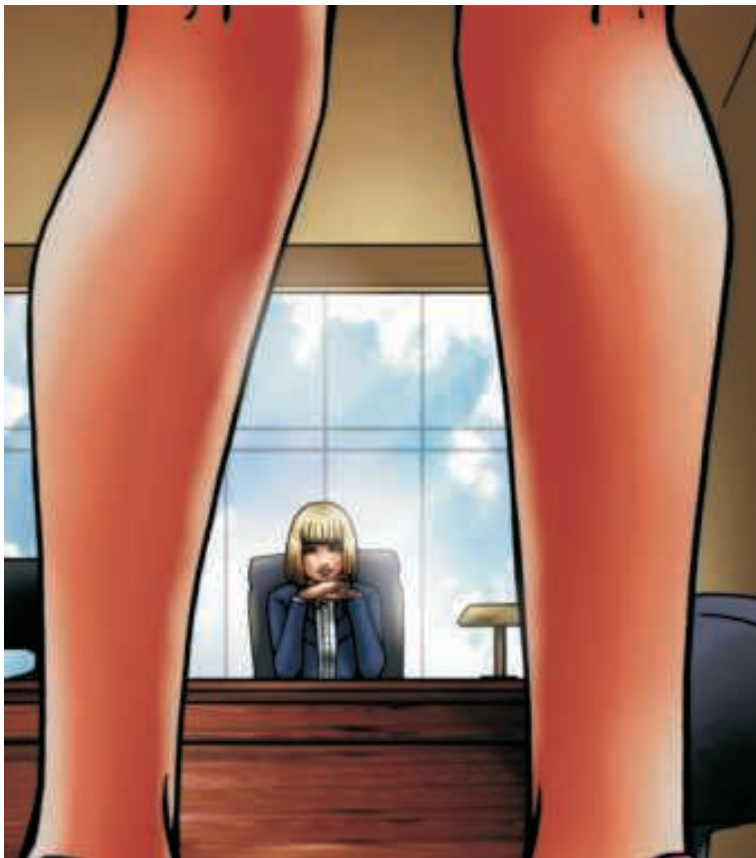




Reluctant Press presents:

In Service For Life

Norman Way



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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IN SERVICE FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

It began innocently enough, but then I guess a lot of stories could be started that way. Some would end happily, others tragically. Mine was one of those that would end between those two, sort of anyway.

I was sitting in the gym's top row of seats. The high school basketball team hadn't done very well so far. They had been picked to finish in the middle of the conference race but now they were struggling to stay out of last place. They were a young team, playing with only one senior, two juniors and two sophomores after losing three senior players to graduation.

The gym was less than half full. Dave Franklyn, a senior with whom I was not well acquainted, sat down next to me just before the tip-off.

"I've got one ticket left in the pool, do you want in?" he asked.

I had a small allowance and was saving most of it. I never thought much about gambling one way or the other. Actually there wasn't much point in thinking about it since I had very little money anyway. For whatever reason and I still don't know why I decided to take a chance on the game. I handed him a five and five ones. My ticket was number 5.

The game began and surprisingly it was very close thru out. Unfortunately at the buzzer one of the opposing players let fly with a long shot and it went in. We lost 73-72 but I had won the pool. I stuffed the hundred dollars in my wallet. As I walked home that lump of cash sure felt good. Mom and dad gave me an allowance of ten dollars a week and my winnings were a nice addition to that.

That night I thought about what I was going to do with the money. I didn't need any clothes or something for school so I decided to sit on it for awhile. There was no need to rush out and spend it all just because I had it.

The next week I bought another ticket from Dave and this time the number was 3. We defeated a less talented team 69-54 and once again I had a hundred dollar lump in my wallet. I was hooked as the saying goes. There was now two hundred dollars rolled up in a sock in my dresser.

I went on the Internet and looked at some of the gaming sites. All of them required a credit card, which

I didn't have of course. I researched sports betting and found a lot of sites selling memberships or books that gave you access to the "best" advice on who to bet on in the major sports. I wasn't sure if they were worth it or not so I decided to ask Dave at the next home game.

On Friday night I bought another ticket and asked Dave about what I had researched.

