



Reluctant Press presents:

CROSSDRESSED FOR LIFE

Norman Way



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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CROSSDRESSED FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

My parents met in high school and dated throughout college. Mom was in love with the theater. She loved Broadway. The whole opening night/greasepaint/applause thing was ingrained in her soul from the very beginning of her life.

She took ballet and tap lessons from grade school through high school as well as theater and drama classes in high school and college. There were bit parts in the little theater group as well as the high school play every year.

What she really wanted to do was dance but after the first semester of college, she broke her leg and twisted her knee while on a skiing trip with my dad. Though she healed up quickly, she would never be able to dance professionally. She continued to act and made the most of her theater connections to build a small business.

Theater aside, her next greatest passion was sewing. She loved to design and sew costumes. A large part of her business came from area women who had her custom make lingerie for them. She would go to their homes or have them come to her parents' house and measure them for whatever garments they wanted. Then she would cut and sew the satin, tricot or taffeta. After a final fitting, she would make any needed adjustments, then she would get paid. It meant a continuing source of income that she could depend on.

She also created and altered costumes for the local little theater group. As her reputation grew, she began to get work outside of the small Long Island town where she lived. She gave up acting after her second year of college and concentrated on her lingerie and costume business. Many a new bride had her wedding night peignoir sewed by Mom's capable hands.

My father was interested in a business career. He never once hesitated to arrange to see my mom in whatever play she was in or journey into the city to see a show on Broadway if tickets were available. Mom tried hard to insure the tickets she got were for Friday or Sat-

urday night so he would have his weekends or afternoons free for his golf outings. They were a perfect couple if there ever was one.

They got married in the summer of their junior year. Instead of renting, they found an older building about thirty miles closer to New York City that had once been a Mom and Pop grocery store. With some financial help from both their parents, they had the building renovated and lived in the two-bedroom apartment upstairs. The remodeled downstairs became my mother's place of business. The rear was her fitting and sewing room with ample storage space for her supplies and a small office. The front, with some used fixtures, became a theatrical supply store offering makeup, wigs, masks and similar items for people going to costume parties.

The business had grown to a point that mom decided not to continue her education. She hired two part-time clerks for the store and a part-time sewer for her apparel business. In two years, the business kept them going while my dad finished his Masters and was hired by a prestigious firm in the city.

The commute was a grind but he had an excellent salary and in another two years they had repaid the down payment to their parents. Now they could start the family they both wanted.

I arrived a short time later. Mom's pregnancy and delivery had been difficult so they decided not to have another child. Another part-time sewer was hired for my first three months while Mom and Dad adjusted to becoming parents.

I began helping out in the store as soon as I attained school age. I learned how to unpack and check the shipments of supplies for the store and the sewing business as well as the proper way to arrange things on the shelves. I also did some of the janitorial work so the store always looked neat and presentable for the customers.

Whether it was due to my mom's difficult pregnancy or not, I was very small at birth; the hospital kept me for several days until I had gained a few pounds. As a result, I was of slight build. I had fair skin and a very pretty face. There was more of my mother in me than my ruggedly handsome father.

Once I overheard one of the sewers say, "He is so pretty, he should have been a girl." That night after my bath, I stood naked in front of the full-length mirror on my closet door and looked at myself closely.

Even at that age I knew I was a boy because of what was between my legs. My body, unlike my father's, had very little hair and my skin was quite smooth, like my mother's. As I stared at myself in the mirror, I wondered if maybe I was supposed to have been a girl.

I imagined myself wearing makeup, a dress, and carrying a purse while walking in high heel shoes like some of my mother's customers. I brushed my hair down over my forehead to form bangs. I thought perhaps with longer, maybe shoulder-length hair, I could be a very pretty girl, or at least look like one.

I started school and earned good grades. Grade school had been pleasant but starting middle school was not. It was an older building and overcrowded. The noise, congestion and rowdiness of some of the older boys bothered me quite a bit. Mom decided that after I finished the eighth grade, I would be home-schooled.

In the evenings after I finished my homework and on weekends, I worked in the store. I had very little free time for television or movies unlike the other kids. The more time I spent working in the store, the less time the paid help was needed. I was glad to help out. My father once told me "Everybody likes to eat but not everybody likes to hunt." I pitched in whenever I could and did whatever was needed to be done.

One night I got up to pee and heard some giggling coming from my parents' bedroom. I paused at their bedroom door on my way to the bathroom. I knelt down and pushed the door open a little more. They were both naked on the bed. In the dim light of the bedside lamp, I saw my mother and father kissing each other. I watched, fascinated, as the tree trunk-like shaft of my father's penis rose from the black forest floor of his pubic hair as she stroked it.

