

Glenda's New Stepdaughter



Susan Hulbert

An "Adult TV" Novel



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Glenda's New Stepdaughter

By Susan Hulbert

“It’s customary for an award winner to make a speech and thank everyone from their cleaner to their manager and all the people who had faith that eventually the whole industry would join together in an award.”

Jude paused to look around the audience and wait for the cat calls to die down before continuing.

“I thank you all, each and every one of you.” She dipped into a curtsy, then another pause as she waited for the applause to die down again.

"I have to give special thanks to my stepmother who saw more in me than I ever could have believed and started me on this journey."

Jude clapped towards the table where she sat. Glenda stood and waved, blowing a kiss towards the stage.

"Of course, I didn't want a stepmother and when my dad announced that he was getting married, I was horrified."

"I thought of all those fairy tales and, yes, they were read to me too. I thought of the evil stepmother in those stories and trembled at the thought that I would be poisoned with an apple and fall asleep for a hundred years, or be fed to the wolves, or some other grisly fate."

"I've just realised that could be coming true. There are wolves around my dressing room door all the time, only they send me flowers." The audience laughed politely.

"Fortunately after a bit of a bumpy ride, Glenda and I have managed to get along without one of us killing the other."

There was some polite laughter at that. Jude looked round and then her fabulously long hair fell forwards and was pushed back theatrically, showing strong bare shoulders and a dress only just covering breasts. Bare arms glittered with several bracelets, moving up and down as hair was swept back again.

"I hated her many times in those first days." Jude looked round and nodded in affirmation. "Glenda made me do so many things I really didn't want to. She ruled with a rod of iron, as I was persuaded that things were for my own good. When that didn't work,



she forced me to do things anyway. She kept telling me that it was all for my benefit.”

Jude hesitated again, wondering if there was sufficient courage to say all that had been intended.

“When things weren’t going my way, she spotted instantly that I wasn’t using my breasts enough at casting calls.” There was a hesitation as the audience took this in. “Of course, the reason was simple; I didn’t have any breasts then.”

Silence fell across the auditorium. They hadn’t heard a speech like this before.

“Glenda didn’t let that put her off in forwarding my career. I was taken to a plastic surgeon. We met in a consulting room and before I knew what was happening, I was half conscious on a gurney, signing a consent form.”

“You’re looking at me like you can see the result.” Jude nodded and looked round the audience again. “You can’t; they were a lot smaller then.”

A nervous titter started on one side of the stage and then spread to the whole room. Jude took it all in.

“And that’s what started me on the road to being the glamorous sex symbol you see here today... in all the gossip and fan magazines from A to Z; from Afghanistan to Zambia if they have them there.”

“I’d like to thank you, Glenda. I’ve made such a good career that I may never need to work again. After tonight, I may never be able to work again.”

“And I know that whatever I do, I can never again be the innocent little boy that you turned into... me.”

There was a stunned silence across the audience as they took in what they'd just heard. Jude could see one asking another if what they'd heard was right.

Then the applause started, slowly and softly at first, and then louder. People stood to clap.

Jude beckoned to Glenda who stood silent and looking shocked. Slowly she came to the foot of the stage, looking dumbfounded. She'd never expected anything like this at the award ceremony.

Jude walked towards her, hitching up his long shimmering skirt to take baby steps down the stair, holding out his other hand to her. He pulled her back to the microphone.

Ladies and gentlemen; here's my stepmother Glenda." Jude waited for the noise to fade. "She shaped me and moulded me, made me what I am today, and I love her for it."

The audience clapped louder. Jude and Glenda left the stage. Glenda hugged him tightly when they were in the wings. Tears ran down her face, as Jude hugged her in return.

A slim girl with long dark hair in a simple long white dress came up to them. Jude released Glenda and kissed the girl, slipping his arms around her in a way that said they were more than familiar.

"Glenda, I'd better introduce you to my new husband. This is Mike."

Glenda looked at her and then at Jude. "I think we already met."

“Congratulations Glenda; I hear you got married again.” Marianne was one of her oldest friends. “I’m sorry I couldn’t make it to the wedding.”

