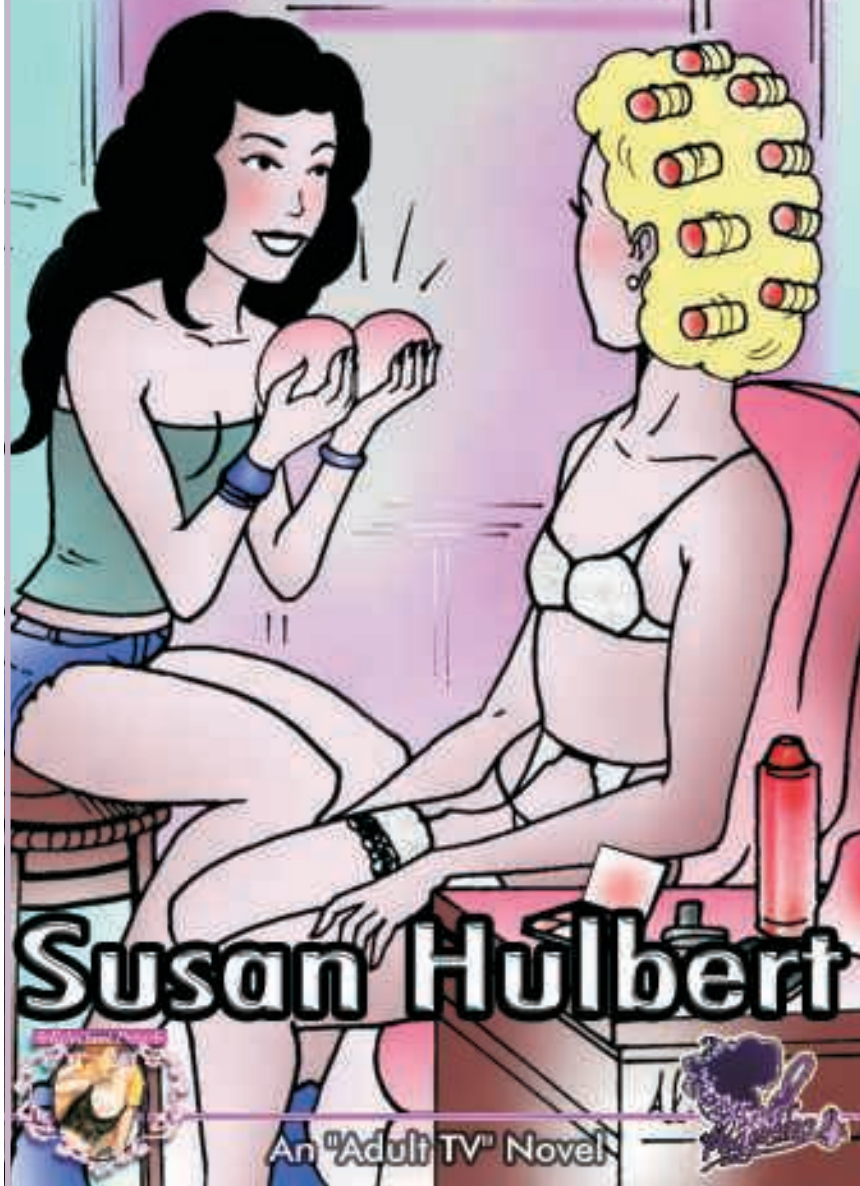


Wolf At The Door Productions

Part 2



Susan Hulbert



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Wolf At The Door Productions

Part 2 By Susan Hulbert

She showed me a pink nylon rod with thick and thin parts along its length. The end had a ring handle and a flat portion. I could feel it enter. I clenched and then she slapped me hard. I released almost instinctively, and it slid further and further inside.”

“You can get up now,” she said. “You’ve been a good boy and that deserves a kiss.”

I stood, feeling this strange intruder in my rear. “Aren’t you going to take it out?” I asked.

“That’s for later, if you’re a good boy.” She steered me out of the door. I tried to walk normally but I was very conscious of the way I was moving my hips.

We only had to walk about a hundred yards down to the nearest mall. I must have passed the place

many times and never noticed it. Now that I was on the verge of entering, I saw the lurid and colourful designs all over the window displays.

I didn't want to go in but Jasmine was pulling me through the door. It was a simple choice; go with her or cause a big scene. I didn't want to do that.

