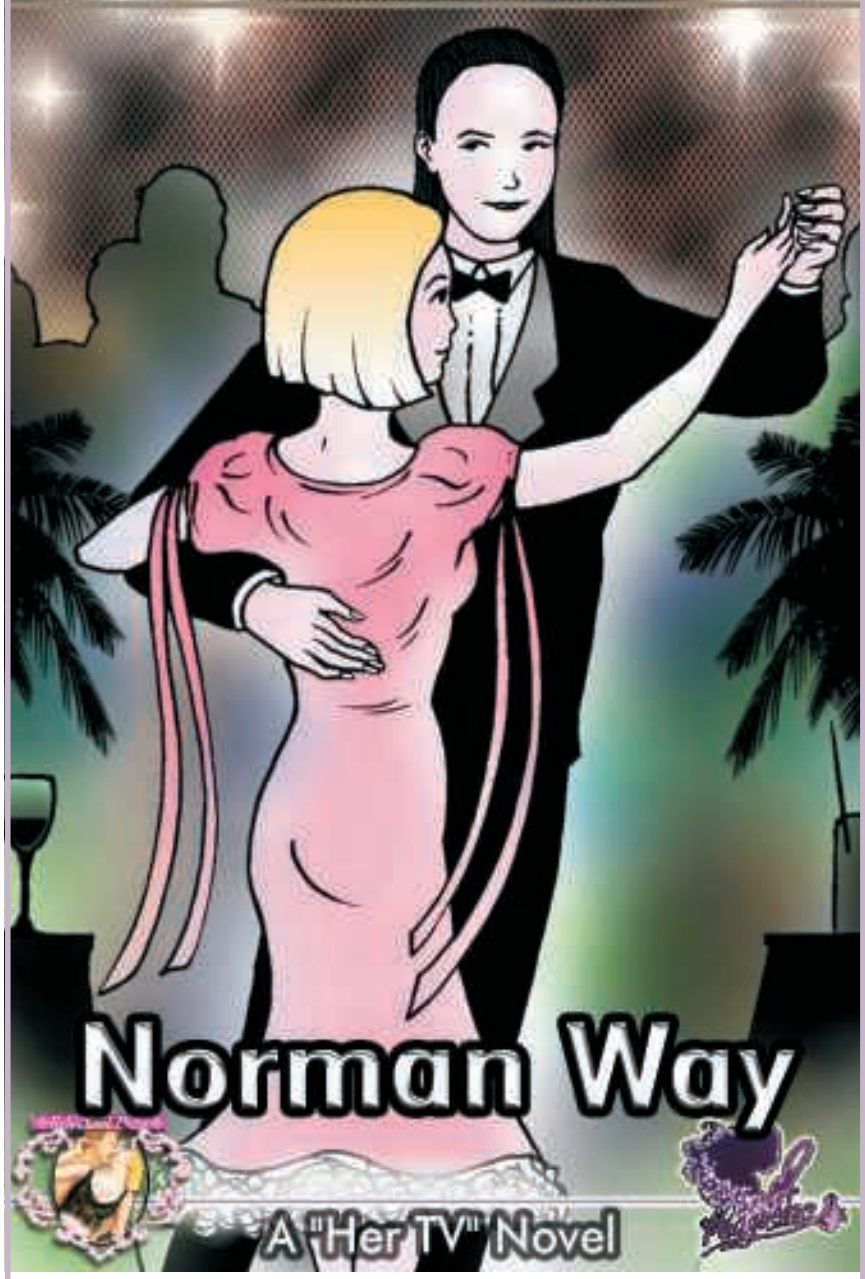


Retrained For Life



Norman Way

A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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RETRAINED FOR LIFE

by Norman Way

I never knew my real parents. I was left near the ER entrance wrapped in a blanket inside of a cardboard box. Social Services were called in and I was shuttled between several different homes before I was taken in by an elderly retired couple from the South. From them I learned to speak with a Southern accent, and I was instructed to call them “Mammy” and “Pap.”

Mammy was on Social Security, and Pap was on disability. It wasn't exactly what you would call a normal childhood, though today what constitutes “normal” is anybody's guess. Nevertheless, at the time, it was the best that the current system could do for me. I guess they might have figured any port in a storm.

When they were first married, Mammy had difficulty conceiving and had lost her first two babies, both boys. The third, a girl, was delivered normally,

but died tragically at seven years of age from a rare form of childhood cancer.

