



Reluctant Press presents:

Change For Life

Norman Way



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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CHANGE FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

I picked up another rock and waited for the car to pass the alley I was standing in. I tossed the rock in the air and quickly gripped the bat with both hands and swung hard. I connected solidly and the rock flew in the vacant lot across the street.

I liked the feel of a good hit. The key to hitting is to keep your eye on the ball as my coach had said. A noted outfielder from the fifties had made good money even though he had hit only one home run in his career but his lifetime average was well over .300. Another famous home run hitter once said "It's not the size of the batter or bat but the speed of the swing." I followed the advice of both men and soon became an accomplished hitter.

Because of my size I knew I would never be a long ball hitter but my constant practicing had made me a good hitter. I was short with a small frame but reacted quickly to the batted ball and had good speed on the base paths due to a healthy diet, jogging, and riding my bike. I liked the shortstop position and my coach had said I was a natural. That made my dad happier than it made me since I didn't really care that much for baseball or sports in general but was trying to please him more than anything else. He had lost out on a baseball career due to an injury.

I really had no idea what I was going to do with my life, but I had plenty of time and with the insurance money from my parents' death I would have a little cushion to get started with.

After picking me up from Little League practice we were going grocery shopping. I was sitting in the backseat with my glove next to me and holding my bat between my knees. We entered an intersection and some drunk in a pickup truck ran the red light and T-Boned us. I was thrown violently to one side. My Dad was killed instantly and my mom died of her injuries the next day at the hospital. I had injuries to my throat when the bat I was holding jammed into my Adam's apple. I had minor surgery to reduce its' size and af-

ter a week or so found my voice was going to be much softer than normal, almost like a girls. Though the damage to my vocal cords was minimal I would never have a deep voice like most boys would develop as they matured.

My Aunt Marge was appointed to take charge of my affairs until I was eighteen. I would be living with her and her two daughters Marlene and Mavis. She oversaw the selling of my parents' things and the house then placed the balance of the money after expenses in a trust fund for me. I was given a weekly allowance though it wasn't as much as I would have liked I had no complaints.

My Uncle Fred had died of a heart attack while helping the volunteer firefighters fight a barn fire on his farm. Aunt Marge had sold the place and moved with her two daughters to the city where she worked in the jewelry department of Norton's Department Store which anchored a large shopping mall about ten miles away.

It was quite a feminine environment to grow up in. The upstairs bedrooms were all done in pink and white as was the bathroom. Aunt Marge slept in the downstairs bedroom while I had the larger upstairs bedroom and the daughters had the two smaller ones. I helped out with the household chores to earn my keep. I didn't mind taking my turn doing the dishes, laundry or cleaning but wearing that pink apron with large ruffles as well as pink latex gloves was a bit much. My stepsisters were very much amused but I said nothing because I felt lucky to have a home.

I picked up another rock. This time when I connected it glanced off the bat and struck the kitchen window. I went inside the house to see my aunt surveying the damage.

"I've warned you before about this young man!" she screamed. "I want you to practice in the lot across the street, not the alley next to the house. Now put away your bat. Clean up and go to bed without supper!"

I went upstairs, washed up and put on my pajamas. I knew that money was no problem, she could take the repair cost out of the trust fund and I wouldn't mind. I read my baseball books until I got sleepy and then went to bed,

When I came home from school the next day I found the window had been fixed. I opened the fridge and took out a can of soda. In my haste the can slipped from my fingers. I picked it up but when I opened the top the soda gushed out and splattered on the freshly waxed kitchen floor.

Aunt Marge was livid.

"Mavis just scrubbed and waxed that floor last night! You have got to be more careful! You are acting more like some ruffian every day. I guess I'm going to have to take stricter measures with you!"

I wasn't sure what "stricter measures" meant exactly but I cleaned up the mess I had made. After supper I hopped on my bike and took a long ride around the neighborhood while hopefully Aunt Marge cooled off a little.

When I got back all three of them were upstairs in Marlene's bedroom giggling and laughing about something. I wasn't sure if it had to do with me or not but I definitely wasn't about to ask. I had one more day of school left and then I would be free over the summer to do pretty much what I pleased. I was looking forward to enjoying those three

months off without the pressure of my studies though I had no problem getting good grades.