I stood in a daze but didn't have to say anything. Jasmine did all the talking, and I sat where I was told, as Jack – if that was really his name – examined my ears. He didn't look like a guy who specialised in things painless.

I can't pretend that I was paying attention. That thing in my bum was making me very monosyllabic as I sat on that hard chair.

I tried to think of sunny meadows; I tried not to think at all. A tug and a sound of a click, quickly from one ear to the next and then Jasmine was pulling me to my feet and dragging me to a mirror.

I had a diamond stud in each earlobe. They were ever so noticeable. I saw them and realised what I'd done. Was this another test or another boundary? I didn't have time to wonder as Jasmine handed her card to the man, then we left. I managed to mumble a few words of thanks and assured him that it was all painless.

I felt as if everyone was staring at me as we went into a small Italian restaurant a couple of doors down.

“Stop playing with them.” Jasmine slapped my hand gently as I felt around each earlobe. “They're not going to go anywhere.”

“It's something I never expected,” I said.

“You never expected to be sleeping with me either.” She held my hand to her lips. “I really like you.”

“I like you too,” I said. “I don’t know how we ended up doing this but I really do like it.”

“Stick with me and we’ll really have fun together,” she said.

I believed her but I had no idea which way that would take us.

The way it took us that night was very predictable. Jasmine decided when we were to leave the restaurant. She took my wallet from me, paid the bill, and gave the waiter a far too generous tip. She held onto my wallet as we left, doing all the talking and treating me like I was really subservient.

“You can carry this.” She handed my wallet back to me when we were outside.

“Are you sure I can manage it?” I said sarcastically.

“Don’t be childish. You know you like being bossed around.”

I could have argued but decided not to spoil what I guessed was to come. Once through the door, she had me undressed before I knew what happened. She stripped to bra and panties, which somehow made it more erotic.

I felt her breasts under the lace fabric and felt the nipples which were hard and prominent, even under the cup. She kissed me, forcing her tongue into my

mouth. One hand went behind my head; the other massaged my growing penis.

“I think I’d better show you the advantage of this,” she said, slipping her hand from my front to my rear.

I could feel her hand and then she was playing with that thing in my rear, working it up and down slowly. I felt waves of pleasure in a way I can’t describe. It wasn’t anything I expected to feel.

She stood back and looked at me, then undid her bra. Her breasts hung free and whilst I knew they weren’t natural, I loved the way they bounced with a little sag that shouted to be touched and held. Her panties fell to the floor and she kicked them away.

“Now for the ride of your life.”

Her eyes sparkled as she squeezed gel over her penis. I don’t like to compare but I think it was bigger than mine. A strange thought flashed through my consciousness. If my penis got as much use as hers, would mine grow as big?

She turned me round and bent me over the couch. I knew what was going to happen but that didn’t make it any less delicious. She teased the plug slowly from my rear. I felt the cold touch of more gel being worked in and around and then I could feel her tip.

She teased before she pushed. This time I didn’t have that instinctive resistance as violently as before. I took a deep breath and pushed back, forcing its entry, and sighed as I felt it filling me.

I waited and she slapped my behind. She did it again, harder this time and slipped a little further inside. I felt a grip from my muscles and tried to open

them. But it was impossible. I needed her to take more control and force past the resistance.

I heard a whimper and a cry. It took me a few repeats before I realised that it was me making those noises. It was as if all my senses switched off as she worked her way further and further inside. I could feel her ball sac against my bum as she speared me so hard that I could almost be split in two.

She pulled out and made me lick and suck. The odour wasn't the best. It was gel and sex mixed with... well, you can guess what it was mixed with. I didn't care. This was sensation beyond anything before.

She made me lie back on the couch and slipped me inside her whilst her back was towards me. I saw the arch of her spine as up and down she rode. I don't know how long that lasted before she was out again, sucking me this time, forcing me to grow. Then she crouched over me, face-to-face, and I slipped inside her again.

I could feel her stiffening cock inside me. I thought I knew what was going to happen but it didn't. She came out and pointed her cock at my face, touched my lips with it, using her hand to flick it up and down against my mouth. I opened, expecting to suck, but she didn't do that.

I tried to reach forward to take it into my mouth but again she stopped me and then she came, spraying my face with her seed. It came in great globs; pulse after pulse pumped it over me. I could feel it running down my chin and at the side of my face, into my hair. Some went into my mouth and I tasted the saltiness. Then she was empty and leaned back.

“That’s a good boy,” she said, leaning in to kiss me, our tongues touching and tasting the same thing.

