

Stepsister's Plans



Susan Hulbert

An "Adult TV" Novel



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Stepsister's Plans

By Susan Hulbert

I'm sitting alone in my study to write this. I had to get into the mood and that meant that I had to be as female as possible. It wasn't hard; I think I've mostly forgotten about ever being anything else.

It started when I dressed after my shower and I'd dried my hair. It had grown down to the middle of my back and I'd had it lightened for the first time a few days ago. I wished I'd been daring enough to do it earlier.

I started with my best lingerie. I loved the pale lace-upon-lace design of my bra and panties. It didn't matter what I wore over them; having such lovely things cupping my breasts and holding my other bits in check was part of the delight.

It was a warm day and I knew I'd be unable to write all day without wandering into the garden and taking in some sun. A baby blue sundress with a small pattern of paler blue flowers was easy to wear and cool. The low neckline allowed the tops of my breasts to show. I liked that.

It was too hot for much makeup. I was so pleased that I'd decided to get eyelash extensions at the same time as they did my hair. I could go to town without having to think about false lashes.

Maybe I'm predictable but I liked to wear a lot of black eyeliner over and under my eyes, with mascara to emphasise my new lashes.

I slipped my feet into backless mules with a spike heel. Since I learned to walk in them, there didn't seem any point in wearing boring shoes any more.

I liked my image. I was a woman to be desired, and I loved it.

I did make one big mistake though. When I had my last manicure, I had my usual long red nails. That keyboard never made so many mistakes before.

It all started after I got some infection at work. It should never have happened, but it did. I'm not going to tell you about the months and months of treatment. I'm not going to tell you about the court case or the settlement.

I'm going to tell you about Lilly and Francesca.

"Now that you're out of the hospital, you must come and stay with us," my stepsister Arabella insisted.

"I'm not the fittest I've ever been," I replied.

I was trying to ease my way to declining the invitation. I was afraid to mix with people. It was irrational but all the medication and the side effects had done something to my confidence.

"That's why you should come," she insisted. "The weather here on the coast is lovely once the heat of the summer has gone. You couldn't come to my wedding and I think you owe me a visit."

“It wasn’t that I didn’t want to come,” I replied. “They wouldn’t allow me out of the hospital. You didn’t send me a picture.”

“I’m sure I did; maybe it got lost in the hospital?”

“That could be true. They sanitised everything before they allowed it into my bubble.”

“I never really understood what happened to get you in there.”

“It’s classified,” I said. “You know I was working as an instrument technician for the Navy research lab. All I can say is that something nasty escaped the bio-security. I caught it and they kept me in isolation while they worked out how to cure it. It was the longest nine months of my life.”

“You were hospitalised for over a year.”

“But I was totally out of it for the first few months.”

“You’re not working there anymore?”

“I don’t think I dare go back into lab work. I was so scared,” I admitted. “They wanted it hushed up so I escaped with a decent payoff and a pension.”

“So now you’re free, financially independent, and you need to come and visit your favourite stepsister.”

“You’re my *only* stepsister.”

“I can still be a favourite, can’t I?”

“Okay, you win. How would it be if I fly out in a couple of weeks?”

“You’re not getting out of it. I’ll do the booking; all you have to do is turn up for the flight.” Bella sounded really assertive and I knew better than to argue. “I’ll text you the details when I’ve booked.”

It wasn’t that we didn’t get on. We did but she was always bossing me around; organising my life. Given the state I was in, I thought it might not be a bad thing.

It took me longer than a couple of weeks to get ready. I gave up my room in the shared apartment I'd been living in since my release. I packed to travel light. I hadn't many clothes anyway. Most of my stuff had been for a much fatter person.

I think I must have looked like a dumpling before. Being so ill, I'd lost weight and couldn't seem to put any back on. It meant a whole new wardrobe, but I hadn't bothered in case my weight went back up. I was resigned to being a skinny guy now so a few trips to the Goodwill store solved that problem.

I had to steel myself for each trip out; each encounter with other people was so difficult. They suggested that the illness and the time in hospital brought it on. I didn't know what to say or how to act. I must have seemed really strange.

