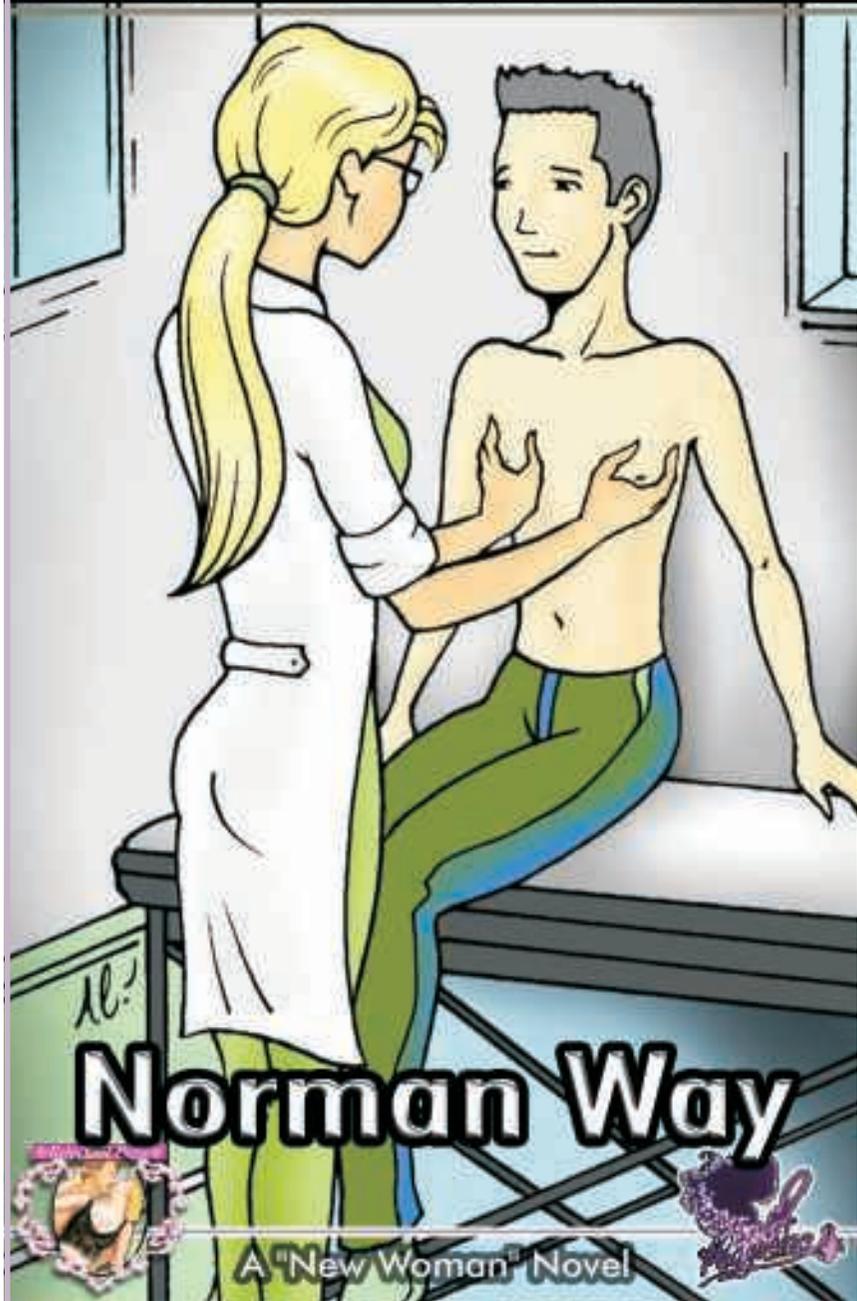


# Free For Life



Al.  
**Norman Way**

A "New Woman" 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 © 2019

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  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) & [magsinc.com](http://magsinc.com)

# New Authors Wanted!

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

**S**tories 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.

**I**f 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.**

### **YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY**

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

# FREE FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

Death happens. We are all going to die. You can't escape it. When the reaper comes for you, he will get you. You can't run, you can't hide and you won't know where or when he is going to find you but I guarantee you he will.

If it's your time, it's your time, period. No arguments, no one gets out of this life alive. One way or another, all of us are going to die. Death comes to everyone, rich, poor, smart, dumb, everybody gets it in the end. No one gets out of here alive.

