



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# A JOURNEY FOR LIFE

Norman Way



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# A JOURNEY FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

It was an overcast, gloomy day. It was a perfect day for a funeral though. The ceremony was brief. Following the mournful trumpet solo called "Taps" and the gunshots, the soldier handed my mother the flag folded neatly in a triangular shape.

I was angry. My father didn't belong in that box. He belonged home with us. Kuwait had been freed from the Iraqi invasion. My dad came home and everything was fine for almost a week. He had run down to the convenience store to get some cigarettes, even though my mom had been begging him to quit. He had walked in on a robbery in progress. The man who shot my father and the clerk was still at large and so was his accomplice.

I guess that was when it had all started. The same government that had sent him to war to free some other country was now turning its' back on us. A month after moving out of the base housing my mom got the life insurance check, half of which was placed in trust for me until I was eighteen, and the other half would be used to keep us going.

I was angry and rebellious, not against my mom but most everything else. I guess I thought any authority or rule represented the people who took my father away. Had he not been wearing his MP uniform maybe he would still be alive today?

Mom took a second job cleaning homes in addition to working at a box store four days a week. She would come home tired from work and then after a quick supper she would be gone again. Money was tight but we were making it.

I kept busy with my schoolwork. Mom had stressed the importance of my education. I was not the class clown or cutup per se' but I did enjoy doing or saying things that rankled the teacher and got myself a few laughs.

The neighborhood we had moved to was quiet. It was more than we could afford but it was a very nice two bedroom and it was near a park. I liked to take long walks there,

sometimes with mom for a picnic lunch, but mostly when I was alone. I enjoyed the quiet solitude. School was noisy and overcrowded so it was a relief to get away from it.

To save money we shopped at thrift stores and garage sales. Once I fondled a very pretty pair of pink panties while my mom was talking to another woman as she looked at some jeans. I liked the soft feel of the fabric and wondered what it would be like to wear them. There was something about wearing clothing that only girls could wear that sort of excited me. I said nothing of course and we went home.

Later that night she left to clean a neighbor's house. I took a shower and after drying myself off walked into my mothers' bedroom and opened her top dresser drawer. The first thing I saw was her slip. It was made of the same material as the panties I had fondled at the garage sale.

I took the cake of sweet smelling soap off the top and held the slip up to my face. It smelled so good. I held the straps and let the slip unfold. I held it against my skin and marveled at how wonderful it felt.

On impulse I laid it on the bed, then picked it up by the hem and slipped it over my head. As the cool tricot cascaded over me I caught the sweet scent of the soap again. I felt ecstatic. With both hands I smoothed the slip over my body and walked over to the full-length mirror.

It hung on me of course because I was much smaller than my mother. I imagined what I would look like if I wore her foundation garments, hose and the slip under one of her dresses. I walked back to the vanity and picked up her lipstick. I took the cap off and turned base. I held it for a while wondering how I would look dressed up and wearing makeup.

I replaced the lipstick and picked up her hair brush. I walked over to the full-length mirror again and brushed my hair over my forehead. I was surprised at how girlish I looked. I put the brush back and opened the large closet doors. I removed the black high heel pumps she had worn to the funeral and put them on. They were too big for me but I wobbled over to the mirror again to look at myself. I was sure at that point I probably should have been a girl. I did look pretty, even with the slip hanging on me and the sloppy fitting shoes.

I took the shoes off, replaced them in the rack and closed the closet door. I pulled the slip over my head and folded it up just the way I had found it. I replaced it in the drawer and put the soap back on top of it.

Back in my room I put on my pajamas. They were made of cotton-polyester and felt "rough" compared to the tricot slip. I went into the living room to watch TV but nothing seemed to interest me. I kept thinking about wearing those clothes all the time. I knew I was a boy and shouldn't be thinking that way but the urge had been very strong and the thrill of it had not been lost on me either.

I was certain I wasn't crazy or sick either. My feelings were quite genuine, almost as if it were normal for me to feel that way. I knew I couldn't tell my mother or anyone else for that matter. I had heard the words "queer" and "faggot" tossed around at school whenever a boy did anything that wasn't up to what the other boys thought of as a "male standard" and I didn't want to be put in that category.

I continued to dress up when I knew mom would be gone for a while. She kept a pink satin chemise in the bottom drawer of the dresser and I liked it better than the slip. I wished I could go to bed wearing it instead of my pajamas.

