

My Name is Robin



B.C.

An "Adult TV" Novel

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My Name is Robin

by **B C**

My name is Rob; well actually Robin Taylor Cook, named after my Great Grandfather on my Dad's side of the family. My Mother's name is Rachel Cook and my older sister by two years is Rebecca Jean Cook. My Dad died when I was 12 years old, leaving Mom and us with the little family-style restaurant that he and Mom started together. Even as a young boy of 8, I was expected to help out around the restaurant and so was my older sister Becky. While the neighborhood kids were getting into T-ball and Little League, I had to come right home from school and work at the restaurant so it was hard to make friends and develop socially as the other kids were doing. Becky complained, too, saying she couldn't participate in any of the things her 14-year-old friends were doing, being tied down as we were.

Mom told us the same thing over and over again. Other kids had a Mother and a Father working to support the family and we didn't have that luxury right now. She couldn't afford to hire help right now and needed our help to make ends meet and keep a roof over our heads.

When I turned 13 and was in Junior High, things were tough; I got kidded a lot about my longer than normal hair for a boy and the clothes I wore. Working every day didn't allow me time to get haircuts on a regular time frame. So sometimes I went months in between them. Mom or Becky would sometimes trim it for me but both of them preferred it longer as they knew how to care for it better and didn't want to scalp me and make it worse. Plus, Mom said that there was nothing wrong with me wearing some of what she called Becky's old clothes that didn't fit her anymore and were of a more masculine style. She'd always say no one would know the difference. Well it wasn't her that was always being called a weird kid or sissy or gay and a multitude of other names.

So, as you might guess, I had a real inferiority complex and was shy and withdrawn most of my developing years in Junior High. I began to hurry home to the restaurant and hide out there. As time passed I got to know many of the customers and they seemed to like me and we became like an extended family. Most of them were older and kidded me about being too pretty to be a boy or wanted to know if I had a girlfriend yet. They were kind and I knew that they weren't making fun of me and actually started thinking that they were pulling for me to have one. It didn't help that Mom always made me pull back my long hair into a pony tail and tie it or clip in it to hold it in place, saying that to handle food you couldn't have you hair falling all over people's food. Then too the too-big-for-my-body aprons we had to wear looked more like a dress on me than an apron. Between these two things I did look rather feminine and many times when a new customer came in I was mistaken as such and called Honey or Sweetie, just like they addressed Becky or Mom.

Big Jake the cook also liked teasing me. With him I knew it was in good fun but that still didn't instill any male pride, confidence, or manliness in me. It made me want to hide whenever someone from my class at school came in with their families, or when a bunch

of kids came in to get burgers and shakes and saw me with my pony tail Becky used to think it was funny to pull it up higher on my head in back than any boy would ever wear it.

I really didn't even know what I was missing when the gang came in after football games for burgers and shakes or whatever, because I hadn't been able to see much football or ever go to the games like other kids my age since Dad died. I did, however, long for the companionship that they all shared. It looked like so much fun to be a part of their different groups and watch them laughing and joking and pairing off in couples. I learned the hard way to constantly check out my hair and clothes so that I wouldn't be the brunt of their jokes when they came in to the diner and I always had to make sure that Becky wasn't pulling one of her jokes on me making me (as she called it) "cute."

Soon October was coming to an end and Becky asked Mom, "Momma, I know that we can't leave and go out trick or treating or to Halloween parties but couldn't we at least dress up here in the restaurant in costume for the night? I think that would be fun and our regular customers might even get a kick out of it."

"I think that you might be right, honey. I really do feel badly that you and Robin don't get to have more fun at your age. I don't see any reason why you can't. Maybe it wouldn't even hurt if you two missed a day of school since Halloween falls on a Friday this year We could get up early, get dressed up at home, then come into work in costume," Mom said.

Becky was thrilled and I was a little excited myself and began thinking of what I might want to dress up as. Then Mom said we'd have to make do with things from home as we couldn't afford to waste money buying pre-made costumes. I was now 14 years old, stood 4' 9" in my stocking feet and weighed around 97 lb. soaking wet. A superhero costume seemed out of the question. Then Becky said she still had lots of

her old clothes and thought it would be a hoot to turn me into a beautiful young girl for the day.

I yelled out “No way” as fast as I could but Becky kept up and Mom said “Robin, it’s Halloween. People all over the country dress up. It’s the one day each year when there is no right or wrong thing to dress up as. It doesn’t mean that you are a girl or anything and it might just do you good to see for one day how the other half lives and are treated for what they appear to be. Besides Becky is right, we already have everything you’d need for a costume right here without spending a penny.”

