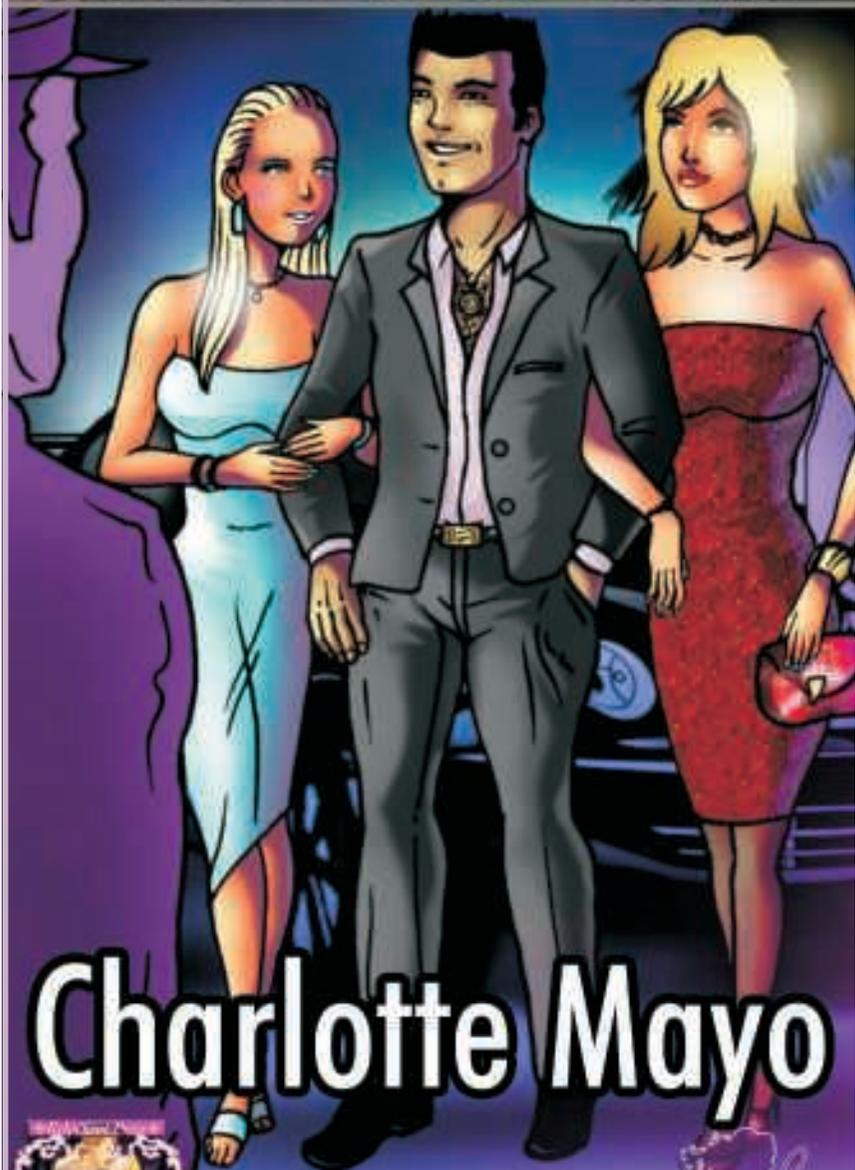


Barmaid Rob



Charlotte Mayo



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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BARMAID ROB

by Charlotte Mayo

Prologue

So I am standing waiting for the tube train. It's night time and I am going out with a whole bunch of girls – there's about ten of us in total. Annalise is next to me, of course: blonde, tall, sexy, sassy and totally feminine. She is laughing, joking and generally enjoying herself. I feel happy and self-confident. In fact, a feeling of pleasure is bubbling up inside me; I almost feel ecstatic. I am dressed as a girl and no one else on the platform, bar the small cluster of girls I am with, knows my little secret.