Once after donning her slip I took a skirt off the hanger and put it on too. I put the jacket on next and then her high heels. Wobbling over to the mirror I felt euphoric. I turned around several times and pretended I was modeling the suit by walking to the living room and back with my hand on my hip and one of her purses dangling from the crook of the other elbow.

I had seen news clips on TV with the professional models on the runway showing off the latest spring or fall fashions. I tried to imitate them but it was hard in the ill fitting clothes and high heel shoes. I wanted to put on some makeup too but was afraid to try it and then not be able to get it all off.

When school was out for the summer my dress ups became more frequent. I really wanted to stay dressed up all day but knew that would be impossible. I couldn't try the makeup either and felt frustrated as I wanted to see what I looked like with a "complete look"

Mom had always stressed a healthy diet. Between that and my enjoyment for the outdoors, either hiking or jogging kept me trim and fit. I didn't seem to be getting much taller though and that did give me some cause for concern. While the other boys seemed to be shooting up I was just inching along.

By the end of Junior High all of the boys had surpassed me. I tried out for and made the track team running the half mile and mile. I was close to setting some school records and this kept me from being picked on for the most part. Mom was always encouraging me to do my best.

I don't think she knew about my dressing up in her clothes. If she did she never let on. On several occasions she did speak firmly to me when a teacher had complained about my cutting up in class or making a disturbance

Once I started high school the environment was quite different. Football was the top sport and anything else was considered "sissified". A couple of times one of the bigger guys tried pushing me around and I used a couple of the moves my dad had taught me when he first came home from the army.

The last time a guy shoved me he wound up in the hospital with a small skull fracture. My mom took me to an after school meeting with the assistant principal. I explained I was only defending myself and my mom stood up for me. Nothing came of it and the bigger guys left me alone after that.

I was still crossdressing when I could though it was more infrequent during the school year and especially when track season started. I was also surfing the net with our new computer as well as reading over several catalogs my mother got in the mail. I had no money of my own except for a few bucks a week allowance. It would be two years before I would get the \$25,000 in my trust.

I thought about wearing girls' clothes more and more often. I measured myself and imagined what I would buy from the catalogs or the internet sites. Shoes would be harder

as the sizes varied so much. When mom or I needed shoes we usually went to a store to be assured of a proper fit. I would glance over to the women's rack as the clerk helped me with my new sneakers. I wished I could try the high heels on so I could be sure of my size.

Just before the end of my sophomore year we were at a thrift store and I spotted a pair of black high heels in a size that looked to be about right for me. There was only one clerk in the store and the cashier was occupied with several customers. I slipped off one sneaker and tried the right shoe on. It was a perfect fit. I put it back and slipped my sneaker back on. I looked around and nobody noticed. I looked inside the shoe and it was a size eight and a half wide. I walked over to where mom was looking at some blouses and waited until she had picked out what she liked.

Later that night I thought about how I would be able to buy those shoes. I decided to ride my bike to the store early the next morning. Mom had to work early and she would be gone before I got up enabling me to sneak them into the house with no problem.

I heard her get up and as soon as the car was out of the driveway I got dressed and went downstairs. I ate my breakfast slowly and read the Sunday paper. It was hard to focus on what I read as I was too excited about what I was about to do.

It was nine thirty when I left the house. On Sunday the thrift store didn't open until ten. I pedaled slowly arriving there at just a little after ten. I parked my bike and went inside. There was a different clerk at the counter. I walked back to the shoe rack, picked up the shoes, and headed for the counter. I paid the six dollars and the tired sad eyed clerk placed the shoes in a black plastic bag for me. She thanked me as I left and went back to reading her tabloid magazine. I put the bag in the basket on the handle bars and pedaled home as fast as I could.

Back at home I parked my bike in the garage and went inside to my bedroom. I sat down in the bedroom chair and removed my sneakers. I took the high heels out of the bag and stepped into them. They felt almost as if they were made for me. I stood up and took several tentative steps. It was kind of eerie standing up at an angle but I walked back and forth in the bedroom a few times and got the hang of it.

Next I walked to the kitchen and down the steps to the basement, then back to the bedroom again. I felt real proud of myself and quite girly too. I had heard more than one woman complain about wearing high heels but this had been a snap and I couldn't figure out why they disliked them so much.

I put the shoes in an empty shoe box and placed the box at the back of the closet with other boxes on top of it. I looked thru a catalog that had come in the mail Saturday and imagined myself wearing the outfits with my new pair of high heel shoes.