"I'm not into that really but I know someone who is. He is small time and only does NFL games."

"What's his name?" I asked.

"I'll have him contact you," was Dave's reply.

The game ended with another loss and I didn't win this time.

That summer, despite a bad economy, I managed to get hired by a private golf course. I was supposed to be working with the grounds crew but at the last minute the manager called me in and said that they needed a waiter in the restaurant. I wasn't sure about it but facing the choice between that and no job I agreed and started training right away. I learned quickly and would start on Friday night.

The time went fast. I became an accomplished waiter and was surprised at the tips that I made. In addition I spent time on the Internet learning more about sports betting as well as reading magazines about the upcoming NFL season.

By Labor Day Weekend I had amassed a pretty good stash in my dresser drawer. I felt I knew the teams well enough to make a so-called "killing". It sure seemed easy enough, of course the risks always take a back seat in your mind when you are thinking about all the money you are going to make and what you can do with it.

Monday night I got a call from a man who only identified himself as "Jim" He described himself as a thin black male with glasses and asked me to meet him at the café court of the Westwood shopping mall after school Wednesday night and I agreed.

I didn't sleep much Tuesday night thinking about my entrance into the "big time". Classes really dragged the next day. When the final bell rang I raced to my locker and then the parking lot. I drove to the mall. In the café court I stopped at a table where a young black male was sitting.

"Jim?" I asked politely, "I am Jan Wolfe."

He nodded and gestured to the seat opposite him. I was a bit surprised that he didn't offer his last name as I took my seat.

"Are you eighteen or older?" He asked.

I nodded. "I turned eighteen August 28th," I answered.

He then explained how things worked. I would call him on Tuesday night of each week and I would make my bets. The cash would be mailed to a P.O. Box in town. If he didn't get the money by Saturday of each week all bets were off. My winnings would be mailed to me each Tuesday. It seemed simple enough. I gave him a hundred for one game that weekend.

I thought about what I was getting in to but once again what I stood to gain outweighed what I stood to lose. It was going to be some easy money and there was no withholding either. My folks always said the government was getting enough money and what they don't know is none of their business. I couldn't have agreed more.

My work schedule was cut back because school was starting so my income would be less but I was certain the money I would be winning would more than make up for that. I was confident that in no time at all I would be enjoying a boost in my income and it would be in cash to boot without my "Uncle" taking a bite out of it before I got it.

My first month put me up \$1800.00. I was quite pleased and continued to use the Internet to educate myself about "the line" of each game I was going to bet on. This was easier than I thought. I began to think this had more to do with my ability to analyze the teams and stay abreast of all the news about each of them than anything else. At the end of the second month I was up \$3200.00

I began to spend almost as much time studying teams as I did my schoolwork. I said nothing about this to anyone of course. I was no longer sending money in to Jim since I could use some of the money in my winnings pool to place the next week's bet on.

I coasted thru October and was up \$4700.00 by the end of the month. I was tempted to use 4k of that to upgrade to later model car. My old Mustang had just turned over 145,000 miles but it was still running fine. I decided to continue to sit on the money.

A funny thing happened at the club's Halloween party. Two of the men had come dressed like women. They weren't very passable but everyone had a good laugh. A guest of one of the members placed a business card and a hundred dollar bill in my hand.

"Don't laugh, you could make a lot of money doing that," she said with a wink.

Later that evening I looked at the business card. The women's name was Lois Vale. She was a manager for the Diamond Talent Agency of Las Vegas, Nevada.



I had no interest in show business and of course no talent that I was aware of. I couldn't sing, dance, act or tell jokes and had no desire to do so. I was a bit mystified why she thought I could make money dressing up like a woman. I put the card in my dresser with the stash of cash I kept on hand.

November was a deadly month. I lost nearly all of my money. I was still making good tips part time and that kept me going. For the first time I was a little afraid. It wasn't like I was going to lose my home. The money had been coming in so easily that I hadn't given it a thought that it might go just as easily too. I re-evaluated how I had been making my picks but couldn't find anything wrong.

December was a little better. By Christmas I was back up \$2400.00. I put in more hours over the holiday break from school and then was cut back when classes resumed. My bad luck resumed as well.

