

# Stepmother's Barmaid



**Susan Hulbert**

An "Adult TV" Novel



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# Stepmother's Barmaid

**By Susan Hulbert**

Dad and I moved to Campsie Bay after he left the service. It was all very new to me, having lived with my grandmother since before I could remember. I went to school, then to the university. Dad went to work and then to college, getting his qualifications in law.

He got a junior position in a local law office. He was lucky to get that given his age compared to the new graduates who were so much younger. He said it was because he was mature.

Anyway, his new colleagues used to have a Friday unwind in a bar on the harbour and that's where he met Leslie. She owned the place and when she became my stepmom, it was like life started all over again. She was bright, blonde, and bubbly, with a

sunshine personality. She was only a few years older than I was.

Dad was happy and I was too. I even had a regular job working the bar in the vacations. Like many new graduates though, when I qualified and started applying for jobs here, there, and all over the place, I wasn't employed.

So I stayed in the bar for a year and then another. I moved into the tiny apartment over the bar. It gave me somewhere on my own and gave Dad space with Leslie. It was a good arrangement for us all. I didn't have a steady relationship back then. I dated one waitress who was there for her summer break, then another.

When the time came for the girls to return to study, that was it; the relationship ended. I didn't really mind, but time was passing and each year there was a new crop of graduates and we were all competing for the same few jobs.

I organised some karaoke nights and then those turned into competitions with the other bars around the bay. It brought in trade and soon other competitions were added. There were sports and quizzes, a drag race, and even fiesta nights with beer and food from the most obscure countries. Some were quite awful but the bars sought to outdo each other in a friendly way.

And that's where it started.

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"Can you come into the office before we start work?" Leslie called me over one afternoon. "I want to talk you into something."

So a bit earlier than I would usually start, I knocked on the office door and entered. Leslie hugged me and we sat at the table to the side of her desk.

“Am I going to like it?” I asked.

“I’d guess probably not at first, but then you’ll think about it and agree,” she replied with an inscrutable expression on her face. “You remember the chaos of the drag race last season.”

“Do I! It was outrageous,” I replied. “I thought I was going to enjoy it, but everything was so unreal, from wigs to makeup.”

“I remember you saying that you’d have to run away if you saw a woman like that coming towards you.”

“I would, but it brought in the customers.”

“And for that we were thankful,” Leslie replied. “Now another drag contest has been proposed, but there’s a difference.”

“How many kinds of drag can there be?” I replied. “I don’t want to do that again.”

“This is really different,” she said. “It’s going to last all next season and the idea is that each bar selects one guy to be their representative; an existing staff member. Customers would be asked to vote at the end of the season by email to try and ensure fairness, and there’s to be some sort of prize for the winner.”

“Do you want me to ask if anyone wants to enter?”

“I haven’t finished telling you the details.” She smiled like a spider that’s about to devour a tasty

morsel caught in its web. "The entrant would have to dress, behave and appear to be as perfectly female as possible. The winner is the most convincing."

"That's going to take a lot of doing." I thought it too much but I didn't say so. "I guess you want me to find a volunteer."

"Not really, I've decided that *you're* going to be our entrant."

I sat there in stunned silence, staring at her in disbelief and then when she held my gaze, I looked to the side as I thought it through. It was ridiculous; impossible on the one hand. On the other, there could be talking back to her.

"What's in it for me?"

"You'll have our undying admiration." She paused, letting it sink in. "You'll have all expenses paid, some time off with pay, and you'll probably have a good time if you agree."

"I don't think I could get away with it," I said. "There's nothing feminine about me. I date girls, remember?"

"You're ideal." Leslie warmed to the idea of convincing me. "You're five foot seven; your hair is longer and healthier than a lot of girls and your complexion looks like peaches and cream. You're slim enough, although it would be better if you could shed a few pounds."

"But I've got a hairy chest and hairy legs," I objected. "I wouldn't look good if they include a swimsuit contest."

“That doesn’t matter; a simple waxing or laser treatment would deal with that.”

“It’s no good. Girls spend years learning about how to be a girl. They play with their mother’s makeup, they wear their heels,” I said. “I don’t know the first thing about how to mimic their behaviour.”

“You’ve always been a good study; you’d learn easily.” Leslie seemed to have thought of an answer to every objection. “If you need to learn behaviour, I’m sure we can find someone to help you with that.”

“What do I do if some guy thinks I’m for real?” I asked. “Isn’t it going to be dangerous if someone hits on me?”

“It’ll be no more dangerous for you than for any of the girls who work here.”

“I have to admit that’s probably true,” I said grudgingly. “I’ll have to think about it.”