Following the doctor's advice, she then had her tubes tied. Apparently she never got over the loss of her daughter or the prospect of never being able to have another child. Losing two babies before they were born, and then going through the trauma of losing their last child to cancer, with no hope of ever having another, must have been very traumatic—as was obvious in the way Mammy treated me.

My bedroom was her dead daughter's room. It was all done in pink and white. I wore her daughter's pink pajamas, and was given her dolls to hold and play with as a toddler. Pap never interfered with Mammy's feminine treatment of a male child.

When school started I wore jeans, t-shirts, and sneakers just like the other kids—but underneath the jeans I wore pink panties with white ruffles along the back. Mammy, who had grown up in poverty in the rural South, was very frugal. She saw no sense in buying me boys' underwear when her dead daughters' panties fit me just fine—or at least that was what she told me.

I was five years old at the time, and not a very strong-willed child. I couldn't complain even if I wanted to—and I didn't want to. I had to admit I liked the way the cool softness of the girl's panties felt on my skin. The only hitch, of course, was that I had to sit down when I had to pee, whether at school or at home, as the panties didn't have a fly in the front.

Saturdays, while Pap was at McDonald's having coffee with his friends, Mammy would dress me in her dead daughter's pink tights and tutu. After applying pink powder to my cheeks and pink lipstick to my mouth, she would comb my hair over my fore-

head for makeshift bangs. Next she would pin a pink bow above them and then take me to a dance studio for ballet lessons.

I didn't know any better, I had no choice anyway, and I readily went along. Mammy explained that this was for my own good and it would make me a better person. I never protested that this was something that boys didn't do. I didn't even protest, and it would have done no good anyway, when she registered me as "Christine" Lowe instead of my real name, Christopher Lowe. I began to wonder just what she was training me for.

On returning from my dance lessons she would take off the bow, brush my hair back, remove my makeup, and (except for the pink panties) dress me in boys' clothes before Pap came back. I doubted if he knew this was going on, but if he did he didn't say anything. I guess he would have felt he might lose those monthly support checks if it ever came out that Mammy was training me to play the role of a girl. With the price of beer and cigarettes going up, there was no sense in taking a chance on *that!* To him, support money meant more cash for alcohol and cigarettes, not for what I needed. I later learned that Pap was far from unique in that way, and that many other foster parents felt and acted the same way. So much for a caring society, right?

Sundays I put on a pink ruffled apron. I did the vacuuming and dusting. After donning pink latex gloves I scrubbed the kitchen sink and bright work, then the bathroom sink, toilet, tub and bright work, followed by the bathroom and kitchen floors. After meals I wore the same things, helping her wash and dry the dishes. At the time, wearing pink meant nothing to me.

I think she saw in me the daughter she had lost and would never have. You could make a fairly decent case here for a serious mental problem, in my opinion, but perhaps most social workers or therapists today would dismiss it as harmless. It probably would be seen as just her way of working through her grief.

I enjoyed school. Learning came easily to me. I was able to absorb things quickly and spent little of my free time doing homework. I was easily the brightest kid in my class, but I never got any compliments from Mammy or Pap. I guess that they just expected it of me, or maybe it was that they just didn't care.

School had ended for the year, and I had just turned eight, when Pap dropped dead at McDonald's. I wasn't adopted, so I had no share in his meager estate, but I was told that there were going to be other changes. I wondered just what Mammy meant by that, as I didn't see how his death was going to make much of a difference in the way we were living—but I soon found out.

Now, without her husband around, she informed me that to save money on jeans and T-shirts I would be wearing her dead daughter's other clothing and shoes. I later thought her income might have been supplemented by a piece of his disability checks or some additional Social Security—but, if it was, she never let me know. What I did know was that Mammy began to change greatly, and soon, after Pap died. Soon she instructed me that I was no longer to call her Mammy; rather, she was now to be "Mother dearest." Her claimed concern for saving money faded fast; her obsession with turning me fully into a beautiful, well-mannered girl gripped her and drove her life.

Each morning that summer, in addition to wearing pink ruffled panties, I would apply some blusher and lipstick, and pin the pink bow above my bangs. I would wear one of several dresses or skirts and blouses that were still in the closet, along with pink socks and a pair of pink shoes she called “Mary Janes.” These shoes had flat heels and a strap over the instep. There were too big for me, so she stuffed the toes with tissues to make them fit well enough for me to walk around in. They were not uncomfortable, but I liked my sneakers better.