I wanted desperately to go pee but curiosity kept me rooted to the spot. He pushed himself inside my mother. I watched them jostling back and forth until I heard my mother gasp. He rolled over. I stood up and walked quickly to the bathroom. My bladder felt like it was the size of a basketball and I barely made it to the commode in time.

When I finished, I stroked my penis like I had seen my mother do to my dad. Nothing happened. I massaged it harder but still nothing. Finally, I flushed the toilet. After washing my hands, I went back to bed.

I said nothing the next morning at breakfast but now at least I understood what the older boys were referring to when they talked about "banging" or "humping" somebody.

It was the last week in April. I had about a month left of eighth grade. It was around six PM when Mom asked me to come to the rear of the store. I had just finished my stock work and was about to go back upstairs and wash up. After supper, I planned to watch the Friday night movie.

"I need your help. One of the cast members of the local theater company has called in sick. You're about her size. I need you to take her place for tonight and tomorrow night."

"HER place?" I asked innocently.

"Yes. Now don't get angry, no one has to know you are a boy. You'll have to wear a costume for two nights and that will be the end of it. They are counting on you to help them out."

"Well OK, I guess. What do I have to do?"

"I will take you to the theater and help you get made-up and dressed for the play. It's not a speaking part so there are no lines to memorize. Afterwards, I will bring you home. Now let's go. It's only two hours until curtain."

She made a call on her cell phone and we got into the car. In a few minutes, we arrived at the rear of the Carlson Theater. Once inside, she took me back to one of the dressing rooms.

"Strip down to your underpants," she ordered.

I did so and put my clothes on the chair next to a table with a large, well-lighted mirror. She slipped a pink petti-slip over my head and adjusted the straps. Next was a pink cotton dress. After adjusting the hem over the petti-slip, she buttoned up the back. I sat

down in the chair and put on a pair of pink cotton socks, then a pair of pink patent leather shoes with a strap across the instep that she called "Mary Janes." They were a little tight but I knew I could manage.

"Now turn around and face the mirror," she instructed.

I did so and she combed my hair over my forehead and fixed a curly wig over my head.

"Tilt your head up and face me," she said.

When I did, she applied face powder, rouge and lipstick.

"Press your lips together and stand up," she ordered as she stepped back.

I stood up and saw her smile as she looked me over.

"Perfect" was her comment.

"Sit down and wait here until I get back. I have to see the director for a few minutes."

She left and I sat down again. I turned to look at the pretty girl looking back at me in the mirror. I touched my face with one finger. I could hardly believe that it was really me. It had taken my mother only ten minutes to transform me from a young boy into a young girl. I began to wonder about those words "He is so pretty he should have been a girl."

Mom returned a few minutes later. Behind her was a tall, slim, mousy faced woman in a brown pantsuit. She had a large notebook in one hand and her face brightened when she saw me.

"He's beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"Samuel, this is Ms. Lynn Evans, the play's director."

"I'm pleased to meet you Ms. Evans," I said as I extended my hand.

She took it in her hand and squeezed it softly.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice. I appreciate your helping us out. Now this is a non-speaking role so all you have to do is follow the other girls out on the stage, stand still, then file backstage when the act is over. You will enter the stage in Scene One, not Scene Two, then again in Scene Three. At the conclusion of the play, you will make a final entrance, then come back here to change. Do you understand what I want you to do, Samuel?"

"Yes ma'am," I answered.

"Good. By the way, for tonight and tomorrow night, you will be Samantha. The other girls don't have to know you are a boy."

"Okay," I replied.

"Good. Now please join the other girls waiting in the wings."

Mom winked at me as I followed Ms. Evans to where the other girls were waiting.

"Girls, this is Samantha who will be filling in tonight and tomorrow night."

"Hi Samantha!" they said in unison as I took my place.

Shortly the curtain went up and we filed on stage and took our places at the rear. The first act lasted about twenty minutes. I tried to follow the story line but I didn't find it to be very interesting. I paid close attention to what was going on as I didn't want to screw up. As the curtain came down, we all filed offstage. I walked back to where Mom was waiting. In the small dressing room, the girls were chatting like magpies. Mom touched up my makeup.

"When you walk out there again, take smaller steps. Remember, you are a girl. Don't clump around like a boy usually does."

I nodded and we waited for the second act to end. When it did, the actors filed past us as we lined up to make our entrance. The third act went smoothly and the curtain came down to loud applause. Mom took her time removing my makeup as the other girls finished dressing and left. She took off the wig and then helped me out of the dress and petti-slip. She hung these items up in a small locker while I took off the pink socks and Mary Janes. I got dressed and we went home.