“You don’t need to.” She smiled. Your father and I have thought about it and made a decision.”

I nodded. “That means I’ve no choices left.”

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“What do you think of Leslie’s plans for me?” I asked my father as we sat at dinner a few days later.

“I don’t see any harm in it.” He paused. “You’re not doing anything else and it could help your stepmom along. The business needs something to keep the customers coming through the door.”

“I expected you to tell me that it was unmanly.”



“I’m sorry to disappoint you.” He laughed. “You’re not changing sex, and you’re not the only guy in the competition. I think you should accept the challenge for what it’s worth.”

“I’ll think about it.”

I had been thinking of little else since Leslie told me of her plan for me. I looked at girls with a new interest. That sounds wrong. I’ve always looked at girls, even though I’ve not had a lot of success dating them.

Now I looked at them slightly differently. I saw how they walked and used their hands; their gestures and the little mannerisms that I never really noticed before. I saw how a girl would play with her hair as she was talking to a man she was interested in; little hair signals to keep him looking.

I saw how easily they could change things. Their hair could be styled differently each day; colour changed, or it could be worn up or down. Then there were the hair extensions and the wigs. I saw their nails, long and short, shaped gently or almost stiletto-like. They changed forever.

I saw the jewellery too. The rings and earrings they wore; the bracelets and bangles; the necklaces. It was all something new and something I’d never really thought about. I wondered what it would be like to have that freedom to change on a whim.

And then there were the clothes they wore. Girls could dress like boys easily and no one batted an eyelid. Jeans and leather jackets over strappy tops seemed to be a fashion statement. They could wear short or long, conceal or expose as much of their breasts as they chose.

There was no uniform and no general expectation of what they could wear as there was for the boys.

Then I began to notice the piercings; not only ears but tummy buttons and noses, lips and eyebrows. I wasn't at all sure that I liked some of these and they must have really hurt. And then I noticed that there were girls with tattoos; permanent choices there forever, and choices for life. I know that boys have them but I wasn't impressed.

It was all too much to think about.

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"You're not serious." Bella, my on-off girlfriend reacted to the idea of my entry.

"I don't think my stepmom's going to let me off," I replied. "Besides we could have fun."

"If you think my idea of fun is having a boyfriend who borrows my makeup is fun, you've another think coming."

"It's only for a few weeks then the competition will be over."

"What if you win?" she snapped back. "I'll be a laughing stock."

"No, of course you won't."

"You haven't been listening to my friends." Bella stood back from me. "They think you're too soft and too weak already."

"Do you care about your so-called friends more than me?"

She paused there and stood back from me. It seemed like she was sizing me up from head to toe.

"I think we're through," she said. "Maybe after this, you'll get a boyfriend. I hope you'll be happy."

I watched her walk away. I stood still for a few moments, thinking about our relationship. I thought back on a few things too, then I sighed.

Maybe it was for the best if that's all she thought of me.

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Leslie was most insistent that I go for dinner with her and Dad a few days later. She knew it was a work night but her message was underlined. I knew it would have to be a priority.

I'd only been there for a few moments when the doorbell rang. Leslie smiled at me and went to the door. I could hear the clicking of heels on the floor tiles. She returned a few moments later with another lady, looking a few years younger, but every inch a lady.

Her hair was blonde and expensively styled. Her makeup was beautiful, even to my inexperienced eye. Her dress was tight and cut low to show more than a little of her breasts; I was impressed immediately.

"This is Sheldon," Leslie introduced her. "She's an old friend and I wanted you to meet her."

"I'm pleased to meet you." I shook her hand, noticing the wedding set and the deep red nails as she put her left hand over mine as we shook.



"Please call me Shelley." She smiled, showing pure white even teeth behind generous lips. "Leslie has told me so much about you."

"There's not much to tell." I was puzzled and looked to Leslie with a question on my face.

"I've told her about the competition," she said. "Shelley would be the one to help you when you decide to take part."

"When I decide?" I laughed. "I'm not sure about that."

"Maybe I can convince you that it's something you'd enjoy." Shelley put her hand on my arm and leaned closer so that her perfume wafted over me.

"I'm sure you could convince me of most things but maybe not that," I replied.

As we ate and drank our wine, the conversation rambled amusingly across all sorts of subjects. Shelley smiled and laughed; she talked animatedly and amusingly. I knew that she was a little older than I, but I began to wonder if I could get to see her some more.

"You haven't guessed, have you?" Leslie looked at me and Shelley shot her a look of question.

"I don't know what I'm supposed to be guessing." I was mystified.

