

Feminized For Life



Norman Way

A "New Woman" Novel

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FEMINIZED FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

I have no recollection of my father at all. When I first became aware of my surroundings it was just mom and I. We lived in a small duplex on the edge of town. I was alone most of the time but didn't miss having other kids my age to play with in the neighborhood. I came to enjoy solitude.

Mom was a phys-ed teacher by day and cleaned homes for retired or disabled people at night. I was always with her as a helper. I had been doing the housework since I could walk as my part of what she called "pitching in" as well as some cooking and of course helping with the dishes afterwards.

There was one exception to her client list. Vera Jackson ran a chain of pharmacies begun by her late father in law Walter Jackson. His son, William, had died young of a heart attack. Rumors had swirled around town that she wore the pants in the marriage and with her business degree kept pushing him to expand from the single store started by his dad. It may have been too much for the mild mannered William and that is why he died so young.

Occasionally when we would clean her house I thought she looked at me in kind of a funny way. Almost if she was imagining me to be someone else or maybe she was contemplating something she wanted to do with me but couldn't tell me about.

Mom and I managed quite well. She had a waiting list of people who wanted her to clean for them but mom kept a short list of people she knew and had worked for them for a long time. It's not uncommon for some people to feel when you work for them they own you. Mom's customers were not that way. She knew some of the people who were and she never would consider working for them at any time.

I did well in school and kept pretty much to myself. I stayed out of any extra curricular activities because it would cut into the time I needed to spend with mom and her cleaning business. As a result I had little interaction with the other kids my age.

Sports didn't interest me much. Because of my work with mom and some needed study time I didn't participate in any of the school's programs. I found those boys who did seemed to be more popular than the other boys like me. There wasn't much I could do about it so I just continued to be myself and enjoy the company of the few friends I did have.

Shortly after finishing school in May I turned sixteen. It was the Sunday night of the week before Memorial Day Weekend that mom told me to call Vera Walker. When I asked what it was about she said it had to do with a summer job for me. I was pleasantly surprised to hear this as even part time work had gotten scarce and I was sure I could work around mom's cleaning schedule.

When I called her back she asked me to come to the Walker Pharmacy office that was about ten blocks from where we lived. My appointment was for nine am the next day. I thanked her and hung up.

After breakfast the next morning I put on a white shirt, black tie, black slacks and my dress shoes. I left the house on my bike about eight thirty and arrived at the pharmacy at ten minutes to nine. I went inside and walked immediately to the back of the store to find Vera talking with one of the employees outside of her office. She smiled as I approached.

"I'm glad you're here on time," she said with a smile. "Punctuality is very important. Let's go into my office."

I followed her inside and sat down across from her as she sat behind her desk.

"I need someone to do cleaning and stock work most of which will be after hours. In addition there maybe some work in sales but that will be later. I know you are a hard worker which is why I have asked you to come here. It pays only the minimum wage to start with. You will be needed on weekends and some nights. The weekends will be eight hour shifts and the weeknights will only be about three or four hours. Would you be able to start next Saturday at eight am?"

Without even thinking about it I said yes.

"Splendid! My manager Sarah Wayne will be here to get you started. Thank you for coming in."

She stood up and we shook hands. As I walked to the front door I noticed the female employee Vera had been talking to looking at me in a funny way as she chatted with the girl at the cosmetics counter. I heard them giggling as I went out the door

As I biked back home I couldn't believe my good fortune. Mom was happy of me too. My work with mom was always unpaid though I did receive a small allowance. Now I would be getting over a hundred bucks a week just for my self.

That night I had a hard time getting to sleep thinking about all the things I was going to buy with my first paycheck. For just a moment I thought about the two girls at the cosmetic counter who after glancing in my direction turned away and began giggling. Girls will be girls I guess.

Saturday morning at seven forty five I walked in the store and went straight back to the office. I met Sarah Wayne.

"I am glad to see you are on time. We have lots of work to do. Before we get started please fill out these payroll forms."

She gave me the payroll forms to fill out. When I finished she took me to the back room which was piled high with boxes.

"Start with those six boxes near the door. Open one box at a time and place the merchandise on the table. After you apply the security and price tags return them to the box. They will be put out later. Continue with the other boxes. Your fifteen minute break is at ten thirty and your lunch is at twelve thirty followed by an afternoon break at three pm. Do you have any questions?"