I lost money on three of the four playoff games I had bet on. I hoped to make up for it in the conference championships and the Super Bowl. Instead I lost everything in the two conference championships but with a line credit from Jim and the stash in my dresser I was back up \$1200.00 after the Super Bowl. I took the cash and bought new tires and a battery for my car. That left me with only about \$700.00.

I told Jim I was going to cool it for a while. He told me to call him when I was ready to get back in the game and then hung up.

In school making good grades came easily but I couldn't decide what I wanted to do. The counselor wanted me to enroll in college anyway and take a few courses just to get in but I declined. College was getting really expensive and after the economy had tanked the

previous fall there wasn't much hiring of anybody, anywhere. I made good money in tips and felt it wouldn't hurt to work for awhile until things got a little better.

After finishing my homework one Sunday night in late March I thought about that card in my dresser drawer. I fished it out and looked at it again. I looked at my reflection in the mirror over the dresser. I was thin, like my dad. "Wiry" was the term that best described him or me.

I never cared to participate in sports but between gym class, jogging occasionally, and a balanced diet I was in excellent health. I never thought I was feminine by any means, at least not the kind of "sissy boy" that was picked on a lot in school. I guess I just thought of myself as an ordinary, run of the mill, guy.

Between work and school I hadn't dated much. I mean I knew I wasn't gay. I had sex only once at a family picnic where I met a cousin's neighbor who had come along with them. We sort of hit it off and later snuck off to a secluded spot under a big pine tree along the creek bank.

I kept thinking about that woman who had given me her business card. What did she see in me that I didn't? It wasn't like I had "girly boy" tattooed on my forehead. I was very curious about that.

The snow was gone by mid April. I had no idea what I was going to do after graduation but I could put more hours in at work so I would have a steady income. My car would have to be replaced soon and I didn't have enough money for that and gambling.

I missed the excitement of having a bet on a game. Like most of the people who bet on sports I had no spe-

cial interest in any team, only what the line was and whether or not I could make the right picks. It was almost as if I had an itch that I couldn't scratch or like the addict that needed a fix.

The Fourth of July was a good weekend for the golfers as well as those of us on tips. Lois Vale was there again. She stopped me on her way back from the ladies room.

"Did you graduate this spring?" she asked as she looked me up and down.

"Yes I did", I answered.

"You have GOT to come to Vegas," she said with a grin. "Do you still have my card?"

I nodded.

"Have you made any plans for school or anything?"

I shook my head. "I'm not sure what I want to do yet. I make enough money here while living at home until I decide what to do."

"I see," she smiled at me again. "Well, give me a call sometime, maybe I can help you decide. There's more money in Vegas than you might be able to spend."

She grinned at me again as she walked back to the table. Later when I cleared the table there was another hundred-dollar bill and one of her cards.

Despite not being a real physical job a waiter puts a lot of miles on his shoes. I always enjoyed a hot, steamy shower following my shift. This night I stood naked in front of the mirror. My slim body was pretty much hair free though I wouldn't say it was a "girly" body. I did the "tuck". I guess if I had a wig and makeup on I could look like a girl.

Usually I didn't have much trouble falling asleep but this night I kept thinking about what Lois had said to me. "There's more money in Vegas than you might be able to spend."

In the short time I had been placing bets I saw how easily the money could come AND go. It was good to have a steady income if I was going to continue betting on football games. If Vegas had more to offer than I was making now that meant I would have a better life-style and of course more cash to bet with.

That night I dreamed I was in a large hotel suite in Vegas. The bed was covered in hundred dollar bills and on either side of me was a buxom blonde showgirl. My alarm clock went off before the rest of my fantasies could be fulfilled.

As the summer wound down business dropped off a little. The NFL preseason started but I didn't bet on any of those games. I continued my Internet checks about the upcoming season. I had saved some money for when the season began. My mind would wander occasionally as I thought about Vegas. Those two cards and the two hundred dollar bills were still in my drawer.

Labor Day Weekend was lucrative. The weather stayed warm that month and I was up nearly two grand after the first two regular season games. I hoped my luck would continue, but of course I felt my "luck" had more to do with my skill at picking the right teams and the right line.