"She means me." Shelley turned to me and looked down so that I saw her eyelashes and watched as they moved when she came to look at me properly. "I'm a boy like you could be if you accept the challenge."

“You’re just saying that.” I laughed but their looks stifled it quickly.

“I’d love to help you,” she said.

“But you... you have breasts,” I said. “You’re kidding me.”

“I admit I did take it a little further than I intended.” She smiled and looked round the table. “I’m a female impersonator, not a drag queen. I can look a bit like a boy if I really try, but it’s so much easier to stay female and I like it a lot better.”

“But what about...” I stopped mid-sentence, realising that I might be about to say something inappropriate.

“If you’re asking if I’m really gay then I don’t mind; I’ll answer.” She replied. “I have had boyfriends. I also have girlfriends. Some girls like me this way.”

“So you’ve not had surgery.” I pointed downwards.

“No, why would I do that?” Her smile told me that I’d asked a silly question but I wasn’t sure why she might have thought that.

It made me think that things could be complicated.

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“You’ve hardly said a word these last few days.” Leslie walked through the bar on the way to her office. “I think we need to talk about things.”

I followed her into the office. I had no idea what to say but she was right; some things had to be said.

“Before you start, Shelley said to apologise for being so blunt the other evening.” Leslie waved towards a chair for me to sit. “And I’m serious about the contest. I think you’re our winner.”

“I know and I’ve really thought about it.”

“I’ve been listening to people from other bars,” she said. “They all think the contest is a good idea and they want it to be limited to existing employees.”

“I can guess why. They don’t want to see someone hired simply to fit the contest.”

“Have you given it some serious thought?”

“There’s been nothing else on my mind,” I replied honestly. “I don’t want to disappoint you, but I don’t think I’m the right one to do it. Like I said before, I’m far too hairy.”

“That’s not a problem. There are simple laser treatments that deal with that.”

“I’m scared of needles.”

“They use needles in electrolysis; this is different and there’s no pain,” she said, holding out a leg. “Feel how smooth my leg is. It was lasered about five years ago and it’s much easier now.”

“I’ll pass on feeling your leg.” I smiled.

“Your dad would never say that.”

“That’s too much information.” I blushed.

“Okay, I can see you’re not convinced,” she said. “Shall we talk again in a few days? Maybe you could do some research.”

“I’ve no idea what that could be,” I said standing and leaving the office.

But I did have one idea.

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“What brings you here?” Samantha asked as I walked into the bar across town. “I’m still not going out with you.”

“I need to talk to someone outside my usual circle.” I sat on a stool in front of her. “You’ve heard about this year’s contest.”

“Don’t tell me; they want you to enter.”

“How did you guess?”

“I put two and two together. You’re the right build; they’re right. I think you’d be a winner.”

“Has anyone spoken to you about this?”

“What, you mean your folks? No, I think I could see you in a new light. I could imagine having you for a girlfriend.”

“But you couldn’t imagine me as a boyfriend.”

“You’re too hairy and you’ve never shown me your feminine side.”

“I haven’t got one.”

“That’s why I never went out with you.” She poured a drink and passed it across to me. “I know a girl, well, she’s not actually a girl, but she could help you.”



"What makes you think I want someone to help me?"

"Call it intuition." She reached under the bar for her mobile. "I'll give you Shelley's number; tell her you got it from me."

"Who?" I asked, pretending that I didn't know exactly who she meant.

"Shelley. She's my ex."

I didn't guess..." I didn't tell her that I'd met Shelley.

"Oh no; she's a boy really. You'll love her."

"So why is she your ex?"

"I think we just drifted apart; she was always prettier and getting more attention than I was," she replied. "I guess our affair ran its course."

"I think I may have been introduced to her," I admitted. "Leslie invited her over."

"You've got to admit, she's got everything."

"Does that include parts that girls don't usually have?"

"Of course, that's why it was such fun."

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It was late in the evening a few days later. I was about to close up when Shelley walked through the door.

"Hi, I was thinking about closing," I said lamely.

“Hi yourself.” She smiled and I couldn’t help admiring her figure.

“Do you like what you see?” She noticed that I was staring and did a twirl, ending up very close to me.

“You shouldn’t ask.”

“Why not? A girl needs all the compliments she can get.”

“But I know you’re not for real.”

“You don’t have to let that get in the way.” Her eyes challenged me as her face came close to mine. “I think I can pass most tests.”

Before I could react, she kissed me. I let her, then froze in shock. She looked at me, then slowly put one arm around my shoulder and the other hand went to the back of my neck. She pulled me close and kissed me again. I couldn’t help it; I kissed her back.

“Now we’ve been properly introduced,” she said softly. “I think I’d like to get to know you better.”