Kids growing up are taught many things about the life ahead of them and life itself. Very few parents, teachers or clergymen ever talk about death. The subject is almost shunned as if it doesn't exist at least until it happens in your family or someone close to you or that you know.

No one wants to scare a kid or maybe explain the reality of the fact that the lives we live will at some point end. Like one rock star of the seventies once

said, "Death is the biggest kick of all, that's why they save it for last."

Parents don't expect to outlive their kids. No parent expects to have to plan a child's funeral. Yet it happens occasionally, just as it did to my parents and many others too. I guess that's just the way things are in life as we know it.

My folks were gone on vacation in Las Vegas so when the police came to the door at three a.m. it was me they woke up. When the police come to your door at three a.m., or any other time for that matter, it isn't because they are bringing good news. I braced myself for what they were about to tell me.

My brother and some of his friends were partying on a stretch of beach on the banks of a small river northwest of the twin cities that empty into the Mississippi.

It was a quiet place that was frequented by many people only during the days of summer. It was one of those "best kept secrets" that everybody knew about.

The evening crowd was composed mostly of either high school or college students or a combination of both. It was a very popular place in the warm weather months and even into the fall, at least until the first real cold snap hit.

Several of his friends were found unconscious. He was found with a needle still in his arm. He was semi-conscious and was taken to the nearest hospital with the others. It took several ambulances to get all of them to the hospital's ER.

When I arrived at the hospital, he was in ICU. He mumbled something about "bru warsouce" or "boo weresource." Maybe he was trying to say "blue ware-

house” but who knows. At the time it didn’t make any sense so I didn’t give it a second thought.

A minute later, the machine he was attached to made a steady noise. Members of the staff rushed in but he couldn’t be revived. They covered his body with a sheet. The doctor extended his hand and gave me his condolences.

I reached my parents an hour later. It was the last day of their vacation so they left immediately for home. It was going to be a difficult time for both of them. He was the youngest, in their eyes the “baby” of the family

Before I met them at the airport, I went through the house, picked up his stuff, then cleaned up his room. I told my parents what the cop had told me about the scene along the river bank.

After my younger brother’s funeral, Detective Victor Rand stopped by the house. He told us that two of his other friends had also died but the rest had been saved, thanks to the quick actions of the paramedics and the highly skilled ER staff that, unfortunately, was beginning to see more and more of this sort of tragedy.

Their deaths had been the result of a batch of what Detective Rand had described as “bad stuff.” It had apparently been sold throughout the area and there had been a rash of overdoses as well as deaths because of it.

We weren’t able to help him with much information about my younger brother’s friends or activities. I assumed that they had very little to go on from the others and their families as well.

At the outset it seemed that the cops really had their work cut out for them. So many families were being affected and of course few, if any, of the family members had any idea of what their kids had been up to, compounding the tragedy even more.

This kind of investigation usually results in a dead end as trying to find out who did the buying and who they got the stuff from can be a long and arduous task, particularly in view of the fact that these kids are hesitant to name their supplier or “squeal” on one of their friends or someone they know.

In this instance I could only hope that because of the deaths the survivors would be forthcoming in assisting the police. It wouldn't be uncommon for this occurrence to repeat itself, resulting in more deaths or close calls at the nearest ER.

Obviously, it would be safe to assume the investigator wasn't going to be able to narrow their search down to just one source of supply either. The amount of money being made from the sale of this stuff, good or bad, was in the millions of dollars every year.

The police can feel just as frustrated as the adults of the children who wind up dead or very sick. For them of course this incident was just one of many that they had to deal with. In recent years, those numbers had increased.

As happens with these chemicals ,sometimes the mix is contaminated and the result, instead of a “high,” is death or a real tough recovery from a near-death experience. It makes a hangover from alcohol seem like a pleasant experience.

The detective never did get back to us regarding the progress of their investigation. My dad made one follow-up phone call and was told simply that the in-

vestigation was ongoing and at the time there was no further information available.

I felt that it was of no use to continue to call. They would notify us if something came up but I wouldn't count on hearing from them anytime soon. That's just the way it is with things like this.

Any investigation would take an undetermined amount of time. Sometimes it's simultaneous with other ongoing ones, unlike on TV shows where everything gets wrapped up in an hour show minus fifteen minutes of commercials.

Too bad things in the real world aren't as concise as the stories we see on television. That's one of the biggest differences between fantasy and the reality of life.

