

The Making of a Porn Star



Susan Hulbert

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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The Making of a Porn Star

By Susan Hulbert

“You can’t show her those old photographs, Eileen. They’re too embarrassing.”

Eileen was my stepmother. She never wanted me to call her ‘mother,’ but I used to do it to annoy her. Then she started getting the better of me.

“Be quiet, Jason, there should be no secrets between you and your charming young bride.”

“That’s right,” Isla said.” “I really want to know everything about you.”

“Don’t you know enough already?”

“Hardly, we’ve only known each other for six months.”

That was true. It was all a whirlwind. I'd no intention of marrying anyone, but Isla appeared in the office; so sophisticated and assured. With one look she frightened and thrilled me. The way she carried herself was all about sex. Why she turned it on me was a mystery.

Her appearance was always perfect. Her dress sense, her hair, and her makeup were always perfect and said that she knew the way the world worked. She was taller than me, even without her heels, and so feminine that it was scary. She seemed to decide after one glance that I was the right one for her.

A couple of dates later, we were engaged and she was wearing my ring. At least it would have been my ring, but she was the one with the money. My contribution was to say "That looks nice" in the jewellers. Then we were married, with matching wedding rings on our fingers.

It felt as if I'd been caught up in a whirlwind. I hoped she was attracted to me, but a slight touch of doubt was always there. Was it me or my trust fund she loved?

"But Isla, there are a lot of things in the past," I protested. "Sometimes it's better to leave them there."

"That's nonsense, Jason." Eileen interrupted. "There's no harm in sharing your past, especially as you married so quickly."

"As soon as I saw him, I knew Jason was the right one," Isla said. "I couldn't risk losing him."

"You should see; some of these old school photos bring such happy memories." Eileen wasn't going to be deterred.

“Not all my memories of school are happy ones,” I replied. “In fact there are lots of things I’d rather forget.”

“Your father sent you to the best school for boys he could afford. He said your mother chose it before she died.”

“You could have rescued me from it,” I said bitterly. “I asked you; no, I pleaded with you. The boys were horrible to me.”

“But I was only your stepmother,” she replied. “I didn’t feel it was my place to interfere, especially as it was your father’s old school and he was so proud of it and all the traditions.”

“Maybe he got better traditions than I did.”

“I think you’re making too much of this.” Isla tried to make light of my discomfort. “If your mother wants to share with me, then what’s the problem?”

“You’re quite right, my dear,” my stepmom replied, looking sternly at me. “I think you should call me Eileen; after all, I’m not an old maid yet.”

“How old were you when you married Jason’s father?” Isla asked.

“I was twenty-seven and Jason was fourteen if I remember correctly. I tried to be an older sister to him, not the wicked stepmother.” Eileen passed the photograph album to Isla. “It’s so sad, his father died tragically young.”

“But he left you a wealthy widow,” I said a little bitterly.

“It’s all in trust for you when you’re thirty,” she replied. “You’ve only another six years to wait.”

“That means you’re thirty-seven,” Isla said. “You could be my older sister. I always wanted a big sister but I was an only child, just like my Jason.”

“When Jason told me about you, I was a little jealous,” Eileen said. “I always hoped to have a daughter, but I wasn’t so lucky. I hoped you’d be like a daughter to me, but at your age, I’m sure you don’t want mothering.”

“You can mother me all you like.” Isla smiled at her. “Or you can be my big sister if you’d prefer. I’m nearly thirty already.”

“Let me show you some photos.” Eileen selected one of the albums from the box on the table beside her. “His father insisted on having some printed even though I told him that they’d be perfectly safe on the computer.”

“Really, do you have to?” I knew what she’d see and I didn’t want these old secrets to be pulled out into the open.”

“If you don’t want to look, you can go and make some coffee for us all,” Eileen directed.

I blushed as I hurried out of the room.

In the kitchen, I sighed and leant back against the breakfast bar. I knew which photos she’d delight in showing and I wasn’t proud of them. I’d burned them once but they were also on the computer, so Father printed them again and now my stepmother was showing them to my new wife.

It was worse than that; I’d stayed in that horrible school until I could leave when I was eighteen. There were many more embarrassments and humiliations

in those later years. I'd hoped to leave them behind. There was a distribution list from the school so that every photo was automatically sent to their parent's email. I knew that Eileen had kept to Father's tradition and printed them all as well.

Never has coffee been made more slowly than I did that afternoon. I hoped it would be all over and the old albums had been put away. There was no such luck.

"These are beautiful photos." Isla smiled at me as I returned with their coffee. "I could always pick you out in the groups."

I could see which ones she was referring to; she had some of them spread out in front of her.

"It was my real mother's idea," I stuttered. "I was too young to know."

"I think you looked cute," Isla said. "I'd never have guessed that you weren't a girl in these Junior Miss pageants."

"I never won," I said rather weakly.

"That doesn't matter; I think you looked as if you should have won."

"If they knew I wasn't really a girl, I'd have been disqualified," I said in my defence.

"That's not so bad." Isla held out a photo. "You were the runner-up here."