I run my hand across the front of my short, flared, black leather skirt as if feeling for the appendage that has, with Annalise and Donna's help, so magically disappeared. I fiddle with my long blonde hair. I love the feel of it rolling down my bare back, the feel of it against the black, strappy vest top I am wearing. I love the feeling of the warm breeze in the tube tunnel circulating around my bare legs and up my skirt, tingling my strapped-up appendage. Annalise looks at

me and smiles, then she gestures for me to put my head forward and she fiddles with my hair; adjusting a hair grip to make sure it stays in place as I don't like the hair falling over my eyes. It is one of the few things I don't like about dressing as a woman. I am nineteen years old and slim and tall and attractive – judging by the glances I get from men. I come from Yorkshire and even a year ago I would not have dreamt I would be dressed like a woman. I had never done anything like this before in my life.

A nervous excitement prickles my skin. I feel happy and alive. It is just so damned *odd* that I am dressed like this, though. Never in my life would I have thought I would be dressed as a girl and going out for the night with a whole bunch of girls. Never. I never had any temptation to dress up in girls' clothes but now I do it regularly and, what is more, I *enjoy* it. I have finally admitted that to myself. I love being dressed like a woman and I enjoy Annalise and the group of barmaids from the Star Bar fawning over me and helping me choose outfits and helping with my makeup. They love it. They really do. There is something almost primeval in the power a woman feels when she has a man at her mercy and that power is tenfold when that man is dressed as a woman. Annalise loves power, she always has. Back in Yorkshire she loved mixing with the guys more than the gals; even then she had men dancing to her tune. She used men from an early age, knew how to get what she wanted from them. And that included me. But tonight we are going out. A big group. Lucy is getting married and this is her Hen Night. No boys allowed. Bar me. But I don't count. I am not a boy. I am an honorary gal.

One of our party has a massive inflatable dick and some of the girls stand around and pose with it whilst others in the group take photos on their phones. We all laugh and giggle. Lucy's mum is there, so course,

as well as an aunt, cousins, and other friends. They know about me. Everyone knows about me. It is common knowledge at the Star Bar too. Greg, the owner, says it pulls extra punters into the bar – the curious and the turned-on. And he likes that. And that is one of the reasons I am stuck in *en femme* mode – but I get ahead of myself. Let's just say Greg likes women and he likes making a buck or two. Period.

I know I am tall in my black, high-heeled ankle boots. I am the tallest in the group at well over 6 feet but I still look good, convincing. Men walk up and down the platform and it's rare that a man doesn't look at me – looking me up and down or trying to catch my eye. I am used to it though. Bar work gets you used to chat up lines. I don't get “read” – my youth has seen to that, not to mention my feminine features and the professional help and guidance I am given by Annalise, the Star Bar girls and Madam Primrose.

I cross my ankles, look at my phone and all the time I am conscious of my false breasts heaving in my bra, the feel of the leather skirt on my long, bare legs as well as the cut of the black cotton vest on my back and the weight of the long, thin black bag on my shoulder. I really do feel good. Annalise dances about in front of me. She's wearing white hot pants and a red top and high-heels of course. She touches my arm.

“Don't you love going out with the girls?” she says.

I laugh, “Yes,” I say in a soft, female voice – yes, I have already mastered that. I look at Sophie who is still holding the inflatable willy. She is wearing a tight, black bodicon dress and has her blonde hair up. A lot of blondes work at the Star Bar. Greg likes blondes and when he can he'll employ them. I suppose it is a kind of hair colour discrimination – hairism, you might say.

My large black handbag has a silver chain and a silver trim; I open it and pop my phone back inside. The tube train approaches and I sense men behind me. It's amazing how vulnerable you feel as a girl. My arse is still smarting too. Well, it was only six hours ago that I was told to lay face down on a couch and an oafish tattoo artist tattooed the word: TRANS on one bum cheek and "VESTITE" on the other. I am labelled for life now and I could not be happier. The train pulls in, people get off and those of us on the platform all scuttle on, then we play musical chairs for the few remaining seats. I let the other passengers get on with it. I prefer to stand as my bum is too sore to sit. I lift my hand and grab the rail, cross my ankles and smile at a young man who got on behind us. Then I close my eyes and as the train moves away, into the dark recess of London's subterranean world, I start to think about the strange, almost unbelievable, set of events that have led to me dressing as a girl full time...