I lay back, sated, exhausted, and euphoric after all that.

“You’d better take a shower,” she said, wiping some of the mess she had made on my face and in my hair.

It was one of the fastest showers I’d ever taken. I returned with a towel wrapped round me and sat beside her.

“That was wonderful,” she said. “I’ve never enjoyed it so much for ages.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, not understanding.

“Darling, you know what my job is. I do that on camera with men and sometimes with women that I’ve never met before. It’s difficult to get a connection in any spiritual sense. It’s Viagra, play for the camera, and pretend its fun.”

“And this was different?”

“Didn’t you feel it?” She rubbed some of the stuff across my face. “This was exciting because I wanted to do it and I think you wanted me to do it too.”

“I never knew there were so many ways,” I started to say.

“There are more, believe me, but those are the best. You’ve had the services of an expert tonight and with a bit of training, you could become an expert in pushing all the right buttons for me. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

How could I disagree?

I woke late the next morning to find that I was alone. Jasmine hadn't disturbed me. I was a little disappointed when I realised I was alone. After the fun we'd had last night, I guessed it would have taken a lot to wake me. Maybe it was for the best.

I stood and realised at once that my behind was sore and it made me walk from the knees down. I know that's a strange way to describe it but anyone who's been there will know what I mean. I walked through to my kitchen. I saw a note on the table, with the plug from yesterday and a tube of gel.

"Try this. It should make it easier next time," the note said, with a red lipstick kiss at the end.

It stayed there for a while as I made coffee and thought about getting ready for work. I showered and looked at it again. Before I dressed, I put it in. It was a bit of a struggle but with the gel and a little patience, it slipped in.

I tried very hard to walk naturally but my penis didn't want to ignore the feeling of this intruder. Driving to work was an interesting experience too.

"Love the earrings," Jane said as soon as she saw me. "Were they a present from your new girlfriend?"

"She says I should dress, more fashionably," I said lamely, kicking myself for forgetting to take them out.

"And that's the first thing," Jane smiled. "I can't wait to see what comes next."

"I can understand what she means," I said. "I am a bit stuck in a rut. It's why I came to work out here."

“She’s one of Jackson’s actresses, isn’t she?” Jane asked.

“You know that already.” I picked up a bundle of messages that had come in.

“You’d better be careful. Some of those actresses have strange ideas. It must go with the territory. Everything turns to fantasy but when fantasy turns real, they can’t cope and drift back into fantasy.”

“I’ve no idea what you mean,” I replied, heading for the door.

In reality, I knew exactly what she meant. I knew she was giving me a gentle warning and resolved to protect myself. I know; you’re thinking that I hadn’t thought it through. It’s true. I had no idea where all this would lead.

Right then, I didn’t care.

One of my messages was to call Jackson. He invited me to lunch and we met in a small diner near the office.

“Love the earrings,” he said immediately to me. “Jasmine said she’d got you a present.”

“How did you know this was the present?” I asked.

“I know my girl,” Jackson smiled. “She’s such a force of nature. I know she likes you because she’s asked me to give you a pass to the set where she’s filming next week.”

He passed an envelope across the table to me with a knowing look. I put it into my inside pocket with a nod of thanks. I knew what it was.

“Buy her something special,” Jackson said. “Be extravagant and she’ll appreciate it.”

I wondered if he was setting me up again but the thought didn’t last. I was getting too much sex and too obsessed.

“Where’s she filming?” I asked.

“It’s that old theatre you found for me.” He signalled to the waitress. “It’s been a great location and I may have to ask if we can extend the lease. I hope not but we’re really doing well there with scenes for several productions.”

“Do you want me to ask the owners?”

“Not yet. I want you to find me a beach house next, one with a pool and a huge bathroom. It’s got to be very modern and minimally furnished.”

He opened his document case which had been under the table. “Here are a few frames from the storyboard we have. You can see it calls for a lot of space. Mirrors and a good garden would be good too.”

“I’m sure I can find something like that. It’s not going to come cheaply though.”

“Then I’ll pay more and you’ll make more,” he laughed. “I bet you’ve never been so well off.”

“No.” I took the light hearted nature of the moment. “I’ve a good apartment, a decent car, and I’m still worrying about how to get rid of money. I don’t want anyone wondering where it came from.”

“Me neither.” Jackson broke off to order, patting the waitress on her behind as she turned back to the bar. “I always find that girlfriends come expensive.”

