

Stepmother's New Daughter



Susan Hulbert

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Stepmother's New Daughter

By Susan Hulbert

When I think back, it seems like the first twenty-odd years of my life were in black and white. Now I'm living in full Technicolor; it's so much more fun being a girl.

I love being a girl; I love being blonde and wearing perfume. I love that I can change both next week if I want.

I love the makeup and the jewellery. I love it that I can wear jeans or a dress, heels or flats with either.

I love my false eyelashes and my long painted nails.

I love long scented baths with candles, and being pampered in the atmosphere of the beauty parlour.

Guys watch me as I pass through a shop or a bar, a restaurant, or simply along the street or the beach. They watch me in the gym too.

I'm slim and usually blonde, with hair down to my shoulder blades; it took a couple of years for it to grow that long but it was never short, even in the "Before Times."

They watch my bum as I walk past, I know, I see them! It's pert and tight, not a "big booty."

They look at my breasts and down my top. They're nice breasts too, maybe a fraction too large for my frame, but I'm not out of proportion.

I like the way guys come on to me, trying to impress. I love to be impressed but they should know that I'm not going to fall for it.

I can flirt and get away with it... unless I don't want to, and you can guess what that means.

I love my little Mazda two-seater; driving with the hood down beside the ocean with the sun and the scents of Provence in the air.

I think I enjoy being a girl far more than girls who never knew anything other than being a girl.

And it was all down to my stepmother and a bunch of coincidences, accidents, wrong choices, and right ones too.

All those things are what I'm going to tell you about.

I quite liked Gillian when my father introduced me to her. I think I was about ten years old when I first understood that she was to be my stepmother. She smelled so nice and treated me like a real person. I wasn't used to that much attention.

I never knew my mother. Since she left me with Dad not long after I was born, I'd been all over the place with child minders and after-school care. I didn't know how to behave in a proper family before.

Gillian had two daughters, Carrie and Shona. They were nice too but they were much older. By the

time I was into my teens, Carrie was away at University and Shona was a senior on her way to college. They let me into their lives and I guess that was when I was first dressed up as a girl for Halloween.

I did as I was told in those days, grateful to be included in their lives. It wasn't difficult; they were as nice to me as if we were really related. They treated me as if I was a dress-up doll sometimes.

Shona and Carrie even pierced my ears. I didn't expect it and couldn't see what they were doing.

"Keep still," Shona said. "We need to measure from ear to ear, so that we get the right size when we collect your wig from the costume shop."

I sat still. One of them was on my left, the other on my right.

"Are you ready?" Shona asked Carrie as each had a hand on one of my ears.

The next thing I knew, the piercing gun clicked and I felt a pain at both sides. It wasn't a bad pain and I held still as they were still at either side of me.

"That's going to complete your look." Shona stood back with a grin on her face. "You can see in the mirror."

I stood and went to look. Of course I was shocked, even though by that time I had an idea of what they were doing. I had a gold stud in each ear.

Carrie had slipped out of the room and returned with Gillian. She almost pulled her across to look at me.

"That's really good." Gillian looked at me. "You're going to be really with the cool guys at school."

"Oh no!" I said. "I can't go to school like this."

"You're in the minority going to school without earrings," Shona said. "Don't you notice these things? Some of the boys have more than one."

"I guess..." I replied, thinking of things I had noticed but hadn't registered.

No one said a word when I went to school afterwards. Maybe that's because they never really noticed me anyway.

"You're not going to school today," Shona told me when Halloween came round. "It's going to take a few hours to get you ready."

"Surely all I have to do is put the wig on?" I asked. "That's all we've done before."

"This time, it's not going to be like that at all." She laughed at the thought. "When we're finished, you are going to disappear. There'll be nothing left to make anyone think that you're a boy."

It took all day. I was like Gwen Stefani when they finished getting me ready. I had a bombed-out bleached blonde wig with generous waves which tumbled over my shoulders. It took them ages to get the wig right.

My hair was wrapped under a wig cap, bound with tape. They glued the wig's lace hairline to my forehead so that it looked for all the world like it was my own hair growing there.

"That's wrong," I said with a smile. "There should be a tiny fraction of black root showing."