I let it drop, hoping to find a way out, but as the days grew closer, Becky began to bring stuff out and try to match up the perfect combo for me to wear and be humiliated in. I tried in vain to fight her on the matter but between the two of them, I could see I was losing. Then it really started. Becky found some old shoes with 3-inch heels and when we got home at night after closing up the restaurant, she’d make me put them on and began teaching me how to walk in them. It was painful and humiliating at first but I slowly gave in and learned to walk without falling or breaking an ankle. I wasn’t even aware of the fact that as I began walking the way Becky taught me, I was developing a natural wiggle and sway that helped me keep my balance. This went on until I was walking as naturally as any woman would in heels. It actually improved my posture and I realized that it made me several inches taller. Then the night before, much to my protest, Becky asked Mom to make me let her do her thing.

First Becky made me sit through the embarrassment of her trimming and filing my finger and toe-nails to perfect ovals. (Now I knew why she wouldn’t let me cut my nails over the previous two weeks). Then she brought out the reddest nail polish I’d ever seen and began stroking the brush across my nails, leaving them a shiny bright red color. She put on three coats, allowing each coat to dry in between. She

ordered me to stay still and not smudge her handiwork. After she was sure that my nails were dry, she began messing with my hair. I yelled at her a couple of times when I saw small bunches of hair falling in my lap. She just shushed me and said she was only trimming off a little. At this time, when my hair wasn't pulled back in a ponytail, it hung down to my shoulders, full and shiny and a dark auburn in color.

Becky began putting round rollers in my hair, rolling them up and putting a clip in them to hold them in place. She sprayed smelly hairspray all over, then covered my head with a hair net to hold it all in place overnight. Next she began plucking hairs from my eye brows with this little torture tool. I yelled at her to stop but she claimed she was only cleaning them up a little bit so they weren't so bushy looking. Finally done, I was told I'd have to sleep in this awful way with the rollers pricking my head. I couldn't get comfortable and sleep was sporadic at best all night long.

Before I knew it, Becky was shaking me awake. I looked over at my clock and it was an hour and a half earlier than we usually got up. "Come on, Sleeping Beauty, it's time to make you beautiful for your day in the limelight." I begrudgingly got up and did my morning rituals. Becky stopped me as I started getting into the shower and placed a shower cap over my head to keep it dry. I dried myself off and was brushing my teeth when she popped back in and rubbed this sweet-smelling lotion all over my back and chest. Then she dusted my whole body with one of her powders.

I started protesting and Mom hollered in, "Robin honey, we don't have time to dilly dally around. Let Becky help you so she can get ready too." It looked to me that Becky was already half into her costume; she must have really gotten up early. She said she was dressing as an old-time barmaid.

Becky slipped one of her old bras over my chest and had me put my arms through the straps. She hooked it in back, then filled the cups with foam pads

that she'd found somewhere. Next she allowed me the decency to turn around and have me pull on girdle-type panty with taps hanging down and padding in the hips. It was hard, even as skinny as I was, to pull it all the way up. She had me tuck my privates back between my legs and then pull it up tight. Next came a pair of nylon stockings which she helped me pull up and attach to the tabs of the girdle. Then she gave me a pair of panties and said that this way, if I had to go to the ladies room, I wouldn't have to take everything off to go.

Next she sat me in front of her makeshift vanity and began putting makeup on me. First a base, then a dark eyeliner on my top and bottom lids. I could hardly keep from blinking and pulling away. Then she said she was putting a little eyeshadow on my eyelids, using two different colors, blending them in, then putting mascara on my lashes and darkening my now tidy shaped eyebrows. She colored my lips with this long lasting non-smudge lip cream in the same color as my bright red nails. She then applied a coat of gloss to make them look wet and shiny.

She helped me pull on a tight little white sweater that must have been hers when she was around six years old. Once in place, the bra outline could be easily seen and the mounds really pushed out. She next had me step into this little red miniskirt that only came down to the tops of my thighs. It was immediately evident that bending over at the waist was not going to be possible without showing off my panties.

Lastly she took the dreaded rollers out of my hair and brushed it out. The long curls cascaded down over my shoulders and she brushed what I hadn't known I had into bangs across my forehead. She handed me the 3" heels followed by a dab of perfume and she declared me ready.

I turned to look in the mirror and almost fainted. There, staring wide-eyed back at me, was a really pretty young lady. Then my brain kicked in and I knew I was looking at a female version of myself. "No

Way! I can't go out in public looking like this. I'll be the laughing stock of the whole school if they recognize me. Mom, *please!* This is too much. It doesn't look like a Halloween gag, it looks like I'm trying to be a real girl."