Chapter One

I couldn't believe my luck, I really couldn't, Annalise Baron wanted to come to London with me! She was the most beautiful girl in the school (if not all of Leeds!) with long, blonde hair and a figure to die for and she wanted to come to London with me! I would do anything for her, and she knew it. Like most men I was enthralled by her.

I was eighteen, unemployed, and lived in Leeds, a northern former industrial town. She was eighteen as well, working as a waitress in one of those chain American restaurants which serve pizzas and milk shakes. We kinda knew each other from school but then she started dating a guy who was in my social group. Dave was a bit of a ladies man and very cocky and he had pulled Annalise Baron so that was that. She was out of my league, of course, *way* out. Not

just my league but out of my stratosphere, seriously out.

I didn't have a lot of luck with girls. Period. I just tagged along with a group of lads who met in the local pub and Dave was part of that group. I was not the sort of person who Dave would normally associate with as I was deemed to be "uncool" and a bit of a loser but I was friends with a mate of his, John. John and I had formed a bond at school because we were ardent Leeds United supporters and went to all the home games. Sometimes Dave came too. Then Dave started dating Annalise and instantly she became part of our social group which made us all feel good. It was great to have a friend who could pull such a cracking looking lass. She was nice and liked a laugh with the guys. However, I sensed early on that she liked getting her own way and wasn't as keen as Dave was on going down the pub all the time and having a few drinks. Of course, she wasn't the only girl in the group – there were other mates who had girlfriends but none of them were quite in Annalise's class. She really was a stunner.

Occasionally I would look at her and see her yawning and sometimes I heard her say to other girls that she was bored and wanted 'to do more'. And that's where I entered her life. I wanted to move to London to get a job and suddenly I found her talking to me about my plans. Dave didn't mind; he knew I was not going to 'pull' Annalise this year next year or anytime soon so he just let me get on with it. He knew she wouldn't look at me twice. But I could tell she was interested, in London I mean, and my plans. I also had some money which I intended to use for a flat deposit. So when I announced I was leaving, she gave me her number and told me to call her!

I did of course and she said, "Can I come with you?"

“What about Dave?” I asked.

“Dave’s boring, I wanta go to London.”

So that was how on one rainy Saturday, Annalise Baron – Yorkshire’s best looking blonde - and I ended up sitting together on a National Express coach heading south. Awesome or what?

I had a small amount saved plus a reasonably large chunk of inheritance from a great uncle dying childless which I used for a deposit on a bedsit. I had viewed and paid for it all on-line so Annalise knew I had a place to go, which I guess was part of the appeal. We found the bedsit and dumped our bags on the two single beds. The bedsit was in an old 1930s house which had been developed into six flats or bedsits; we were on the ground floor close to the front door which was quite handy later as you will see. The hallway was communal with a large sideboard where post was left (if anyone could be bothered to pick it up or if it was not stolen) and one of the other tenants kept his push bike up the hall. The place Annalise and I shared was as small as a broom cupboard with two single beds and a kitchenette area and a single wardrobe.

Despite the intimacy Annalise made it clear the relationship was just platonic before adding the immortal words, ‘for now’ which gave me hope. The main thing was I was with her and we appeared as a happy couple. It was great. My confidence was sky high. I just loved going out with her. Being seen out with her was such a big ego trip it was untrue. Of course, it didn’t take her long to find a job. It was as a barmaid at a trendy bar called “The Star Bar” which was popular with a young crowd and employed only female bar staff, most of whom were blondes. The owner, Greg, was quite good to his staff, giving them good rates of pay and regular work, plus a share of

the tips. Soon, Annalise was coming home with money.