It was diagnosed it as agoraphobia; a fear of being outside with complications. It wasn't always the outside that I feared; it was me *in* the outside that felt wrong. Sometimes I could cope with it. Other times I had really to steel myself to go out. Mostly I didn't

When I had to go out, I tried some visualisations. I fantasised that I was a little like Jack Reacher, setting out into the unknown, with hardly anything.

I wasn't really like that. True, I had few possessions but I knew where I was going. I had my identity papers, my bank card, basic toiletries and a few clothes as I went to the airport.

I think I'd decided that I wouldn't be coming back. My last girlfriend had moved on while I was sick. I didn't blame her. I wasn't the man I used to be, and I didn't want the life I used to have.

It was only as I sat on the plane that I remembered that I hadn't sent a text to confirm I was on my way. I sat back and refused to worry. I could call from the airport when I landed and get a bus. I was sure I could find my way to my sister's new home.

It was hard but I was sure that I could do it.

It was really late when my flight landed and rather than risking disturbing my sister and her husband, I stayed in the airport hotel. After a leisurely breakfast, I got the bus into the city and then another to the small town on my address card.

“Hi, I’m in town.” I said when Bella answered her mobile. “I’m getting a cab out to your place.”

“You should have called earlier,” she chided me. “I won’t be back until evening. I’ll call and ask Phillip if he can leave the summer house open for you until we’re back.”

“You have a summer house?” I asked.

“Hey, we’re doing well,” Bella laughed. “You’ll have to pick up something to eat on your way but there’ll be cold drinks in the fridge. I can’t wait to see you. I bet you’ve changed.”

“I’ll be the one in the summer house,” I said. “You’ll recognise me easily; five foot seven, a hundred and twenty pounds, with a dirty blonde ponytail.”

I didn’t tell her how much I’d changed.

“It won’t be hard to spot you.” Bella had an infectious way of laughing. “I think Phillip will be back later than I so you’ll be the only one there. I always thought you’d look better with less weight but that’s some loss.”

“It’s okay,” I replied. “I can’t seem to put weight on and I’m here, so it’s all good.”

The cab dropped me at the gates. Bella hadn’t been kidding when she said they were doing well. There was a paved drive and I could just see the roof of a house in the distance. All I needed to do was to figure out how to open the gates.

I was about to call Bella again to ask for a code when a white Mercedes SUV pulled up beside me.

“Bella said I should look out for you.” The driver was a delicious looking blonde of the kind that I only met in fantasies. “Get in and I’ll take you up to the summer house.”

I thanked her and hurried into the car. My bag went into the back along with the box holding my lunch. As I settled into my seat belt, I looked at her. It was hard to guess how tall she’d be but there was no mistaking that she had a great figure.

I looked at the road and tried not to be too obvious about looking at her. I was ticking off my dream girl as her perfume filled the car. I took in her legs; a skirt so short that it showed them to be long and tanned, with spike heel sandals and red toe nails.

Her blouse was silk and fitted so that the outline of her bra showed through the thin material. If she saw me looking, she didn’t seem to mind so I looked some more. She had nice breasts; the open buttons of her blouse showed a generous amount of cleavage.

I watched her steer the SUV into an area in front of a garage block to the rear of the house. Her fingernails were the most extravagant that I’d seen, and I wondered how she could do anything with her hands, but then she didn’t look like the kind of lady who’d have to do a lot of heavy lifting.

My heart sank a little when I saw her left hand had a wedding set, with a diamond that probably cost a few years of my pension.

“Here we are.” She tucked a lock of hair behind her ear where I saw a gold hoop and a few glittering studs. “Shall I get your bag?”

“You’ll break your nails,” I said, regretting the words as soon as they were out of my mouth.

She smiled, lips shining and revealing perfect white teeth. She didn’t speak as she got out of the vehicle and set off towards the back of the house. I grabbed my bag and followed.

“Make yourself at home.” She indicated the summer house beside a small pool. “Bella said she’d try and get back as early as she could.”

I stepped towards the house, looking at how lovely it all looked. I turned to say something but my dream girl was walking away, hips swaying. This was a girl who knew how to make an entrance... or an exit, I thought.

I watched her as she got back into the SUV and, with a wave, drove away.

“Hi Jeremy.” My stepsister’s voice roused me from my doze beside the pool. “I got a call to say you’d arrived.”

“Hi Bella.” I hugged her, and stood back to take in her appearance. “You look as if this life really suits you.”