"Becky, I agree I think you went a little over the top but we don't have time to change now. We have to open the restaurant in 30 minutes and you've already made us run behind schedule. Robin honey, you're just going to have to live with it for now. Maybe if we are not busy, I'll help you tone in down a little at the diner."

"But, Mom!"

"Stop it now, Robin. There is no time now. Let's go, we have to leave 15 minutes ago."

Mom was dressed as a kitty cat and Becky as an old-fashioned barmaid and Robin, poor boy, was dressed as not just a girl, but, a very beautiful young woman. He looked as sexy and pretty as any girl in his school. Becky kept assuring him that no one was going to recognize him with the way he looked right now and if he played along, they could tell people that he was a cousin here to help out today. Although he had recently turned 14, he looked several years older in this costume.

Robin walked into the restaurant on very shaky legs that morning. Big Jake was already in the kitchen and had the grill warming up for the morning rush. He said good morning to them, then did a double take as Robin came into view. "So we finally hired some good-looking help to wait tables here. What's your name there, Honey," Jake asked,

"This is my cousin Taylor and she's agreed to help us out today. If it works out well, maybe she'll stick around longer," Becky grinned.

"Well, I'll guarantee that she'll bring in more tips than your brother did. No disrespect to Robin but

people always tip a pretty girl much more than they do a boy, and that's a proven fact."

Just then the first customers of the day walked in. Before Robin could think what was happening, the place was full and it was all Becky and he could do to keep up. Robin's feet were aching but he did his best to ignore the pain and keep up with his duties. He was shocked at how people reacted to him. They were treating him so nice and calling him sweetie and honey. Then a few of the older men touched his back side or gave him a little pinch. Not one person all morning called him out as a boy. This both pleased him on one hand and hurt his male pride on the other.

The day continued on this way and there was no problem. Then school let out and some of the kids began to gather for burgers and shakes. Now Robin became nervous and afraid all over again. Becky took him into the Ladies room, locked the door and touched up his makeup again for the third time that day. This time, though, she made everything a little heavier. Once again his lips glistened and his eyes were darker. "Relax, Robin, try to remember that it's Halloween and you are only wearing a costume. If they don't like it, that's their problem, not yours."

As Robin hustled around (as much as he could on the high heels), taking orders and bringing out food to the kids, he envied them for having what he considered a normal life. He was very self-conscious of the skimpy clothes he was wearing and he'd be lying if he said he wasn't aware of the guys openly staring at him. More than a few were trying hard to get his phone number so they could ask him out. Rather than talk and take the chance of giving himself away, he just showed them the ring on his left hand and that seemed to back them down some.

Now he thanked God that Becky did such a good job with disguising him. The fact was that not one person recognized him as Robin. As the evening wore on, he began to feel safe and relax. However, this one

boy, Jack Stanley, wouldn't take no for an answer and stayed behind when the others left.

"Robin is it? I don't think that you really have a boyfriend or he wouldn't let you work here dressed like this. There's a Halloween party tomorrow night at Susan Hoffman's house and everyone's dressing up. I'd love to take you to the party as my date. I'll pick you up at 7.30 pm. It should be fun," Jack said.

Thinking fast, "she" blurted out, "My name is Sarah. Thank you for asking but I can't. I'll be working here and cleaning up after the evening rush," hoping that would end this conversation quickly. Becky heard Jack ask Robin out and thought it would be fun to help her poor brother who never got to do anything fun or be away from home, school, or work.

"Robin, I don't mind at all if you'd like to attend the party. I'll finish your shift and help clean up so you can go have some fun and meet some new people," Becky said. "You know that we always close early on Saturday and Sunday anyway," she added

"That's OK, I have a lot of homework I have to get done, so thanks for asking but I can't go." Robin said meekly with his face turning several shades of red.

Mom saw them talking and came over to their table. "Is there a problem here?" she asked.

Becky whispered to her Mom so they couldn't hear her. "This nice young man asked Robin out to a Halloween party tomorrow night and Robin doesn't think that you'll let her off so she can go. I told her that we close early on Saturdays and it would do her good to get out and meet some other kids her own age. But, she doesn't want to go, because she's so shy and awkward around others."

Mom turned to Robin and said, "I think that Becky is right, Robin, you do need to get out. You've been working day and night around here and it's time that

you did something fun for a change. So you go and we will be fine here.”