"You did a fine job, Samuel. Ms. Evans is very pleased and so am I. Tomorrow night will be the same. Just relax and follow the girls on and off stage. You will be done in no time."

I just hoped she wasn't going to mention anything to my father.

The next night went smoothly as well. I didn't chat with the girls between acts. Mom fussed with my wig and fixed my makeup again. Before going out for the third act, she also took several pictures of me.

To be honest, I kind of enjoyed my little charade. I know I looked really good and there was something about wearing that dress and behaving in a girlie fashion that gave me a thrill. Maybe it was just that I had fooled everybody. I'm certain the girls would have been quite surprised to find out who their co-thespian really was.

I continued my work at the store over the summer. I could put more hours in now and I banked almost everything I made. I was never enthralled with all the things and gadgets that some of the other kids had. I wasn't into loud rock music and didn't feel the need for a cell phone either.

My home schooling was great and I earned good grades. I learned quickly and found I could spend more time working in the store that might otherwise have been spent poring over my books. I hadn't given my brief stint as a girl any thought until Mom got a call from a customer about a fitting for her niece.

The woman's daughter was one of the girls I stood with in the play. The niece was now attending school upstate and would be coming home for the holidays. Her mother wanted me to model several party dresses so she could pick out the dress she wanted.

"I don't like having to ask you to do this," remarked my mother. "But she is a very important client and it would be just this one time. I will schedule it so your father isn't here. No one is going to know."

Reluctantly, I agreed. It would be six weeks before she and her mother would be coming in. Mom measured me for a foundation garment and got me a pair of black three-inch

heel leather pumps. She placed two tennis balls in the cups of the strapless body briefers and I put each dress on so she could make several adjustments for a better fit.

For several hours a week, I put on a pair of knee high nylon stockings and the pumps to practice walking around the apartment. Under Mom's watchful eye, I soon became quite adept at walking like a girl in high heels. Of course, Dad was completely unaware of this.

The night before the woman and her niece were due to come in, Mom smiled at me as I crawled into bed. "You will do just fine. Remember to take small steps. Walk to where they are seated. Twirl once in front of them, then walk away. Turn around again, walk back in front of them and stop."

I nodded, closed my eyes and went to sleep. I dreamed of parading around in front of a huge audience as I modeled a variety of gorgeous gowns to resounding applause. I woke up before the alarm went off, surprised that a boy should have such dreams.

I got up and dressed. Dad had already left for work. Mom and I ate breakfast. After I helped her do the dishes, we went down to the fitting room. I undressed and put on the strapless body briefers and a pair of sheer pantyhose. I was surprised how good the sheer pantyhose felt against my nearly hair-free legs.

Next Mom made up my face with red rouge and lipstick. She attached the appropriate size red press-on nails to my fingers. After placing a shoulder-length brown wig on my head, she attached a pair of long earrings to my earlobes. A single strand pearl necklace and bracelet were last. I stood up and she looked me over.

"You are absolutely gorgeous, Samantha," she cooed. "They're going to love you! Now let's get you into your first dress and heels."

She handed me a knee-length petticoat. I stepped into it just as the back door bell rang. After she ushered the women to their chairs, she returned and helped me into a red taffeta party dress. I stepped into my black pumps and picked up the matching clutch bag. She winked at me.

"Don't forget to smile," she said.

I followed her out to the fitting room. With one hand on my hip and the other holding the matching purse at my side, I walked to where the women were seated. I smiled as they looked up at me. Stopping in front of them, I twirled once, walked back to where my mother was standing, then walked back to where they were seated and stood still.

It was the first time I had ever done such a thing and my heart was pounding like crazy. I had never been the subject of anyone's attention before. It was an odd feeling having these two people look me over like I was an object in a store that they were considering for purchase.

"It's very nice Shirley, let's see the next one," said the mother.

I turned and followed my mom back to the small dressing area. She unzipped me and slipped the dress off. While she placed it on a hanger, I unzipped a pink chiffon dress in a similar style and put it on. She zipped me up, then placed a pink sissy bow in my wig. I picked up the matching pink purse and followed her back out. I went through the same routine, again stopping in front of them for their approval.

“Too girlie for my niece,” she remarked.

I turned and walked back with my mom to the dressing area. I took off the dress and petticoat. This time I put on a floor length satin sheath. It was a beautiful burgundy color. With purse in hand, I marched back out and modeled the dress.

“It’s OK, I guess, but I don’t like the color,” she said.

Her niece looked disappointed. I was sure Mom could make it in a more desirable shade but I said nothing since I didn’t want a discussion with the customer at this point.