It had been almost two years since I’d seen her. She was almost the double of the girl in the Mercedes. Her hair was as long and maybe a shade or two more tawny, but she had all the sheen of a real West Coast girl.

“It’s so good to see you again, even if there’s a lot less of you these days.” She prodded my stomach, which was as flat as hers.

“It was that bug. I can laugh about it now but when I was in the hospital, I was really scared.”

“Does that mean you’re not going to make a fortune marketing it as a weight loss programme?”

“I think the government would have me locked away if I even mention it,” I replied. “I always wanted to lose weight. Now I think I’ve lost too much and can’t put any back on.”

“I’m so glad you’re here,” she said. “You’re the only relation I have left and to think I nearly lost you.”

“Let’s not talk about that,” I replied. “You seem to be doing really well with all this.” I waved my hand expansively over the house and grounds.

“It’s all Phillip’s success; I can’t take credit. I work hard but he’s the one with all the ideas.” She held out her hand for me to take and together we walked to the house. “I’ve put you in the guest wing. There should be everything you need in there, but call me if there’s anything missing.”

She left me at the door. “Phillip should be back after six so why don’t you come over at seven and we’ll eat together.”

“I’ll look forward to that,” I said. “And I’m really looking forward to meeting your new husband.”

“You’ll love him,” she said, turning into the house.

I went into the guest wing. It was really a small apartment, well-appointed and far better than the shared one I’d left. The moment I was alone and the door closed, I felt a huge sense of relief. I could hide away again.

I showered and it was so good. Lots of hot water and shampoos and conditioner scented like I’d never smelled before. These were luxury brands; they must have been because they smelled so nice and I’d never heard of the brands.

The towels were big and soft and fluffy too and there was a robe. I wrapped my hair in a towel and looked through the bottles and aerosol cans, smelling each one before selecting some blow dry lotion. I used the drier and soon my hair shone like it never had before with silvery glints in amongst my normal dusty blonde shade. It was beautifully soft as I let it fall over my shoulders.

I must have dozed for a while. The next thing I knew, it was half-past six. I dressed quickly, wishing I’d better clothes to wear on my first night here. As the clock said seven, I walked out across the courtyard to the main house.



Bella looked up as I entered the dining kitchen. There was no sign of Phillip but the delicious girl who'd let me in was sitting at the table, looking cool and quite spectacular. I had to stop myself staring. She knew too; a hint of a smile told me so as our eyes met briefly.

"Has Phillip not arrived yet?" I asked.

I saw Bella exchange glances with the girl. Bella took my arm and turned me towards the table.

"Jeremy, say hello to Phillip." The girl got up with a huge smile and came across to hug me, surrounding the air with that delicious perfume again.

"I'm sorry," I stuttered. "I guess I thought that Phillip would be a guy."

That smile passed between them again.

"Phillip is a guy," Bella said. "Believe me, I didn't skip the biology classes at school and I've looked."

"But he's... she's..."

"Not as confused as you are." Phillip laughed at my disbelief.

"But I saw your breasts." I couldn't help saying it out loud.

"I hope you liked what you saw. They cost enough." He went over to put an arm around Bella.

"You'd better explain," she said, holding onto his hand.

"There's not much to explain." Phillip said. "I'm a guy but I make my living by being a girl. I started out as a guy, I have to be more of a girl that I would if I were a real one."

"But does it pay?"

"It pays very well so far." Phillip gestured for me to sit at the table and sat opposite me.

I couldn't detect anything male about him. My eyes told me one thing but I knew that Bella and Phillip

must have been telling the truth. He was all girl; the breasts and the makeup, the nails, the hair, the heels, the dress. How could it be?

"I can't pretend that I understand any of this," I said. "I think my eyes are deceiving me."

"I used to do the drag shows," Phillip said.

"They were awful," Bella interrupted.

"Bella convinced me that I should be realistic and attractive, not too stylised and over the top." Phillip played with the rings on his left hand.

"You should have seen his breasts when we met." Bella reached out and took his hand gently. "They were like half-grapefruit shapes and stuck out far too high on his chest."

"That corrective surgery hurt," Phillip said. "I had to have them removed and revised with new implants to look natural, lower on my chest and closer together so that the cleavage you were admiring this afternoon would look real."