Jack didn't wait. “That's great, the party starts around 8 o'clock. I'll pick you up around 7:30 as it's not that far to Susan's place.”

Back in the kitchen, Robin caught Becky. “Thanks a lot, Becky. Tonight wasn't humiliating enough so now you're trying to get me beat up or worse. Just how the hell am I supposed to get out of this alive? I don't even know these kids because I don't mingle in their crowd and now you want me to keep up the lie that I'm a girl.”

“Hey, don't sweat it. You've been doing a great job all day and are even walking in those heels now like you were born in them, I'll help you with a costume and no one will ever guess that it's you. Besides, the party only lasts for a few hours,” Becky said

“If you're so sure about all of this, why don't you make yourself up and go to the damned party and leave me out of this, because I'm going to be very sick tomorrow and unable to go,” Robin said

“I can't because *you* are the one that was cursed with the great body and beautiful face and *you* are the one that he asked out. So play sick if you want but I'll have you dressed in costume and ready to go by 7:15 tomorrow.

“Why are you doing this to me? I've never hurt you or done anything to you,” Robin said.

“I'm not trying to hurt you, you little nerd, I'm trying to help you come out of your shell and have a little fun for a change. It's only for one night and it's a costume party everyone will be dressed up.”

All that night and the next day, Robin cried to his Mother. “Mom, don't make me do this. It's not fair. I never wanted to dress up in the first place. When Jack finds out that I'm a boy, there's no telling what

he might do to me, not to mention that I won't be able to show my face in school again. They already pick on me and make fun of me. What do you think that they are going to say when they find out I was pretending to be a girl to date a guy?" he pleaded.

"Well then, why didn't you speak up and tell him no right there at the time? I stood there and watched and you never told the boy no, so I just assumed that you *wanted* to go. I think that you are just going to have to honor your word and go at this point," Mom said. "I think that you should prepare yourself as much as possible the night before and go to work as Sarah, I believe it was you told him."

The next day Robin watched the clock, getting more nervous as the day passed. Mom closed up the diner just after the lunch crowd and they went home where Becky had lots of time to get Robin ready. She rolled his long hair in rollers to create long bouncy curls. She picked a little more than she intended on his eyebrows, making a rather high arch. His nails were still bright red and looked fine. He didn't need to shave as his skin was still as hairless as a baby.

Becky disappeared for a few minutes and came back, saying, "Look what I found in the attic!" She was holding up a long black dress that buttoned all the way down the front. It had puff shoulder and long three-quarter length sleeves. She laid it down and picked up a long black coat with a hood. The inside was as red as Robin's nails.

"What is that supposed to be?" he asked.

"Are you blind and without imagination, my little sister? It's Little Red Riding Hood. That's who you are going to dress as and you'll be the prettiest one there. So let's get started. You don't want to keep your date waiting, now do you?" Becky teased, seemingly enjoying his discomfort over this whole event.

She started by having him tuck his testicles back into their cavity and pulling his penis back while she

helped pull a tight panty girdle up into position. “I cut the back out enough that if you need to use the ladies room you can just sit down and relieve yourself without having to undress.”

She'd gone to a shop that afternoon and purchased a set of breast forms along with glue and solvent. She used the solvent, attached the breast forms, and had him hold them until they were dry. Robin immediately felt the weight of the forms pulling on his chest as he let go of them. He turned and felt them turn with his body. They looked so very real that he was shocked. They even felt real as he touched them. Next she slipped on a silky pair of boy-cut panties and a matching black bra. He felt immediate relief from the support of the bra. Becky then helped him with a full black slip, followed by the long dress and she buttoned up the long row of buttons. She left the top 5 buttons open, showing off a little cleavage.

Next she had “Sarah” sit down at the vanity and did her makeup. She used a light-colored base and worked it all around with a sponge. She took an eyebrow pencil and darkened her now thin and arched brows. She didn't need fake eyelashes as Robin's lashes were already girlishly long. She did, however, use mascara to darken them, then took a dark eyeliner and lined both top and bottom eyelids. Next she used a couple shades of eyeshadow and blended them in. “Her” eyes now looked bigger and brighter and very sensual. Becky then outlined Robin's full pouty lip, then used that same bright red creamy lip color, followed by a lip gloss which she painted on with a brush. She finished up with a dash of powder to hold everything. She stood back to look over her creation and thought “Something is missing.” She added a little sparkling eye shadow and turned Robin around to face the mirror.

In total shock, all he could do was stare at the image in the mirror. She was not just hot, she was as beautiful as any girl he'd ever seen. He couldn't find

the words to speak. “Beautiful, isn’t she?” Becky asked.