Meanwhile my own attempts to find a job proved fruitless. I didn't have much in the way of qualifications and I trudged around London giving my CV into employment agencies and asking if they had any jobs available. I picked up a week here and a week there but nothing permanent and, although it had been my money that had helped us get settled in London, soon it was Annalise's money which was paying for the day-to-day expenses. After a while I got disillusioned and just stayed in the flat. It was frustrating because Annalise was working during the evening and slept a lot during the day when I was up. I cleaned up and got the shopping but soon we started to bicker.

"All you do is sit around watching TV and wanking," she said to me one day.

It was true. I had come to London with big hopes but they had been dashed. I just didn't seem to be able to get a job anywhere. I don't know how long we lived like that but I started to notice that Annalise was coming home later and later and I guessed she was having a relationship with someone at work. Sometimes she didn't come home at all and would make excuses. She would say things like,

"I stayed at a girlfriend's house last night; I didn't want to wake you and the other people in the house up, as we had a late night party in the Star Bar and didn't close until 2am."

It was a feeble excuse - and in truth there was no need for such excuses as I was not her keeper - but I knew there was something going on. Still, I told myself that it was none of my business as she had made it plain that ours was just a platonic relationship. At the end of the day, Annalise owed me nothing. Even so, the first flush of being with a beautiful girl had

passed and I felt jealous. The thing was I still liked the idea of being with Annalise and feeling I was her 'boyfriend'. I suppose the truth was I was in love with her. And I would do anything for her, anything.

I suppose, in my heart, I knew she wanted me to move out. The problem was I had paid the deposit and the flat was in my name. Although she was earning money whilst I wasn't, the reality was there was little likelihood of her affording a place on her own. In some ways the relationship suited her fine. We weren't an item so she could come and go as she pleased whilst I kept the flat tidy and did the cooking and cleaning – not that there was a lot to do. Even so, my lack of paid work frustrated her as much as it did me and that meant the bickering and arguing became more frequent. Then one day she said, "Rob, I've been thinking."

My heart started to miss a beat. I knew she was dating someone she worked with and I suspected, in time, whoever it was would ask her to move in with him. The manager and owner, Greg, was married so I knew it wasn't him but she definitely had a boyfriend and she was very guarded about talking about him. Anyway, I sat at the small table in our room and waited for the inevitable...

"I know you have struggled to find a permanent job," Annalise started, "and that's meant I'm providing all the money to keep us. Well, Greg's always looking for staff to work in the bar. In fact someone has just left..."

I was confused. On more than one occasion Annalise had explained that Greg only employed girls – pretty blonde girls at that, if he could. He did have a few brunettes, but they were all girls. It was sexist but he seemed to get away with it.

“But you said he only employs girls...has that changed?” I said with mounting incredulity.

Annalise bit her lip and a look came over her which was a mixture of wide-eyed innocence behind which lay pure cunning. It was a look I had seen when she had asked me about going to London.

“No, that’s not changed,” Annalise said reluctantly.

“Well, how the hell can I work at the Star Bar then?” I was annoyed, Annalise was winding me up.

“Quite easily,” Annalise said. “You could dress as a girl.”

I laughed then, flung my head back and guffawed; it really was a wind up. “You cannot be serious.” I said.

Annalise smiled and then she started talking fast, very fast. “I know it seems funny but when you think about it, it is not as funny as all that. You are quite tall but you have a small build for a guy and you have delicate features. Remove all the body hair, put a wig on, add some makeup and a dress and you would pass. I’ve been researching it on the internet and seen some videos on You Tube. I really think we could pull it off, Rob, and it would mean we were together, working, each contributing. You know Greg pays quite well – better than the minimum wage and he shares out the tips which some employers don’t do. Also, you know I don’t like coming home on my own and have to get a taxi which is a big expense. Well, this way we could come home together. You must see that this current situation can’t go on forever.”

