it off. My mind told me that this couldn't be true, that it was strange and impossible. I still couldn't move it. I think my face reddened from embarrassment.

"You're feeling embarrassed because it's stuck on your finger." Melissa guessed right. "Look at me, look me in the eye and I'll release you."

I did as I was told. Suddenly when I looked at my hand, the ring wasn't there anymore.

But it wasn't back on her finger.

The next couple of days and over the weekend, I worked from home. I needed to finish a project to get

a bonus, and with the state of my finances, I really needed that bonus.

I tried to write too; something deep and mysterious, but all I did was write a description of the heroine over and over again, never getting it quite right. It was Melissa every time. She had lodged herself in my mind as no one ever had before.

I finished the project and uploaded it to the company server. I emailed my boss, giving her the basic operating instructions and asked if she could get some of the staff to stress test it.

I heard nothing back and so went to the office myself to check that all was well. I remember sitting there, waiting until she'd finished bawling out one of the other guys; what for I never knew. When my turn came, I went in.

"Good work." She smiled at me, handing me an envelope. "That program does everything."

"I thought it would," I replied, feeling uncomfortable with the way she was staring at me. I smiled nervously.

"That's a fabulous ring," she said. "Let me see."

She took my left hand which I thought strange. She took the ring finger and examined it closely. It felt as if that ring was still there, but that couldn't be right; Melissa took it off me.

"I wish my boyfriend would buy me something like that. It must have cost thousands, unless those gems are fakes, which I don't think they are."

"I'm not wearing a ring," I muttered, more bemused than confused.



“Okay, have it your way, there’s no need to feel embarrassed. That sparkler says you have hidden wealth or a really rich boyfriend.”

“Nothing like that.” I was still confused.

“It’s probably as well if you have a rich boyfriend because that envelope is your redundancy notice and a payment in lieu of notice.” Her smile disappeared in an instant. “I’ll get security and you can clear your desk.”

“Is that it?” I was really shocked.

“Yes, that’s it. You’re out of here once security can escort you. I’ve already cleared all your access codes so don’t try and sabotage our computers because you won’t be able to get in any longer.”

She smiled as an eight-foot (it seemed that way) security guard, all keys and paunch, lumbered through the door and stared at me.

“Time to go, son,” he said, beckoning me towards the door.

I knew what I was beaten. It wasn’t that I didn’t expect the job to go, I just didn’t expect it to disappear so suddenly. I didn’t have a desk there or anything to collect so, feeling dejected, I mustered as much dignity as I could and followed him out and into the street. Easy come, easy go, I thought wryly.

“Sorry son, that’s the way it goes sometimes.” The guard watched as I walked away.

I checked my left hand. I couldn’t see anything on that finger, but there was a feeling. I shook my head and quickened my step as rain began to fall. I ducked into the nearest doorway. It was weird. I could feel

that Melissa's ring was there but I couldn't see a thing.

I knew I needed to see her. This wasn't going to be pleasant but I could see no way around it.

I went to the usual bar that evening. I lingered over a drink. I knew my funds were really limited unless I could get another job quickly so I drank as cheaply as I could and made it last.

She didn't appear that night or the next week. My anxiety levels increased exponentially. What could I do? Hiding inside wasn't so bad even though my apartment was very small with little to distract me as time passed and I trawled the job sites. I sent out endless numbers of my CV but, automatic replies excepted, there was no interest in employing me.

It was awful, both the waiting and the way I was now so self-conscious. I felt nervous whenever I was outside. I kept my left hand in my pocket whenever I could. I couldn't see the ring even though I could feel it. I tried and tried to pull it off.

That sounds stupid. How could I pull off the ring that I couldn't see? I could feel it; I'd no doubt that it was there and others could see it, but I couldn't grip it to slip it off my finger.

Friday night I walked into the bar without much hope of finding Melissa. I took my usual seat. In the mirror I could see a group of girls, talking and laughing noisily. They were the kind of girls I'd love to have been able to date but with rapidly diminishing funds, I didn't dare go near.

There was no Melissa.