"Pretend that Gwen was at the salon this morning," Shona quipped back.

"Now you sit very still and I'll do your eyes."

I felt the touch of the brushes. I looked up and looked down when I was told. The weight of the mascara surprised me. The false eyelashes, like two hairy caterpillars looked far too big to fit on my eyelids, but soon they were glued in place.

"Will I get used to this?" I looked up at her, feeling the weight.



“You will, but I doubt the boys will.” Shona’s reply made me feel a chill of fear, then a frisson of excitement.

For the first time, I thought it would be exciting to make the boys think I was a girl. Then I wondered how I would handle the things that boys want to do with girls. I didn’t really know what they did anyway, apart from the odd chaste kiss.

That shows how naïve I was back then.

They shaped my eyebrows carefully and filled them in with a black brow tint, then just like hers, my lips were shiny signal red. I didn’t have the super shaped lips that she had, but when Shona had finished with lip liner and lipstick, they looked really good.

I got into plain red panties and tights. They felt really strange as they slipped up my legs for the first time.

“Maybe we should have given him hold-up stockings?” Shona asked.

“You’re right, but it’s too late now,” Carrie laughed. “Stockings would be too exciting; just think if anyone saw them.”

She and Shona laughed. Back then, I didn’t know that they meant by saying it would be exciting if any of the boys saw them.

“You need a bra next.” Shona saw my face and stopped me from saying anything. “You need something to fill out the top of that dress and that means you have to wear something to keep them in place.”

Obediently, I held my arms out; I knew what a bra was.

“You don’t need to do that.” Shona held up a red bra. I recognised the cups, but there were no straps. Instead it was much wider.

“It’s a longline bra,” Shona explained, fastening it behind me, and adjusting it. “It’s strapless and these are your breasts.”

She slipped a cold, wobbling lump into each of the cups. They were cold against my skin.

“They’ll warm up and you’ll forget that they’re there.”

“You’re kidding.” I looked down and saw how the cups were filled.

“Wait until you get the dress on,” she replied.

I hadn’t seen it before she brought it from the wardrobe and held it up. It was red and looked to have a piece to go over the top of my arms and leave my shoulders bare. It looked to be decorated around the neckline and the bottom hem which was longer at the back than the front.

Shona held it out for me to step into and pulled it up my body. She arranged it carefully off my shoulders.

“Hold it carefully,” she told me, then went to the back.

“Are you sure that this dress is the right size?” I asked as Shona raised the back zipper. “It’s squeezing me really tightly.”

“It’s meant to squeeze you tightly. Be careful, it’s really skin-tight, but the Spandex in the material should let you move,” Shona said. “Remember to be careful that the top doesn’t slip too far down.”

That really gave me confidence!

She took out my studs and replaced them with long dangling red earrings. They brushed my shoulders whenever my head wasn’t up straight. A matching necklace completed the set. I got a couple of rings on each hand’s ring finger and a couple of bangles on my left wrist.

Although I’d seen it step-by-step, I wasn’t prepared for the complete image I saw when she allowed

me to look in the mirror. The dress left my shoulders bare and hobbled me when I walked, not that I wanted to walk far in the red stiletto heels they made me wear. I remember how they were amazed that I could walk at all.

Somehow as soon as they were fastened around my ankles and I stood, they felt real, comfortable, and easy to walk in. I think I tried too hard to swing my hips as I walked.

It wasn't the heels that gave me the problems though; it was the worry that I might not be able to act the image.

I needn't have worried; somehow it came easily. They'd shown me a video which told me how to walk; left foot directly in front of right foot, and so on. It said to overlap them if you could and I could, with the result that I had *the* walk.

"Be careful with that," Shona cautioned. "It's going to make the boys watch your bum swing from behind."

"Are you telling me that my bum looks too big in this?"

"Far from it; I'm telling you to be careful if you feel a hand there."

Immediately, I could picture that happening. I loved thinking about the touch and the effect, but I knew I shouldn't. I tried to hide my smile.

The party we went to was great. There was Superman and Madonna, Laurel and Hardy, as well as several cowboys and Marylyns. I stayed as close to Shona as I could and tried not to say anything above a whisper.