“Is that because you have a few at the same time?” I shouldn’t have said this and wished I hadn’t.

Jackson laughed. “You’ve noticed. I can’t help it if they come on to me because I’m the producer. You’ve met a couple of them; heck, you’re amusing Jasmine. You know how much fun you can have.”

“Are they all like Jasmine?” I asked.

“Most of them are. I have to keep them sweet. The really attractive ones who can act like I need them to act are in short supply.”

“Do they just appear or do you have to search them out?”

“I have to keep looking.” He turned serious, then scoffed. “If you ever want to turn, I could maybe use you.”

“What?” I asked incredulously.

“Sure, think of the basics. You’re young, super slim, have long hair and even features. With a little work and the right attitude, you could be quite stunning.”

“You’re joking.”

“Maybe I am.” Jackson looked me in the eye. “But good girls are hard to find. Sometimes I have to help them along. Find a promising girl and turn her into an actress. It’s not as difficult as you imagine.”

“I would have thought it to be awfully difficult.”

“They don’t take much persuading.” Jackson shook his head. “A trip to the plastic surgeon, lose a bit of weight, a good hairdresser, some voice coaching and posture training and we’re good to go.”

“Don’t some react and fail?”

“Some do but generally if you follow the money and make good choices, you can’t lose,” Jackson replied. “It’s the money. That wins every time.”

Our meals arrived and the subject changed. Jackson signed the tab and put a big banknote on the tray. The waitress turned and waited for him to pat her behind before she left.

“See, that’s what the money can do,” he laughed.

I went to the set later that week. I begged an afternoon off; no one seemed to mind, and drove to the old theatre.

It was a hive of activity. They were filming on the stage and on the balcony as well as in the dressing rooms which had been cleaned up and re-painted from the drab surroundings I remembered.

Jackson greeted me perfunctorily and excused himself to supervise elsewhere. Jasmine waved to me from the makeup chair, where her hair was being arranged in a most complicated ‘do’ and pointed towards a man standing on his own, watching and waiting.

He must have seen her pointing because he came over to me and introduced himself. “Rick Column,” he said, holding out his hand for me to shake. “Jas-

mine's told me so much about you. You're a lucky guy."

"Thanks, I know it too," I replied. "This is all so complicated. I don't know how you keep up with it all."

"It's simple when you get used to it. The production assistants keep tabs on us all and get us to the right place. Not always at the right time but we're used to that."

"Is there a lot of hanging around?" I asked, not really knowing what to ask.

"I'm waiting to do a scene with her right now," he said. "Under that cape, she's wearing a ball gown. It's a costume piece and our scene is set in one of the big boxes at the side of the stage. Come on, I'll show you."

I followed him through the auditorium, stepping over cables and walking the long way round other bits of filming. We went up some stairs and into a box overlooking the stage. A camera on a metal stand was pointing into the box and another two were arranged in the box itself.

"They're remote controlled because there's not a lot of room in here."

A girl with a shaven head and a lot of tattoos came into the box and started talking to Rick.

"I'm sorry, I'm directing this piece and I need to speak to Rick. I'll take you to the recording studio in a minute," she snapped at me.

I was in the way and I knew it. Jasmine came up the stairs, her hair piled really elaborately, bare shoulders in a low-cut gown with huge billowing

skirts. She wore huge earrings and lots of bracelets and rings too but nothing to disguise the swell of her breasts threatening to spill out of the bodice. I have no idea what period it was; probably one that never existed in reality.

I was bundled down to the control room where the director sat me at the side with instructions to shut up and touch nothing. She put on a headset and started issuing instructions to Rick and Jasmine. I watched the monitors on the control board.

Rick clambered under Jasmine's skirt and the camera recorded his head bobbing up and down. Jasmine's face went through a range of expressions from surprise to ecstasy and her hands worked to smooth down the dress.

The director issued another set of instructions. Rick emerged and a hairdresser adjusted his hair and checked his makeup. Another man came in and played with his penis, making it grow to huge proportions.

"That's his fluffer," the director whispered to me. "He's had a long day and needs a little help."

I was shocked to watch the next bit of recording. Rick's penis went into Jasmine's mouth and I had to look away. I knew that it was her job and it was acting but I couldn't watch it all. I looked from behind my fingers as her hair fell from its up do and her expression grew more lustful.

When he shot his climax over her face and hair, I had to look away. I sat breathless and shocked at the back. The director looked at me.