There was no one person to blame either except the kids themselves for making a bad choice. It was almost impossible to find who sold them the bad stuff or where its point of origin was. It could have been St. Cloud or San Pedro, or anywhere else for that matter.

The Twin Cities metro area is very large and like most cities of that size, illegal drug sales are prevalent. Unfortunately the police didn't have much of a starting place for their investigation, except of course for the deaths of the kids.

No one really knows how many dealers there are out there and then they have to find which one sold the kids the stuff that killed some of them. It could be any one of a hundred or more sources.

The cops had a tough job on their hands to prevent more deaths. About the only thing they could really do is keep doing what they had been doing.

In addition, since there was no one to prosecute, there was no one to blame or take revenge on. One could only hope the cops would eventually find out who the person or persons were and prosecute them to the fullest extent of the law.

That of course doesn't bring back the dead or make the sick ones heal any faster. In the eyes of the general public, those that got caught would no longer be on the street to spread their poison.

Their punishment, if they were ever caught, would be little consolation to the victims and their families. That was our system and we all had to live with it like it or not.

In the back of my mind, I began to try to figure out just what I would do if I was going to act outside of the law, which can be a very dangerous endeavor. I was certain that many parents and relatives of the deceased had entertained those very same thoughts but felt helpless to go about it.

A month later we had disposed of all of my brother's stuff. After funeral expenses and his other bills, I received \$2,000 which I used to pay off my car loan. It was good to be debt-free. I just hoped that my old used car would last long enough to get me through college.

Graduating from college, getting a job, and paying off my student loans were the least of my problems. There was a much more troubling thing that had been in my mind since the time I first became aware that I was a human being.

I had never felt "right." I mean I never felt like I was a male. It seems I had been born into the wrong body. I know that may be hard for you to understand but it is the best way I can explain it. I guess you could say

that I considered myself to be a “displaced person,” if that makes more sense.

I wanted to wear dresses and makeup. Pants and sport shirts made me feel almost uncomfortable. It was like I was an actor forced to play a role but this role was a never-ending one, one with no solution in sight, at the present time anyway.

After the scene is finished or the play is over, an actor can go back to his dressing room. After taking off his makeup and his costume, he goes home as the person he is with his character left in the dressing room until the next scene or the next night’s performance. He is lucky. I wasn’t lucky as I was trapped in my “role.”

I was unable to take off this façade I was wearing and become the person I felt I really was. I couldn’t go back to the dressing room, change clothes, and go home as my true self. I was stuck in a body I didn’t belong in and the solution to this conundrum was not available to me.

Growing up, I did all the “boy” things like Little League baseball. I hated every minute of it but I went along with it to please my dad. What else could I do? I guess you could say I “suffered in silence.”

Dad had played several sports in high school and had been a top notch athlete. His college scholarship ended with a knee injury his freshman year. He took up golf and became very good at that.

With his business degree, he landed a job after graduation at a private club as the manager of the pro shop. He met my mother who was a teacher and also worked part-time on weekends as a waitress in the club’s restaurant. They got married the next summer. A year later, I came along. Five years later, my younger brother was born.

My brother and I got along Ok but we were two exact opposites. I often wished I had a dollar for every time I heard my mother say “Why can’t you be like your older brother?” I had no doubt that he resented the comparison but it never caused a rift between us.

I studied hard in school while he skated by. He seemed to lack any discipline. He never broke the law, at least that we know of. Most of his free time was spent with his friends as opposed to doing things with his family.

That is just the way it was with him. I guess my parents had decided early on to accept it and stopped trying to change him. Perhaps the best description of him would be to say he was a “bad seed,” though I don’t think he was a bad person.

I know that my parents were very hurt and disappointed in him. Of course his death at such a young age was a crushing blow. You don’t expect your child to die before you do and I am sure the other parents who had to deal with the same loss had similar emotions.

While he was out with friends, I was studying hoping to make something of myself as well as find a solution to my deep, dark, secret.

This was a realm that very few people knew anything about. Helpful resources were few and far between. One that I knew was that I had to keep it hidden from everyone.

I knew this was something that I could not talk to anyone about. Not even my parents. So I decided early on to keep it to myself. I would be much better off trying to find a solution without anyone else’s knowledge or help.

The internet was my second home. I found a wealth of information about that sort of thing. Unfortunately the legitimate websites I found via my Google searches were mixed in with a lot of adult sites in which I had no interest.

