

# Adjusted For Life



**Norman Way**

An "Adult TV" Novel



## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2022

Published by Reluctant Press  
in association with Mags, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) & [magsinc.com](http://magsinc.com)

# New Authors Wanted!

**M**ags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

**S**tories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

**I**f you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

## Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

### **BE THE FIRST TO KNOW**

**Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.**

# ADJUSTED FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

I opened my eyes to find myself sitting neck deep in a pink, foamy, perfumed bubble bath that had the sweet scent of strawberries. I was ecstatic.

Picking up the bar of perfumed soap I noted my bright red finger and toenails as I began scrubbing my hair-free feminized body and my hormonally created breasts.

This very feminine environment made me feel so girly and delightfully feminine. I wondered if women felt the same way when they enjoyed this feminine experience.

When I finished I let the water out of the tub, stood up, and showered off the perfumed suds. I placed my pink shower cap back on the shower head.

Stepping out of the tub onto the pink bath mat, I took a large pink fluffy towel from the rack and dried off my hair-free girly body.

Removing from the hook on the wall a pair of black satin brief style panties with pink waist and leg elastic as well as four rows of pink ruffles on the back, I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist.

I reveled in the feeling of the satin panties against my feminized skin. I felt so deliciously girly and wonderful. I could almost giggle.

Walking out to the bedroom, I saw my master grinning as she waited by the vanity. I stopped and stood spread-eagle in the middle of the bedroom floor.

My master picked up a round container from the vanity table, removed the cover, then walked over to where I was standing. She held the container in one hand and the puff in the other.

With a big grin on her face, she proceeded to dust me from head to foot with the perfumed body powder. It had the same sweet strawberry scent as the bubble bath and soap I had used. It made me feel even more girly.

When she finished, she placed the puff back in the container, replaced the cover, then put the container back on the vanity table.

Next she waved me over to the bed.

At the bed she picked up a black satin bra with a pink bow between the cups and helped me to slip it on. My hormonally-created breasts felt well-supported in the bra cups as she adjusted the straps.

“It won’t be long before you will move up to a larger cup size,” she said with a giggle.

I knew she was right and I couldn't wait.

Next she handed me a black garter belt with a pink bow in the middle and little pink bows at the tips of each garter. I stepped into it and brought it up to my waist.

One at a time, she handed me the black fishnet stockings. I rolled each one down, slipped it over my foot, brought it up, and fastened it to the garters. Next, with both hands, I smoothed the stockings out in typical girly fashion.

I always felt so deliciously girly when I put on my lingerie, just like any female would, I guess. At least I hoped women felt as feminine as I did when putting on lingerie.

Taking my seat at the lighted vanity, my master stood behind me with her arms crossed to watch me apply my makeup.

I applied red rouge to my cheeks and then a thick layer of creamy fire engine red lipstick to my mouth. Next I put on grey eyeshadow, black eyeliner and then black mascara to my curled and very feminine eyelashes.

After clipping a pair of three-inch long fake diamond earrings to my earlobes, I put on a black shoulder-length wig.

My master pinned the white ruffled maids cap to the top of the wig while I fastened the white ruffled choker around my neck and slipped on a pair of white ruffled wristlets.

"Perfect!" exclaimed my master as I stood up and turned around.

She picked up the bottle of perfume and squirted me generously behind each ear, then across my neckline, up and down my arms, legs and finally soaked the crotch of my black satin panties.

“I want everything to be sweetly scented!” she cooed with obvious delight.

I was now absolutely reeking of the sweet and very feminine scent of strawberries.

“Now let’s get you properly dressed for your duties,” she said with a giggle as we walked over to the closet.

She handed me several short white petticoats, one inside the other. I took them from her, stepped into them, then brought them up to my waist as my master removed the black satin French Maid puff sleeve minidress from its hanger.

While she held it up by the hem, I put my arms through the puff sleeves.

Giggling again, she quickly zipped me up and closed the small hook at the top. Next she adjusted the hem over the three short white petticoats.

The short white ruffled apron was next. I slipped it over my head and my master tied it in the back with a large bow.

Last, she placed at my feet a pair of black leather six-inch stiletto heel pumps and stood back with a grin.

I stepped into the pumps, then looked over at her for her approval.

“Okay, my sweet sissy maid, let’s put you to work,”

I walked ahead of her out to the hall closet in the mincing and effeminate manner in which I had been taught. After putting on a pair of pink latex gloves, I began my cleaning duties.