The leaves had just begun turning and I was up \$2900.00 by the fourth weekend. I had been looking at the used car ads hoping to find something in the mid price range. I was counting on having enough money

by the end of October. I wanted to be able to deal before the snow flew.

The second weekend in October brought some cooler weather as well as another addition to my cash flow. I felt pretty proud of myself. I circled a couple of car ads in the paper and planned on visiting the dealerships the next weekend. I put a "for sale" sign in my car window as I felt I could do better selling it outright and then bargain for a straight cash deal with the salesman.

I had finished working a shift and a half. Following a hot shower I fell asleep quickly only to be awakened by a loud argument. I got up and looked out the back upstairs window. My dad was arguing with a man whose back was to me. The discussion ended abruptly and the man left. My dad went into the garage and came back to the house a few minutes later.

My dad had always been a quiet man who never seemed to be too concerned about anything. He had seldom raised his voice to me while I was growing up despite a few minor childhood transgressions. He worked a lot of hours as a route salesman for a uniform company, which put him in contact with a lot of people so the volatile discussion took me by surprise.

Early the next morning I awoke to the sound of sirens. When the flashing red lights stopped in front of the house I got up and put my pants on. When I got downstairs an EMT was beating on my father's chest. Mom had tried to wake him after he didn't get up when the alarm went off. He was unresponsive to the CPR and was declared dead a few moments after mom and I arrived at the emergency room.

He was only forty-nine but the doctor said being overweight and his high blood pressure were contrib-

uting factors that had done him in. I wondered about that heated argument the night before but didn't say anything to my mom.

Following the funeral the estate was settled with everything in my mom's name. The insurance paid off the house and the funeral bills. She went back to work at the hospital where she was a dietician.

After packing up my dad's clothes I took them to the thrift store. We sold his pick up truck a week later.

I was sweeping out the garage after the buyer for his pick up truck had left when I noticed an old thermos jug sitting at one end of the back shelf of the garage. I was more than a little curious why he kept that old thing. Mom and I had given him a new stainless thermos for Christmas two years ago.

I picked it up and it seemed heavy for an empty thermos. After taking off the cup I unscrewed the cap and looked inside. It was dark but I could see that there was something in there. I unscrewed the top to look at the vacuum bottle. There was no vacuum bottle inside. Instead I dumped out three large rolls of hundred dollar bills. I almost gasped out loud. The rolls of hundreds were just smaller than the inside diameter of the thermos.

It had been the perfect hiding place for a stash of cash. Right there in plain sight on the garage shelf. I had no idea where he had gotten the money.

I decided not to tell my mother. She had everything else from his death. This would provide me with additional cash to gamble with or a nest egg to fund a trip to Vegas should I decide to go that route. I guess that sounds a bit selfish, but with the economy in the tank

this would be a little bit of a safety net in case things got worse.

I stuffed the rolls of bills back inside and replaced the top, cap, and cup. I put the thermos in a box of old clothes in my closet. It was hard getting to sleep that night thinking about the money. I tried to figure out how much was there.

The three rolls were about three and a half inches in diameter and secured with a rubber band. Off the top of my head I thought there might be at least two hundred hundreds in each roll. Twenty thousand dollars times three was sixty thousand dollars. It was a princely sum for a nineteen year old to have.

A week later a news story broke about the FBI busting a gambling ring. Gambling was pretty small potatoes compared to the drug dealing that was going on but it still made headlines. Several days later an FBI agent showed up at the house and talked to mom and me about my fathers' job.

Apparently my dad's name had come up from someone seeking a "deal". It seems that many of the people on my dad's route were placing bets with him. Neither one of us knew anything about any gambling that my father was involved with and since he was dead we were at a loss to contribute anything to the agent's investigation.

I certainly didn't mention what I had been doing but it sure scared me enough to wonder if I should be calling Jim anymore until I could talk to him in person. For all I knew our phone could be tapped and I couldn't afford to be caught placing bets now.

The agent left. Later that week I called Jim and asked for a meet without giving details. At the mall I

told him what happened and he just shrugged it off. I was surprised at his cavalier attitude but made my bets for the week and went home.

