



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# A Gamble for Life

Norman Way



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# A GAMBLE FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

Someone once said that the safest place any of us has ever been is in the womb. You had all you could eat and drink. You could sleep 'til noon and of course you had your own pool. All good things must come to an end. The day you enter this world is essentially that end.

To drive home that point the doctor holds you up by your heels and smacks you on your ass. Doctors say making you cry gets your heart pumping and your lungs working so you will be able to live outside of the comfort zone you had been accustomed too.

Now we all know that is a pile of crap. Doctors do this just to piss you off so you will come into this world squawking, squealing, and angry as hell. This prepares you for the world you are about to face. A world where the strong survive and the weak do not. The madder you are the better your chances of survival will be.

Such was my entry into this world on January 23, 1990. The ambulance had managed to get my mother to the hospital despite a howling blizzard. She had a tough pregnancy. I have no doubt she was relieved to have this ordeal over with and get back to a normal life.

Naturally I had no idea that getting back to a "normal life" meant leaving me at the hospital ER a month later and taking off, never to be found again, was what she had in mind. After a month of diapers, feedings at all hours of the day and night, on top of twelve hour shifts waiting on tables I guess she just had about all she could take and said the hell with it. I could be someone else's problem.

Even as tiny as I was I became a feisty little runt if there ever was one. I was crawling, climbing and then toddling around earlier than my adoptive parents had ever expected. This would do me in good stead later when I would face going to school where everyone else would be bigger than I was.

My earliest recollections as a child were of noise and commotion. Someone was always yelling at somebody. It didn't seem to matter if it was day or night either. Loud voices,

doors slamming and blaring noise from the radio or stereo. Of course I had no idea at the age what all that mayhem was about until late one night there was a loud bang that woke me up.

I distinctly remember a woman in a blue uniform picking me up and telling me to stop crying, because everything was going to be ok. I had no idea who she was, where she was taking me or what had just happened. As we left there was a pungent smell in the air and for once all was quiet.

Next there were several weeks of being in a large room with other children my age. Women in white would come in periodically to check on us and feed us. The place was quiet. I felt safe and secure there, just like I had been in the womb.

Eventually I was placed in another foster home. I remember the beautiful green grass in the front of the house. I had my own room. In the back yard there was a swing set and a sand box. I enjoyed playing outside in the warm sun and missed it when the colder weather came. Being relegated to playing indoors was too confining for me. Best of all I was alone, no siblings to fight with or compete against.

As I got older I became aware of the people around me. In this quiet household I was to be brought up by two people who seldom raised their voices. The television was rarely on and the volume was always low. When the stereo played music, it was only soft gentle sounds that flowed from its' speakers.

Like the womb I had left, I would have to leave this place too in order to attend school. School would be a far different place than the quiet home I was living in. "Controlled chaos" was an appropriate description.

I paid close attention to my teachers and was rewarded with good grades. My classmates were not at all happy, considering me to be teachers "pet". I probably would have suffered worse than the occasional verbal taunts had it not been for my quickness on the grade school soccer team.

My passion for keeping myself fit had kept the bullies at bay and made my coaches happy too. Soccer is not a "contact" sport per se' though it can get rough at times. My speed and agility kept me from getting banged around too much.

In December, shortly before Christmas and about a month before I turned eleven, a close friend of my mother's approached her for help. Mrs. Knowles was the owner of a small shop that specialized in pageant dresses. She and her husband Mike sold lines for both women and kids but specialized in little girl's dresses and costumes.

These beauty pageants were highly competitive. Each mother wanted something unique and very special for her daughter to wear. Money of course, was no object. Only the best was none too good for their daughters.

Most of these costumes were short skirted, puff sleeve mini dresses. They were adorned with lots of ruffles and bows. They were worn over stiff petticoats to make the short skirt of the mini dress bounce as the contestant would prance across the stage. Others were of a more "adult style" similar to a woman's cocktail dress or formal gown, usually worn with long gloves and high heel shoes.

She had remarked to my mother that I was “as pretty, if not prettier” than most of the girls my age. She offered my mother money if she could dress me in girl’s clothes then use my pictures in their brochures and print advertising. Mom thought it was a splendid idea and a great way for me to earn money for my education. Mom had an attorney look over the contracts and then we both signed them.

The next weekend we got up early Saturday morning and mom took me to their store. In the back room I undressed in a small cubicle. I put on a pair of pink panties, socks and a pink petticoat. Mom slipped a pink petti-slip over my head and adjusted the straps for a perfect fit. The soft nylon tricot panties felt good against my skin. So did the nylon tricot top half of the petti-slip.