Before putting on any of the dresses, I put on a garment called a “petti-slip”. This garment had a soft nylon tricot top and a stiff petticoat skirt. It flared the skirt of the dress out. She seemed to like to see me twirl around in those dresses. I continued to wear the pink apron and gloves when I helped with the house work.

My first trip outside of the house in a dress was to a beauty salon where I received a manicure, pedicure, and a coat of bright pink nail polish. The women at the beauty parlor were very complimentary and remarked what a very pretty girl I was.

Thereafter, once or twice a week, “Mother dearest” would take me shopping with her, either to the grocery store or the mall. She would put my makeup items in a small pink purse and have me carry it in my left hand close to my body. I enjoyed these outings with her as they got me out of the house, even if it meant going dressed in girls’ clothes.

She taught me how to gracefully smooth my skirt with one hand as I entered and exited the car as well as when I took a seat at or got up from a table. She would always monitor me closely as I performed these things in the appropriate manner.

At the mall she would introduce me to the sales clerks as her niece “Christine.” I was taught to walk gracefully and to take my time as we shopped in several of the stores down the length of the mall.

When we stopped at the café court for lunch she instructed me to take small bites, chew slowly, and then swallow. I should also sip small amounts from my diet soft drink and then swallow. When I used the napkin I was instructed to pat my lips not wipe them.

Before leaving our table at the café court she had me take out the two makeup items from my purse. She watched me carefully as I would touch up my blusher and lipstick to her satisfaction. When I finished she would always smile so I knew that I had done things in the proper manner and that she was pleased.

She knew that I was a boy, but she persisted in training me to act like a girl. Her dead husband was not around to say anything either. I got the feeling that I was becoming the daughter she never had. I was powerless to do anything about it, so I continued this feminine charade to please her.

A week before school started she removed my nail polish and makeup. I found myself back in jeans, a T-shirt, white socks instead of pink, and sneakers again—but of course I still wore those pink ruffled panties under my jeans.

Over those three months of summer vacation I had been completely in girl’s clothes and makeup. It was not an unpleasant experience, but I failed to understand why she was doing this when she should have been raising me as a boy.

I excelled in school and enjoyed pleasing my teachers with my progress. They were certain that I had a

very bright future ahead of me no matter what I chose to do. “Mother dearest” didn’t seem to care one way or the other about my future education or career—only about my future as a girl.

At home, I was back in skirts and dresses. My ballet lessons continued and I was making progress there. Weekends I found myself in makeup and dresses being “Christine” again. It was getting tough being two different people, especially now that I was 10 years old—but that changed for good the next spring, just after my 11th birthday.

Away from school I was always in skirts and dresses. In addition to panties underneath, I was now wearing a lightly padded training bra that the dead daughter had worn before me. I was used to the panties, but I was getting new feelings, strange but good, from wearing the bra. Many girls in my class at school now wore bras. I didn’t know for sure whether the breasts they seemed to have were real or fake, but I got excited looking at them—and at my own little breasts too, even though I knew they were fake.

The Fourth of July weekend we had come back from the parade. I was in the basement doing laundry. I had just taken a load out of the dryer and was walking upstairs. I turned right and put the laundry in “Mother dearest’s” bedroom. I returned to the kitchen, where she was supposedly fixing supper—but I found her on the kitchen floor, motionless, with her eyes wide open and an expression of anger and anguish on her face.

I called 911. The cops arrived first and I took them into the kitchen. The paramedics were close behind. They attempted CPR without success, and then loaded her into the ambulance. I gave the cop her name. When he asked for mine, of course I answered “Christopher Lowe,” for that was my real name. He

looked at me with a funny expression on his face, and glanced at my breasts. Then he said he would send somebody to take care of me.

The wait was agonizing. I had no idea what was going to happen to me. I didn't want to face the prospect of moving in with another family, but there didn't seem to be any alternative.

An hour later the cop showed up with a social worker. It was the same one that periodically would come to the house to check and see if I was being cared for properly. When she did, I was never in dresses and makeup as I was now.

The social worker sat me down and told me that my foster mother had died, and had a sister coming from out of state to take care of the estate. She assured me that I would be taken care of and then began asking me a series of questions. Many of them were about why was I dressed the way I was, why I was wearing makeup, how long had this been going on, etc.

