

# Transitioned For Life



## Norman Way



A "Her Tv" Novel



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# **TRANSITIONED FOR LIFE**

**by Norman Way**

My first transition in life was from infant to toddler. It was easy as I had no idea I was doing it. Abandoned at birth, I was shuttled through the system until I was adopted by a professional couple.

I am not sure they wanted a child as they had no children of their own. They had put their careers ahead of raising a family. It was almost as if I was something they were going to put up with either for appearance's sake or some other reason.

As a toddler I was taken each day to a nanny. Mom was an art professor at a local community college while Dad was an environmental studies professor at a large Midwestern university. One of them would

drop me off early in the morning and one of them would pick me up later that evening after work.

My nanny's name was Carla. She and her mother had moved there after her husband and daughter had been killed in a drive-by shooting in San Diego. Her mother worked days as a cashier in a box store while Carla took care of me. When her mother got home, Carla would go to bed as she worked the night shift at a convenience store. The money she earned as a nanny provided extra income for the both of them.

About an hour after I was dropped off, Carla would take me into her bedroom and dress me in her dead daughter's clothes. She would lipstick my mouth and rouge my cheeks with pink lipstick. Then she would teach me how a girl is supposed to walk, smooth her dress as she sits down, and behave in a ladylike fashion.

At ten AM she had me sitting at the kitchen table. She would pour water into two cups, then teach me how a lady sips her tea, followed by the proper way a lady eats her cake with a fork. Later she would put a pink frilly apron on me and I would don a pair of pink latex gloves to do the dishes from our lunch.

The afternoon was spent walking through one of the nearby malls with me wearing a frilly pink bonnet and carrying a dainty pink purse as we shopped in the women's stores. I remember many of the clerk's remarking about what a pretty girl I was.

Back home an hour before I was to be picked up by one of my step-parents she would take me back to her bedroom. After removing my makeup, she would dress me in my boy's clothes and we would watch some TV while we waited for my ride home. She would always caution me about this with a single finger put to her lips and the admonition that this was to be "our little secret."

I didn't know any better of course. From age three to age five, I just sort of accepted it. It got to the point that I hated to go back to wearing my male clothing. I loved the way the cool softness of the pink nylon tricot panties felt on my skin. It gave me a great deal of pleasure to try on various dresses, skirts, and blouses in the stores where we shopped.

In addition I enjoyed helping Carla with the household cleaning chores as well as doing the dishes while wearing that pink frilly apron and pink latex gloves. I had no such chores at home but secretly wished I did so I could wear those things, along with petticoats, panties, and dresses.

Because my parents were both well-educated, I was told that I would be homeschooled. Several retired teachers had begun a homeschool not far from where we lived. I was one of only twelve students.

I missed being with Carla and thought of her often. Looking around at my classmates, I found that boys and girls were dressed very differently. I had to accept being dressed like a boy because that is what I was.

Most of the girls wore jeans, sport shirts, and sneakers. I was curious to know why they did. If they were girls, then why didn't they wear petticoats, dresses, and shoes called "Mary Jane's" like I did at Carla's? Isn't that what girls were supposed to wear?

Didn't they like wearing lipstick and blusher? At lunchtime why did they wolf down their sandwiches like the boys instead of taking small bites, chewing slowly before swallowing, then blotting their mouths instead of wiping them?

Despite being aware of the differences between us, it seemed odd to me that these girls, for whatever reason, seemed to want to act like and be boys as opposed to myself who would have preferred to act lady-like and become a girl.

At home, my parents provided for me quite well. I had a large bedroom, clean clothes and healthy, nutritious meals. I made use of their health club membership and came to like running on the treadmill or pedaling on the stationary bike. It was a good way for me to lose myself in my thoughts.

Their careers left little time for us to be together as a family. When we were, it was usually walking in the park or canoeing on one of the many nearby lakes. I liked the outdoors and the exercise too. I always felt good and was seldom sick, unlike some of the other kids.

I would not describe either my stepmom or stepdad as being cold or aloof. I guess “distant” is a more appropriate word. They were pleased with my progress at school but compliments were few and far between.

Throughout my schooling or during my exercise periods, I would occasionally lose myself in thinking about wearing lingerie and dresses. When my parents were not home, I would go on the internet and Google “prom dresses,” “party dresses,” or “wedding dresses” as well as “lingerie” or “high heel shoes.”

Afterwards I would be careful to “clear history” so neither of them would be aware of what I had been looking at. Sometimes at night as I lay awake I would see those pictures in my mind. It was fun imagining myself wearing each style in each color with the appropriate accessories.

The homeschool had no athletic program but we did have a forty-minute exercise period just before lunch. Each of us had a small locker in the restroom to change into sweats for this brief period of physical activity.