I was horrified when I turned and couldn't find Shona. When they realised that I was on my own, I was surrounded by cowboys and a terribly poor drag queen. The music was so loud that I couldn't hear

what they were saying but when the queen mimed that we should dance, I gratefully accepted.

His makeup was heavy. His wig wasn't fixed properly and as we danced, I could see his false eyelashes beginning to come unstuck. He could tell and tried to nip them back on as well as dancing closer and closer to me. His balance on vertigo-inducing platform heels was amazing as we danced.

For my part, I was afraid to stop dancing. I looked around for Shona, but she was nowhere to be seen. How I hoped she would come and rescue me. Eventually the music changed and my new companion held out a hand for me to take and together we left the dance floor.

He forced his way to the bar, pulling me along behind him. I smiled to the left and right as he forced our way through the throng. I stood behind as he ordered at the bar.

"I hope you like this." He handed me a colourful glass; a tequila sunrise by the look and smell. "Girls always love these even if they haven't had one before."

I mumbled my thanks and looked at him, realising that he may be dressed as a drag queen, and a pretty poor one at that, but he thought I was the real thing. I sipped a little through the straw in my glass. It was strong and something to be careful of.

Conversation was impossible as the music started again and the crush of people around us was moving and jostling uncomfortably. The heat in the place was getting to me too. I raised my hand to my forehead and was immediately reminded how securely my wig was bonded to my skin. I was so grateful!

Slowly we moved through the crowd. I was almost praying out loud for Shona to come and rescue me. I didn't feel comfortable with where this was going and I didn't want to get too far out of sight.

When he lunged in to kiss me, I was mortified. One hand went around me, pulling us together, and the

other groped at my breast. That frightened me even more. His tongue was pushing at my lips all at the same time. I was terrified.

All kinds of thoughts flashed through me, all in the same second. Should I hit him or should I scream. If I did, would anyone hear me above the music? If he found out that I was a boy, would he beat me up?

Goodness knows why I did it, but I did. I let myself melt away as if I was enjoying his attentions. I let my stiffness relax and melted into him and allowed his tongue to complete the kiss. I may have squealed a little as if I was enjoying it.

He pushed into me and I wasn't so naïve that I didn't recognise which bit of him was pushing the hardest. Instinctively, I put my hand down there. On reflection, that was a mistake. He pushed harder and pulled up the dress he was wearing so that my hand felt a guy's erect penis for the first time.

What do I do now? I remember thinking that too. This may read as if I had time to think, but it wasn't like that. I was really afraid and wasn't thinking anywhere near properly.

I wrapped my fingers round it, pushing his dress up at the same time so that anyone could see what he was doing – if anyone had been close enough to see. Perhaps if they had been, they'd have assumed that it was something I was doing willingly.

I worked my hand up and down, feeling it grow even more. I scratched my long nails along it. I wanted to hurt, but he seemed to enjoy it. Then he started to come. I could feel it on my hand.

At that moment, I let go, pushed myself away and as quickly as I could, went back into the crowd, knowing that his penis would keep coming for a few moments and then he'd have to re-arrange his dress before he could follow me.

As luck would have it, as soon as I was back in the crowd, Shona was there. She looked at me and guessed something was wrong. She took my hand and for the second time that night, I was pulled through the crowd to the bar. She pushed a glass into my hand and pulled me to the side where it was a little quieter.

I'm ashamed to admit it but I wept a little as she made me tell her what had happened. She looked round and grabbed the arm of a guy standing a few steps away. She whispered to him and he came to stand beside me. Shona disappeared into the crowd but this time, I could tell that he wasn't a threat.

His smile was kind and I couldn't help but like the way he was looking at me. I didn't object when he placed an arm around me. I thought it was comforting. I knew that he thought I was a real girl too. There was something in his eyes. I liked it.

I was happy as he steered me further to the side. I didn't object when his arm slipped around me. Right then I knew I was going to cry. I pushed myself against him and buried my face in his shirt as I let a sob out and struggled to control myself.

I remember thinking that I didn't want tears to ruin my makeup. I didn't want my makeup to smear across his shirt either. His smell was really nice though and I could have stayed that close for longer but then Shona returned and took me from him.