Mrs. Knowles then had me sit at the vanity. She applied pink blusher to my cheeks and creamy pink lipstick to my lips. She curled my eyelashes, applied mascara, and then plucked a few stray hairs from my eyebrows. I was fitted with a blonde wig with a pink satin bow at the top. After clipping long earrings on my earlobes she pronounced me ready.

I got up and stepped into a pair of pink shoes with a strap over the instep that she called “Mary Jane” shoes and we walked over to the rack of dresses I was going to wear.

The first dress was a pink satin mini dress with tiered puff sleeves, a large bow at the base of the zipper and smaller bows along the hem. After zipping me up I was directed to stand on a small stage. With Mrs. Knowles coaching me I was photographed in several poses, the last of which had me holding up a swatch board showing the other colors the dress came in.

For the next several hours I was in and out of a variety of long and short dresses, shoes and matching accessories. I had a little trouble walking in the three inch heel pumps when I modeled the longer gowns but I managed to do everything right, which of course pleased Mrs. Knowles very much.

I enjoyed doing this but of course I didn’t want to say anything to either of the women. The soft filmy texture of the chiffon, as well as the slippery feel of the satin or taffeta gave me a very girly, very feminine feeling. I wondered if the girls at school felt the same way when they wore their clothes.

I loved the way the stiff petticoats made the short dresses bounce as I walked back and forth to the small stage. It also gave me a real thrill as I pranced about on the stage. With one hand on my hip, according to Mrs. Knowles directions, I moved just like a girl. I loved the attention I was getting as well as being called “adorable” by one of Mrs. Knowles’ sales clerks.

It was safe here too, just like being in the womb, even though this was a totally feminine environment. There was no noise, commotion or rowdiness. I felt quite comfortable and relaxed being photographed as I posed or paraded about.

When Mrs. Knowles told my mother I was a “natural” they both laughed and I was secretly pleased. I was hoping I would be able to do this again though I thought it was a strange thing for me to think that way. After all, what kind of a boy likes to be dressed in girl’s clothing, made up and then sash shay around a stage while being photographed?

When the last picture was taken I undressed and mom removed my wig, earrings, and makeup. I took off my shoes, the pretty lingerie and got dressed in my male clothing to go home. Strange as it may sound I felt I was improperly dressed. I had really enjoyed wearing all those pretty clothes as well as that made up image I saw of myself in the mirror.

When I got into the car mom showed me the check which was promptly deposited in my savings account. I couldn't believe I had gotten paid several hundred dollars for just a few hours' work, and very pleasurable work at that. I secretly hoped that Mrs. Knowles would call me again.

At home mom said nothing to my father about what I had done and of course I wasn't going to tell him either. That night after my shower I stood naked in front of the mirror and looked at my hair free, girly smooth body. I thought about the way I looked now and that afternoon as I modeled dress after dress. That night I went to bed and dreamed of being incased in all that feminine finery. In my dreams it was not for a fashion shoot or show but for the rest of my life.

I began working out at home with my parents' home gym set. I got stronger but for some reason I was not able to grow taller very quickly. The family doctor and my parents were not concerned as I was in good health and that was all that mattered at that point.

Middle school was another abrupt change. The classrooms were larger but crowded. I liked my studies and because both my parents were teachers I worked hard to get good grades. I was concerned however about the fact that most of my friends were getting much taller than I was. I was barely as tall as some of the shorter girls. Once I overheard two of the girls discussing the fact I was not only shorter than the boys but I was too pretty to be a boy and probably should have been a girl in the first place.

I closed my eyes and imagined myself wearing the clothes the girls in my class wore. With longer hair of a wig I knew that the girls had been right. I could just as easily have been born a girl and most certainly would be able to pass myself off as one whether I wore dresses or casual clothes.

Sometimes I would dream I was a girl. I was walking thru the halls dressed in a denim skirt and a pink blouse. I had a pink ribbon in my hair and everyone was calling me Paulette instead of Paul.

I felt good. It seemed more natural. I wasn't acting like a girl, I WAS a girl. When I woke up the next morning I thought about the way I had felt in the dream as I dressed in my boys clothes for school.

Maybe there was something wrong with me. Should I tell my parents? Would they take me to a doctor? Would they think I was crazy? I abandoned those ideas and decided not to think about them. Right now school was more important.

I continued to excel in my studies and on the soccer field. I was disappointed that Mrs. Knowles hadn't called me. She had mailed my mom a brochure and I was surprised at how good I looked. Apparently I had only been needed for that one time a model had failed to show up from the agency they used.