It was Tuesday before I knew mom would be gone all day. I put on her slip and found a pair of knee high nylon stockings and put them on two. The nylons felt equally good on my nearly hair free legs as the slip did. The skirt and jacket were next. I stepped into the high heel pumps. I felt absolutely wonderful. I walked around the house feeling so feminine. I smoothed the skirt with one hand before I sat down like I had seen girls do. Then I got up and walked around some more. I don't think I ever felt better in my life. Walking in those clothes and high heels made me feel like a real woman. After about an hour I took everything off and put them back in their rightful place.

I made myself lunch wearing moms white apron with the ruffled edges. I tried to eat more daintily like I had seen the girls at school eat. When I finished I put on a pair of pink latex gloves. After washing and drying the dishes I got the mail and paged thru another one of moms' sale flyers.

I was truly confounded by these experiences. I was mystified as to why I was so attracted to feminine apparel as well as why I enjoyed dressing up so much. I was a male to be sure but why did I so enjoy pretending to be female? I saw the reflection in the mirror of a pretty young girl not the boy I really was. I wanted to have longer hair and wear a ribbon in it. I wanted to have longer nails and put polish on them too. I wished I could apply makeup and see how I looked fully made up and dressed in girls' clothes.

In May, a couple of weeks before school would be out for the year, I had pedaled to the mall to meet some friends at the arcade. The maintenance crew was setting up a walkway and steps over the large pool containing multi-colored goldfish. There was going to be a prom and bridal show that Sunday.

At the arcade one of my friends idly remarked what a great tragedy it would be if one or more of the girls might accidentally trip and fall into the water. We all laughed at this. The railings and the walkway looked pretty sturdy to me and I said to them there would be now way that could happen. It would be hilarious however and with all the photographers there it would most certainly make the evening edition of the paper.

That Saturday night we met at the arcade. I had brought about twenty feet of monofilament fishing line from my dads' old reel. John had brought an adjustable wrench and a screwdriver. At the mall's closing we walked past the walkway as people were leaving. John removed a couple of the nuts that held the railing bolts at the bottom of the steps and I wrapped the fishing line quickly around the two bottom posts and then across the steps. You couldn't see the line unless you looked real close and then you had to know exactly where to look.

Sunday morning we all got to the mall early. John verified the line was still in place. We spend several hours at the arcade and then had burgers and fries at the café court. About a quarter to one a crowd of people began to gather around the walkway as the girls arrive to be dressed and made up.

We stationed ourselves in a good spot as the girls lined up for their procession. They were absolutely gorgeous. The gowns were exquisite and I wished I could try them all on. As they came gracefully down the walkway in their gowns and high heels people began applauding.

The guys held up their cameras as the girls walked up one side of the short bridge over the pool and then down the other. As the first girl stepped off the bridge she leaned on the railing to descend the steps. She tripped on the fishing line and leaned hard to the right. The railing came loose. The girl behind her grabbed her and she too fell into the water with a loud splash.

There was a gasp from the audience. One man jumped into the shallow pool and helped the girls to their feet. Cameras continued to flash as they were helped out of the pool. A maintenance man showed up and reattached the railing. I watched as he cut the

fishing line off and handed it to one of the two security guards standing nearby. The procession continued a short time later and we left the mall.

There were numerous pictures in the paper the next day and numerous copies from the guys' cameras were circulated around school. Everything seemed to be ok until Friday. I was called into the principals' office along with the three other boys I had been with. A security guard from the mall was there and there was a video tape machine set up. Both the principal and the guard's faces were grim.

When questioned about our activities the day before the show we admitted to being at the arcade but of course we denied everything else. I had misgivings about all of this. When the tape was played my heart sank. It showed us leaving the mall and then John ducking under the bridge where the railing bolts were fastened and me jumping across the front of the steps twisting the fishing line as I did so.

I swallowed hard. We had no choice and came clean. We signed statements and were allowed to go home with a warning. In addition our parents would receive copies of the report as well as our signed statements.

Mom was more disappointed than anything else. I was grounded until she could decide what to do. It had been really funny and played up well in all the papers as well as the internet. Neither of the girls had been injured. I didn't really see the seriousness of this but I knew I had to be punished.

Sunday night, a week before school ended, she sat me down after supper.

"I have made a deal with the authorities," she began. "You are going to spend the summer at a special school in the country. For the next three months you must do exactly as they say and your record will be expunged. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Good. Friday evening a woman named Hillary will pick you up and take you there. Remember. You must do exactly what they tell you. No more arguments, insubordination, no cutting up. You will be brought back a week before school starts again. If everything goes as planned you will have a clean record and you will never have to go there again. Do you understand?"

