



Reluctant Press presents:

A Wish For Life

Norman Way



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A WISH FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

No one remembers conception. It's impossible. So is any memory of your birth impossible. There is no way to determine at what point you first became aware that you were a person or the first time you looked at your surroundings and asked yourself "what's all this?" By the time we become adults, most of our early memories have faded into oblivion.

Fragments may come to mind from time to time, but for the most part, they remain forgotten.

When we see pictures in our parents' photo album or we are reminded about certain events, that stimulus may enable us to recall some memories. There may be some things, however, that are too vivid because they represent either a very painful or wonderful time of our lives.

Harry knew this only too well as his entire existence had been painful, wretched and miserable. He had to play act his whole life because he knew he was not the person everybody else saw. Looking in the mirror, he knew that the image he saw was not him at all. There was no one to talk to about this. How could he explain that deep down inside he knew that he was not the person looking back at him in the mirror? They would think he was nuts. Maybe they would even have him committed. The humiliation of being "institutionalized" and having his innermost thoughts dissected table was more than he could bear to think about. So he continued to suffer in silence.

Harry remembered the day his parents took him and his older sisters to the portrait studio for a family picture. Harry didn't like being photographed. Pictures only reminded him of who he wasn't. His father sat on one end of a padded bench and his mother sat at the other. He sat in the middle between his two sisters. He had always been envious of them. They got to wear pretty dresses and ribbons in their hair. Their shoes were shiny with little bows near the toe while he wore those ugly brown oxfords. He hated having to wear the clothes his parents dressed him in. They didn't feel right on him. Oh, they fit him

but he felt uncomfortable wearing them, like he didn't really belong in them. It was almost as if he were wearing a foreign object rather than an article of clothing.

Harry closed his eyes and wished he was in one of those pretty dresses. He wished his hair was longer so he could wear a ribbon like they did. The previous day, his mother had taken his sisters to the beauty parlor to have their hair done. When they came back, he noticed they also had their ears pierced and were wearing bright pink nail polish. Later that night as he looked at himself in the mirror, he felt his earlobes, then looked at his hands. He wanted to have all that too, but he knew better than to ask.

The photographer said, "Smile!"

Harry opened his eyes and forced himself to smile. The flash went off once, then twice more. Individual pictures were taken next. Harry was last and when the photographer was finished, he hopped off the bench and they all went home. Harry was glad to get out of his suit and tie as well as those awful oxfords. He didn't like his jeans, T-shirt and sneakers much either.

Harry loved to watch television. His sisters had started school, so he watched the game shows in the mornings and the soap operas in the afternoon. He didn't like the games or the silly contestants. What he liked was watching the girls in their pretty dresses and high heels presenting a new car or refrigerator. He looked at the way their hair was fixed and the way they walked around the stage.

The afternoon soaps were better. The girls wore expensive looking gowns or dresses, long earrings, high heels and sometimes over-the-elbow gloves. When they wore business suits, the skirts and jackets were sharply tailored. Their accessories, from their jewelry to their matching gloves, handbag and high-heeled pumps presented a near perfect image. Their makeup was impeccable, from their elegant nails to their face. Their hairdos were always perfectly styled; not a single hair was out of place.

Sitting on the davenport, Harry would close his eyes and wish he was one of them. He wondered what it was like to wear such glamorous clothes. He imagined himself picking up his flowing skirts and walking effortlessly in those high heels with all eyes on him as he moved gracefully about the room, talking to the assembled guests there.

When he was seated at the dining table, he opened his clutch purse to remove his compact and lipstick. He touched up his makeup. He wondered what makeup felt like and how the creamy lipstick tasted when you put it on. He put the makeup items back and removed the purse-size bottle of perfume. After scenting himself liberally behind each ear, he put it back and set his purse on the table. Picking up the champagne glass in front of him, he glanced momentarily at his long immaculately manicured pink nails. He took a sip of the bubbly gold fluid, then put the glass back down in front of him.

He opened his eyes again and saw a casually dressed woman extolling the virtues of a softer, more absorbent brand of paper towels. She was wearing a plain blouse, slacks and flat shoes. Her nails were short and did not have any color. Harry shook his head. *Not very feminine*, he thought.

The summer before he started school, he went downtown with his family to see the Fourth of July parade. They had to park several blocks from the main street. There was a

little room left at the north end of the street so they set up their chairs and waited for the parade to begin.