Despite my disappointment I found a substitute outlet. When both my parents were gone I began putting on my mothers' lingerie. I liked the feel of her slips and nightgowns. Her foundation garments gave me a more defined feminine form.

I also liked paging thru mail order catalogs and looking at the women's section. I imagined myself wearing the clothes they were modeling. I wanted to experiment with her make up too and wear some of her sweet, very feminine perfume but I knew I couldn't.

Each time, after several hours of cross-dressing and fantasizing, I had to remove the clothes and put on my male apparel. All good things must come to an end. This seemed to be a constant theme and became a more frustrating part of my life. I had no means to find a solution to this state of confusion that I was in so I simply continued to pleasure myself whenever the opportunity presented itself.

That summer I experienced my first erection and nearly soiled my mothers' nightgown. I found the pleasure of masturbation was greatly enhanced by wearing feminine apparel. I lined my mother's foundation garments with a layer of toilet paper and then put on her pantyhose and a slip. I tried on several of her dresses, skirts, and shoes.

Nothing fit right of course but I felt ecstatic while I wore them around the house in my parents absence. I wanted to complete my "look" with her make up but I didn't dare. I was taking a big risk as it was just by going this far.

I was very careful to delay my climax until I had undressed completely. I always made sure there were no stains on her garments and that I placed them back in her drawer exactly as I had found them.

The following January, just after my sixteenth birthday, Mrs. Knowles called. I got my mom and they talked for about ten minutes. Mom explained that I had another modeling job but for a different store. This time I would be working at a formal apparel store. The dresses I would be modeling would be prom and party dresses for the print ads the store was planning for the formal apparel show in the Riverside Mall at the end of the month.

I was ecstatic to say the least. I even lost five more pounds to slim down for the fitting on Friday night. The week went agonizingly slow. My mind was on all the beautiful dresses I would be wearing. It was hard to concentrate on anything but then again I guess from my viewpoint I had good reason to be lost in thought. How can you compare the US geography or math to wearing makeup and fabulous dresses?

Friday night we drove to the mall. Mother and I were admitted thru the rear door of the formal apparel store owned by Desiree Bancroft. Desiree had been a professional model and invested her money in a chain of stores called simply "Desiree's". She had worked hard and the chain now boasted nearly a hundred stores in forty-eight states. She also was on the list of "most admired business women."

The sales clerk knocked on Desiree's office door and then following her "Yes" let us both in. Desiree stood up and shook hands with my mother and me.

Desiree was an imposing figure. She was a tall woman with jet-black shoulder length hair. She was perfectly made up from her eye shadow to her nails. Her light pink crepe blouse with lace around the collar and billowy sleeves secured by four button cuffs was set off nicely by the slim, sharply tailored black skirt.

Her broad smile when she saw me come in was warm and inviting. I wanted to be just like her, perfect in all respects. She was the ideal picture of femininity and I wanted to be that way too.

"I was referred to you by Mrs. Knowles," she began as she held up a brochure from the pageant store. "She spoke highly of you Paul and glancing over this brochure she sent me I would like to have you work for me tomorrow and Sunday. You will be photographed for our brochures and newspaper ads for the upcoming show at the mall. Since you have done this before and I might add, done it very well, I would like you to represent my new line. You will have fittings tonight and then tomorrow you will spend the day here to be photographed. Do either of you have any questions?" she asked us.

I shook my head no and my mother did as well. Desiree handed my mother the consent forms and we both signed and handed them back to her. She placed them in a manila file and set it aside.

"Good. Now let's get started, follow me please."

She got up and walked around her desk. We followed her out of the office to the back of the store. Her seamed stockings complemented her look as did her four-inch black leather stiletto pumps. I liked the sound they made on the hard floor as she walked with that model's strut to the other end of the back loading area where some six-foot dividers had been set up in front of a chair. She turned to face us.

"Please remove your clothing and put everything in the box next to the chair. On the chair is a strapless body brief. Put it on and step over here when you are ready."

I nodded without speaking and walked around the dividers. I undressed and put on the foundation garment. It seemed to be a very tight fit. When I returned I saw another woman had joined Desiree and my mother. She was a short middle-aged woman with gray hair. She had a tape measure around her neck and was holding a clipboard.

"This is Audrey my manager. She will take your measurements," said Desiree.

Audrey smiled as she handed my mother the clipboard and took a pair of breast forms from Desiree. She proceeded to fit the two breast forms in the cups to fill them out and then closed several hooks in the back. Stepping back she then removed the tape measure from her neck and measured my bust, waist and hips. Mom wrote the measurements down and then handed Audrey the clipboard.