"Yes mom," I answered quietly.

"All right then."

Nothing more was said. The last week dragged by. I passed all my exams and felt ready to begin my junior year next fall. There was no more talk during the week of the escapade or my upcoming "special school".

I returned from jogging about eight thirty. A black sedan was pulling in the driveway as I entered thru the back door. I heard mom scream my name.

"Michael! Get out here now!"

I walked thru the house to the front door. Standing in the door way was a heavy set woman with black glasses and grey hair. She wore no makeup and had a very serious expression on her face.

"Michael this is Hillary Kline."



I extended my hand as we were introduced. She took my hand and gripped it firmly as she looked me over with a smile on her face.

"Get in the car please, we must leave right away," commanded Hillary

"I just finished jogging and I would like to shower. Besides I have to pack," I said

"You won't need your clothes and you can shower when we get there, now young man get moving!" she said in an angry voice.

I looked at mom and she just nodded her head in the direction of the car.

I walked past the two women and headed for the car. Hillary caught up to me and instructed me to sit in the back seat. About twenty minutes later we drove into a nearby mall and she pulled up to one of the rear doors.

"Come with me Michelle," she said in her firm voice.

I followed her to the door that said "Bobbi's Salon" on it, puzzled at being called "Michelle" instead of Michael. She rang the bell. A minute later a lady in a pink smock and black slacks opened it.

"Come on in," the woman said as she looked me over with a smile just like Hillary had done when I was introduced to her.

I walked thru the back of the beauty shop to where several other girls wearing similar uniforms were waiting.

"Girls this is Michelle. Please get him ready for summer school. Michelle these two ladies are Tricia and Shirley, the mothers of the two girls you and your friends dumped into the pool at the mall. They are going to prepare you for the next three months. Now take off everything but your athletic support," said Hillary in a sharp voice.

I looked at her quizzically but the stern expression on her face kept me from saying anything. I undressed and set my clothes and shoes to one side. Over the next hour I was subjected to the indignity of having my body stripped of all hair with clippers and hot wax. After one of the girls photographed my hairless figure, smiling for the camera at Hillary's order, I sat in the chair.

My eyebrows were plucked and shaped, my ears pierced, my eyelashes curled. My finger and toenails were painted with two coats of bright pink nail polish followed by a top coat of clear polish. My hair was trimmed in the back and the top was combed forward to form bangs. Once again I smiled at Hillary's command and was photographed. Lastly one of the girls took a tape measure and measured my chest, waist and hips. She wrote them down on a pad, then tore off the sheet and handed it to Hillary

Hillary looked me over and then commented "Very nice job girls, thanks again for staying late."

"Please come again Michelle," teased one of the girls. "We'd love to help you anyway we can!"

As laughter filled the room I began to get dressed. I had no doubt the pictures wouldn't just be seen by Hillary or the beauty shop girls.

As we left the shop I wanted to ask why this was being done but decided to keep silent. There was no conversation over the next hour as we drove out of the city. I had no idea where we were going or what was going to happen once we got there. I liked the reflection in the mirror at the beauty shop. I really did look like a girl. My nails were very pretty and I enjoyed the pampering they had given me even though I wasn't supposed to.

I didn't have my watch on so I had no idea what time it was but I guessed it was after ten o'clock when Hillary pulled into the driveway of a big old farmhouse. The lights were on and there were two cars parked near the garage.

"Step out here Michelle," she ordered.

I got out of the car as the garage door opened. She drove the car inside and emerged a minute later. We walked silently towards the house. She unlocked the back door and I followed her inside. We went thru the kitchen and entered the living room where two girls were sitting on the couch watching TV.

"Girls, this is Michelle. Michelle these are my daughters Sally and Katie."

Both girls looked up at me with broad grins on their faces. I felt like I was their new cat or puppy. Something they could play with over the summer and then be done with.

"Hi Michelle!" they both said in unison.

"Hi" was all I could manage.

"Sit here for a minute," said Hillary as she motioned to a chair.

I took my seat as Hillary sat down between her daughters. With all three girls looking at me she began.

"I am genuinely sorry your father died so tragically and so young. However that is no excuse for your actions. I know your mother has tried very hard to correct this but sometimes it is necessary for a third party to intervene."

"By your actions you have shown an unwillingness to follow rules, be self disciplined and behave in a gentlemanly manner. Warnings and groundings have apparently been ineffective so it becomes necessary to take a more severe approach to your punishment. This is called "behavior modification" or as it used to be called "Petticoat Punishment" For the rest of the summer we are going to train you and treat you like a "lady". You will obey our instructions and behave in a proper lady like fashion as we direct. Failure to do so and you will be turned over to the juvenile authorities and I know you don't want that. Am I correct in my assumption?"