Harry didn't pay much attention to what the various organizations were or what music the band was playing. He *did* pay attention to the majorettes. They all wore either long or short-sleeved shiny outfits that had very short skirts flared out with petticoats. The matching boots had low heels and as they pranced up the street twirling their batons, sometimes the skirt flared up to reveal their panties. Most of them wore lipstick and had rouged their cheeks. It was hard to tell whether or not they wore nail polish as they tossed their batons in the air, then caught them again.

Harry closed his eyes and wished he could be one of them. He wondered how the panties felt when you put them on. Those shiny outfits were probably satin. They looked very soft. He wanted to wear one so he could prance around like they did with everyone watching. He wanted to be as energetic and as pretty as they were. That night, he got down on his knees and asked God to please make him a girl.

When school started, Harry was intimidated by the congestion of the nearby grade school. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry. Kids were pushing other kids, some were falling down or getting knocked down.

Once the classroom door was closed, things settled down. He concentrated on learning and did well in his studies. He hated recess. When teams were picked, he was the last to be chosen. He was awkward and uncoordinated. He was relegated to playing in the outfield in softball and kickball because there, he couldn't do the team any harm.

For the first time he heard the word "sissy." At home, his father worked with him until his athletic ability improved. The only thing he enjoyed at recess was watching the girls on the swings. If they swung up high enough, their skirts would fly up and he could see their panties. After he pointed this out to the other boys, he no longer heard the word "sissy." That, along with his improving athleticism, kept him from being ostracized. He was now acceptable to them and was considered "one of the boys" even though he would have preferred to be "one of the girls."

Harry became aware that school and life were divided into two categories: Masculine and Feminine. Men were the ones who did things. They ran corporations, flew airplanes, drove trucks, and invented things. They became doctors, lawyers and other professionals. Women were relegated to subservient roles. They became teachers, nurses, secretaries. Mistakes or ineptness in anything was equated with feminine. "He runs like a girl." Failure and feminine were used synonymously. "Behave or you will have to sit with the girls."

Harry accepted this. He would have been perfectly content to sit with the girls but he knew he couldn't. He knew he could never tell anybody that he *wanted* to sit with the girls. Just like at home when he had tried to play with one of his sisters' dolls and his mother took the doll away from him. He was given a toy road grader that Christmas and had to play with that.

Junior high was even worse than grade school. Kids were slamming lockers, screaming, yelling, and there was all sorts of mayhem between classes. Gym class terrified him. He was not the smallest boy in the class but he was the weakest. He liked basketball because he was taller than most of the boys. Night practice sessions at an outdoor blacktop

court near his house had made him a good shooter. His shortcoming however was on defense. "Not aggressive enough" said the coach.

Harry became an easygoing student. Though he readily participated in class and got along with his fellow classmates, he remained alone most of the time. Finding comfort in solitude, he liked the library. It was always quiet there. It was his sanctuary. It was a calm and peaceful place, a port amid the storm swirling around him. In the library, he could hear himself think; after completing his assignments he could daydream. Sometimes he found himself so lost in thought that the librarian had to remind him it was time to go home.

That summer, his voice began cracking. His mother laughed and said he was turning into a man. Several nights later, he woke up and found his hard penis poking out his pajama fly. He was shocked at first but then he began stroking it. He experienced his first climax and rushed into the bathroom. He wiped himself off with some toilet paper and flushed it down the toilet. Thereafter he found that lying on his stomach and massaging himself while dreaming about being in girls' clothes brought him an extreme amount of pleasure. He would keep sheets of toilet paper handy to ejaculate into when he was through.

Harry liked to page through the mail order catalogs looking at the women's section with one finger inside the men's section ready to flip it back in case someone entered the room. If no one was home, he would lie down on the couch and massage himself while he was looking at the pictures in the catalog. He liked the formal apparel and lingerie sections the best. He closed his eyes and wished he could be one of the pretty girls in those fabulous dresses and high heels. One model wore a floor-length pink formal with matching pink high heels and pink gloves. She had long earrings and her pink lips were parted in a bright smile.

He flipped the page over to the bridal section. Beautiful white satin dresses filled the page. Some of the gowns had very broad skirts flared out with petticoats and a petti-slip while others were narrow sheaths tapered sharply to the floor. All the brides wore white high heel shoes. The bridesmaid dresses were similar. Some had broad skirts that were either tea- or floor-length while the others were narrow sheaths. They had long or short sleeves; some had large bows at the base of the zipper and big puffy shoulders.