The sites that offered “sissy apparel” didn’t interest me either as I felt I wasn’t a crossdresser or a male who enjoyed the fantasy of being sissified and feminized by a dominant woman and then is forced to spend the rest of his life as her maid or sissified employee.

Apparel is functional. If it is cold outside, you put on a coat or jacket. If it is raining, you put on a rain coat. If you are headed for the beach, you wear a swimsuit and flip-flops.

The use of any type of clothing for something that causes erotic feelings and is mixed with role play, play acting or as a lead-in to sexual activities is called fetish behavior. I knew for certain that I was not a fetishist. I wanted to wear woman’s apparel because I *was* a woman.

Fetishism is practiced by more people than you might think but it is pretty much underground and for good reason. Lives can be ruined and careers lost because of someone’s activities that our society considered out of the norm.

I did wonder what it would feel like to be fully made-up and crossdressed in pink lingerie, pink petticoats, a pink sissy dress with matching pink stiletto heel pumps and carrying a little pink purse. I realize that may sound odd after what I just said about not being a fetishist but as a naive youngster, that’s the kind of outfit I associated with femininity.

I also enjoyed looking at the women’s apparel sites, especially the formal apparel ones, wishing I could

wear all of those beautiful clothes. I felt that I belonged in them, not in the clothing that I was forced to wear.

It was fun to fantasize about how I would look fully dressed in lingerie, dresses, high-heeled shoes and, of course, makeup. I could walk down the street or through any shopping mall and be seen as a woman. I could shop in all the women's clothing and shoe stores without fear.

My journey had to start with a therapist. In order to see a therapist, I would have to be eighteen. My growing-up years were painful but the knowledge that there was a light at the end of the tunnel kept me going. I knew that there just had to be a future and a life for me as a woman, not as a man.

Despite hating sports, I played baseball and soccer just to please my dad. I lettered in both sports though I was never going to be good enough to get a scholarship.

I'm sure that I was a disappointment to my dad in that respect but he never said anything to me, accepting my limited athletic ability. He never berated me or accused me of being less than a man or for not being as good as he was as at my age.

I just kept at it, knowing that someday I was going to be able to make choices, *feminine* choices of my own. I could only hope that that day was going to come sooner than later.

By the start of my senior year, I was still unsure of just what I was going to do with my life. I told the counselor at school that I wanted to keep my options open, at least for now. I had to keep in mind that my job options might be a whole lot different if I became a woman.

The most troubling thing was just what was I going to do about my condition? My biology was one thing and my gender was another. The path to match them up would be a long and arduous one. It probably would take a period of several years, if in fact I could ever get started down that path.

I wasn't sure if I was going to be capable of achieving what I wanted to do, particularly in view of the fact that this would be a shock to my parents, especially my dad. I didn't know if they would be willing to help me down this path to what I considered to be "normality."

My dating was sporadic. I enjoyed the company of the girls I knew in school. Lettering in both baseball and soccer certainly didn't hinder my dating opportunities. I never found an attraction to any of the girls I dated. We were friends but that was it.

Frequently I found myself being critical of the way some of the girls looked. Their choice of hairstyle, clothes and makeup were different from what I would wear if I were a girl.

I guess it was safe to say that women are more critical of how other women look than men are about how other men look. Men just aren't that way.

Most of the girls in school wore jeans and sport shirts. I wanted to wear a skirt and blouse. Maybe it was because I felt that these were more feminine garments than the ones that they had chosen.

There were plenty of lingerie sites on the internet. I wondered what those garments would feel like if my body had hair-free girly skin. What my female classmates wore underneath their clothes was, of course, unknown to me.

The formal apparel sites were even more appealing. From party and prom dresses to wedding and bridesmaid gowns, I felt ecstatic when I imagined myself wearing them along with a pair of high-heeled pumps.

What could be more enjoyable for a girl than to be all “glammed up” in beautiful gowns, high heel shoes, perfectly made-up, her nails done, her hair styled and wearing accessories like over-the-elbow gloves and long earrings? In addition I wanted to be sweetly scented with perfume

For the time being these fantasies provided me with only a brief solace from the real world of the male body that I was trapped in. In essence I felt that I was a prisoner in my own body. I could only hope that in the future I could find away to break out or escape to the life I wanted to have.

Imagine for a moment you are a beautiful young girl who is stark naked. You step into an all steel knight’s suit of armor and, after mounting your horse, you enter the joust.