“That *can’t* be me! I don’t see one shred of Robin in the mirror. Nobody can be changed that much in just a couple of days.”

“Well, get used to it, Honey, because that is definitely you, or should I say Sarah? It’s all you with just a little help from makeup. You are going to have to wear these high heels to keep from stepping on your dress or cape, though,” Becky said.

Mom walked in to see how they were doing just as Becky was pulling the long cap over Robin’s shoulders and pulling the hood up. She stopped dead in her tracks “Oh! My! God! Becky, what have you done? This is far beyond a costume. She looks like a real woman dressed as Red Riding Hood.”

Just then the doorbell rang and they didn’t have time to talk. Becky went to answer the door and let Jack in. Jack was dressed as a sailor. As Robin walked in, Jack swallowed hard and it took three attempts before he could get the words out. “You...You look amazing, Sarah. You are going to be the most beautiful woman there, hands down,” he said.

Becky jumped in and said, “You’d better take good care of my little sister and see that she gets home safe and sound or you’ll answer to me.”

“Please don’t worry. I’ll protect her with my life and we will have a good time and get home safely. Don’t worry, I don’t drink or do drugs. I’m happy just having the pleasure of Sarah’s company tonight. I’ll be the luckiest guy there not to mention the envy of all the other guys,” Jack promised.

As they walked to the car, Jack offered Robin/Sarah his arm. She wasn’t sure what she was supposed to do but, out of fear of falling in the high heels, she put her arm through his for support. Jack opened the passenger door for her and she slid in, remem-

bering what Becky said about putting his butt in first, then pulling his legs in.

Robin was really lost as there hadn't been enough time in the past days for him to learn how to be a girl. He didn't have the mannerisms or the grace that girls his age learn. He was terrified of messing up and making a fool of himself before the night was over.

Jack didn't pick up on the fact that his date was not all woman or that he was in fact dating Robin Cook. Jack tried to make small talk on the drive to the party but Sarah said as little as possible to answer his questions.

"I just can't believe that I haven't seen you around. Someone as truly beautiful as you couldn't possibly go unnoticed in this same town. I love the black cape with red lining and the hood is so cool. Your long dark hair, shiny red lips and matching fingernails really touch it all off," Jack said, feeling his manhood grow in his tight sailor pants.

"Thank you. My cousin came up with the idea and put it all together for me in a rush. She's very creative," "Sarah" said.

It was on shaky legs that "she" walked into the big house where the party was being held. She thought that she'd never stop blushing and turning red from embarrassment as she could see that every eye in the place was on her. The guys openly gawked and stared until their dates punched them in the ribs. Jack was the proudest guy there. He pulled her around and introduced her to everyone and they all seemed to accept her for who she appeared to be. As Robin he'd always been a recluse and keep to himself. This was a whole new world to him and he didn't know how to take it. Everyone treated Sarah as an equal, and a very beautiful one at that. She actually began to really enjoy herself as the evening progressed. Jack was a very good dancer and it was a good thing because she'd never been to a dance. The way that he held her close and guided her around the floor was a

thrill she'd never experienced before, as a male or a female.

She was very naïve so when they danced close and Jack asked if she was having a good time, she was unprepared as he kissed her on the lips softly, then with more feeling and intensity. He held the kiss for a long time and she had no idea what to do as she felt his tongue slide over her bright shiny red lips. Jack was insistent and finally worked his tongue into her mouth. She froze and felt a host of feelings she'd never felt before. She felt dizzy and disoriented but couldn't deny the fact that this felt really good. If she hadn't been taped and trapped in her panties she would have sported a major—and very visible—hard-on.

A couple of other guys that she recognized and knew only by name from school came around and asked her to dance but she politely turned them down. Unbeknownst to Jack, someone—as they always do at these parties—spiked the punch. They were both now warm and thirsty from all the dancing and Jack got them each a big cup of the spiked punch. They finished them off in no time and got a refill. Sarah suddenly felt the need to use the bathroom. She panicked for a minute but the need to go outweighed the fear of going in alone. She did her business, then touched up her makeup, applying a fresh coat of the bright red lip color and gloss just as Becky had told her to do.

Finally it was getting late and Sarah told Jack that they should probably get going as she had a midnight curfew. Jack said he hated to see the night end and it was one he'd always remember. They slipped out without fanfare and Jack again helped her into the car.

He drove them the opposite way from Sarah's home and pulled into another big house. "Jack, this isn't the way to my house. I'd like to go home now," she told him.