I shook my head no. She left the loading area and I began my work. The day went fast and so did Sunday. Sa-

rah was happy with my ability to pick things up quickly. By five pm Sunday most of the merchandise had been placed out on the shelves and I had also finished my cleaning duties.



During the week I worked four hour shifts on Tuesday and Thursday. Vera Walker stopped by the store at close on Thursday night. She was very pleased with my work and following a brief conversation with Sarah left the store.

As the summer progressed I needed less and less supervision. I enjoyed the job and time seemed to just fly by. I did find it a bit odd that I was the only male employee in the store but since both Sarah and Vera were happy I guess that was all that mattered.

Just before the back to school sale Sarah called me into her office. She seemed to be a bit pensive. Almost as if she was going to ask me something she knew I wouldn't be too happy to do. It turned out I was right

"You are an excellent employee and I am glad you are here," she began. We're in a bit of a spot. The two girls that share duties at the cosmetic counter were in a car accident. I am pulling people from other stores to cover the time but only for one week. The girls will be out for months. I know you are a little familiar with the products from your stock work. Could you work behind the cosmetic counter for about a month until one of the less seriously injured girls will be back to work?"

I hesitated. When Vera mentioned some sales work I thought she meant walking the floor to help customers find the items they were looking for or perhaps at the photo-duplicating counter. I guess I felt a little foolish selling makeup but I thought it would be a good idea to help them out since they had been willing to hire me in the first place and things had been going so well since I had started.

"Yes I will be glad to help you out," I answered.

Sarah's face brightened in a smile.

“Thank you so much! Here is a notebook that I want you to take home and study this week. I will test you on these things before you start.”

She handed me the notebook and I left the office.

That night after supper I went to my room and sat on the bed. I opened the note book to find it was divided into sections: skin care, hair care, nail care, cosmetics, perfume and bath sets. I read each section carefully and jotted down some questions.

The week went by quickly. Sarah was pleased that I had questions. After close on Friday I went behind the cosmetic counter and pretended to wait on Sarah, and two other female employees. I found everything they asked for and answered dozens of questions about the products without a single mistake. Sarah was more than pleased. I was happy too though I did feel a bit out of place.

On my first day I was pretty nervous. It must have been obvious because Sarah and one of the girls stopped by the counter before we opened. They both said not to be concerned about anything, as I could always ask one of them for help.

I was not surprised the day went by so quickly. Some of the middle aged women seemed a bit uncomfortable talking to a male cosmetic salesman but for the most part the other female customers, young and old never seemed to give it a thought.

Once school started again I figured I would go back to doing my stock and cleaning work. Sarah showed me a sales sheet. It seemed not only was I a good salesman I was too good. Another girl was hired for the stock work.

She and I would split the cleaning chores but I was now going to be working behind the cosmetic counter all the time. My minimum wage against a five percent com-

mission on my sales was tuning into a bigger pay check too. I read some books on salesmanship. I also continued to read all of the literature about the products I sold as soon as soon as it came in the store.

Vera and Sarah were very impressed.

It was two weeks before Halloween when Sarah stopped by the cosmetics counter just as we were closing. She had the pensive look again. I couldn't imagine what might be up this time.

"Vera wants to see you at her house tomorrow at six pm."

"Okay, I will be there," I answered.

I went home wondering what this was all about. If she wanted to talk to me she could just as easily stopped by the store.

It was a long day at school. I kept wondering why she wanted me to come to her house for anything. Mom and I had just been there to clean. I couldn't imagine that it had anything to do with that or mom would have gotten the call.

After supper I told mom where I was going. She too seemed a bit puzzled by Vera's request. I walked several blocks to the bus stop and caught the cross town express.

Vera lived in a complex north west of the store in a very expensive condominium. When I arrived at the address I walked in the lobby and pushed the button for her condo. When she answered I identified myself and she buzzed me in.

The entry way was quiet and the elevator ride to the third floor was very smooth. I walked to her numbered door and knocked. When she opened the door I was sur-

prised to see her in jeans and a sweatshirt. I had seen her only in business attire before hand.

"Please come in Larry," she said with a grin.

I followed her into the living room. There was a short, Asian woman sitting on the davenport holding a clipboard. A measuring tape was around her neck. She looked up at me and smiled.

"Larry this is Mrs. Wang."

I nodded in her direction as Vera turned to me.