While we were doing this Desiree had brought a rack of dresses over to us and was pushing several aside before finally selecting a light green chiffon dress. She unzipped it and helped me put it on. After zipping me up all the women stood back a little and looked me over. Audrey made a note on the clipboard and as mom unzipped me Desiree selected a purple satin sheath from the rack. I stepped gingerly into the sheath dress and mom zipped me up. Audrey made another note and then I took the dress off.

While Audrey hung the dress back up on the rack Desiree selected several pairs of high heel shoes from the bottom of the rack. I began trying them on until I found a size that fit me. Audrey noted the size but as I began to slip the shoes off Desiree stopped me.

"Wait. I want to see you walk in heels. Put your right hand on your hip and walk slowly across the room, then turn around, stop and then walk back towards me," she instructed.



I nodded and began my walk. I had walked only briefly in three-inch heel pumps at the pageant store so I took my time and was careful to put one foot in front of the other. When I got back to where Desiree was standing I stopped in front of her.

“That’s very good Paul. Now do it again only this time a little slower and don’t forget to smile at us when you turn around and stop,” she admonished.

I walked away again. This time I shortened my gait a little. I smiled as I turned around and stopped. Then I came back to where they were standing and stopped once again. I was feeling poised and confident as I did everything exactly the way she had asked me too.

“I think you’ve got it Paul,” smiled Desiree. “Put your clothes back on and be back here at eight am tomorrow.”

Mom unhooked the top hooks and I stepped behind the dividers to change. I left everything on the chair and we went home. She said nothing as she drove but I felt absolutely delighted that I would have another chance to be made up and dress in beautiful clothes.

I hardly slept a wink that night just thinking about the delights that were in store for me the next day. I finally drifted off to sleep only to be shocked awake by the alarm clock at seven am. I dressed quickly and we ate breakfast.

I was in a hurry to get to the store so I could be made up and dressed in all those beautiful clothes. Dad had not said anything to me so apparently he was not aware of the fact that my modeling job consisted of wearing makeup and girls’ clothes instead of boys’ clothes.

At the formal apparel store Audrey let us in again. Desiree wasn’t there but a female photographer and her assistant were setting up a camera and lights near the entrance to the main floor of the store. Both of them looked up at me and smiled as we came in.

As I undressed in Desiree’s office I could hear them giggling about something. I walked out and Audrey used wax strips to rid my legs of what little hair I had and then she sat me at the small make up table.

Mom adjusted the breast forms in their cups and then closed the back hooks of the body briefer. Audrey made up my face. She used pink blusher, lipstick and then did my eyes. To save time she used pink press on nails. When she finished she affixed the long earrings to my earlobes and then placed a light brown shoulder length wig on my head.

I could hardly believe the reflection I saw in the mirror. I had gone from boy to girl in only about twenty minutes. My transformation complete I stood up and Audrey handed me a pair of panty hose.

I rolled one leg down at a time and stepped carefully into them. After bringing it up to my waist I smoothed out the hose with both hands and marveled at how good it felt against my freshly waxed legs.

I stepped into a pair of white four-inch heel, open toed shoes and buckled the straps.

With both photographer and assistant grinning I walked over to the rack to put on my first dress.

Everything went smoothly that morning. Audrey and the photographer were very pleased at my poise and grace as I modeled the dresses I was assigned. I loved the way the dresses looked on me as I proceeded to move and pose as they directed. I felt like a real girl too.

We broke for lunch and then finished up the shoot with four more gowns. Then of course we were done and I had to undress, remove my wig, earrings and makeup so that once more I would be seen by the world as a boy. Audrey thanked me and mom drove me home. The check was generous and it was placed in my savings account for my education.

That night as I sat in the bathtub and ran the bar of soap over my smooth, hairless, very girly legs I thought about spending the rest of my life as a girl or maybe as a boy but always dressed like a girl. If I looked good enough to earn the kind of money I had just made at my age imagine what I could earn as an adult.

My dreams that night consisted of me wearing lots of feminine finery. I saw myself modeling professionally earning a seven-figure income with penthouse apartments in several cities as well as Europe. When the alarm clock woke me the next morning I thought about whether or not dreams really can come true.

At six am the following Sunday I had a chance to find out. Several of the models in the formal apparel show had gone out Saturday night and the mixture of marijuana and alcohol had resulted in the driver being killed and the other three girls being injured, two of them seriously. A couple of replacements had been found but they were still one girl short for the afternoon show so Desiree wanted me to be pressed into service.

I was unsure of this because standing still to have your picture taken was one thing, walking down the runway and back in front of all those people was another. My athleticism had given me plenty of self-confidence but this was something I had never done before and it was on the spur of the moment to boot.