He wished there was one picture for each dress in every shade so he could see how they all looked instead of just the small color chart at the bottom of the page. Each dress had a matching head piece, gloves and clutch purse. Harry wanted to be photographed in all of them, in every color with the appropriate accessories.

Harry closed his eyes and watched himself floating down the aisle in one of the bridal gowns. He wanted to feel the softness of the satin against his hair-free girlie skin. As a bride or bridesmaid, he would have to walk more carefully if he wore a tapered sheath. The narrow shape would force him to move in a more mincing and effeminate manner. He relished the thought of walking down the aisle with everyone looking at him, the perfect image of femininity.

When he was finished wishing, he would get up and put the catalog away.

He hated Sundays. After church, he couldn't wait to get out of his suit and tie. Pretending to be interested, he would read the sports pages after his dad had finished with it. His real interest was to wait until everybody was finished with the paper, then sneak the fashion section out and take it up to his room where he would look at all the pretty girls modeling the latest fashions. He wished he would look like they did. They were perfect in every way. He closed his eyes and wished some more.

High school began. For Harry, it was more of the same. He made good grades except for shop class where he earned a meager "C." As much as he wanted to take the cooking and sewing classes, he knew he didn't dare. At home, he wanted to learn to bake cookies like his sisters. Instead, he helped his dad mow the lawn and spade the garden.

The girls in his classes paid no attention to Harry. The athletes got all the attention. The football coach told him to hit the weights for a year before trying out. The basketball coach told him to work on his defense and he might have a slot next year. Harry's dad bought him a small weight set and Harry began eating more. Unfortunately most of what he ate ended up around his belt. He drove himself to prove he was a man but his innermost thoughts told him otherwise.

He and his sisters got a computer for Christmas that year. They all learned together. Harry could now not only enjoy those formal apparel sites but could print out in beautiful color his favorite prom and bridesmaid dresses. He kept them in a folder under his mattress so when his mother changed the linen she would not find it.

Using a search engine to look for additional sites, he came upon a website for "Sissy Dresses." A whole new world opened up and soon the folder he kept his printouts in was over an inch thick. These websites linked to transvestite and transgender websites some of which were blocked by the software his parents had installed on the computer. Harry wanted to disable the software but knew he couldn't; he would have to wait to get his own computer.

Harry's relationship with his fellow students remained distant but his teachers liked his studiousness and chalked his behavior up to shyness. As long as he was bringing home good grades, his parents had no reason for concern. He worked hard in gym class and with the weight set at home but it didn't seem to help much. Somebody was always a little faster or quicker or stronger.

At home, he continued to peruse the catalogs. At night, after everyone was in bed, he was in front of the computer. His parents thought he was doing homework. Harry would always make sure to clear the browser's history and cookies when he was finished lest his parents or sisters found out what he was really looking at.

Whenever his parents and sisters weren't around, Harry would go upstairs and fondle his mother's or sisters' lingerie. He loved the soft coolness of the tricot slips and panties as well as the satin panels on the foundation garments.

Holding up a dress or skirt across his body while he stood in front of the mirror gave him an indication of how the garment would look on him. It was a much different image from the girls in the catalog or Sunday advertisements. He would always put things back carefully when he was finished.

He had tried on his mother's high heels once. He found them to be much too small to try walking around in so he didn't do it again. Once he tried on one of his older sister's dresses. He could barely get it over his shoulders so he took it off. Next, he tried on one of her skirts but it was too narrow for his waist and hips so he put it back as well.

In his bedroom, he took out the folder. He spread several of the sheets across his bed. He lay down and closed his eyes as he massaged himself. He wished he were one of the girls in the picture.

With his freshman year behind him, Harry had nothing planned for his Summer. His parents gave him an allowance and he made a little money mowing lawns. He was still too young to apply for real work. He spent some time at the mall. He would go early in the morning in his jogging suit and walk with the mall walkers.

Sitting on one of the benches across from the women's department store, he would admire the dresses displayed in the window. The mannequins were very smooth; he wished he had skin like that. Their faces were always perfectly made-up. He wished he was that pretty.

Sometimes he would walk in the store; as he passed the cosmetic counter on his way to the men's department, he would glance at the big poster displaying the latest shades of nail polish and matching lipsticks. He always noticed what the sales girls were wearing and how their faces were made-up.

The scent of the sample perfume bottles was always nice. The odors were so sweet, so delicately feminine. He felt himself getting hard as he walked by on his way to the men's clothing department. He never stayed long. Once back home, he would look at the catalogs again or go upstairs and open his folder.