“Annalise, you live in a dream world, love,” I said. “It would never work and I don’t want to do it. It is

stupid. A real stupid idea. I'm not a fucking transvestite and I will never, never, ever dress as a girl, not for you, not for anyone. Do you fucking hear me?" For good measure I banged my fist down on the table as hard as I could: a china cup flew off and crashed onto the floor.

Annalise glared. I had never seen her angry before. "Don't shout at me, Rob! I have come up with an idea for a job for you. You could do it! But you are so pig-headed and stubborn you would rather sit around here on your arse watching stupid fucking daytime TV shows and playing computer games whilst I am working. Working long fucking hours Rob, *long* fucking hours. And you are telling me you won't even think it over."

"No!" I yelled. "I am not a fucking transvestite, so stick it up your arse."

Annalise bristled. "Listen Rob, I'm trying to help you! I think I could make you look like a girl! I am even prepared to invest my money in taking you to an agency who will dress you the first time so I can get some tips. I want this to work Rob, honest I do. But it's not working because you're not working and that can't continue."

My head dropped, Annalise was right. I had feared such a bust up would come sooner or later. The anger I had initially felt drained from me. I was defeated.

Annalise continued, more calmly but with resolve. While she spoke, she pointed her finger to emphasise the point. "You take up this idea or you find another job by the end of the week or I'm moving out next Sunday. One of the girls has offered me a bed at her place which is a lot bigger. I've not taken her up on it out of loyalty to you but if you don't play ball on this

one, or find another job, then I'm out if her Rob. Out of here."

"So now you are giving me ultimatums?" I said. "Even though I found the flat and paid the deposit?"

"Yes, Rob, I am giving you an ultimatum. It is your flat so it is up to you what you do about it. But I am out of here." She had been standing by the table, staring down on me. I was quiet, speechless; she walked two steps to the door, then turned around.

"You will regret telling me to 'stick it up my arse,'" she said softly. "And, you will regret telling me that you are not a 'fucking transvestite' when I tried to help you."

Then she walked out, slamming the door behind her. I sat with my head in my hands. My brief time of living with Annalise was coming to an end. I had blown it. It was over. My head dropped to the table and I started sobbing. Sobbing like a little baby.

Chapter Two

The following week I trawled around shops, employment agencies, pubs and restaurants, trying to get a job. I even tried building sites but no one was interested; there were plenty of people from Eastern Europe who had taken up all the low paid jobs and probably weren't being paid the minimum wage, more than likely paid in cash so it didn't show on the books. No one was interested in a slacker like me with no qualifications and no experience. By the Saturday I was resigned to the fact that Annalise was moving out and I would have to relinquish the bedsit and go back home as I could not afford the rent without Annalise's money. Of course, that would mean

Dave would kill me for running off with his girlfriend – I had heard he thought I was a sneak who had done the dirty on him and he wanted to give me a bloody good hiding. Then there were my friends like John, who would think of me as a failure.

On the Sunday morning Annalise got up and, without even saying a word or stopping for breakfast, she started to pack her case.

“Donna’s driving around to collect me at 10.30,” was all she said. “The spare room is at her place.”

I was distraught. I didn’t want to go home. I didn’t want Annalise to leave. I was in love. I didn’t want to get beaten up by Dave and his mates. I didn’t want people to see me as a failure. Annalise threw clothes into her suitcase and a holdall as I paced around the bedsit, tears in my eyes. The idea was just so daft, so stupid, it was unreal. But maybe if I tried it, gave it a go, it would buy me time. Finally, I placed my hand on the lid of her suit case and said, “OK Annalise, I’ll give it a try.”

“What do you mean?”

“This dressing as a girl to get a job at the Star Bar, I’ll give it a go. Greg will know I’m a bloke and you won’t look too clever in his eyes, but if it is what you want, if that’s what will keep us in this bedsit in London, then I am prepared to give it a go.”

Annalise looked me in the eye. I could see she was trying to read me, see if I was serious.

“I don’t know, I think it is too late now. You have had your chance. You could have said something earlier in the week, now I have made arrangements with Donna.”

“Can’t you text her or call her?”