Quite literally; she took my arms from him and steered me to a chair at the side. I could see him hovering, but Shona ignored him.

"The ugly sister won't be bothering you again," Shona said, putting her hand under my chin and raising my face so that she could inspect me.

"Let me fix your face. In two minutes I'll have you as good as new and you can go and talk to Prince

Charming over there.” She nodded to where my new friend was still waiting.

“Is he someone you know?” I asked.

“He’s harmless,” She replied. “He’s usually following me around, but he’s not my type.”

“What’s he called?” I asked, still looking at him and meeting his eye.

Shona looked round and saw him then. “He’s Phil something or other, and from the way he’s looking at you, I think he may have been cured of following me around.”

“Should I be scared?”

“I don’t think so but you know to be careful now anyway.” She dabbed at my cheeks, looked carefully, and smiled. “Now go and play safely.”

“Spray me with your perfume, and I’ll do exactly that,” I said and lifted my chin for her to spray there and around my shoulders. It was a deliciously girly moment; we both knew it.

“Don’t get into trouble.” she said to my back as I walked away.

I know you’re not going to believe this next bit. I was there but as I think back, I can hardly believe it myself.

I stood and straightened my dress. I took a second to collect myself and in full-on, girl-on-the-make mode, I decided to make the most of the time left.

He was still looking our way. I walked up to Phil, taking deliberate steps and holding his eyes. I wrapped my arms round him and kissed his cheek.

“That’s for being my saviour,” I said.

“If that’s what I get for doing so little, what do I get for being nice to you for the rest of the evening?” His expression told me that could be something worth re-

warding but don't ask me how I knew that. I could feel that I was glowing.

He took my hand and for a third time I went to the bar, this time much more gently than before. Moments later, a drink was in my hand; something fruity but loaded with alcohol all the same. I sipped and smiled my thanks.

"I haven't seen you before," he said. "Are you related to Shona?"

"I'm her cousin," I lied. "I'm visiting from Kansas."

"I hope it's going to be a long visit," he replied.

I liked the way he was looking at me and right then, I was hoping for a long visit too. It must have been the alcohol.

We talked about this and that; mostly I looked into his eyes and stayed quiet. Mostly he talked about himself. I remembered that boys liked to talk and they like a girl who listens. I don't know how long we talked, but my glass emptied and was re-filled.

"It's really so hot in here," he said. "Should we get some air?"

I agreed; I guess I knew what he meant, and it wasn't all about the air. We walked a little way from the building into the shade of some trees. He stopped and I knew that he was going to kiss me.

I wrapped my arms round him and with one hand on the back of his head, I tilted my face up and he bent towards mine. This time I was ready and willing. His tongue probed my lips on the second kiss. My lips opened immediately and accepted his advance.

We kissed some more and I could tell that I wanted more. I almost forgot that I wasn't really the girl he was kissing; I was the *boy* he was kissing. He didn't know that. I didn't want him to know that, but I didn't want him to stop either.

His hands started to roam. I could feel one gently squeezing my bum and then it slipped forward and

felt between my legs. A flash of electricity seemed to ripple up and down my spine; I was tingling all over, but I couldn't let him go further.

"It's the wrong time," I said softly. "I'd love to but it'd be too messy."

"I'm sorry; I should have guessed when I felt the padding."

I didn't want him to know that it wasn't padding, it was my penis growing there. That's what he could feel. Much as I wanted him to hold it, I had to be more careful.

I let one of my hands slip down his body. I knew what I'd find there because I could feel it pushing against me.

"I could use the back entrance," he said.

It shocked me. It wasn't the way he said it which was quite soft and gentle. I hadn't thought of that and I didn't know how to do it. Well, I didn't know how to do it apart from the obvious bits. I simply wasn't ready back then.

"Let me," I said, slipping my hand into his jeans, through his underwear, then carefully pulling his penis out through the gap.

I stroked it carefully; I caressed it, and allowed him to feel my fingernails stroking up the underside. I could tell he liked it. I knew what to do next; I'd read about it. Slowly, I slid down his body, almost to my knees, until I could see the tip in the twilight and shadows of the trees.

"It's now or never," I thought, as I brought my tongue to touch the tip where a little drop of liquid had emerged.