"But I was only five years old then."

"I wish I'd seen you," Isla said as Eileen handed another photo to her. "You were such a pretty little girl."

“It was all Mother’s fault.” I blushed again. “She wished I’d been born a girl.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Isla said. “I’m sure your mother loved dressing you up.”

“I think at that age, Jason wouldn’t have known what was going on,” Eileen interrupted. “He was far too young.”

“Surely he would have known that little boys didn’t wear satin dresses?” Isla was enjoying my discomfort. “And in these pictures, he’s in full makeup with false eyelashes and nails. He’s even wearing heels.”

“That was later at school, I think.” Eileen looked at the pictures. “He was such a pretty leading lady in their stage shows. I only saw the later ones.”

“He could certainly have turned heads.” Isla laughed at the thought.

“I’ve seen a video,” Eileen added. “He could walk in those heels too; you should have seen him slinking across the stage. He even stayed in character at the closing night’s party.”

“That was only because they made us stay in costume. I wasn’t being a girl at the party,” I defended myself.

“Of course you weren’t.” Eileen shook her head. “And I didn’t see you and that Roberts boy sneaking off together.”

“What did he do with the Roberts boy?” Isla’s eyes widened.

“I think they played games that their mothers would never allow,” Eileen laughed.

“I’d love to have seen him,” Isla replied and looked at me with a stare that I didn’t quite like.

“Here’s one from his last contest,” Eileen said, knowing I’d hate that she produced that picture which I remembered well.

“He’s like a little blonde sexpot,” Isla laughed. “Did he win?”

“I think the judges decided that he was too adult,” Eileen said without irony.

“You never told me that you were a little girl.” Isla and I were in our bedroom later that evening.

“I hoped you’d never mention that again; my step-mother should never have shown you those old pictures,” I replied. “They were from when I was very young. I didn’t understand what she was making me do.”

“Was that when your ears were pierced?” she continued.

“It was.” I sighed. “Mother had them pierced for the first contests and made me wear earrings all the time. I wasn’t allowed to take them out until I went to boarding school and she couldn’t see me every day.”

“Did your father not object?”

“I didn’t see much of him,” I replied. “He was always busy, or away on business. He let Mother get on with things. “I think Mother had wanted a daughter, but there was only me.”

“So you got to be the surrogate daughter.”

“You could say that. I didn’t understand what was happening until I was older. That picture was the last contest I appeared in.” I tried to sound bored with the

whole issue so that she'd drop it. "Mother died soon after that, so there were no more contests."

"I think you were older than that in some of these other photos."

"I was," I admitted with another deep sigh. "It was an all-boys school so when the school plays came round, I was always the ingénue."

"Was that the female lead?"

"I was always the female lead," I admitted. "You can guess what sorts of problems that gave me."

"I can understand that." Isla paused, then looked me up and down. "You were probably the slimmest and the smallest in the class."

"Don't remind me."

"And you had the longest hair."

"That was a mistake, but I always liked having long hair."

"That must have set you up for the girl's part every time."

"It did and you have the evidence there in all those photos," I sighed.

I wasn't going to win this one; she seemed to enjoy my discomfort, just as Eileen did.

"I think you looked delicious, just like the little sister I wished I could have had." Isla looked at me thoughtfully. "In fact, let's try it."

"Let's try what?" I asked naively.

"I think I'd like you to pretend to be my little sister," Isla replied. "We're not going anywhere next weekend. Leave it to me; I'll get everything you need."

"I don't need anything and I'm your husband, not your little sister."

"I know, darling, but it would be fun to play dressing-up games with you."

"Please don't go there," I pleaded. "I'm your husband, after all."

"You are and always will be." She bent down and kissed me. "But that doesn't mean you can't indulge me. I didn't promise to obey you."

"You're kidding." I threw the package onto the bedroom floor. "You surely don't expect me to wear that."

"It's a perfectly good satin dress," Isla replied. "Not only do I expect you to wear it, I expect you to wear the shoes to match."

"It's a little girl's dress!" I snorted.

"It's *not* a little girl's dress," She replied sternly. "It's a little girl's style but it's *your* dress. I had it made in a size to fit you."

"That's beside the point."

"It's nothing of the sort. You'll wear it for me all next weekend." Her temper frightened me. "I want you to be my little sister and dress accordingly. I want you to be a good girl and ask me nicely if I'll let you wear earrings. Maybe if you're a really good little girl, you can play with my makeup."

“I haven’t worn earrings for years and I’m not going to start again now,” I said firmly. “And husbands don’t wear makeup.”

“My little girl does,” Isla replied firmly. “And she wears earrings all the time. Stay there; I’ve got some pretty ones with little silver bows. They’ll look lovely hiding in your hair when you let it down.”

“I think the piercings have closed.”

“We’ll soon find out.” She returned with them in her hand and showed me. “Now let me see those holes.”

“It hurts.”

“I’m trying not to, but I can see the piercings. I think they’re going to be okay.”

She tugged and pulled, twisted and stretched my ear lobes. I could feel the first one was in after a struggle. The second slipped in without any fuss.