Over the next hour she watched me with that bemused look on her face as I vacuumed and dusted the three bedrooms, hallways, dining and living room, always using the effeminate mannerisms that she required.

She giggled as the jarring effect of the six-inch stiletto heel pumps on the floor when I walked from room to room made the petticoats under the short skirt of the minidress bounce.

Then I scrubbed the tub, toilet and sink in the three bathrooms, followed by the kitchen sink and mopping the kitchen floor, all under her watchful eye to insure that I performed my cleaning duties in the appropriate and always effeminate manner.

When I finished, I looked up at her for approval. She grinned at me.

“You have done an excellent job, my sweet sissy maid,” she said. “My guests will be arriving soon . Then you may serve us some wine,”

I took off my pink latex gloves and put them and my cleaning supplies back in the utility closet in the hallway.

We walked into the living room where she sat on the couch and picked up the remote.



She turned on her big screen TV.

I took my seat opposite her in a recliner chair, remembering to smooth my petticoats and the skirt of my French Maid minidress with one hand in the proper sissy maid manner.

About an hour later, the doorbell rang.

I got up, smoothed my petticoats and the skirt of my maid's uniform, and minced effeminately to the door.

I opened the door and a woman walked in, looked me over as I performed a perfect curtsey and announced, "Madame will see you in the living room."

She was grinning as she turned away from me and walked to the living room.

I repeated these actions when the next three women arrived.

Walking to the living room after the last woman arrived and was seated, my master looked up at me.

"Bring us some wine, please," she asked.

I minced effeminately into the kitchen to the sound of the women giggling.

In the kitchen I took four wine glasses from the freezer and placed them on a tray. I opened a bottle of wine and poured each glass half-full.

Picking up the tray, I returned to the living room and stopped in front of each guest and smiled.

As I bent forward to offer the tray of wine to each of them, the skirt of my French Maid dress, flared out

with the three petticoats, rode up, giving the women a good look at the four rows of pink ruffles along the back of my black satin panties.

This prompted their giggles again.

Men would find this experience humiliating and degrading but for me behaving in a subservient and effeminate manner was a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

“Thank you, my sweet sissy maid,” said my master. “I will ring the bell when we want a refill,”

“Yes, Master,” I replied as I curtsied. Then, with the empty tray in hand, I left the room.

Once I was out of sight in the kitchen, there were more giggles.

A half an hour went by and the bell rang.

I took the wine bottle from the refrigerator and walked back into the living room,

In front of each guest, I bent forward and refilled each glass half-full, then minced effeminately back to the kitchen. Once again my absence prompted some laughter.

Almost an hour went by before I heard the women leaving. My master came into the kitchen.

“You did a fine job, my sweet sissy maid. Now come out to the dining room, one of my guests has a gift for you.”

I followed my master out to the dining room where one of the women was standing. On the dining room table next to her was a small black case.

“Stand with your back to her, please,” said my master.

I followed her instructions.

My master grabbed the hems of my maid’s dress and petticoats. She yanked them up while the other woman pulled down my garter belt and panties.

I felt the cool wipe on my bare butt followed by the pick of the needle and the pressure of an injection. The woman then pulled up my garter belt and panties. My master adjusted the petticoats and hem of my maid’s dress.

Turning around, I saw both women grinning.

“Every sissy needs a little extra shot of girl juice now and then to maintain his femininity,” said my master as her guest placed the needle back in the small black box and both of them laughed out loud.

My master walked her guest to the door, then returned to where I was standing.

“You are excused, my sweet sissy maid. That will be all for today,”

I turned from her and minced girlishly and effeminately back to my room.

Once there I could hear a bell ringing but it wasn’t the same one that my master had used to summon me for a wine refill. Everything suddenly went black but the bell was still ringing.

Sitting up in bed, I realized I was home in my bedroom and the sound was my alarm clock.

This had all been a dream... or had it? I asked myself.

I pulled back the covers, reached over and shut off my alarm clock, then I swung my legs over the edge of the bed and stood up.

My cotton briefs were wet in the front and my penis was half-erect.

I took off the wet briefs and tossed them in the laundry basket in the corner of the room.

In the bathroom I stood over the commode and grabbed my slimy cum-soaked penis with my right hand.

Closing my eyes, I saw myself in the French Maid uniform as I masturbated myself to a climax. Opening my eyes, I watched the ejaculate spurt from my penis into the toilet

Using toilet paper, I wiped my penis dry, then dampened a washcloth to wipe my penis clean. After I dried it off, I returned to the bedroom.