After the jousting match, you sit at a table with the other knights to drink wine and eat just as if you were “one of the boys” which would include belching appropriately and boasting of your female conquests of women of easy virtue.

From all outward appearances, you are a bold, brave and courageous knight like the others at the table. However inside the masculine suit of armor is a beautiful, perfectly feminine creature locked forever in a lifestyle contrary to her body, gender, and soul.

That really sums up the way that I was feeling. I had no doubt that I was not the only one of my kind. It was inconceivable to me that I was the only one in the world who felt trapped as I did.

I learned that this “condition” for lack of a better word is more common than you might think. The more I read, the more I researched, the more information I found.

The fact that I was not alone was some comfort but the solution to my particular case was still up in the air. Many had transitioned while many had stayed as they were and were miserable. I didn’t want to be one of the latter group. Some had decided to end it all and I didn’t want to do that either.

It became readily apparent that I was not a freak of nature. There were many other many men and women out there who felt the same way I did. Most of them had suffered in silence but others found a way out and were living productive lives in their surgically changed bodies. I could only hope that I was going to find a way to do the same.

In January of my senior year, I turned eighteen. I registered for school at a local community college. I decided to take a few general courses to get the feel of campus studies before declaring a major.

At the same time it would give me an opportunity to see a therapist to discuss my condition and the options that were available to me. I would be in a better position then to plan a future for myself.

I doubted there was going to be much in the way of financial help as most insurance companies still considered this type of surgery to be cosmetic and therefore not necessary.

I still was quite apprehensive about telling my parents. That was something that was going to have to wait, at least for a while anyway. Sitting them down and trying to explain something like this was like setting off an atom bomb in the middle of the living room floor.

Because my parents worked at the private club. I was able to get a summer job working there too. I did some stock work for my dad in the pro shop but mostly was on the course keeping the grass cut and well-groomed. It was an easy job and I enjoyed my work.

In addition I and my younger brother when he was alive accompanied my mother when she did volunteer work. Sometimes we were at the local food bank while other times we went to the homeless shelters.

My mother got a number of senior women together to knit socks and mittens as well as make stuffed animals and dolls for the adults and kids in these shelters.

I never forgot the look on the face of one very frightened little Hispanic girl named Marie Sanchez as my mother handed her one of the dolls the volunteer women had made.

“Her name is Maggie,” said my mother.

The girl held it close to her body and in a shaky voice said, “Thank you.”

That was an experience that was going to stay with me for the rest of my life. Until you have seen these individuals and families, you have no idea what their lives are like or the enormity of the problem.

Contrary to popular belief, the majority of these homeless people are not drug addicts, alcoholics, criminals or crazy people.

They are real people just like you and me who have been pushed aside by an uncaring society that sees them as an cancer on the world in which they live.

I couldn't imagine being that young and scared with absolutely nothing in the world except the

clothes on my back. I had no idea whether or not I was going to be able to resolve my own situation but I vowed to continue to do volunteer work for the sake of that little girl and many others like her.

When I searched the internet for “Transgender Therapist,” there seemed to be quite a few in the Twin Cities area. I wasn’t sure just what constituted a therapist but decided to call one near where I lived.

My appointment was just after Valentines Day. It was late afternoon so I went directly there after my two o’clock class. I was feeling very apprehensive as I pulled into the parking lot behind an office building just off the freeway.

I sat in my car for a few minutes, thinking about what I was going to say. Perhaps the best thing to do was to start at the beginning and simply tell her the therapist about myself, being totally and completely honest in every respect.

Inside, I checked the directory. The office of Dr. Helen Branson was on the second floor. I took the elevator to the second floor and found her office about halfway down the hall.

I checked in at the front counter and the receptionist had me fill out a medical form. I filled it out and returned it to her, then sat down to wait. I was the only one there. I was glad of that but I did feel quite lonely as I sat there waiting for the doctor to come out.

Shortly, a tall woman with short blonde hair came out of the inner office. She stood in front of me as I got up. I was very nervous as you might expect.

“I am Dr. Branson,” she said with a smile as she extended her hand.

“Stephen Drake,” I said as I stood up and shook her hand.

“Follow me,” she ordered.

She picked up the clipboard with the form I had filled out and we went back to her office.

“Have a seat, Stephen,” she said as she motioned to the chair in front of her desk.

I sat down as she went around her desk and took her seat opposite me. She glanced over the medical form, then looked up at me.