It was here that one of the boys had a pornographic magazine. I not only learned what the REAL difference was between boys and girls but also just

what one of each did when they got together naked. To say I was shocked was an understatement.

Near the back of the magazine was a picture of what looked like a woman with large breasts but who also had a penis. There were several more pictures of men in wigs and makeup who were dressed in women's clothing. Some wore gowns and high heels while others wore French Maid costumes or what was described as "sissy dresses." We all had a good laugh before going back to our classroom

That night I wondered if I was what a classmate had referred to as a "freak." I didn't feel like I was one.

As far as I was concerned, I was just like the other boys. The fact that Carla had kept me dressed in girl's clothes and had made me into a very pretty little girl, just like the men in the magazine had transformed themselves into attractive women, didn't mean anything to me.

If she had wanted me to keep it "our little secret," it was OK with me. I am sure those men enjoyed the image they presented and derived great pleasure from it. Why they did was none of my concern but in good conscience I could hardly think of them as "freaks." I wondered if I would be capable of the same thing if I had access to makeup, clothes, wigs and high heel shoes.

The next Saturday when my parents were gone, I went into their bedroom and opened my mother's dresser drawers. I was dismayed to find no frilly panties. Her vanity had only a comb and a hairbrush but no makeup. Her closet contained no dresses or high-heeled shoes, just pantsuits and flat shoes. It was hard to hide my disappointment. I resorted to going back on the computer and surfing the web.

My life continued but my thoughts were never far from the images I saw in the magazine. My subsequent finds by Googling "drag queen," "transvestite,"

or “transsexual” only added to my curiosity and desire to find out more about this thing that had brought me and apparently all those men a great deal of pleasure.

I completed the driver’s education program and at sixteen I earned my driver’s license. I began working at a pizza joint. My parents helped me with a down payment on a used hatchback. Since I was living at home with no other bills, I was able to make payments easily.

At eighteen, I graduated high school. I didn’t have the slightest idea what I wanted to do in life but I had had enough of the pizza joint and starting working nights at a box store. The trucks with incoming product were unloaded during the day shift, then the night shift would move the stuff out to the floor.

It was mindless work but I liked it better than the pizza joint. I was busier and it kept my mind off the feminine things that I thought about periodically. I was still mystified by this despite the amount of information that was available on the internet.

After several months, one of my co-workers told me about sports betting. He was making some good money and offered me an “in.” I agreed and began placing small bets on football games that fall. I began winning more than I lost and was able to pay off my car.

It seemed a relatively easy way to make extra money and it was tax-free. Between some books on sports betting and the internet, I soon had a small nest egg in a sock I kept under my mattress at home. My parents were unaware of course but, as with the government, I figured what they didn’t know wouldn’t hurt them.

I was given a raise after my probationary period was up and again on my one-year anniversary. My nest egg increased with the smart betting techniques



I had honed over the year since I had begun. It gave me a certain sense of security, I guess, which is why I decided to move out of my parent's house and get a place of my own.

I found a small furnished apartment not far from the box store. I could hop the bus to work which would save me even more money that would otherwise be used for gas. Things were going pretty smoothly as far as I was concerned, though my parents still thought I should have gone to school while still living at home.

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The university had been there for about a hundred years and the local tech school about fifty. If I decided to go to one of them, I was certain they were going to be there for quite a while yet whether or not I chose to enroll there or not.

There were enough college graduates beating the bricks trying to find a job as it was without me becoming another one in a couple of years with no income and student loans to pay off. The night shift paid well and I had health insurance as well as a 401k plan.

Just before football season started, we got a new supervisor. Josephine Wall was a mannish-looking woman in her late twenties and insisted on being called just "Jo." She spoke briefly with each member of the crew before handing out that evening's assignments.

When I was introduced to her, she looked me up and down before taking my extended hand in hers and giving me a very manly handshake. It was almost as if she was sizing me up for something. I wasn't

sure what she saw but tossed it off as just my imagination and went right to work.

Normally I worked with two of the guys in automotive, hardware, or men's clothing and shoes. After a week on the job, I was transferred to the women's department and was soon replenishing the women's shoe and clothing department as well as the cosmetic department.

The other women said nothing to me. We had all at one time or another been switched around to various departments to become acquainted with them so when someone called in sick, went on vacation, or quit, there would be little disruption in getting the stock on the floor in the proper place, no matter what department we were assigned too. Being shifted around also broke up the monotony of working in one place all the time so no one complained.

Early one morning just before we were finished with the night's work, I saw the store manager, Beth Howland, talking with Jo. The previous store manager had retired and none of us had yet met the new one. The store manager and members of the office staff were seldom seen by those of us on the night crew.

Normally the night crew is locked in after ten PM; no one from the day shift, including the manager and the office staff comes in before nine. The two of them were looking at me in a peculiar way as I cut and stacked some cardboard boxes for recycling. I wasn't sure what their interest in me was but I kept working until it was time to punch out.

