



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Princess For Life

Norman Way



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# PRINCESS FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

My father, Harlow Kilbourne, was an Australian. He worked as an internal auditor for the Grunnell Corporation, a conglomerate based in Sydney. He had two passions, travel and golf. It had never been his intention to marry. He traveled quite a bit and when he was off, he preferred to be golfing or relaxing with a glass of brandy and the latest best-selling novel.

My mother Dana was an Iranian orphan who had been adopted and was now a U.S. Citizen. They met at an embassy party. My father had spent several years in Singapore, England and Canada before coming to the U.S. After six months, they married and a year later, I arrived. I was four when he was transferred to Japan. After four years there, we went back to England, then spent two years in Hong Kong and Canada, and finally went to New York. Each stint had its trials and tribulations. I never made close friends because like many children of corporate executives and military people, we moved around a lot.

After they married, my mom left her embassy job and completed her teaching degree. She wasn't always able to find work because we moved so much but my dad made good money so we never lacked for anything. I guess the only thing we never did have was a place we could call our own.

Mom knew my Dad loved his work too much to quit and do something else, so she never complained about not having a house. I felt a little sad for her because she had given up a lot for my dad's career.

We were alone quite a bit. When she knew my father would be gone for several days, she would dress me in girls clothes. She confessed she had always wanted a girl. She called it our "little secret."

She would start by putting me in a bubble bath. Afterwards, she had me put on a girl's nightgown. We would paint each others nails bright pink. The next morning, she would dress me in pink panties, a petti-slip, pink socks, pink puff sleeve dress, pink gloves and

pink Mary Jane shoes. After combing some of my hair down over my forehead for bangs, she would place a pink bonnet on my head, then apply some pink lipstick to my lips and cheeks. We would spend the day shopping and having lunch like a mother and daughter.

I enjoyed our little game. I especially liked the feel of the tricot panties on my smooth skin. Sometimes she had me wear a pink apron and I would help her bake cookies or prepare a meal.

Except for an occasional weekend in the country, I spent most of my time around the hustle and bustle of big cities. I did not care for the congestion, traffic and noise but there were other things that appealed to me. I did share my mother's love for classical music. I thoroughly enjoyed the peacefulness of an occasional concert that Mom and I would attend. Dad was usually too busy or too tired.

I took golf lessons early on as the rowdy fans of soccer and other rough and tumble sports were not to my liking. The solitude of the golf course, whether alone or with my dad, was my escape from my surroundings or whatever was troubling me at the time. I became an accomplished golfer and not only could beat my father but lettered on the school team.

I was short and of slight build. I had light tan skin that was unblemished and almost completely hair-free. With a full head of dark brown hair and eyes to match, I guess there was more of my mother in me than my father. This had not been a problem until my freshman year when some of the older boys decided to pick on me for one thing or another.

That year, I heard the word "sissy" for the first time. Shortly, some of the martial arts moves I studied while in Asia came into play and I wasn't bothered again. It's amazing what a few loose teeth and a broken nose will do to adjust someone's attitude.

Our dress-up games continued as I got older. Of course by then I didn't wear nail polish any more. My clothes consisted of foundation garments, sheer nylons or pantyhose, a slip under my dress or a camisole and a matching half-slip under my blouse and skirt. Three-inch heel leather pumps had replaced my Mary Janes. I felt as comfortable, if not more, in feminine apparel as I was in my boy clothes.

My father never caught on nor do I believe he even suspected. My stash of clothes was well hidden in a garment bag hanging in the basement storage area. Depending on my father's schedule, we would have these outings several times a month. I never objected to her little game because I could see it gave her a great deal of pleasure even though I knew it wasn't the right thing for her to be doing to her son.

She enjoyed having me try on a dress, or a frilly blouse and a skirt. Then I would walk around in front of her and the sales clerk in a proper girly fashion. After I modeled the items so she could pick out the ones she liked the best, she would make a purchase, then we would have lunch. Afterward, she made certain that I applied fresh lipstick and blusher before we left the table, just as any girl would.

Back home, she would get this sorrowful look in her eyes as I undressed and put the girly clothes away. I would sit at the vanity and she would remove my makeup. Then I would put on my boy clothes. I felt the way Cinderella must have felt. Instead of Midnight, it was the end of the day and I would have to change back into who I was, not who mom wanted me to be.