I put on a clean pair of briefs and sat on the edge of the bed, trying to understand why I was having these dreams of being feminized and put to work as a French Maid.

I was a male. I should be dreaming of dating and having sex with girls, not being a dominant woman's maid resigned to do her cleaning and serving her and her guests.

The next appointment I had with my therapist was tomorrow. It would be my second visit. I was hoping to get some answers to this conundrum I was going

through. I was afraid if I didn't, I was going to go crazy. There just had to be a solution.

After getting dressed, I ate breakfast and watched some TV. My shift at Sid's Pizza didn't start until ten am so I had a little time to kill.

Sid Olson spent twenty years as a cook in the Army. He got his discharge in 2000 and a year later he leveraged his pension and bought a small building that had once housed an auto parts store.

Sid had recognized that the "take and bake" type of pizza business was a good thing and cheaper to operate as well since there would be no in-person dining.

This type of business would also require fewer employees and cheaper insurance with no ovens and less foot traffic.

In addition he remodeled the upstairs into a two-bedroom, one-bath apartment,

Later on, he added phone orders and a drive-up window.

Several years later, a new shopping mall went in a mile or so down the road and the highway next to Sid's was expanded.

His business blossomed with the increased traffic and Sid was able to pay off his loan sooner than he anticipated.

When the pandemic hit, he was not adversely affected and continued to make money while others weren't so lucky.

I was lucky too. I had started there before graduating high school and was now a shift supervisor. I was making good money for a nineteen-year-old.

As for as this being a career path, I wasn't sure. I wasn't too sure about anything at this stage of my life.

Ten years previously my dad came back from Afghanistan in a box. Following the funeral, Mom sat down with me and explained that now both of us would have to make adjustments.

I promised to do my best to help out.

A nine-year-old hardly knew much about the world or the situation my mother was left in or just what the word "adjustment" meant.

I had yet to talk to her about the unusual dream I had.

A woman dressed me in pink panties, a pink training bra with a pair of ping pong balls in the cups, a white petti-slip and a pink puff sleeve shirt dress, pink cotton socks and a pair of pink shoes she called "Mary Janes."

After putting a brown wig on my head topped with a big pink bow, she applied pink lipstick to my mouth and pink blusher to my cheeks.

**She put the makeup items in a pink purse and slipped it over my arm. After I donned a pair of short pink gloves, she took me shopping.**

She taught me the proper way a girl gets in and out of a car, smoothing my skirts as I did so in the correct ladylike fashion.

Inside the mall, women in the department stores told me how pretty I was.

I was very surprised at the reflection I saw in the mirror at the cosmetic counter. I saw a very pretty girl looking back at me.

It was quite a surprise to see how this woman had transformed me from a young boy to a young girl.

At the café court she first took me to the ladies restroom where I learned to pull up my skirts, slide my panties down, and sit down to pee, just like a girl.

She purchased a sandwich and soft drink for both of us. We sat at one of the tables to watch the people go by as we ate our lunch

Under her watchful eye, I smoothed the skirt of my dress with one hand as I sat down.

Next I set my purse down and took off my gloves, one finger at a time in ladylike fashion.

“Take small bites of your sandwich and chew slowly. Sip your drink a little at a time. You are a girl now,” she instructed.

I followed her instructions, wanting to please her as best I could

When we finished our meal, she had me take out the cosmetic items from my purse and touch up my blusher and lipstick in full view of the other patrons.

I was feeling quite girly as I performed these typically feminine actions in front of her.

Despite being a boy I found myself enjoying being a girl.





When we arrived back home, she undressed me. For some reason everything went black and I found myself back home and in my own bed.

Sitting up in the dark, I tried to rationalize what I had just dreamt.

I knew that I was a boy, a male. So why then had I dreamed that a woman would dress me like a girl and instruct me on how to behave like one?

I was terrified of telling my mother, not knowing how she would react so I said nothing.

It was over a year before I had another similar dream again.

This time a group of woman dressed me in what they called “pageant dresses” flared out with numerous petticoats and in high-heeled shoes.

I was made up like an adult woman before a wig was placed on my head.

Smiling broadly, I walked in a girlish manner across a stage, then down a runway with one hand on my hip. The jarring effect of my high heels made the stiff petticoats bounce the skirt of my dress.

A large audience of women applauded vigorously as I turned around at the end of the runway, then walked back to the entrance.

When I arrived backstage, everything turned black and I woke up alone and in my own bed at home.

My heart was beating fast. I was wearing only the white briefs that I usually wore to bed.