Over the next several months I was continually assigned to stock the women's clothing, shoes, and cosmetic departments. This was an easy transition for me but it was a bit unusual to keep an employee in one department all the time, particularly to have a man in the women's departments.

I chose not to say anything as several people had quit recently. I just assumed they wanted an experienced stocker to insure that things were put in their proper place until the new people were fully trained and could be trusted to work on their own with minimal supervision.

My bets over the football season had their ups and downs. I was up five grand by season's end. That along with another five grand in my sock hidden in my mattress gave me a warm feeling. I hadn't exactly "beaten the system" but at least I was up for the year, so far anyway.

My co-worker Hal had warned me not to get what he called a "fever" or too overconfident in the way I made my picks. "What goes around comes around," he was fond of saying. I guess it's safe to say his admonition fell on deaf ears.

I felt pretty smug about the way I had over the course of two years built up a considerable amount of money compared to many others who had not only lost money but were scrambling to pay bills as well as their bookie.

Getting a credit line with a bookie, even a nice guy like Willie Smith, wasn't easy but if you didn't make good on your loans...well, I didn't want to think about the consequences. There were plenty of stories around about so called "enforcers" that could make your life a living hell if you didn't pay what you owed plus interest and I don't mean "bankers' interest" either.

These accounts were not "Hollywood" stories. I mean there were guys who would rob a store or a bank, pay off the enforcer, then surrender to the cops. A couple of years in the slammer was better than thirty minutes dancing with the enforcer and his baseball bat or tire iron, followed by several months in the local orthopedic ward. When you got out, you still owed the money plus interest.

November was a bad month but I made it all back in December. I had come close to losing everything but had managed to scrape by. I was still working in the women's department and for some strange reason it didn't seem like that was to change anytime soon.

The new girls were rotated to automotive, hardware and men's clothing and shoes while I stayed strictly in the women's department. Of course by now I had become quite familiar with all of the makeup and women's hair care products, as well as the clothing and shoes.

At the end of football season I was up seven thousand plus the five grand in my sock. I told Willie I was going to lay off during the playoffs and make one large bet on the Super Bowl. He just grinned and said, "OK."

I figured I was going to make a killing by placing one large bet. With the money, I would sell my old car and get myself a decent set of wheels. The old hatchback had been remarkably trouble-free but it did have some miles on it. I figured on selling it and then doling out cash for a new one since its trade-in value was practically zilch.

Super Bowl weekend was my weekend off. Friday night we had been a little short so we had worked until almost the nine AM opening to be certain the products for the Super Bowl Special sale were all out on the floor. Just before punching out, I saw Jo walking towards me with Beth Howland.

"Beth, this is Martin Langley, one of our night crew. Martin, this is the new store manager, Beth Howland."

I smiled and shook hands with her.

"I supposed you are all stoked up for the big game on Sunday?" said Beth.

“I sure am, how about you?” I asked.

“No, I am afraid I have other plans. The store will be busy but I have numerous items I have to catch up on this weekend. I don’t follow sports much but I am from the Seattle area and I am certain that the Seahawks are going to beat the Broncos.”

“I don’t agree. I have a bundle that says Peyton Manning and the Broncos are going to skewer those Seahawks and send them back to Seattle with their tail feathers between their legs,” I replied with an air of confidence.

Despite the fact that most commentators thought this would be a close game, I was of the opinion that just the opposite was true. Judging by the looks on the faces of the two women, they didn’t agree.

“Hmm, care to make it interesting with us two?” said Beth with a smirk.

Here was a woman smart enough to be a store manager who admittedly didn’t know much about sports but was willing to put money against Peyton Manning? This was too good to pass up.

“Sure. Five grand to each of you that the Broncos will win straight up,” I said with complete confidence.

“That’s quite a bet, but we have a better idea,” she said with a grin as she crossed her arms.

“Like what?” I asked with surprise.

“If the Broncos win, we will give you ten grand each. If the Seahawks win, you will enter our sales training program for two years, doing exactly what we tell you with no ifs, ands, or buts. Agreed?”

“Well, wait a minute. What kind of sales? Here or somewhere else?” I said.

“That’s up to us. You have to do exactly as you are told and you will sign contracts that say you will do so.”

“I don’t know, that doesn’t sound...”

My words were cut short by Jo flapping her arms and making squawking noises like a chicken.

“OK, you are both on,” I said. After all I was no chicken and certainly nobody’s fool either.

I had stood my ground. I wasn’t about to back down from anybody, especially two women who didn’t know anything about sports. I had already given Willie five of my seven thousand season’s winnings and the five thousand mattress money, plus he granted me another ten grand on loan. That plus twenty grand from these two dumb broads would be some real icing on the cake.