Mom just smiled and said not to worry that I would be fine. I was still apprehensive as we pulled into the parking lot of the mall at noon and walked to where the models were getting made up and dressed.

Audrey quickly ushered us into a small dressing area where I got into my foundation garment and panty hose. After getting my wig, jewelry and make up on Desiree came over. She looked fabulous in her sharply tailored jacket, skirt and heels. I listened intently as she instructed me how to "walk the walk".

We went over to the dress rack and my first bridesmaid dress was picked out. I put it on and mom zipped me up. The dyeable shoes barely fit but I knew I could manage. Audrey adjusted the tiara and I put on the matching wrist length gloves and then Desiree handed me the matching clutch bag. I was as ready as I was ever going to be.

While mom and Audrey waited in the dressing area Desiree took me over to where the girls were forming a line as the time for the show approached. She introduced me to the girls as "Paulette". I had a stomach full of butterflies as the time for my entrance got shorter. Desiree gave me a wink and I began the walk.

Once on the stage and the walkway my confidence took over and I proceeded thru the show without a hitch. I especially liked the last dress, a white, sleeveless, satin wedding

sheath. This dress was a tight fit because it was more sharply tapered, particularly below the knee. Because of that I had to walk in a more mincing, effeminate manner. The satin felt so good against my skin. I really felt like a girl or at least the way I thought girls felt when they were all dressed up. I know I made a beautiful bride.

The other girls in the show had not paid much attention to me. Everybody was concentrating on putting on a good presentation for the stores as well as the manufactures representatives who were also there. I was just another mannequin as far as they were concerned.

Just before getting backstage to where my mom was waiting, one of the girls handed me a note. As I turned and left I heard two of the other girls giggling with her.

Backstage I began the process of returning to my male self again. It seemed a little harder each time. It was sort of like leaving a friend behind and then seeing her again. My impersonation had everybody fooled but in the back of my mind I had a curious thought:

My mother, Audrey and Desiree saw me as a boy impersonating a girl. Deep down inside I wondered if I wasn't really a girl who after each show now returned to impersonating a boy. Obviously I had no trouble being either one. Never the less at some point I was going to have to make a choice. I couldn't continue to live on the fence, so to speak. I would become an adult soon and have to make some career choice. My ability to be comfortable in both worlds would probably have a say in that too.

At home I put the plastic bag of freebies that all the girls had received on my mothers' dresser. She could pick from the assortment of make up, perfume and bath products to suit her. I took the note from one of



the girls and went into my room.

"PARTY TIME!! 2416 BIRCHTREE LANE. FEBRUARY 14, 2006. PARENTS GONE!!  
COME CASUAL!!! RSVP!!! CANDY 223-2114.

Her handwriting was exquisite. I hadn't said anything to my mother about getting the note. I wanted to call Candy and tell her I could not attend. I didn't know her and she lived quite a distance from me. I was certain I was being invited to an "all girl" party and she probably didn't know I was really a boy.

I put the note in my dresser drawer and decided to think about it. I was sixteen now and I hadn't starting dating yet. My socializing was confined to school and school functions. I had no car either and I would not be getting to get my drivers' license for several months yet so I would need a ride to and from the party. Most of the girls were older than I was and with the note about her parents being gone I also had concerns about alcohol or drug use.

A week went by and the party invitation sort of slipped my mind. I was busy with schoolwork and though soccer practice wouldn't start yet for several months I continued to work out in the basement to keep myself slim and trim. Working out was also a great outlet for my frustrations.

It was Sunday night, one week before the party when I remembered the note. I dug it out and called Candy. Her mother answered and when I asked for Candy she immediately responded with "Who is calling?"

I was unsure as to what to say since Candy knew me as Paulette and so that was my answer. Shortly Candy's soft voice came on the line.

"Hi Paulette, I'm so glad you called. I was beginning to wonder if you were coming or not."

I took a deep breath and decided that honesty was the best policy.

"Well actually I can't. You see I'm not really a girl. I was helping a friend of my mom's out once and then this fashion show came up and I helped out again. The pay was too good to turn down," I explained.

"I know you are really a guy," she began.

"You do?" I asked in surprise.

"Of course. There are no secrets in the modeling business. All the girls knew you were a guy too," she replied.

My heart sank. If all the girls knew, was there anyone outside my family who didn't know?

"Look Paulette, I mean Paul all the girls were cool with it. Now I'll pick you up about six and take you back home when the party's over. Tell your folks you will probably be late"

"Well, ok," I answered.

"And remember, dress casual!!!" she reiterated before hanging up.