That Fall, he made the junior varsity football team as a defensive lineman after several boys on the roster ahead of him got hurt. He never got to play until the last game of the year. They were ahead 26-20. It had started to rain at half-time; by the time the fourth quarter started, it was a downpour and the field had become a quagmire. Both teams were trying to avoid a winless season.

Their opponents were on the eight-yard line. A defensive lineman came limping off the field after the third down and the coach sent Harry in. It was fourth and goal. At the snap of the ball, Harry managed to hook the opposing lineman and shoot the gap, slamming the quarterback to the ground.

The crowd was on its feet screaming as Harry got to his knees. The pass had been tipped and the safety made an interception. He had a clear path to the end zone and as he crossed the end line, he tossed the ball in the air. Several teammates surrounded him in celebration oblivious of the flag on the play.

Harry was called for roughing the passer. He had arrived just a second too late. The ball was brought back. With no time left on the clock, there would be one more play. This time, Harry got buried in the mud at the line of scrimmage; the pass was completed in the end zone for a touchdown. The extra point was good. Harry's team lost 27-26. The JV squad ended the season 0-6 while their opponent escaped the cellar at 1-5. The coach was sympathetic.

“Good hustle, Harry, tough call,” he said.

Harry’s teammates echoed the coach's sentiment. The newspapers were not so kind; the headline screamed “Penalty Kills Victory and Season for Winless Cardinal JV squad.” Several days later, Harry received an eight and a half by eleven inch sheet of paper in the mail. The drawing was of the head of a goat with its eyes shut and blood dripping from the severed neck. There was no return address. Though it gave him the creeps, Harry didn’t show it to his parents. He tossed it in the wastebasket.

Harry decided not to try out for basketball. He sold his weight set in the spring. He told his parents his heart wasn’t in it anymore. They didn’t question him.

Beginning his Junior year, Harry dove into his studies. He told his counselor he wasn’t sure what he wanted to do yet. Maybe he would attend college, maybe a technical school. He was undecided but he reminded the counselor he still had two years to make up his mind. As he left the counselor's office, Harry knew exactly what he wanted. Right now, though, it was impossible.

The mall became his frequent haunt. His parents thought he was meeting friends there but Harry was alone. Occasionally he would see a movie at the Cinema. Usually though, he was seated on the bench near the big department store.

He would close his eyes and wish he were like those mannequins. Physically perfect in every way, made up and dressed in expensive, chic clothes. *If only*, he thought. *If only I could wake up one day and be like them.* His thoughts trailed off as he opened his eyes to the reality of the world he was living in.

Harry got his driver's license over the holiday break. He applied at several stores at the mall hoping to get some Summer work. There was no money for a car but he could borrow his parents' or his sisters’ car if necessary.

Jane had been asked to the prom in March. When his mother took her shopping for a dress, Harry wanted to go too. He knew exactly what she should get, what dress, shoes and accessories. He also knew which gown and accessories *he* would get. When they got home, he was disappointed in their purchase though his sister was ecstatic and immediately put it on for everyone to see.

At the mall the next day, he sat opposite the store's open door and looked over longingly at the dresses hanging on the racks. He wanted to try them all on. Maybe he could sneak inside at night and spend a few hours trying on all the pretty gowns and high heels. Then just before dawn, he would sneak out again. Harry closed his eyes and wished he could feel the swish of the taffeta around him or hear the rustle of the stiff petticoats against the dress that covered his nylon-clad legs as he walked to the prom in the prettiest pink dress in the store.

He finally got a Summer job in the hardware section of the large department store. It paid only minimum wage but Harry was glad to get the work. Each day he had to walk down the main aisle, past the cosmetic counter and the entrance to the lingerie department to get to the door that let to the back room where he would punch in. He would always take his time, glancing at all the pretty bra and panty sets he wanted to wear.

At lunch, he would not sit in the break room but walk back out to the main entrance and sit on the bench to glance in the windows and wish while he ate. "To watch the people go by," he would explain to his co-workers.

He spent very little money, putting most of his earnings in the bank. When Senior year began, his hours were cut back to accommodate his class schedule. His grades were good and though he hadn't decided what he wanted to do, he thought a business degree might be the best. He wasn't sure what area of business he wanted to be in; he would dream of managing a women's department store. With the store discount, he would soon have a closet, no, a house full of those beautiful clothes.