“I’m not gay,” I blurted out.

“Neither am I.” She smiled. “When I’m in girl mode like this, I’m your complete girl all over.”

“Except for one part.”

“Yes, but we’re not concerned with that part right now.” Her nails scratched a gentle pattern on the back of my hand. “And a girl like me could make you feel good and teach you a lot.”

“I bet.”

“Especially if you’re going to win this contest.”

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I can’t explain how it happened. It may have been something to do with the drinks we shared as we talked. It may have been her perfume or the look in her eye. It may have been the way she seemed to find everything I said to be interesting, but it happened.

As soon as we reached my apartment she tugged at my shirt and almost ripped it off. She nibbled my nipple and left lipstick marks on my chest as her hands groped at my belt.

“Help me; I can’t do it without breaking a nail,” she whispered. “I know a lady shouldn’t ask, but I can feel you’re ready.”

What’s a guy to do? I helped her and as soon as I was out of my jeans, her lips were at my penis. She was on her knees on front of me. Her eyes, under heavily made-up lids, looked up at me. I watched in fascination as her eyelashes which were so long, fluttered as she looked up at me and then down to inspect my penis.

This hadn’t happened to me before, not with a girl and certainly not with a boy. The touch of her, the feel of her and everything of her were overwhelming my senses. She ran her tongue down the length of my shaft. I shuddered with the touch.

I think she knew that she had me under control and she ran her tongue up to the tip, then licked round the head, before taking the length into her mouth. I could feel myself swelling and knew what was going to happen.

I think Shelley felt it too at the same moment, because she bobbed her head, thrusting me deeper into her throat. I glanced down, amazed to see how much of the length was in her and then I couldn't hold on. I arched my back and began to pulsate, squeezing myself into her.

Inevitably, I faded afterwards. It was a real come down sensation after one so thrilling. Shelley eased back and stood. She put her arms around me and kissed me hard again. I knew what I could taste. It wasn't so bad, so I kissed her back.

How we ended up in my bed is still a mystery. I woke to find her spooned against me, with my penis hard and erect between her cheeks. I could feel that she was still wearing her bra and panties. I was naked.

My first thought was, "What have I done?"

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"I don't usually do that; not on a first date." Shelley rolled over and got out of bed.

She held up a sheet against her and headed to the bathroom, clutching her dress which had been crumpled on the floor. I rolled out of bed too and dressed as quickly as I could and went to put on some coffee.

"I'll pass on that," she said as I pushed a cup towards her. "I'll call you."

I don't know how she did it, but she looked amazingly put together as she turned and walked out of the door. Her hair was loose but her makeup was perfect again; no signs of the tumbling night we'd

shared. The sway of her hips as she walked away was a picture that stayed with me all day.

I don't know how or why it happened. My memories were a little hazy, except for the sex part. That hit me too. Had I enjoyed sex with another guy or was it sex with a girl? I decided on the latter. It seemed more comfortable to my mind and, after all, I'd been the one receiving all the pleasure.

It was time to get to work.

"I hear that the Blue Lagoon has a strong entry for the contest." Sally held out a picture for me to inspect.

"That's Jordan." I knew at once that it was their head waiter. "He looks good, but I'd recognise that nose anywhere."

"Not an attractive nose," Sally agreed. "So he's not much competition to you."

"Wait a minute, I've not agreed to anything." I held up a hand.

"We'll talk later."

"It's no use talking; I've made up my mind. There'll be no skirts and dresses for me."

I waved my hand as I walked out and went to the coffee shop down the road. If I stayed, I feared that I'd get into an argument and I didn't want that.

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"Are you having your usual?" Susie the barista asked. "I'll bring it over."

A few moments later, she did so and sat in the booth opposite me.

“I heard that you’re stepmom’s bar is going to enter the contest.” She smiled. “And I heard that you’re the one. I think that’s amazing. I’d love it if you’d let me help you.”

“That’s really kind, but it’s not true,” I replied as her face dropped.

“That’s a shame; I think you should change your mind.” Her smile could have melted the hardest of hearts, but just then, it didn’t melt mine.

“I’m not at all feminine,” I said.

“You don’t have to be feminine. You only have to look and act feminine,” she said.

“Is there a difference?”

“Of course, I’d know that underneath you were the same lovely guy, but with an extra understanding of what a girl needs.”

“Am I not like that now?”

“I don’t think so. I was tempted to go out with you but you always seemed to have something driven about you, like you had something to prove all the time.” She paused.

I think she saw the incomprehension on my face.

“I’m not explaining this well, am I?” She smiled in apology.

“Does that mean you’d go out with me if I looked like a girl?”