I licked it and then looked up at him. His face said he liked what I was doing. He didn't taste too bad so I did it again, this time taking the head into my mouth and running my tongue around it.

I don't remember how I did the next bits. I remember taking it into my mouth and gagging as it touched the back of my throat. I remember too that I licked up and down the shaft as if it were something sweet.

The bit I really remember was absolutely mind blowing in every sense. He was deeply in my mouth and he seemed to stiffen. I knew he was way past the point of no return and I stayed there. My tongue kept moving; encouraging and willing him to come.

Then he was pumping. I could taste and feel it at the back of my throat. I swallowed but fast as I could swallow, he filled my mouth more. I could feel something dribbling down my chin and wiped it with my hand.

All my attention was on him but I was conscious enough to understand that it would look bad if my dress was stained, and wiped it with the back of my hand. I knew he'd finished as he slowly started to shrink.

The stiffness wilted. I don't think I was prepared for the feeling as it slipped out of my mouth. I'm ashamed to admit it but I spat some of him away before I stood. Without my asking, he gave me his handkerchief and I wiped my face.

"I must look a mess" I said as I stood next to him.

"I wouldn't say that," he said and to my surprise, he kissed me again.

I remember feeling pleased with myself that he did so. Our tongues wrestled together. The taste of him inside my mouth can't have been something he was used to; or maybe he was. How was I to know? It didn't matter, I was in the moment, not planning a lifetime.

"Can we sneak back in?" I asked. "I'd better repair my face before Shona sees me."

He kissed me again and together, with hand in happy hand, we walked back inside. There I left him and almost ran into the ladies' bathroom. I locked

myself in a cubicle and took the mirror from my shoulder bag to inspect the damage.

“You were missing.” Shona caught me as soon as I came out of the bathroom and looked at me suspiciously. “I’ve just asked Phil if he’d seen you and he told me where you were.”

“He must have seen me coming in here.” I tried to keep my face straight.

“Of course, that must be why he knew where you were.” Shona looked at me critically; I knew she didn’t believe that. “You’ve been drinking.”

“Phil bought me a drink,” I replied. “It would have been rude to refuse.”

“It might have been wise. Drinking can lead you into all sorts of indiscretions.”

“Really?” I feigned surprise. “Have you secrets to tell?”

“If I did, I wouldn’t be sharing them with my little sister.” She tried to hide her amusement. “Seriously, be careful; boys can become addictive and that’s dangerous, especially for a girl with something to hide.”

“I haven’t made a date with him if that’s what you’re thinking,” I replied defensively.

“It wasn’t, but I get the impression that you’re more of a girl than you were a few days ago.”

I smiled sweetly but said nothing. I danced a little, drank a little, but kept out of trouble as instructed until it was time to go home.

I was so sorry to see my Gwen disguise being taken off when we got home. I could have cried when the wig revealed the wig cap underneath. Removing my

lovely eyelashes and creaming off all the makeup made my spirits sag. She left me to soak off my nails.

I thought I'd said a sad farewell to femininity and all the good feelings it gave me.

I'm sure that it all made a deep impression upon me but I didn't think anything of it at the time. I didn't steal my sisters' clothes or try their makeup. I let them dress me up for the next Halloween, but it was a pretty tame and boring affair.

I think my expectations were too high and I didn't like my costume. To be honest, I felt rather frumpy; no wonder I played wallflower.

It all stopped when Shona went off to University. She didn't come home for Halloween, no matter that I hinted how good it would be.

At the same time, I was thinking hard about what happened to me when I changed into that blonde girl. I couldn't work out if it was something in me which compelled my actions.

Did I really want to be a girl?

I don't think I did back then. Sure enough, I'd acted like one; I loved that I could get away with it. I loved the whole thing, the preparation, and the feel of the wigs hair down my back; the weight of the false eyelashes, and the way I walked in heels.

But the thought of being a girl all day every day was something else. If that was my destiny, I couldn't play this dressing-up game with myself. I knew that I had to keep it under control or it could run away with me.

The more I thought, the more I decided to steer clear of dressing up again... even though part of me wanted to feel more of what girls could do to a guy.

But I'm jumping ahead of myself; let me back up a little.