“That’s all right.” Glenda hugged and kissed her with a smile. “It was a bit sudden but when he proposed I didn’t want to give him time to have second thoughts.”

“So what first attracted you to this eligible, older millionaire?”

“Don’t be catty.” Glenda laughed. “He’s not that old and he’s really lovely.”

“He’s quite a catch from what I hear.” Marianne took her hand and they walked towards a coffee shop. “Let’s have lunch and you can tell me all about it.”

“You know me too well,” Marianne said a few days later after they’d chatted through their salads. “How do you feel about acquiring a stepson?”

“He’s actually quite pleasant and respectful. He’s a little small for his age, very slim with really long hair,” Glenda said. “I could have done worse.”

“You’ll just have to get used to the ways of teenage boys. I’m told that they’re awful once their hormones start bouncing their moods.”

“You’ll know that the idea of a stepson fills me with horror.” Glenda signalled for a second glass of wine for them both. “I do wish that if I’d had to have a step-child, it could have been a daughter. We could have had so much fun.”

“Then it’s simple.” Marianne looked at Glenda’s puzzled expression. “All you have to do is convince him that he’d have more fun as your daughter.”

“You’re joking.”

“No, I’m not. It can be done, unless he’s a real stud on the prowl and it doesn’t sound like that’s the case.” Marianne said. “I’m sure he’d love to experiment to see what life would be like a girl.”

“That sounds really complicated.”

“It doesn’t have to be,” Marianne replied. “You’re a very attractive woman; all you have to do is persuade him that he’d like to follow your example.”

“Is it that simple? Why didn’t I think of that?” Glenda said sarcastically.

“Seriously, I mean it,” Marianne replied. “If you set your mind to it, you can get him to change. Separate him from all his male friends for a start.”

“Then what? Do I call for my fairy godmother?”

“You’re not taking me seriously.” Marianne shook her head. “When he’s isolated and you’re his main influence, you can easily get him into feminine things. He’s young enough to be impressionable. You’re old enough to be seductive and forceful when you need to be.”

“How on earth do I do that?” Glenda asked. “And I’m not that old. I could be his older sister.”

“You’re a woman. Use your imagination,” Marianne replied. “Buy him things, clothes that a boy or girl might wear, toiletries that are really per-

fumes, maybe earrings; lots of boys wear earrings these days.”

“Okay. If I do that, what’s the next step?” Glenda was thinking of possibilities now.

“You need to get him an influencer about his own age, preferably a bit older.”

“What’s an influencer?”

“In this case, I think you need a girl to be his friend and guide. If she’s someone he really likes, he’ll accept her views.”

“Wouldn’t he think of her as a girlfriend in a sort of boy and girl sense?”

“Not if you select the right one carefully. Find a girl who likes all things very feminine. Once she sees that he’s a bit feminine too, she’ll take it from there.”

“It’s that simple?” Glenda shook her head.

“Maybe you could confide that he really likes girls’ things; you fear that he wants to be a girl and ask her to be nice to him, not to embarrass him.”

“And if she doesn’t, what do I do then?”

“You try someone else,” Marianne said bluntly. “If you do it right, you could be successful. Perhaps you could tell her that he’s confided that he wants to be a girl and ask her to be his friend. Of course you’ll have to swear her to secrecy, and never allow him to think that you’ve shared such a confidence.”

“Is that all there is to it?”

“Bribery could be good,” Marianne laughed. “Once you get started, you’ll find that things will fall into place. Be friendly and caring; be forceful and angry when you feel the need to do more. He’s a boy; he’ll be putty in your hands.”

“I wish it seemed so simple,” Glenda replied. “But you’ve given me some ideas. I’ll work on that.”

“I’m sure you’ll succeed.” Marianne reached for her purse. “Call me if you think I can help.”

“His father suggested we should go away for a few days; some sort of bonding exercise.” Glenda was beginning to see possibilities.

“Barrington Spa. I know the girl who runs the salon there and I think you do too,” Marianne replied. “Her daughter’s about the same age. Would you like me to sow the seeds?”

“There’s nothing to lose,” Glenda said. “I think this could be fun.”

“I’m making no promises,” Marianne said. “You’ll have to use your instincts, and be as devious as you need to be.”