I sailed thru the rest of the month and was up \$4400.00. I began to increase the amount of my bets but November was a disaster. I met Jim and forked over ten grand of the money that had been in the thermos. It was a scary experience seeing my money go as quickly as it had come in. December wasn't much better and I was down another five grand.

I paid the five I owed Jim and gave him five more. As Christmas approached I was up almost twenty grand but then the bowl games over the New Year's Weekend took all of that and ten grand more. I couldn't figure out what I was doing wrong. I decided to wait until the NFL playoffs started before placing any more bets and then make smaller bets until I could recoup some of my losses.

After the holidays things at the club slowed down and I got fewer hours. I still was making good tips for the time I put in. I saw Lois Vale at the New Years Eve bash but didn't have a chance to talk to her. She left another hundred-dollar tip and on the back on her business card she had written "when are you coming?"

I wasn't sure what to do. Following the NFL playoffs my losses made my mind up for me. I had only half of the money in the thermos left plus a few thousand in my checking account. I hadn't bought a car like I had planned on but the old one was still running fine.

I purchased a newcomers guide to the Vegas area and it arrived just after the Super Bowl. I had bet heavily on the favorite. They were upset of course leaving me with only ten grand in the thermos and my checking account balance.

It would be six months before the NFL games would start up again. I wasn't going to make bets on anything until I could replenish some of my stash. I began to think more and more about Vegas as I went thru the new comers guide. I decided to wait until spring. The thought of getting part of the way there and being waylaid by a snowstorm wasn't pleasant.

When the cold weather finally left us and things began turning green again I sat down to plan my trip. I hadn't said anything to mom yet. I continued to work and save my tips. I was never going to get that stash in the thermos back up to sixty grand again but it was back up to fifteen now and that, along with my checking account was enough to keep me in Vegas for a least a year.

In mid April I quit my job and put my car up for sale. I sold it right away and rented a car for the balance of the month. I explained to mom that I was moving. I got rid of a bunch of "stuff" I had accumulated and planned on taking only a single suitcase with me. Everything else was packed in one box including the thermos bottle. Mom would ship it to me when I had an address.

I drove the rental to the airport and turned it in. My early flight landed in Vegas at about ten am local time. I got my suitcase and picked up my rental car. I would keep it for about a month until I was settled. I checked into a large complex where I had reserved a room for a month until I had found an apartment.

After calling mom to let her know I was ok and where to ship the box I had dinner at a nearby steak house and went to bed early.

I slept pretty well that night and spent the next day doing very little. I looked at the want ads. I left a mes-

sage on Lois's answering machine too. The economy had affected everyone but Lois was my ace in the hole as they say in Vegas. She called me back later that afternoon and told me to come in at ten thirty the next day. The rest of the day was spent driving around the general area and finding the building where Lois's office was located.

The next morning I skipped breakfast. I was a little nervous as I wasn't sure what exactly this going to involve. I watched some TV and then drove to Lois's office. She was talking to her secretary with her back to me when I walked in. Her face brightened into a broad smile when she turned around.

"Jan! I'm glad you are here. Please come in to my office."

I followed her as the secretary seemed to be giving me the once over. I took my seat opposite her as she handed me a sheet of paper. There were several names listed and the amount of money they were making. I was quite surprised to say the least. The lowest number on the list was more than twice what I had been making at the golf club when I quit. I handed the sheet back to her.

"I screen people for a private club," she began. "They are very particular about who they hire. I assume you have never done drag before?"

I nodded.

"Okay, well you will have to meet certain physical requirements. What is your current height and weight?"

"I am 5'6" and weight about 152 lbs.," I answered.

"I see. I want you to loose twelve pounds and come back in a week for costume fitting. I want you to wear

only an athletic support and sweats. Since you have just arrived here I suppose you haven't joined a health club yet?"

"No, but there are machines in the basement of the building for everybody to use,"

"Good. Get started right away. Morning, afternoon and evenings I want you on a treadmill and the stationary bike. Make your workouts strenuous. I want to see a flatter gut and more pronounced buttocks. Don't get a haircut and let your nails grow out. Understood?"

I nodded without speaking once again.

"Start eating healthier, that means little or no meat, lots of veggies, fruits, chicken and fish or seafood. NO alcohol, drugs, or tobacco use. Your physical appearance is EVERYTHING here, understand?"