“So you feel you are not a male but you should have been born female, is that correct?”

I nodded. “Yes, and I have always felt this way from the time I was a small child,”

“I see. Tell me about yourself, Stephen,”

I began with the earliest memories of my childhood. I kept talking as she listened without speaking.

Like a dam that had burst, I began talking faster, pouring out my heart and soul. She put up both of her hands and smiled.

“Slow down, Stephen. You have a lot of things bottled up inside of you. I’m not going anywhere. Let’s take things slow and easy, even if it takes a number of visits. Rome wasn’t built in a day. Now continue, please.”

I started again, explaining my interest in fashion and makeup instead of sports and other “manly” things that according to our society I was supposed to be interested in. I was living a life that was diametrically opposite to the one I should have been living. This just wasn’t me.

From there I expressed how distasteful it was to being dressed in male clothing and having to behave

in a masculine manner instead of conducting myself in a feminine manner and pursuing my feminine interests.

We covered my brother's untimely death and my relationship with my parents as well as my classmates at school and my limited dating.

"I think that is enough for today, Stephen. We'll talk more at our next visit. Keep your chin up and stay positive. After you make another appointment, you can pay for our visit today at the front desk."

"Thank you, I will do that."

I went out to the front desk and made another appointment, then paid for my visit.

Sitting in my car, I felt very relieved. It had been good to be able to talk to someone about this. Not just from the standpoint of "getting it off my chest" so to speak, but the fact that I was talking to someone who understood what I was feeling as well as what I was going through.

Dr. Branson was sympathetic with my plight. She was understanding and completely professional throughout our first conversation. Her questions were appropriate and to the point. I felt she had conducted herself exactly the way a total professional was supposed to.

I had opened myself up completely and felt I was in good hands. In addition, I felt genuinely relieved. At last I had the opportunity to talk to someone who had at least an insight to my problem, if not a greater understanding of it than I did because of her experience in treating people like me.

I was looking forward to our next visit as I started the car and then drove home. There seemed to be a

future for me after all. Like the therapist had said, I needed to stay positive and I wanted to do just that.

A month passed and my life resumed. I was more relaxed and I was feeling good about the road that was ahead of me.

My visit with Dr. Branson had taken a load off of my mind. I still thought my future was a bit uncertain but, with Dr. Branson's help, I was confident I could face the difficulties I would encounter in the future and successfully overcome them.

My March visit was even more pleasant than the first. The fact that the weather had turned warmer and the sun shone more frequently was a nice added touch to make me feel better.

I was more relaxed this time and felt more comfortable in her presence. As a result, I was more confident that I could now talk more freely and openly about my innermost feminine feelings. Being honest and upfront about my self was important to me as well as my therapist.

"Have you crossdressed or experimented with makeup at all?" she asked.

"No," I replied. "I still live at home and can't take the chance on being caught."

"I see. I think I should start you on hormone blockers or you could have yourself castrated. Then, without your testes, female hormones would take effect and your result would be a little quicker,"

"I think would be the best option," I replied. "Where and when could this be done?"

"I will make an appointment for you with Dr. Ellen Bingham. Her clinic is in the next building over. We are done for today so why don't you go over there? I

will phone her office to ask them to schedule you for an appointment,”

“Thank you. I will do that,”

I left her office and paid my bill at the front counter. I walked to the building next door and found Dr. Bingham’s office.

The woman at the front desk gave me a choice of several dates. I picked a Friday afternoon appointment because I had that weekend off. Leaving the building, I felt good about what I was doing.

In a sense I was on my way to becoming the woman I always knew I was. There would be obstacles ahead but I felt ready and able to face them. Essentially my journey to becoming “normal” had begun.

Getting rid of the source of my testosterone and beginning the input of estrogen into my body was only the first step but I was happy to begin my trip with the final destination being womanhood.

The castration surgery didn’t take long and it wasn’t at all unpleasant. Following my surgery, I got my first shot of female hormones. The doctor called it “girl juice” and we both had a good laugh over the expression.

I couldn’t wait to see the results but the doctor warned me that it would be about six months before I would notice changes in my skin tone and maybe a year before there would be any real development in my breast area.

Periodically that night I took some ice cubes and put them in a damp washcloth. I placed the cloth on either side of my empty scrotum to reduce the swelling. There was some pain but it was not very harsh and it gradually subsided as the evening wore on.