"Now I know you are wondering just what this is about. After my husband died I formed the pharmacies into a limited corporation. I never used banks for financing. I prefer to form limited partnerships with people and use their money to expand. They get more interest on their money and I don't have to deal with a lot of crap from the banks."

"I am having a meeting here with several prospective investors this weekend. It's Halloween weekend so in the spirit of that holiday I want to have several people serve my guests as well as model some of our cosmetic products. As you know both of the injured girls are out of the hospital but neither of them is able to be up and around for a modeling gig."

"Your work has been flawless at the store and I don't want you to feel you are under any obligation to do this. Please don't take this the wrong way but you do have a small frame and a pretty face. I would like you to wear a feminine costume and make up at the meeting. You will also help serve my guests coffee and cake after our business meeting. After they leave you will help me clean up afterwards. I will pay you one hundred dollars cash for the evening. Would you be interested in helping me out?"

I was a bit stunned at her request but I guess seeing that hundred dollars in cash obscured whatever objection I might have to wearing some feminine costume and makeup for just one night.



"Okay, I guess," was my stammered response.

Her face brightened into a broad smile.

"I glad to hear you say that. Now go into the next room with Mrs. Wang so she can get your measurements."

I followed Mrs. Wang down a corridor into a small bedroom.

"Take off shoes, socks, pants and shirt," she said in a sharp voice.

I complied with her request. She measured my height, the circumference of my skull, neck, and wrists. Next she measured my chest, waist and hips. The width of my palms and length of my feet were last. She wrote everything down on her clipboard. From the bed she opened a package of knee high nylon stockings.

As I put on the nylon stockings she walked over to the closet and came back with two shoe boxes. She opened the first box and set a pair of black leather high heel pumps at my feet.

"Try them on," she ordered

I slipped my feet into them and found them to be too small. I stepped out of them and into the next pair which fit perfectly.

"Walk around the room for me," she ordered again.

I began walking carefully. I had never worn high heels before so I was moving slowly.

"More like this," said Mrs. Wang.

I watched her walk across the room and back. I corrected myself and this time she was pleased at the way I was walking.

"You must walk like a lady in heels not like a man imitating a lady," Mrs. Wang admonished. "Take the shoes

and nylons with you so you can practice at home this week. Remember to walk like a lady walks, with small girly steps, heel-toe like I showed you. Now get dressed. Vera has some additional instructions for you."

I got dressed and carried the box out to the living room. Vera was at the bar drinking from a wine glass. She walked over to me with a smile and handed me a small brown sack.

"Saturday afternoon about 2pm soak in a hot tub for about ten minutes. Use this ladies razor and shaving gel to shave your legs, arms and chest. After you dry off shave your face last and apply the packet of cold cream to your face and neck. My limo driver will pick you up at 4pm. I will help you get into costume and give you some additional instructions before my guests arrive at six."

"Practice walking several hours this week. I want you to be back here Wednesday night about six for a final fitting. I want to you walk and practice serving."

"I'll be here," I said.

She walked me to the door. Just before she closed it I heard a burst of giggles.

Well it was too late to back out now I thought to myself as I rode the elevator back to the lobby. If this was her idea of a practical joke she had me for sure.

When I got home I opened the door quietly. I heard the TV on so I went quickly to my room. I slipped the box and the sack under the bed. Later that night as I tried to go to sleep I wondered just what I had got myself into. Then I pushed those thoughts out of my mind. It was just for one night for God's sake. What could be the harm in that?

I practiced for several hours in my stockings and three inch heel pumps while mom was cleaning for several cli-

ents where she didn't need my help. It didn't take me long to master a proper walk even though I had never worn heels before.

Wednesday I took the box to Vera's for my fitting. When I arrived Mrs. Wang was already there waiting for me. Her face had no expression just as it was before. I wondered idly if she ever smiled about anything. Maybe she was just one of those humorless people you read about.

"Go in the bedroom with Mrs. Wang," said Vera.

I followed Mrs. Wang into the small bedroom. We walked over to find black lingerie on the bed.

"Take off your clothes and put on the lingerie," she ordered in her usual sharp, authoritative voice. "Come out to the hall when you are done."

She left the room. I set the box on the floor and sat on the vanity chair to remove my sneakers and socks. I undressed and put my clothes on the bed next to the lingerie. I put the black bra on first and slipped the weighted inserts in the cups. Next I stepped into the black satin brief style panties with pink leg and waist elastic as well as four rows of pink ruffles along the back.