Sometimes at night, I would wonder why I felt so good and behaved so naturally when I wore feminine apparel. Maybe I shouldn't have been born a boy after all. Was there such a thing as a girl in a boy's body? I wondered.

I finished my freshman year. After the last day of school, I arrived home to find my mother on the kitchen floor. Later, at the hospital, I learned she had died of an aneurism. I helped my dad pack up her things. Along with my secret stash, we took everything to a thrift store. That summer was a very difficult time as we both had to adjust to living without her.

Fortunately, without my father's knowledge, I was able to remove the memory card from mom's camera containing all the pictures she had taken of me en femme. I felt bad about giving away all the nice girl things she had bought me but I knew I couldn't keep them. I had not only come to enjoy this little charade but also the feeling of the lingerie against my skin. I loved the way I felt when I wore the clothes.

When I walked in a skirt or dress and heels, it seemed more natural than when I wore my male clothing. The admiring glances we got from men and boys at the mall told me I must have looked pretty good. Quite frankly, I guess I enjoyed being a girl and I was really going to miss all of that.

We ate out more often even though I was a fair cook. We spoke little except for details about Dad's work or my golf game. My father decided to hire a housekeeper before school started and shortly Rita Sanchez became part of our lives. She was an excellent cook and kept the place spotless.

I was looking forward to my sophomore year and getting back into the routine that school would bring.

It would be good to have the studies to occupy my thoughts. Sometimes at night, I would



dream of being dressed-up and walking through the mall with her.

Once, we passed a bridal salon on the way home and, on impulse, she turned around and went back. The store wasn't busy so the clerk let me try on a couple of the gowns and some back stock prom dresses. I enjoyed myself more than I cared to admit. Modeling the satin bridal gowns as well as the bridesmaid dresses, both worn with four-inch high heels, gave me and her a great deal of pleasure.

My only reminder of those good times was the tiny memory card from her camera that I kept safely hidden in my bottom dresser drawer. Periodically, I would take it out and insert it in our home computer so I could spend a little time reminiscing of the happy times Mom and I spent together.

School began and I dove into my studies. I got accustomed to being alone. Rita was friendly and jovial. I worked out several times a week at the gym. Now that the weather was getting colder and golf was over for the year, I spent several hours at the indoor driving range to stay in good form.

That's where I met Helga Langford. She was a plain-looking girl with a stocky build. We would talk briefly while walking to and from the range. She asked me to lunch one Sunday morning after we finished at the range. It surprised me but I accepted her invitation readily. We had burgers, fries and a soda at a nearby restaurant.

There was something about her that I liked, though I couldn't quite place what it was. I felt more comfortable around her than with some of the girls in my school. She had an assertive personality, unlike the other girls at school. I liked the way she took charge and felt very secure when I was with her.

Her mom, Denise, managed a woman's department store and her dad was deceased. We talked about the shock and struggle of losing a parent. Though money was not a problem, the hurt and loneliness still had its impact on both of us.

Near the end of the semester, she invited me to her house for a Saturday afternoon. Her mom had bought a new big screen TV and we were going to watch a football game and have pizza afterwards. I let my dad know where I would be and arrived at her house about noon. Helga showed me to the living room where she had the pizza and pop on the coffee table in front of the sofa. I sat next to her on the couch and we dug in. The pop tasted a bit funny, but I thought it might just be old.

The game started and the big screen TV made it all the more enjoyable. She handed me another glass of pop and by half-time, I felt a little woozy. When the gun sounded, she grabbed my hand and pulled me to my feet.

"Let me show you the rest of the house," she said with a smirk.

I followed her through the dining room and kitchen, then back to the hallway that led to the bedrooms. The condo was a two-bedroom and each bedroom had its own bathroom. Her mom's bedroom was fairly large and the full bath was beautiful. Then she led me to her bedroom which was a little smaller but just as nice.

I was beginning to feel a little sleepy and as I turned to go back to the living room, she grabbed me around the waist and kissed me hard. I was startled by her actions; because she was a very strong girl I offered no resistance as we embraced.

“Get undressed!” she ordered as she began to take her clothes off.

Shortly, we were both naked. She walked to the closet and took a pink nightgown off its hanger.

“Put this on, girly boy,” she ordered. “I know what you like!” she added.

Wordlessly, I took the pretty pink nightie from her and slipped it over my head. As the chiffon cascaded over my naked body, I felt myself get rock hard.

“Pucker up!” she said as she stood over me, brandishing a pink lipstick in one hand.