After punching out, I went home. As I ate breakfast I began to think about the car I was going to buy with my winnings. I took a shower and had a hard time going to sleep, trying to think of a way to spend the rest of the money. Maybe I would buy a big screen TV or a whole theatre system. There seemed to be many possibilities.

Sunday, I read the paper. I began thinking again about how I was going to spend the money. The day seemed to drag on forever. I didn’t watch all the hype about the game as it was mostly the same crap over and over again. How many opinions do you need? How many highlights of other Super Bowls do you need to see? How many interviews do you have to sit through? Geez, it was all getting to be too much.

The timer went off and I took the pizza out of the oven. I finished my beer and opened another one to drink with my pizza. After slicing the pizza up, I put two slices on a plate, grabbed a napkin, and sat down to watch the game.

The Broncos came to the line of scrimmage as I took a large bite of my pizza. I watched in disbelief as the snap sailed over Peyton Manning's head. I almost choked on my pizza. A quick swig of cold beer, then the Broncos started again. By the end of the first quarter, I had lost my appetite. By halftime, I thought I was going to be sick. I put the rest of the pizza in the freezer and started drinking more beer.

When you work nights and you have a night or more off you don't go to sleep; you stay up and keep busy as you are used to sleeping in the daytime. I began to wonder how I was going to pay back the money I owed my bookie as well as about what the women had in mind for this training program.

I went to bed. I was angrier at the Broncos for such a poor game more than anything else. After all, they had wrecked my life. I lost ten grand and owed Willie another ten grand with no way to pay him back except the two grand left at home. The balance of eight grand couldn't be paid back a few bucks each payday as everybody knows bookies don't do that.

My alarm shocked me into wakefulness at 3 PM. I was pretty fuzzy from all the beer I had drunk after my Super Bowl debacle. As I showered and shaved, I couldn't help but think of Willie and what he was going to say. After a burger, fries and a cup of black coffee, I called him. He met me in the parking lot.

"Here's two grand. Willie. I don't have the rest right now but I will pay you back, I swear. You know I am good for the money," I whined.

He took my two grand and grinned.

"Actually, your boss took care of that so now you owe her the eight grand, plus whatever her interest rate is, of course."

I was stunned. I guess I had taken Beth and Jo's remarks to be just off-the-cuff so to speak. I had no idea that they were even acquainted with Willie.

"Who paid off my debt?" I asked.

"Beth Howland. She used to deal with my brother in Seattle. When she moved here, she hooked up with me. Why do you ask? Not many people have a boss who would be willing to bail them out at all but ten grand is lot of credit to extend to an employee."

"Yeah, I will talk with her when I see her," I said.

We left the burger joint and I drove back home. I spend most of the day wondering about that contract I was going to sign, as well as the terms for that eight grand loan. At least I wouldn't have to be thinking about an enforcer paying me a visit on Willie's behalf to collect his money plus interest.

I was a nervous wreck when I reported for work. After we got our assignments Jo took me aside.

"Beth wants to see you in her office right after your shift," she said with a big grin on her face.

I gave her no reply, just nodded my head and went right to work. Over the course of the night, I worked through my hangover and in no time at all my shift ended. I punched out and went to the front of the box store and up the stairs to the administrative offices. My heart was racing as I stopped at her receptionist's desk.

"Martin Langley to see Ms. Howland," I said to her.

She pushed a button on her console, said my name, then looked up at me with a big grin.

"You may go right in, Martin. She is expecting you."



I took a deep breath as I walked to her office door and opened it. She looked up at me from her desk with that know-it-all-look on her face.

“Close the door and have a seat, Martin,” she said in a calm voice.

I took my seat in front of her as she opened a manila folder.

“I have the contracts ready for your signature,” she began as she handed me a sheaf of papers.

I started to look at them when she yelled at me in a sharp voice.

“I didn’t say READ them, I said SIGN them!!”

I signed all the documents by the “Xs” and handed them back to her.

“Very good, Martin, remember our agreement. You do as you are told. First, you will continue working your present shift. Second, you will begin schooling at the North Country Academy next Monday for four hours a day, five days a week. Third, continue your exercise routine but step it up. You will lose twenty more pounds before May first. Fourth, you will undergo a complete physical at the Henderson Clinic tomorrow morning at nine AM, then begin your vitamin and diet routine according to Dr. Henderson’s instructions. I will give you further instructions in due time and you WILL NOT discuss this with anyone. IS THAT PERFECTLY CLEAR?”

“Yes it is, Ms Howland,” I replied with a dry mouth.

“I hope so for your sake. Remember our agreement. You owe me eight grand, plus interest. The same enforcers that work for Willie can easily be contacted to work for me. I am sure you don’t want that, do you?”