"He did that for me," Bella said. "That's when I decided he had to marry me."

"It was hard work at first, but she insisted." Phillip pushed a stray lock of hair behind his ear, showing a long drop of glittering stones hanging from the lobe. "Then I started my agency and at the same time changed my act."

"I'm not following," I said. "What is it that you do?"

"I do personal appearances; corporate stuff mainly. I do diversity training and then, of course, I'm still an entertainer. I'm an illusionist. I have an occasional hypnotist act and some comedy; occasionally I sing. I'm not a stand-up but I do humorous monologues; after dinner speeches and that kind of thing."

"That sounds like a lot of work." I shook my head at the thought of it all.

“He’s being modest,” Bella interrupted. “Phillip has a motivational training company and earns big bucks from big companies.”

“I have an agency and we supply female impersonators for all kinds of projects, some serious and some humorous. They do the same as I do and other things as well.”

“And we get management fees and commissions,” Bella added.

“It all adds up to a good life.” Phillip waved a hand as if to say that it had bought all that I could see.

“But what made you think of doing it in the first place?” I asked.

“I loved dressing up and acting,” Phillip said. “I couldn’t afford drama school and I didn’t have any connections. Life was rough back then.”

“It can’t have been that long ago,” I interrupted. “You can’t be thirty yet.”

“It’s always good to know that the money spent on surgery isn’t wasted.” He smiled. “My first forays into the game weren’t good. As Bella said, the breasts I had didn’t look great but they were big enough to get me noticed.”

“And you probably got booked because they were so unbelievable,” she laughed.

“It wasn’t good back then and I don’t like to talk about it,” Phillip agreed. “I didn’t feel good about myself but I couldn’t do anything about it without a lot of money that I didn’t have. Then Bella appeared.”

“I started managing him,” she continued. “I worked him into better gigs and we saved so that he could get proper surgery.”

“I knew I didn’t want to go back to being a boy,” Phillip said. “The chance to be a classy girl was too much to resist.”

“And I had my own dress-up doll.” Bella smiled as if everything was so simple.

“I think we’d better eat.” Phillip stood and dinner was served. “We can tell you the rest of the story tomorrow if you’re interested.”

“I am,” I replied. “I’m fascinated.”

“We’ve plenty of time,” Bella said. “You’re to stay as long as you like and get really well again.”

“That’s too kind.”

“Nonsense; you’re my only relative. I want to take care of you.” Bella gave me a sympathetic look. “You were so ill for so long, I was afraid we’d lose you.”

“I can pay my way,” I said.

“That doesn’t matter but you can contribute if you like; a bit of driving, some computer work. I hope you’ll stay with us simply because you like it here.”

“Phillip’s gone to some meetings,” Bella said when I appeared in the kitchen next morning. “But I guess that you’re full of questions.”

“My head is spinning,” I replied. “I’m trying to make sense of it all.”

“It’s simple; Phillip’s the guy I love, That’s why I married him.”

“But he’s beautiful.” I couldn’t help saying it.

“I know and I love that too.” Bella’s look asked if I could ever doubt it. “I know you want me to explain it all away but I can’t. It’s just the way we are.”

“I’m struggling to know which questions to ask; the ones I can ask and the ones I daren’t.”

“I know it must be a lot to take in.” Bella poured coffee into a mug for me and passed the sugar. “Let’s go shopping and we can talk about it all when Phillip gets home this evening.”

“Are you sure he won’t mind?” I was still struggling with the fact that this vision of femininity was my sister’s husband. I didn’t want to ask about his male equipment.

“It’s probably better that way.” She went to the door. “I saw your bag and I guess you need to buy a few things. I’ll get ready and we can set off for the mall.”

“I do need some clothes if I’m going to stay here for a while,” I agreed. “I can’t ask to borrow Phillip’s.”

“He wouldn’t mind.” She had a twinkle of mischief in her eye. “Most of it would probably fit you.”

“With an obvious exception.” I mimed a shape with my hands.

In the end, I didn’t buy anything. I guess all that time in isolation in the hospital had an effect on me which I hadn’t appreciated. I was struggling with being amongst people. Making trivial decisions seemed too much. I wanted to run away and hide.

I didn’t say much on the drive back. As soon as we were back at the house, I almost ran into the guest wing to hide.