I explained to her as best I could that I had been crossdressed and worn makeup, on and off, for about five years. She questioned me about whether my foster father or mother had touched me inappropriately. Of course I responded no, truthfully, to all of that possible sexual stuff.

She seemed satisfied with my explanation and then asked to see my room. We went into my bedroom where she saw my pink surroundings and the doll collection. I explained about my foster parents' daughter's death. She sat me down at the vanity and

removed my makeup and nail polish; then she took the pink bow from my hair and brushed it back.

From the closet and the dresser she brought out all the male clothing, and then selected some of these items for me to wear. “Put those on and then come out to the living room,” she said.

I did as I was told. I hung the girls’ clothing back in the closet and put the panties back in the dresser drawer. I felt sad in a way, because I still liked the way they felt on me—but I knew that my feminine charade was over, and I was now going to be able to live the life of a boy like I was supposed to.

After a month I was placed with another couple. He was an over-the-road truck driver and she was a dietitian at the local hospital. The social worker explained to them about what had been done to me, and how important it was to raise me as the boy I was, not the girl someone had wanted me to be. I was to call them Mom and Dad, not anything weird or unusual.

I adapted quickly to my new surroundings. I entered school that fall and continued to do well. My new dad was gone a lot, but did spend time with me. I learned to swing a baseball bat and throw “like a man, not like a girl.” The feminine mannerisms I had developed were quickly dispelled and I began behaving more in a masculine way. It wasn’t long before I was no longer reaching behind me to smooth the skirt I was no longer wearing.

I had chores to do with this couple as well, but the pink frilly apron and pink gloves were gone, and of course I no longer had to wear the pink makeup and hair bow. I was now living the life a young boy should be living.

Perhaps the only remnant that remained from my feminine training was the fact that I continued to speak in a soft, modulated voice. That, plus the memory of how good those soft nylon tricot panties felt against my skin, remained. I was now firmly entrenched in what you would call a masculine upbringing.

The next several years were very pleasant. I began to eat healthier and made good use of the exercise equipment in the basement. In addition to the treadmill and stationary bike, I enjoyed running outdoors when the weather permitted.

We lived in the country. In the nice weather I preferred jogging down the road and around the farmland as opposed to running on the treadmill in the basement. In lieu of time on the stationary bike, I also rode my bike to the nearby park entrance and back, as well as down to the main intersection that led into town.

Over the years I lost weight and had a very trim body. I was still smaller than most of my classmates, as I always had been. I stayed away from school activities and most sporting events because of that, as well as the distance we lived from school. I never cared much for sports anyway. My gym teacher encouraged me to try out for the track team, but I declined, citing the time element and living so far from school.

I had entered high school as a 16-year-old sophomore. In that year, my grades were higher than those of almost anyone else in my class. Both of my new parents said they were very proud of me.

I think that was the first time in my life I had ever heard a compliment. It felt very good—*incredibly*

good. I wanted more compliments, more admiration, whatever it might take to get them.

On the other hand, any hint of dislike, disrespect, or rejection felt incredibly *bad* to me. That was why I had a lot of trouble taking the initiative to ask girls to go out with me. I soon saw that most of the other girls in my classes either were no more than polite to me, or not even that. That's what you get, I thought, when you are shorter than the other boys. Terrified of rejection, I didn't even try. I envied guys who could take the initiative with girls, but I could never be like them. I could only fantasize about a girl taking the initiative with *me*.

In my second year of classes I met a tall athletic girl in my World History class. She took a seat across from me and, unlike any other girl I had met, struck up a conversation with me.

Her name was Sandra Wade. She was a senior, one of several in the World History class, in which both juniors and seniors could enroll. She had long black hair, dark piercing eyes, and an engaging smile. Her breasts looked fairly small in the sport bras she almost always wore, but that only made it more fascinating to me to imagine what they might be like with her bra off. Even more intriguing was the thought of how her whole lean, lithe, strong-looking body might respond if she were having sex with a guy.

I was still mighty shy around girls in general, but I began to feel very comfortable talking to Sandra, and soon I looked forward eagerly to seeing her each day. As the school year wore on we became more and more friendly. I would see her at the few football and basketball games my father would take me to. Like me, she was always alone.

Why doesn't she have a boyfriend? I wondered. It sure wasn't because she was too ugly, or too stupid either. I couldn't imagine why she didn't—but it only made me fantasize more about what might happen if she ever took the initiative with me.