The last dress was a royal blue satin sheath. It was more conservatively styled and had a large bow at the base of the long back zipper. I put on over-the-elbow gloves to wear with this dress. Both of them seemed quite pleased.

“Yes, this is the one. I liked this much better than the others,” she said as she looked at her smiling niece.

I went back and Mom helped me out of the dress.

“Wait here until we’re finished,” she said as she left.

I sat down and read a trade magazine. Mom returned about thirty minutes later.

“I had to make only two small alterations. You and the niece are almost exactly the same size. They were so happy. Here, this is for you.”

She handed me a fifty-dollar bill. I couldn’t believe it! I had to work ten hours in the store to make as much as I had made in just the last hour. In fact it hadn’t even been an hour.

“Wow. This is really something,” I said.

“I appreciate you helping me out here, Samuel. Now lets get the makeup off.”

She cleaned me up and removed my earrings, nails and wig. I took off the pantyhose, body briefer and got dressed. Upstairs, Mom opened a bottle of my Dad’s after shave and put a little on my face.

“That should kill any lingering odor of the makeup,” she said with a smile.

That night as I lay awake in bed, I thought about my modeling experience. Not only had the pantyhose felt good but the giddy feeling I got from walking in high heels along with the swish of the satin sheath, chiffon dress or the rustle of the petticoats under the first taffeta dress really had been exhilarating. I had enjoyed the feel of the garments as they cascaded over me when Mom helped me put them on and take them off.

Despite the snug fit of the body briefer, it gave me a bust line, narrowed waist and accentuated my hips giving me a nearly perfect feminine form, allowing me to show off the dresses in a very womanly fashion. I wondered if girls felt that way when they dressed up. I closed my eyes. In my dreams, I was wearing the burgundy sheath at the formal dance the niece would be attending and she was looking at me with envy.

Occasionally over the next several months, I found myself daydreaming about wearing girls clothes. Not just pretty party dresses and gowns but regular skirts and dresses, too. I began browsing the women’s section of the catalogs Mom had at the store. I went on line and found many wonderful websites displaying formal apparel of all kinds. I was particu-

larly struck by the white satin bridal gowns and wondered what it would be like to wear something like that.

Once I was helping Mom box up some square dance costumes. I thought about wearing layers of petticoats under a dress or a flared skirt. I liked the ruffle panties, too. I was sure the nylon tricot would feel as good as the pantyhose had.

“Finished yet?” came a voice from behind me.

“Yes,” I replied. “This box is the last of the order.”

I placed the box containing the pink ruffled panties in the master box and we sealed it shut. I attached the address label and carried it to the back room for pickup.

She had caught me daydreaming. I wondered if she was going to say anything. I would have to be more careful in the future. I certainly wouldn't want her to start asking questions. Fortunately, it wasn't like she caught me fondling the panties.

I finished the school year and passed my exams for a home-schooled student. Another year and I would have the equivalent of a high school diploma. After that, I wasn't really sure what I was going to do. I had time, though. I had yet to find anything I was particularly interested in. I wanted to leave my self open to as many options as I could. Before making a choice, I wanted to be sure it was the right one.

I kept busy over the summer. We attended a few more plays and concerts. My dad was increasingly busy at work and the store was getting more and more busy, too. I was working over forty hours a week now and had very little time for myself. Once in a while I found myself thinking back to my modeling experience with more than a passing fondness.

It was a Friday afternoon in early August when a Mrs. Hathaway called the store and asked for my mom. She was a good customer of Mom's and a big supporter of little theater groups all over Long Island. Her husband was a well known contractor and they were very wealthy. They talked for a few minutes with Mom looking at me in kind of a funny way. Their conversation ended with mom saying, “I'll talk to him about it but it will be his decision.”

She hung up the phone and walked across the store where I was stocking merchandise. She seemed a little pensive. I put the last of the items in the box on the shelf and turned to face her.

“Mrs. Hathaway is having a small intimate gathering at her house at two PM tomorrow. One of the service personnel who works for her was involved in an accident on the freeway. She was wondering if you would be available to help serve her guests tomorrow afternoon. There will be some very wealthy people there. You know how important their contributions are to the theater as well as the fact that she is a good customer here. I would appreciate it very much if you would help her out.”

I wasn't exactly sure what this was going to involve as I had never done any “service work” before. Waiting on people in the store to find what they wanted and then making change for their purchases was very different from working in a “servant” type of situation. It would only be for one afternoon so I decided I would do it. Mom called her back

and then came into the back room where I was stacking flattened cardboard boxes for the recycling bin.

"Mrs. Hathaway will send a car for you at ten AM tomorrow and will bring you home afterwards."