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Sibley. Welcome to Barrington Spa.” The receptionist’s smile was warm and strictly professional. “We have the Amber Suite reserved for you and your daughter.” He turned to pick an entry card from the rack and put it into a welcome folder.

Jude looked furious. “I’m not a girl,” he said in a low growl.

"I'm his stepmother," Glenda said, accepting the folder. "He's only ten years younger than me."

"I'm sorry," the receptionist replied. "I didn't look at you properly; I was going off the information on my screen which mentioned you and your daughter."

"It's alright." Glenda smiled. "This is my second week; I'm not used to being a stepmother either."

"And I'm not used to having one," Jude added with a smile to show that he didn't mean it maliciously.

"That's why we're here," Glenda confided. "I thought it might be a good opportunity for us to get to know one another, without my husband being around."

"I believe he's joining you later on." The receptionist held out a map of the resort. "You can park at the side of your cabin. I hope you'll enjoy your stay and as you're on our all-inclusive package, you can enjoy all the amenities and treatments as often as you wish."

"Does that include Jude?" Glenda asked.

"Yes, I can see from your reservation that he's sixteen, so he counts as an adult here; everywhere except the bar. I'll give you an identity tag for him. Forgive me for saying this but do carry it so that you don't get asked for proof of age everywhere."

"I know." Jude took it and tucked it in the pocket of his jeans. "I'm the skinny and undersized one."

"I didn't mean anything insulting." The receptionist smiled genuinely. "I only intended that you should be comfortable in all areas."

“Isn’t that wonderful?” Glenda said to Jude as they walked back to her car. “It’s a pity you’re not a girl. I always wanted a little sister and at your age, you could have been the sister I never had.”

“I guess I didn’t get the right body parts,” Jude said

“That’s a pity, but we can always pretend,” Glenda said ignoring the face he pulled. “We’ll have such fun, just relaxing and being pampered.”

“I’ve never been pampered,” Jude grumbled. “I think It’s more of a girl thing.”

“It’s a *person* thing,” Glenda insisted. “I’m sure you’ll love it. All you have to do is let yourself go.”

“I guess I’m not used to having a stepmother,” Jude said. “I’m sorry if I seem awkward.”

“That’s okay,” Glenda replied, pulling into their parking space. “I never expected to be a stepmother. I didn’t know you existed until after I’d accepted your father’s proposal.”

“You were a surprise to me as well.” Jude lifted bags from the trunk. “It was all so quick.”

“It was a whirlwind romance,” Glenda sighed. “I knew we were right for each other from the moment I saw your father.”

“He seems to be very happy,” Jude replied, remembering watching his father dancing around her like he was thirty instead of fifty-five.

“You can call me Glenda or Glen if you’d like,” she said. “I don’t feel like I’m your mother.”

“You’re not,” Jude said, not in a malicious way.

“How about trying to be my little sister then? We could have such fun.”

Jude didn’t say anything but carried the bags to the door and waited for Glenda to open it. He couldn’t believe that she had anything motherly about her. He wondered how this was going to pan out, just as he wondered what had first attracted Glenda to his father.

He thought he knew. Father was very solvent if not filthy rich yet; long divorced, generous and easy going. Glenda was high-maintenance, vivacious to the point of being a force of nature and very pretty in that blonde sort of way that seemed to rule the world.

Once inside, Glenda put her bags in the larger of the two bedrooms, inspected her bathroom and returned with her welcome pack.

“These are lovely,” she pronounced. “They’re really luxury brands. You’ll enjoy using them.”

“I think they’re for women.” Jude looked through the duplicate pack from his room.

“There’s nothing wrong with boys looking and smelling nice. My little sister would love them.” Glenda looked pointedly at him. “You could use a good freshening up before we go to dinner.”

“I guess...” Jude shrugged his shoulders, not knowing how he was expected to reply.

“I’m going to change for dinner too,” Glenda announced.

“I don’t really have anything to change into,” Jude replied.

“I’m sure they’ll have a boutique somewhere here,” Glenda replied. “If you haven’t brought anything, we’ll have to buy you something suitable. This isn’t the place to be scruffy.”