And then, incredibly, it actually began to happen. The day back after the Christmas holidays, Sandra grinned at me as she sat down. "Have you seen that new adventure movie at the Cardinal Theaters?" she asked. "*Maniacs from Hell VII?*"

"Uh, no, I haven't," I replied. "I don't get to many movies." I didn't want to tell her that I had only a five-dollar-a-week allowance.

"If you don't have any plans Saturday, I'd really like to take you. I just got my first car and I can pick you up."

She had taken me completely by surprise. I was speechless, but I sure wasn't going to turn her down. "Uh—wow! Sure!" I stammered.

"Great! What's your address?"

"14460 Ridge road."

"Good. I will pick you up at one o'clock on Saturday."

Mom looked surprised when I announced that a girl I had met at school had asked me to the movies. When I told her who she was she asked me:

"Is that the Wade Realty Wade?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask."

Nothing further was said. I didn't know why that was important for my mom to ask. I looked in the

newspaper and found one of their ads. There were two listings in the yellow pages, one for a Wade Realty Company and one for a Wade Property Management Company. The advertisement stated that they had been in business for over forty years. With that longevity, I was certain that they were well to do.

I googled them both to find that her mother, Martha Wade, owned both of them. If Sandra was from a wealthy family, I wondered why she would ask *me* out with quite a few rich boys to choose from. On the other hand, I thought, why jeopardize what just might be a really good thing?

After lunch on Saturday I took the only money I had from my dresser, two ten-dollar bills, and put them in my wallet. Precisely at 12:45 a yellow Mustang pulled into the access road. I walked out and got in the car.

“Wow,” I said to her. “This is a very nice car.”

“Thank you,” she replied as she turned the car around and sped down the access road. “I like it.”

Once on the highway she sped up. She was an aggressive driver and handled the car like a race car driver would. I didn’t say a word, of course, but secretly I was hoping we didn’t end up in a wreck.

We arrived at the mall and went into the movie plex. The movie was about what you would expect. There were a lot of shoot-’em-up scenes, car chases, fights and other action scenes. She seemed to enjoy it more than I did.

Afterward we had some pizza and soft drinks at the café court. I couldn’t help but notice that on occasion she seemed to be looking me over in an unusual way,

almost as if she were sizing me up for something else, but for what I had no idea.

She took me home and put the car in park. To my surprise, she leaned over and kissed me on the mouth. Sitting back, she grinned at me in a playful way.

“Thanks for joining me this afternoon,” she said. “I enjoyed your company.”

“Me too,” I sort of mumbled and then got out of the car.

She sped off as I walked to the house. I felt a little embarrassed at her kissing me, but I liked the taste of her. Maybe I should have kissed her harder back, I thought. If I got another chance, I would.

School continued. We saw each other periodically at a few school events, and had several more afternoon dates to see a movie and eat pizza afterwards.

In early spring we had a luncheon date at the mall. Afterwards we went to the north end to watch the annual bridal and formal apparel show that Sandra said she wanted to see. There was a seemingly endless parade of bridal, bridesmaid, prom and cocktail dresses, modeled by the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. I was bored silly by the dresses, though not by the girls, but of course I said nothing. Sandra seemed more interested in the Junior Miss fashions than anything else, though they were too small for her. I tossed it off as just one of those “girl things”.

Periodically she would look over at me in a funny way and ask me what I thought of a particular dress. I would just shrug and tell her I thought it was very nice. She grinned and turned her attention to the next model coming down the runway.

To be honest, I liked the way that she seemed to take charge of where we went and what we did on our dates. I went along with everything, of course. I liked her assertiveness and felt very comfortable in her company, especially when she gave me any kind of compliment or expression of admiration. She wasn't loud or pushy like a female control freak, though. I liked that.

By the time Sandra graduated, shortly before my 18th birthday, everyone knew I was her boyfriend. Some laughed at the seeming incongruity between us, some wondered how I had managed to land her, but that didn't matter to me, or to her. During summer vacation, when we were free from the prying eyes and laughing mouths of our fellow students, it mattered even less.

Right after my 18th birthday, I went on another date with her—but this one was far different from any of the others. Instead of going to the mall, she drove us to the condo she and her mother shared. It was a beautiful place, and I was sure it was very expensive.

“Mom is at a real estate convention for the weekend, so we have the whole place to ourselves,” Sandra said with a grin.