I was amazed at how good they felt against my skin. The black garter belt with little pink bows at the end of the garters was followed by a pair of fishnet stockings. Once again I was surprised how good the stockings felt against my clean shaven legs. I walked over to the bedroom door and opened it to find Mrs. Wang waiting for me with an impatient look on her face.

She brushed past me and walked quickly over to the closet. After adjusting the bra straps for a better fit she handed me two short white petticoats. She removed a black satin puff sleeve mini dress from the hanger. I stepped into the petticoats and brought them up to my

waist. Holding the dress by the hem I slipped it on. After closing the zipper she adjusted the hem over the two petticoats.

"Put on you pumps, place one hand on you hip, and walk around the room for me."

I did as I was told. She watched me carefully as I took small steps in an effeminate manner around the room. She did not frown or smile as I paraded around in front of her.

"Okay, that's enough," she said as she held up one hand in front of me.

From the top shelf of the closet she took a black wig from the foam head and walked over to me. The wig was a perfect fit. I caught my reflection in the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door.

It was hard to believe that it was really me. Without a doubt I had been transformed into a very pretty French Maid. I wondered what mom would think if she could see me now.

"Follow me," she ordered.

I followed her out to the living room. The minute Vera saw me her face brightened.

"Walk around the living room for Mrs. Walker," ordered Mrs. Wang.

Again I put one hand on my hip and proceeded to walk around the living room. Vera was sipping from her wineglass as she watched me. Both women said nothing as I showed off my feminine walk. Finally Vera put her wineglass on the bar and pointed to the tray next to it with two water filled wineglasses.

"Come over here, pick up the tray, walk around the room several times, and then stop here." said Vera.

I followed her instructions and then stood in front of her. She looked me over carefully and then with both hands grabbed the hem of the petticoats and dress. Pulling them up a broad smile creased her face at the sight of my black satin panties with pink trim. She took the tray from me and set it on the bar.

"Everything fits you perfectly Larry. Mrs. Wang you have done a superb job as usual. You may get dressed now Larry and I will see you Saturday."

I walked back to the bedroom with Mrs. Wang. She took the wig off and placed it back on its' foam head. After unzipping me she pulled the dress over my head and put it back on the hangar. From the shoe rack she removed a pair of four inch stiletto heel pumps and replaced the pair of three inch heel pumps I had brought with me.

"Practice some more at home with these higher heels. Leave your lingerie on the bed and get dressed. I suggest you bath and shave yourself again before coming on Saturday."

She left the room. I took off the lingerie and put the items on the bed. I got dressed to find my cotton briefs didn't feel very good at all. I picked up the shoebox and walked out to the living room. Vera and Mrs. Wang were sipping wine.

"See you Saturday," said Vera.

Just before closing the front door I once again heard a burst of giggles. On the way home I tried to think of why some women found a cross dressed male so amusing. I had seen pictures of drag queens and impersonators before. Some of them presented a very feminine image while others were easily "read" as they say and could never really pass themselves off as women. Just what the

attraction was for some women remained a mystery to me.

At home mom was still at a clients' house. I was relieved and went straight to my bedroom to put on the higher heel shoes. You wouldn't think another inch would make much of a difference but it did. I practiced walking around the living room and kitchen. I was at a higher angle and it did take me a while to get used to it but I managed. I honestly felt that by Saturday afternoon I would be able to walk with confidence in the higher heel.

Saturday noon mom was at another clients' house. I soaked in the tub and then shaved my body again. I shaved my face and neck too. The limo arrived at quarter of two. Mom was still not home. With shoe box in hand I walked outside and got in.

The female driver said nothing to me when I got in so I made no attempt at conversation. It was a very comfortable, speedy ride to Vera's.

When I arrived at Vera's complex she buzzed me in. When she opened the door I noticed a very pretty blonde girl was already there.

Vera introduced me to Phyllis, the girl who would be assisting me, as "Laura". Phyllis wore a pink satin puff sleeve mini dress flared out with pink petticoats, pink seamed stockings and pink high heels. In addition she had a pink maids' cap, pink ruffled wristlets and matching choker. She wore pink blusher, lipstick and pink nail polish. I caught the scent of some very sweet perfume as I stepped closer to take her limp handshake in mine.

"Come with me Laura and I will help get your ready."

I followed Vera into the small bedroom.