I tilted my head up and she applied the makeup to my lips and cheeks. She walked over to the vanity and removed a blonde wig from the foam head. After putting it on my head, she pinned a pink bow at the top. She stood back with her arms crossed and looked at me with a grin.

“Now, aren’t you just the cutest little sissy boy ever?” she laughed. “Mom told me all about you. How your mom would bring you into the store in your pretty dresses and makeup, then parade around in the outfits she picked out. And to think she was supposed to believe it was all your mother’s idea!”

I was a bit in shock. My legs felt like lead. Before I could open my mouth to say anything, she stepped forward and kissed me again. Then she picked me up and carried me over to the bed.

Later, as we lay close together, the only sound in the room was our breathing. I could barely hear the announcer’s voice from the TV in the living room. I was still a bit woozy. I had just become a man, well sort of, anyway. I wasn’t sure what was going to happen next.

“At least you’re not a gay sissy boy, that’s for sure,” she remarked. “Mom was wrong about that.”

She kissed me hard and we coupled again. I fell asleep afterwards. When I woke up, she was gone. I got up and used the john. When I came out, she was standing at the vanity.

“Come over here,” she barked.

I walked to her obediently. She took off the wig and placed it back on the foam head. Using cold cream, she removed my lipstick and blusher. She pulled the nightgown over my head and put it back in the closet.

“Get dressed and come out to the living room when you are done,” she instructed.

She turned and walked out as I got dressed. I checked myself in the mirror and saw no traces of the makeup. I felt much better as I walked to the living room. The TV was off and she was standing near the front door. I walked over to her and she handed me a small brown paper bag.

“A special gift for a special boy. Thanks for a wonderful afternoon sissy boy,” she smiled as she opened the door.

I went home. When I got upstairs, I opened the bag to find a package of disposable razors and a can of women’s shaving gel. The note inside read, “The next time you come, I want you sissy smooth all over.”

I closed the bag and put it in the bottom drawer of my dresser under some old shirts.

That night after supper, while I was showering, I thought about the events of that afternoon. Though I was shocked by her forwardness, I had found the experience wonderful. I did have difficulty reconciling the fact that I had become a man while dressed as a woman. Even more difficult was the fact that my old feelings had returned and I had found great pleasure in being submissive. The fact that I had surely been drugged and not seduced did not matter any more. I wondered if and when she would call me again. I didn't have long to wait.

My Dad came home early Friday afternoon just as I got home from school. We went out for a steak dinner. We talked about school and my golf game. He would be leaving for a week in San Francisco on Saturday and would be returning late the following Sunday night. At home, he chatted briefly with Rita, then we both went to bed.

Saturday afternoon, Helga called just as I got home from the driving range. The conversation was short and one-sided.

"Sunday, twelve noon, Giants vs Eagles. Be on time and be girly smooth." Then she hung up.

I hung up the phone. I worked on some stuff for school, then watched the last half of a football game. Our TV was a 21" console model. I missed the clarity and size of Helga's new 32" HDTV.

I ate supper and after Rita left, I went upstairs to bathe. I undressed and took the bag from the bottom dresser drawer. I hadn't started shaving my face yet. What little peach fuzz there was could easily be removed with a small section of sandpaper.

I read the instructions on the can and, after soaking in the tub for a few minutes, I spread the gel over my legs. I shaved my legs carefully and then my arms. I stood up and did my buttocks and underarms. I opened the drain and turned the shower on, making sure any remnants of what little hair I had removed did not stay in the tub for Rita to find and ask questions about.

I dried off, then checked myself in front of the full-length mirror on my closet door. I leaned in close to find there was no visible peach fuzz on my face either. I put on my pajamas and after watching a movie, went to bed. As I got between the sheets, I missed the feel of the chiffon nightgown Helga made me wear. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, I got up about seven-thirty and ate a light breakfast. I tried to read the Sunday paper but found it hard to concentrate on what I was reading. My mind was four hours ahead at Helga's place.

I felt myself getting hard just thinking about it.

Promptly at eleven forty-five, I arrived at the lobby of Helga's condo complex and rang the bell. Helga buzzed me in and I took the elevator to the third floor. I knocked on her door and she opened it. She was wearing a T-shirt, jeans and an ear to ear grin.

"I'm glad you're here, sissy boy. C'mon in, I have everything ready for you." She caressed my butt as I walked in front of her to the bedroom.