“I’m not scruffy.” Jude didn’t like that allegation.

“But you could do with some attention to your personal appearance,” Glenda said. “Your hair is lovely. I wish I could grow mine as long as yours, but you hardly ever seem to take care of it.”

“It doesn’t need taking care of.” Jude undid the elastic holding his long pony tail in check and ran his hands down to untangle it.

“Hair *always* needs taking care of,” Glenda replied. “With some care, yours could go from being that limp dull shade of light brown to looking full and healthy, with a shine and colour that girls would kill for.”

“That’s girls.” Jude dismissed her encouragement. “They do that sort of thing.”

“Highlights aren’t only for girls,” Glenda said. “Some of the guys in that rock group you keep playing look like they’ve spent a long time with their stylist.”

Jude looked at her and almost grunted an acknowledgement.

“If we’re going to make a success of this relationship, you’ll have to have to do that sort of thing too,” Glenda said none too kindly. “I don’t want people to think that I’m letting you look awful.”

"They'll know you're not my mother," Jude replied.

"No, but they might think I'm your sister and I should take better care of you."

"I don't need anyone to take care of me."

"That's a matter of opinion." Glenda spoke with real determination and made Jude wonder what he'd unleashed. "You'll get in that bathroom, use the shampoo and the conditioner they've provided, then I'll help you dry your hair properly."

"I don't need conditioner."

"If I say you need it, you'll use it," Glenda replied. "You can do it yourself or I'll help you."

"I don't need help."

"Then prove it," Glenda said. "Remember, it's scented so I'll know if you haven't done it properly."

Glenda's cell phone started trilling for an incoming call. As usual, she could hear it, but had to search for it. She tipped out her purse, but realised that the sound was coming from the desk behind it. Before she picked it up, the call had disconnected. She saw it was Marianne calling, so she hit redial.

"Hi Marianne, I couldn't find the phone again," she said when her friend picked up.

"How's it going with the boy?"

"It's okay, I suppose. I really wish he'd been a girl though; life would be so much easier."

“I already told you, you’ve time on your side. You could get him to understand that his life would be better if he lived it as a girl.”

“I don’t know if I dare. What would his father say?”

“If you handle it right, you could be the really sympathetic one, looking after his poor confused child. You could get them both on your side.”

“You make it sound so simple.”

“It could be if you listen to your best friend,”

“Okay, let’s say that you’ve convinced me. How could I go about it?”

“You have the services of an expert here,” Marianne said. “Remember, I’m a trained psychologist and counsellor. I do a lot of work with transsexuals and I think with a careful programme, you could work some magic on Jude.”

“He’s not shown any sign of wanting to be a girl.”

“That doesn’t matter. From what you’ve told me, he isn’t dating anyone and he looks as if he could be a convincing girl. All you have to do is seduce him into thinking that it’s what he wants.”

“If only it was as simple as you make it sound.”

“It is simple. Each step along the road is simple. Don’t think about it as a huge problem. It’s about building on small changes.”

“I think you should come and use some of your psychology on him in person.”

“Is that a challenge?” Marianne laughed. “If it is, I accept, but you’re the main person. You’re there all the time. Your role is to provide gentle encouragement, acceptance and positivity all the time.”

“I’m not sure.”

“It could be fun,” Marianne said. “You know you’d like to do it.”

“Okay,” Glenda agreed. “We both know the lady who runs the salon here. I’ll speak to her, but I’m not sure what to ask her to do.”

“I’ve already spoken to her,” Marianne said. “I’ve confided in her and her daughter. I hinted that he’d a strong feminine side and asked them to indulge him.”

“So what should I look out for?” Glenda asked. “I don’t want to be contradicting anything you’ve planned.”

“I’ve asked her to create some kind of little crisis for him as a starting point. I suggested that she could do something to his hair to make it look wrong on a boy?”

“What good would that do?”

“You sympathise, encourage him to change from looking like an idiot as a boy, to looking something like acceptable if he pretends to be a girl. It’s a little step on the way.”

“I like the way you’re thinking, but I’m not sure it could work.”

“I hinted that you were a good tipper and would be really generous if he were to be indulged in his fantasies without and hint of criticism.”