I nodded my assertion.

"Good. Then we will get started. If you comply with everything at the end of the summer you will be returned to your mother. Now lets' go upstairs and get you ready for bed."

I got up and followed Hillary up the stairs with the two girls right behind me. At the top of the stairs she turned left and stopped.

"The girls have your bath ready. Put on the pajama bottom that is hanging on the hook when you have dried your self off. Come into the bedroom on the left here and we will outfit you with some proper clothing for your stay here."

I entered the bathroom and closed the door, but not before the sound of giggles could be heard. I undressed and placed my clothes on top of the hamper. I stood on the edge of the tub to see a layer of pink foam on top of the water. I stepped carefully in the tub and sat down.

The sweet scent of perfumed bubble bath assaulted my nostrils. The water was not only warm but slimy. It felt so good against my smooth, hair free skin. I took the bar of soap out of the dish and found it too had a perfumed scent. I scrubbed myself all over, pausing momentarily to stare at my glistening pink toenails rising from the pink foam.

When I finished I replaced the soap in the dish and rinsed the pink slime from my body. I let the water out of the tub and stepped onto the pink floor mat. I dried myself off

with one of the large pink fluffy towels and then rinsed the rest of the pink foam out of the tub. I dried my hands and replaced the towel on the rack.

The “pajama bottom”, as Hillary describe it, was actually a very dainty pair of pink panties. The panties were made of the same soft, slippery material as my mothers’ slip and had four rows of white ruffles along the back. I put the garment on to find it was a perfect fit. It was no surprise to find the same old feelings returning that I had when I cross dressed in my mothers’ clothes. I knew I looked very girly and smelled that way too. If this was punishment maybe I should be punished for the rest of my life.

I picked up my clothes and opened the bathroom door. The giggles from the bedroom on the left stopped and I walked to where they were standing.

“I’ll take those,” said Katie as she took my pile of male clothes from me and walked to another room down the hall.



“Stand spread eagle over near the vanity,” said Hillary.

I did as she instructed. Sally held up a round container and removed the cover. She pulled out a powder puff and proceeded to dust me from head to foot. When she finished Hillary handed me the matching top to the panties I was wearing. I put my arms thru the pink filmy top and pulled it over my head and down. Tricia adjusted the huge pink bow under my chin.

“There. Now I know it has been a long day and you are probably tired. Tomorrow will be a busy day for us so you need to get some sleep. Your toothbrush is the pink one. From now on you will always brush and floss your teeth after each meal. Use the pink shower cap when you shower and after each shower or bath always dust yourself liberally with the body powder. Understood?”

“Yes ma’m,” I answered.

The women left and went downstairs. I went back in the bathroom, brushed my teeth and then got into bed. The sheets and pillow cases were also pink of course. They were made of a shiny, slippery satin-like material. The tag read polyester but they felt like real satin when I crawled inside and it felt so wonderful to be encased in this soft, sensuous, sweet smelling cocoon.

It seemed like I had barely closed my eyes when Hillary was shaking me awake.

“Time for breakfast Michelle,” said Hillary. “After we eat we will get you outfitted and then the girls have to get to there summer jobs.”

I got up and went to the john.

“Remember to sit down,” Hillary admonished as she started down the stairs.

I closed the bathroom door. I slid my panties down and sat down to pee. I looked down at my pink toenails. This was going to be some summer I thought to myself.

When I finished I washed my hands and went downstairs to the kitchen. My breakfast was about half of what I normally would have called “breakfast”. It consisted of one small slice of toast, a small glass of juice and a small bowl of cereal. I certainly wasn’t going to be putting any weight on this summer.

After breakfast we all went upstairs again. Katie and Sally had finished first and had been upstairs arranging some clothing on the bed and in the dresser. When Hillary and I walked in Katie smiled and said “Everything is ready,”

“Very well,” replied Hillary. “You girls can go. I will take over from here.”

The girls left. Hillary opened the top drawer of the dresser and removed a pair of white panties.

“Take off your nightie and put these on,” she commanded. She left the room and closed the door.

I pulled the pink top off, then slid the pink panties down and stepped out of them. The white panties were made of the same material. I put them on and then opened the door.

“Fold up your nightgown and put it in the third drawer,” she said.

I did so and then she held up a bra.