The folder under his mattress and the catalogs provided Harry with all the fantasies he wanted. He would watch the beauty contests or model search shows on TV with his sisters. Harry would close his eyes and imagine himself in the back room in his lingerie being made up, having his hair styled, putting on a fabulous dress and walking down the runway.

He would be very good at what was called "the models' strut." With his dress swirling around him, he would walk the walk in his four-inch high heeled shoes. At the end of the runway, he would stop, turn, shake his booty a little, then make his way back to the dressing room to change into the next dress and matching high heels.

In the finale, Harry was always the bride of course. With the designer at his side, surrounded by all the other beautiful girls, he would stop at the end of the runway and toss the bouquet to the crowd. Then, with his entourage, he would turn and walk back to the dressing area backstage.

After the shows Harry would go upstairs to the bathroom and draw his bath water. Soaking in the warm water, Harry wished he could use some bubble bath. After a leisurely soak in the sweet-smelling suds, he imagined he would then scrub himself all over with the perfumed soap. When he finished drying himself off, he would dust himself liberally with the scented body powder before putting on a pretty nightgown and slipping between pink satin sheets to fall quickly asleep, dreaming sweet dreams of gorgeous gowns, tight skirts, frilly blouses, high heels and makeup.

At the homecoming parade that year, Harry closed his eyes as the float with the homecoming queen and her court passed him. He imagined himself in his pretty gown, over-the-elbow gloves, high heels and makeup. He would even settle for being one of the four homecoming princesses but nothing could be better than to be the center of attention as the Queen.

What Harry really wanted for Christmas was something he knew he would never get. He had to be content with new jeans, some aftershave lotion even though he only had to shave once or twice a week, and a football jersey in the colors of his favorite team.

Each of his sisters got a pretty nightgown and a bubble bath set with cologne. He wanted to smell that good. He desperately wished he had a life where he could look pretty, dress pretty and smell pretty. *Fat chance*, he thought. *I might as well wish for a tree that sprouts \$100.00 bills.*

With graduation just a semester away, Harry decided on a two-year business program. Computers and accounting came easy to Harry who had always been good with numbers.

Student loan applications were filled out and a transcript was sent in along with his application. He would live at home and commute about twenty miles a day to the school. He began to study the consumer and car guide magazines to decide what would be the best car for the available money come next Fall.

In February, he had a weekend off. The Sunday paper advertised a bridal show at the mall that would begin at 1 PM. Harry knew it would be crowded so he got to the mall early, walked up to the second floor and browsed some of the shops until 1. He walked to the railing and sat down on a bench which overlooked the main floor where the show would be held.

For an hour and a half, Harry sat mesmerized at the procession of beautiful girls modeling the lovely dresses and gowns. He closed his eyes and wished he was out there too. He would be the prettiest of them all with his clear skin, elegant nails, pink lipsticked mouth and perfect hair under a veil or tiara. He was walking up and down the stage effortlessly in his high heels. He would be the perfect showcase for those broad-skirted gowns flared out with numerous petticoats or the slim, body clinging sheath dresses that would conform perfectly to his feminine form.

A burst of applause interrupted his thoughts as the procession ended and the people began leaving the stage area. Harry got up and went home. He removed the folder from under the mattress and spread out several sheets on the bed. He lay down and soon, he was once again lost in images of the show.

The girls in the pictures were all smiling and waving at him as if they were inviting him to join them in their posing. Certainly he would be pretty enough to be one of them, he thought. If only he could.

He finished the semester and went back to work full-time until school started again. He got his second raise and continued to put most of his money away. In August, he found a car he liked and, using his savings and a short term loan, he made his purchase. After the insurance was paid for, he had nothing left but his job helped him keep the payments up.

School was easy and he progressed rapidly through the accelerated program. He had little time for socializing as the course load and working kept most students busy. His solace continued to be his folder and the catalogs.

Most of the girls dressed quite casually. He was mystified as to why so few of them wore makeup. They were always in pants and flat shoes instead of dresses and heels. You'd think they would want to be feminine, wouldn't you? Even the female instructors at the college wore pantsuits and flat shoes. Their hairstyles were short and only a few of them wore makeup. He wondered why they were so indifferent about their femininity.

After work one summer night as he headed across the parking lot he spotted two guys he had played on the JV team with. They waved him over and invited him to the local park to hoist a few. There were several girls in the back seat that he didn't know but he followed them in his car.

Harry's experience with alcohol was limited and after a few beers, he began to feel a little woozy. They paired off and shortly the girl he was with wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.