“That’s really devious,” Glenda laughed. “Will he really go along with it all?”

“If you can think of anything better, try it.”

They chatted a little more, then ended the call. Glenda agreed to try it and keep in touch.

Walking into his bathroom, Jude was in a daze. He never expected Glenda to be so forceful. He didn’t like it yet, underneath, he quite liked her. She’d made his dad happy and for the first time in years, he seemed to be easier with the world.

He’d never thought of what life would be like with a stepmother. It seemed so unlikely to happen. And why was she so obsessed about having a little sister?

His own mother was a distant memory. He’d been told that she’d run away with her tennis coach when he was very young. He had no memory of her and only a couple of faded pictures. Father said she was somewhere back East; he didn’t like to talk about her.

Jude thought he had her email address but she never responded to his letters although he wrote every month. She ignored his attempts to build some sort of relationship and he never got more than an occasional couple of words in reply.

Glenda had arrived on the scene like a bolt of lightning, so sudden and dazzling. For a boy so used to

being surrounded by a male world bounded by his father, this was something entirely new and he was struggling to adjust.

She was everything that he'd never known. She was everything that he didn't understand, from all the cosmetics that spilled out of her bag, to the heels which she seemed to skip across the room in, and she always smelled so nice.

He watched her as if she was some exotic creature from another planet; Planet Female. It was scary and fascinating at the same time.

He undressed and dropped his clothes on the floor as he always did. He forgot that he wasn't at home and there was no cleaner to pick them up for him. He turned the shower on, loosened his hair from its pony tail, and waited for the water to run warm.

"This is weird," he thought as he the water cascaded down his body. "I've never been this close to a woman before. I wonder if Dad gets told what to do like she's telling me?"

He closed his eyes and thought some more.

"I guess I'd better do what she wants me to do," he said to himself. "It's not as if the shampoo's going to harm me."

He washed his hair and rinsed it, then used the conditioner too. He'd never used anything like these before, usually relying on his shower gel to wash everything.

"It smells good," he told himself.

He rinsed the shampoo and stood out of the water to rub the conditioner through his hair like the in-

structions on the bottle said he should. The feeling of it through his fingers and through his hair was something he'd never felt before. He rubbed it through again and then rinsed it away.

"It's not all tangled," he thought as he towelled it roughly and then combed it through.

He stood naked in front of the mirror and combed it through again. The scent lingered and he decided it was not as objectionable as he'd feared.

"It smells clean and feels so soft," he noted. "I should have found out about these things before."

"Have you done as you were told?" Glenda rapped on his bathroom door and shouted.

"Yes, I'll be out in a minute."

"Come out now, and I'll show you how to dry your hair properly." She said.

"I'm not dressed."

"It doesn't matter. We're all girls together. You don't have anything I haven't seen before. Wrap a towel round you."

Jude did as he was told and opened the door to find Glenda brandishing a hair drier. She indicated that he should come to the seat in front of her but before he could sit, she loosened the towel he was wearing round himself.

"We girls wear our towels further up." She wrapped it under his arms. "That's so we don't show our breasts to the world."

"I'm *not* a girl and I don't *have* any breasts," Jude protested, seeing her smile at his discomfort. "And there's no world here to see anything."

"That's no excuse," Glenda replied, releasing some foam from an aerosol onto her hand. "This is a mousse to make styling easier as I dry your hair."

"I don't need styling," Jude replied. "It just hangs in a ponytail."

"Not for much longer," Glenda replied. "I'm sure the salon here can style it into something far more interesting."

"I'm a boy; I don't do hair styling." Jude tried not to sound too abrupt.

"No, but you could do." Glenda started to massage the mousse through his hair. "I think you'd like it and as it's included, it would be a pity if you didn't take advantage."

Jude didn't reply as the noise of the hair drier would have drowned out his objection.

"Okay, you're done." Glenda put the drier down and ran her fingers through his hair. "That feels so much better. It looks good too."

"I can't believe how it feels," Jude replied, shaking his head to let his hair rise and fall as he did so. "It looks like I've got twice as much hair."

"Maybe not twice as much but the volume has increased," Glenda said. "Maybe now you'll listen to me when I tell you something."