After putting a pizza in the oven, she poured each of us a glass of wine. To date I had no experience with alcohol, so I was a little nervous as I took a small sip of the dark red fluid. It had a berry taste, not bad at all. I took a bigger sip while she inserted a DVD in the player.

“It's an older movie, a comedy. It's really funny. I know you are going to like it,” she cooed. She pushed the button on the remote and took a seat on the couch close to me, wrapping one arm around my shoulders as she did so.

The movie was about an unemployed male actor who was going broke, so he dresses up like a woman to get female roles. I thought it was a bit silly, but took several more sips of my wine as we watched.

The timer went off, so Sandra paused the movie. She came back with two plates of pizza balanced on her right arm and the wine bottle in the other. After setting the plates down in front of us, she refilled our glasses and started the movie up again.

We ate and drank as we watched. When the movie was over, she got up and removed the DVD from the player. She smiled as she walked towards me with her arm out. I knew that something was up, but I wasn't quite sure what it was.

“Come with me; I have something to show you,” she said with an ever-widening grin.

I got up and took her hand. She led me to one of the back bedrooms. Pulling me close, she kissed me hard as she wrapped her arms around me. While still lip-locked, she unbuckled my belt and yanked my pants and underpants down.

To say this came as a surprise to me would be a gross understatement. She was almost six feet tall and very strong. I was barely 5'6" and a mere 140 lbs. I doubted if I could have broken free if I wanted to.

We separated, but not for long. She stripped off her sport bra, T-shirt, and shorts. My eyes were glued to her bare breasts. They were pretty small, all right, but her nipples were dark and pointy, making her look at least as excited as I was.

She walked over to the vanity. I sat on a chair, untied my shoes and took off my socks, and then slipped out of my pulled-down jeans and briefs.



Tremors of heat and cold together gripped me. I felt scared and nervous, but terrifically excited too. This was my first time alone with a girl. I hoped I could “do it” with her without ejaculating too soon, but I was afraid I couldn’t.

Sandra returned to me with a condom. After peeling off the wrapper, she slipped the condom over my hard penis and kissed me again.

With great ease she slipped her arms under my armpits, lifted me up, and tossed me on the bed on my back. She spread her legs and got on top of me. I didn’t know exactly what to do, but she did. She guided my penis into her. Oh, my God, she was hot, and tight, and juicy! She was pumping me hard and fast, almost as if she were the man and I were the woman, as if she were plunging her penis into me. I tried to follow her body motions, but I couldn’t hold back. I climaxed in almost no time at all, while she was still pumping me furiously. I tried to stay hard for her after I ejaculated, but I couldn’t. Fortunately she was so hot that she climaxed soon after I did, moaning and clutching me almost painfully hard.

For a while we lay there panting. Finally she raised herself up on one arm and looked at me. “Not too bad for your first time, right?” she asked.

I didn’t speak a word, just nodded my head.

“Well, you know what they say. Practice makes perfect.” She giggled again. “I think we need to get cleaned up. We need to get really, *really* clean.”

She let me into the bathroom, but only after getting a second condom out of the vanity. I peeled off the first condom and tossed it in the trash as she adjusted the shower. She giggled as she put on her pink

shower cap and then put a similar one on me. “Ooh, you’re so lovely!” she exclaimed.

I joined her in the shower. She caressed me all over. “Kiss my breasts,” she instructed me.

I eagerly complied. I could feel my penis getting hard again as I licked her erect nipples, one after the other.

“Now soap them up,” she said. I did. She clasped my hands hard as I applied a soapy washcloth to her breasts.

“Soap me up down here,” she said, guiding my hand between her legs. I did. Soon she removed the washcloth from my hand and pressed my hand against her clitoris. It felt like it was at least half an inch long, and it was even harder than her nipples, as hard as my penis. I wanted to clean my penis off and enter her again. I didn’t know if I could really do it with her standing up in the shower, but I was going to try.

“Oh, yes, yes, *yes!*” she murmured. “You need to get very, very clean, so you can come into me again.” She soaped up my erect penis and held it firmly under the hot water to rinse it off. Then she ripped open the condom wrapper and slipped the second condom onto my wet penis.

“Now come in,” she commanded, while gripping my penis and drawing it toward her womanly opening. She kissed my penis with her lower lips and pressed it in. Yes, I could do it! I was doing it with her standing up in the shower, and she was plunging as hard as she had done the first time, pressing my back against the shower-stall wall and going wild. This time she climaxed first, but she kept going until I ejaculated a second time.