"Sure. Actually I never developed a taste for alcohol and I never smoked or was in the drug scene."

"That's good to hear. Do you gamble at all?"

That question took me by surprise. I mean after all, this is Vegas isn't it? I thought it would be best to be honest up front about it but I didn't want to tell her how much I had won or lost.

"A little, I buy a few lottery tickets and during the football season I bet a few games."

"Okay but watch your self. Some people get hooked on it, like drugs, and they get into trouble. That's all for today, see you in a week."

I got up and left her office. I had never thought of myself as fat but looking at those income figures I was never going to let a few pounds get in the way of that kind of money.

When I arrived back at the complex my box from home had arrived. I also had a message to call a man named Mac. The previous night I was having a beer and the subject of sports betting had come up. When I mentioned I did bet a little on NFL games the bartender gave me Mac's number.

I went down to the gym in the basement and ran a few miles in the treadmill and biked a few more on the stationary bike. I also did some leg lifts on a weight bench. After the workout I called Mac. He gave me the rundown on what he needed. I declined to bet on any baseball games but said I would call back near the start of the NFL season.

The next night after another vicious workout I looked at myself in the mirror again. I kept seeing those dollar signs in front of me. I was less concerned about the job than I was about my ability to put more money on games with the kind of income I would now be making.

The following week when I saw Lois again I had dropped only eight pounds. She didn't seem too perturbed but told me to come back in a week and to maintain my exercise routine.

I increased my workout times. I began eating less and more healthy foods according to her instructions. In the back of my mind there was that same thought about all the money and what I could do with it.

At the second meeting I was down to 138 lbs. Lois was pleased. She carefully measured my head, neck, wrist and palm circumference. Then my bust, waist, hips and finally my feet were measured too.

"You have a one o'clock appointment for a general physical at this address," she announced as she handed

me a card. It takes a week to get the results so come back here at nine am a week from tomorrow."

I took the card from her and after getting dressed I left the office. I walked around a nearby mall to kill some time and then went to the address Lois had given me for my physical.

The office building at the address was a small one just a few blocks from the mall. I handed Lois's card to the woman behind the counter. She smiled at me in a funny way as she handed me a clipboard.

"Have a seat and fill this out," she said.

I sat down and filled in all the required medical information. I put the clipboard and pen back on the counter and returned to my seat. A few minutes later a stocky blonde woman in a white uniform came out to see me.

"I am Dr. Olson, please come with me,"

I followed her down the corridor to the exam room.

"Take off your clothes and lay down on the exam table please. I will be back in a few minutes."

She left the room and I undressed. A few minutes later she returned and began her examination. After making notes on a clipboard she took out a very large needle.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Everybody is on a strict health regime," she replied. "It includes vitamins, flu and booster shots," she said as she stabbed me with that giant needle.

After putting away the needle she wrote something on a prescription pad and handed it to me.

“The pharmacy down the hall will fill this for you. Get started taking these right away and of course maintain your exercise routine. It is VERY important that you do this because your job depends on it and maybe your life. Now get dressed, that’s all for today.”

She left and I got dressed. The female pharmacist handed me the bottle of pills. When I asked about the cost she just smiled and said that Lois’s agency would take care of everything.

As I got into the car I wondered about Dr. Olson’s remark “that’s all for today.” What else I would be required to do? I drove back to the complex. After a light supper I went to a movie and then worked out again.

I maintained my three a day exercise schedule and had begun taking the tablets. The week went by slowly until once again I was standing in front of Lois in her back room, wearing only a jock strap.

I was measured again and she was pleased that I had become as tight and firm as she had demanded. In addition I now weighed only 135lbs. After opening a pink box she handed me a pink panty briefer.

“Put this on over your support please,” she asked.

I stepped into the stretchy garment and brought it up to my waist. While I did that she had gone over to the closet and brought back a pink petticoat and a filmy pink chiffon mini dress. She handed me the petticoat to put on and as I did so she unzipped the dress and took it off the hangar. After slipping it over my head she adjusted the hem over the petticoat and then when I turned around she zipped me up and hooked it at the top. When I turned around again she was all smiles as she looked me over.