"OK," I answered. I was wondering why I had to be there at ten when the gathering was not until two PM.

I finished what I was doing and didn't give it another thought.

The next morning, a black limo pulled in front of the store and a uniformed chauffeur got out. I walked out the door before he could come inside and he opened the car door for me. It was a very plushy ride to Mrs. Hathaway's house, or should I say mansion.

It was quite a stately place with an immaculate lawn, flower gardens and shrubbery. I got out of the limo and was about to ring the door bell when Mrs. Hathaway opened the door.

"Come in and follow me, please," she said.

As I walked through the mansion, it really took my breath away.

"So, this is how the other half lives," I thought.

We walked up a winding staircase, then down the hall and into a large bedroom. There were two women in the room. One was wearing a white pantsuit and white shoes and the other was wearing a black maid's dress with a white apron. They both smiled as we approached.

"This is Gretchen, one of my servants and this is Gail, my hairdresser. Ladies, this is Samuel Brooks. He is going to help us out this afternoon,"

I nodded at both women as we were introduced.

"Lynn Evans told me about the wonderful job you did for her and I know you will do the same for me. I'll be back in about an hour."

With that, she turned around and left the room. I wondered just exactly what Ms. Evans had said to her. I had a feeling this wasn't going to involve standing around in a dress, wig and makeup.

"OK, let's get started," said Gretchen in an authoritative voice. "Step behind the panel over there and put this on."

I took a small box from her and walked around the end of the panel. I undressed and opened the small box to find a G-string. I wasn't sure what to expect when I agreed to do this but when Mrs. Hathaway mentioned Lynn Evans, I knew something was up. I put on the G-string. Its tiny satin panel barely covered my genitals. I walked back to where the two women were standing and stopped in front of them.

"Oh good! You have almost no body hair. This will make things easier. Stand with your legs apart on the newspaper, please," instructed Gail.

I did so. Gail used small clippers to remove the hair from my legs and arms. Next she applied the wax. It stung a little when she pulled the strips off. My skin felt tight and

when I looked down, I was as hair-free as any girl. Gretchen handed me another, larger box.

“Now put these on please.”

I stepped behind the divider and took off the G-string. I ran my hands over my arms and legs. “Girlie smooth,” I thought. I opened the box to find a pair of black satin panties, a black garter belt and a pair of black fishnet stockings. I put the panties and garter belt on. The tricot felt good against my skin. I rolled each stocking down, slipped them over my feet and pulled them up to the garters. After attaching them, I used both hands to smooth them out. I walked back out and stood before them again.

Both girls were smiling. Gretchen held out a black brassiere. I put my arms through the straps and turned around so she could fasten the hooks. Gail inserted two breast forms in the cups, then adjusted the straps. It felt a little weird to have the weighted cups pulling on the bra straps.

“Now, sit in the vanity chair but face this way,” ordered Gretchen.

I walked over to the vanity, turned the chair around and sat down. Gail matched red press-on nails to my fingernails, then she worked quickly, applying liquid makeup and a drop of red rouge on each cheek.

She fastened false eyelashes to my eyelids. Then she applied the eyeliner, eye shadow and mascara. With a tweezers, she plucked some stray hairs from my eyebrows. Finally, she outlined my lips with a lip pencil and then applied a thick layer of bright red lipstick.

“Press your lips together,” she instructed as she put the tube back on the vanity and picked up a pair of long earrings. She clipped them to my earlobes, then sprayed my neck and wrists with some very sweet-smelling French perfume. I hadn’t expected that and shrank back from the bottle.

“Just relax, Samuel,” she grinned. “I’ll splash you with some of Gwen’s husband’s aftershave before you leave. Now stand up, please.”

I stood up and she fitted a lacy cuff to each wrist and a choker around my neck. The black wig was next; at the top, a lacy maid’s cap was pinned. When she finished, Gretchen stepped forward and handed me two short white petticoats. I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist. Next, she took the black satin puff sleeve French Maid minidress off the hanger and slipped it over my head.

After zipping me up, she walked back to the closet and brought a pair of black leather high heel pumps. She placed them on the floor and I stepped into them. They had four-inch heels and fit perfectly. I wondered how they knew my shoe and dress size. Ms. Evans perhaps? How many others knew about me?

I had felt pretty giddy in all this very feminine apparel but now, standing in these stiletto pumps, I felt even more exhilarated. Both women stood in front of me and looked me over.

“You make a very pretty French Maid, Samantha,” said Gail. “Now let’s see you walk.”

I began walking across the room. There was a slight difference with the extra inch of heel but I managed to walk confidently without wobbling or stumbling.