The next morning after breakfast Aunt Marge was upstairs waiting for me in my bedroom. She was standing by my dresser with her hands behind her back.

"Lately you seem to be having trouble behaving yourself like a gentlemen should. I think we should begin some behavior modification," she began.

She held up a pair of bright red panties with four rows of white ruffles on the back.

"Today you will wear these to school. Perhaps this will calm you down. If you behave yourself you won't have to wear them again. Is that clear?" she asked with a scowl on her face.

"Yes Aunt Marge," I answered as I took the panties from her.

She left the room and I took off my pajamas. I put the panties on and was amazed at how good they felt. I finished dressing and went downstairs where my stepsisters stifled their giggles.

The last day of school is usually the longest of the year anyway but it was worse today. Wearing my sister's panties gave me a paranoid feeling. I was scared to death that someone would find out or worse yet they already knew. Fortunately there was no gym class so I would not have to undress to put on my gym shorts and tee shirt. Once, in the restroom, I walked straight over to the urinals only to find after unzipping my fly that the panties wouldn't allow me to pee so I had to zip back up. After walking to the commodes I shut the door behind me and slid my pants and panties down so I could pee.

Despite my paranoia the rest of the day went by without incident and as soon as I got home I changed back into my male underwear. Nothing was said to me at supper so I assumed everything would be forgotten.

As the summer began I spent my free time playing an occasional game with some of the neighborhood kids. I managed to stay out of trouble at home too. I kept busy doing the yard work as well as my usual household chores. I was looking forward to the fall when I would start my sophomore year of high school where I would face some real competition in that league the following spring.

The Fourth of July weekend approached Aunt Marge planned a backyard cook out. I would have no games that weekend because of the holiday. Friday night Mavis came upstairs to see me with a funny look on her face.

"I need your help," she said with a pained expression on her face. "I mean I need a favor, a really big favor,"

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Well my friend Mary plays on a girls' softball team and they have this important game Saturday. Their shortstop was hurt in practice and they need somebody to fill in or they might have to forfeit the game. I told them you might be able to help them out, I mean, well, you do have a pretty face and a smaller build, once you are in uniform nobody will notice that you are really a boy. I know none of the girls would say anything I swear it!"

I couldn't believe what she was saying but she sounded so desperate I decided to go along with it.

"Well, ok, I guess. But it would be just this once, right?" I asked.

"Oh sure, no problem! Let me call Mary and tell her you will do it," she answered.

After the phone call she came back upstairs to see me.

"Mary's mom Ginny will pick you up at 8 tomorrow morning and get you outfitted with a uniform. The game is at ten. Just bring your support, spikes and your glove."

"Okay," I replied.

After she went back downstairs I heard a burst of laughter and then silence. I wasn't sure why I had agreed to this but it was too late to back out now.

The next morning when I got dressed I put my support on instead of my underpants and after breakfast Ginny picked me up. A few minutes later we arrived at their house.

"We'll go right down to the basement where I have everything waiting for you," said Ginny.

I followed her down the basement steps.

"Take off your clothes and put on these shorts." She said as she handed me a pair of bright pink satin shorts.

I set them on the chair and began to undress as she went back upstairs.

She returned a few minutes later. She picked up a pink bra and held it out to me.

"Slip your arms thru the straps and I will fasten it in the back,"

I did so and after the hooks were fastened she placed two small water filled balloons in the cups and adjusted the straps.

"This will give you a little girlish jiggle," she explained.

She gave me a pink tee shirt with the number 15 in black on the back and "Ginny's Beauty Shop" in black letters on the front. I put it on and tucked it into the elastic waistband of my shorts.

"Now sit down in the chair please," she ordered.

I sat down as she removed a blonde wig from its stand. She put it on my head and adjusted it in place.

"Okay, that looks pretty good. Now sit still for a minute,"

I sat perfectly still as she plucked at my eyebrows with a tweezers and then curled my eyelashes. Next she picked up a small pad with an abrasive side and wiped it across my face to remove the peach fuzz. She picked up a lipstick and as I opened my mouth to protest, since no one had mentioned I would be wearing makeup, she smoothed the creamy pink stuff over my lips and then pressed the tube once on each cheek and with her finger smoothed it in circles to give me a "blush" look. She smiled approvingly as she finished.

"You look great," she announced as she placed a pink baseball cap over my wig. "Now stand up please."