“When the piercings are used, they’ll get easier.” She looked at me. “I think they look nice; very little girlish.”

“You’re determined to make me feel stupid.”

“You can feel how you want. I’m telling you what I want to happen in this marriage. I’m the one who makes the decisions around here.”

“I really don’t want to do this. I don’t want to pretend to be a little girl.”

“If you want to come into my bed, you’ll start now.” She smiled and looked at me in that way of hers. “I don’t want any disobedience from you.”

Guess what happened? I gave in, of course.

“I should have ordered the right underwear to go with your pretty dress.” Isla inspected me. “I thought it should all have come at once, but never mind. Little girls don’t need a bra yet.”

Isla pulled up the zipper at the back of that satin dress. I stood there feeling stupid. It was pink, with small flowers printed on the fabric, and had a big bow at the back, with short puff sleeves. The Mary Jane shoes buckled to me feet were flat and pink to match. Isla fussed around me, brushing my hair back over my shoulders and making sure that the little bunny earrings were securely fastened in my ears.

“That’s better.” She looked approvingly. “You make such a pretty little girl, Jason. I’m really going to enjoy having you play my daughter.”

“This is silly. I’m wearing a dress that would suit a five-year-old.” I complained. “It’s uncomfortable.”

“You’re right to complain,” Isla agreed, much to my surprise.

“Does that mean I can take it off?”

“It means that we’ll have to do something to make it more comfortable. You need the right underwear and I think we need to get rid of that body hair.”

“I haven’t got much body hair.”

“And after I’ve arranged for it to be treated, you won’t have a single hair below your eyebrows. Won’t that be nice?”

“No it *won’t* be nice.”

“I told you; I make the decisions round here. You do what you’re told.”

Isla was wearing me down with these constant demands, so much so that I wondered who on earth I’d married.

“They do laser hair removal at my salon. I’ll book you in tomorrow.”

“I’ll be at work tomorrow,” I replied.

“You can go after work. Most times you work from home, so who’s going to miss you?” Isla replied. “They have a new therapist training and some fancy new equipment. There was a note on their Instagram asking for volunteers in the evenings.”

“I’m not a volunteer.”

“I do wish you’d stop carping and let me get on with it,” Isla snapped. “If you don’t want me to send those pictures to all your work colleagues, you’ll stop complaining and do as I say.”

“Please don’t do that.”

“Don’t tempt me.”

“Okay, I’ll go but won’t they think it’s strange to get a man in there for hair removal?”

“I’m sure they won’t care, but if you’re worried, I’ll ask.” Isla paused. “I want you to remember that you’re Jane now. Jane thinks like a girl and acts like one.”

“I don’t want to do that.”

“Yes you do,” Isla commanded. “Think how much fun you’ll have learning about life from the other side of the skirt. You’re going to be called Jane when you’re my little sister.”



“Are you really trying to make me into a girl?”

“Not really, but I do want you to be my little sister. it’s going to be so much fun.”

“You must be Jane,” the woman in the salon greeted me. “I’m Angie and I’m your therapist. Isla explained that you were a bit frightened of the treatment.”

I mumbled something, not daring to look her in the eye as she led me through to a small room at the rear.

“Get changed behind that screen; everything off. There’s a robe on the chair. Come out when you’re ready.”

I glanced around the room as she closed the screen. There were things I didn’t recognise; machines for removing hair, I guessed. There was a bench in the middle of the room and when I came out, I was instructed to lie face down on the bench.

“You have to take the robe off,” Angie said. “Don’t be shy; you’ve got nothing I haven’t seen before.”

It was awful; hot wax and ripping, hairs in places I didn’t know had hair. It seemed to go on forever and it hurt. I shouted at the first rip, then gritted my teeth afterwards. You can guess where it hurt the most. When that was done, she helped me to put the robe back on and inspected my face.

“This is the area where we’re going to laser first,” Angie said. “There’s a little discomfort, but the hairs are taken out from the root without all that ripping, so you’ll never have to shave again. After a couple of sessions, your face and neck will be clear.”

“I don’t shave much.” I said.

“And you’ll have to shave even less in the future.” Angie started her process. “There may be the odd hair or two, but we can easily zap them away for you.”

“I’ll call Isla to let her know you’re on your way while you get dressed.” Angie signalled the end of the session. “I’m sure that your wife will love having you so smooth everywhere.”

I dressed slowly, telling myself that it wasn’t so bad. I didn’t know what to expect but as I dressed, my clothes seemed to slip over my skin in a way that they never had before. I walked out of the salon with these new sensations.

I thought I was going to like this feeling.

I knew I wasn’t going to admit it.

“Your new dress is on the bed,” Isla called out to me as she heard me close the door. “I got you some new underwear and shoes too. The new panties are a delight, but you’ll have to make do with a training bra.”

“I’ve nothing to put in it anyway, or have you forgotten?” I called.

“I’ll have to think about that.” Isla smiled. “Maybe you will when you grow up into a big girl.”

“How long are you going to make me do this?”

“Why, you’ll be doing it until it becomes second nature, of course.”