“Dinner will be at seven,” Bella called as I closed the door.

It was a little after seven when I entered the kitchen. Bella was there and the smell from the oven was really tempting.

“Phillip should be home soon,” she said, pouring some white wine into two glasses.

I sipped mine and saw that she was looking at me. I recognised that look. It said that she was framing a question that I might not like.

“You didn’t feel good when we were shopping.”

It was a statement, not a question but still one that required an answer.

“I think I’ve lost a bit of confidence,” I replied. “The hospital was not a good experience and I was in isolation for such a long time.”

“But you were able to get on a plane and come here.”

“I think I was escaping,” I admitted. “I didn’t like being in a shared apartment; coming here was like escaping to a sanctuary.”

“I’m pleased you feel like that.” Bella smiled. “But I’m worried at the same time.”

“I’ll get used to being back in the human race soon,” I joked. “It’s probably doing me good being here. I’m far away from anyone who knew me before I was ill.”

“Is that good?”

“I think so,” I replied honestly. “I think I’m a different person now. I can’t go back and I don’t think I want to.”

“Will you be okay on your own when both Phillip and I have to be working?” Bella asked. “Sometimes we have to be away for days or even a week or two.”

“I’ll just hide away here. I’ll be okay.”

“Leave that one with me; you can’t hide away for the rest of your life.”

Before we could say more, Phillip arrived home. Once again as I looked at him, I couldn’t see anything male about him. He was immaculate, from perfect blonde hair to spike heels. He moved sinuously; his gestures were feminine and so natural.

He kissed Bella and then came to me and leaned in for a kiss and a little hug. I felt his soft lips brushing my cheek. Again I reacted to what I was seeing and the perfume that surrounded him. I wasn’t thinking about him being a boy. This was a woman’s greeting. I confess that I liked it.

Bella laughed at my confusion. Phillip looked at her, then realised why she was laughing and joined in.

“We must seem very strange to you.” Phillip put his arm around me; a most natural feminine gesture and again I have to confess that I liked it.

“We’re used to being together,” Bella explained. “It’s how we are and how we live. We don’t mean to embarrass you.”

“I’m not... you don’t.” I stammered again. “I guess I’m not used to being with people.”

“I know that you didn’t feel comfortable when we were shopping... or trying to shop.” Bella looked at Phillip as if searching for an answer.

“When I was really unhappy with who I was and where I was going, I had to re-invent myself,” Phillip said.

“Hey, I was the one who re-invented you,” Bella added.

“Either way, becoming someone else got me out of the dreadful state I had allowed myself to get into.”

“I think I understand what you’re saying.” I thought hard. “But I don’t have anyone to be my reference point.”

“Maybe you need time to let life catch up to you?” Bella started to serve dinner and the conversation switched into subjects less profound. “Leave it with me; I can think of a way of changing things for you.”

“So what do you make of your little stepbrother?” Phillip reclined on the chaise-longue in their bedroom, wearing the most extravagant pale silk nightgown and negligee. “He seems to be really damaged by his experiences.”

“I can’t imagine what it must have been like.” Bella popped the cork on a bottle of prosecco and poured two glasses. “He must have been so frightened.”

“He’s so frightened that he can’t face the world,” Phillip agreed, wrapping his long red tipped fingers around a glass. “What can we do to help him?”

“I’ve an idea,” Bella said. “I’m not sure you’re going to agree, but hear me out.”

“Okay; any ideas are good because based on that psychological assessment you showed me, he seems beyond conventional help.”

“We weren’t supposed to see that,” Bella replied. “Don’t ever mention it.”

“I promise not to.” Phillip held out a hand and pulled her to sit beside him. “What’s your idea?”

“Remember the report said that he couldn’t bear to be in public again?”

“I remember that; he’d had some treatment that failed.”

“He can function sometimes,” Bella reminded him. “He got himself here.”

“That was only after you’d made all the arrangements.”

“Yes but if he hadn’t been coming to some sanctuary, he’d never have left his room.”

“So what are you thinking?”

“I think I’d like to make him into your assistant.”

“He’d never agree,” Phillip interrupted. “My life is far too public.”

“You always said that it would be good to have someone to travel with you; someone to take the attention from you.”

“But I like the attention.”

“Imagine if he became your younger sister.”