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Robin Wood

Epilogue

Winter finally ended and Spring was on the horizon. Whether it was the fact they moved an hour or two south by car or not, it just felt *warmer* than usual, but maybe it was just the turn of the seasons. New season in a new place. The breeze blowing up through the railings stirred up one or two flakes of paint on the veranda's floor and gave Lin the chills. Bumps dimpled out across her flesh and she rubbed a hand on a smooth arm thinking it felt like the surface of a basketball. On chilly nights like this one having two basketball-sized heaters on her chest was a comfort. During the day it was a different story.

'Has it already been two months?' The sun was setting over the plateau jutting up from the far valley. It was perfectly placed to cast a shadow on the general area including the condo where they lived a full half an hour before the rest of the town. She shivered again and hugged her bosoms tight shifting on the wide plastic lacing of the metal-framed deck chair, bowing down under her weight. Bruce was grooving inside and cooking something for dinner. Smelled like macaroni and cheese with hotdogs. *'He better not put ketchup in it again.'* It wasn't much, but she was glad for the break and he had to pull his weight.

"I tell you what, this *proper* stove actually gives me a fighting chance to not burn this delicacy I am about to bestow upon you." Bruce said as Lin closed the sliding door behind her. The blinds clattered in the passing of her wide hips. "Again, my compliments to Mrs. Mables for putting us up here." Lin sat at the table and physically restrained her roomie from putting ketchup into the main bowl of mac and cheese.

'That night...' Lin was reminded.

"You *can't* go. You CAN'T! I FORBID IT!" Auntie yelled in her face, grabbed and struggled with Lin's arm. Bruce had to stay in the hospital overnight and Lin had no choice but to spend another night in the apartment above the parlor. Her Auntie didn't take the news well after she used the spare key and saw the place had been totally emptied.

"It's too late. The van is packed. I'm done. I don't know if I will even come back." Lin yanked her arm away and hugged herself. Her auntie pulled her hand back realizing she crossed a line.

“I’m sorry, my niece.” Her auntie said barely above a whisper looking down, ashamed. Lin responded to the apology, but couldn’t forgive so easily. Not after that night. Regardless of the part of her that *wanted* it to happen, it was unforgivable and *shouldn’t* have been the way things went, she felt. She never asked for any of this. She had always been *told* what to do and where to go and now she was going to make a decision for herself.

“You have my number. I won’t ignore you. But I need time, and space, away from this place.” Lin said, rubbing her arm and mirroring her aunt looking down.

“But what about-?” Auntie’s open hand pulled back like the tiger behind the bars snapped at it with fearsome jaws.

“It’s not my problem. I don’t owe you anything after you let me walk out that door. Without a *single* word.” Lin snarled. Auntie was starting to get into *that* mode and she looked through the cabinet for some cup noodles or something. She began to put water on to boil from the remnants of the kitchen.

“How was I supposed to know you two were-?” The shrug became a wince when Lin slammed down a pair of wooden chopsticks on the counter.

“You think we were going to get lattes?” Her fiery glare over her shoulder at her auntie told her volumes as her eyes went glassy.

‘*What have I done?*’ Ti thought as the reality set in. She had a responsibility to her niece and if her sister had found out it would be unforgivable. She bit her knuckle and paced around the room staring at its emptiness.

“So you want some tea?” Lin said from behind. They both let out a big sigh.

The next two weeks were the toughest. Life on the road, looking for apartments, sleeping in the back of a box truck. It wasn’t freezing, but it wasn’t comfortable. Finding a place to park where they didn’t have to fear getting broken into or attacked. Finding places to clean up with actual showers instead of ‘sink baths’ at some crummy restaurant. It was shameful, but at the same time it was a lot of fun.

“There’s this place in a couple miles I heard of from one of the girls. We might be able to get a room there, convince them that we are trying to have sex in there. Say it ended up being a party. I bet they have a shower. This thing’s been stuck to my leg for the last ten miles.” Bruce said, leaning on the wheel sending the truck shuddering while he tugged at the hem of his bike shorts. He could feel the steam against his knee vented before letting the shorts go with a snap that re-secured the bulge winding down his thigh.

“Careful!” Lin cried out reaching for the wheel. “You just started your turn! Why don’t you wear something less constricting? I wore a dress because of that.” Lin eyed it and licked her lips.

“Girl, if it *wasn't* so discomforting I'd be hard 24/7. And hot pants are the truth, alright? Sounds like you *miss it*.” Bruce glanced at her and saw her staring. “Look at you, getting thirsty about it. Take it back if you want.” Bruce said and the temptation rose inside of her. “Maybe after we hit the club, though. Big Boy Bruce has to score us a room tonight.” He winked and they laughed while the truck kicked up cold dust down the highway.

By the end of the first month they had moved from living in a truck to staying in cheap motels nearby places where Bruce could get work. They found a cheap apartment right next to the club bar which took care of its performers and Bruce liked it. Lin figured she could travel or find work fairly easily, maybe start her own business and go grassroots with it. Offering bust up massages to drag queens had been pretty profitable on the road so that would be a good start. With the burden of the truck gone, they could take a breath and the feeling of running away began to fade.

“Again?” Lin sighed, laying back on the couch watching TV. Bruce stood in front of the screen wearing a magnificent sequined gown and matching headdress in full drag makeup. Bruce's figure, with some of Lin's help and additional padding, was almost as voluptuous as Lin was. But one thing *stood out* as being very unlady-like.

“I can't get the thing to go down and I got a show in twenty. Please?” Bruce was begging and the front of the sequined gown was poking forward under great stress. “My damned sequins are gonna pop off, girl. Please?” Lin sighed and beckoned her friend to come over to the couch. “Oh thank you, *thank you*, Lin.

“Yeah, yeah. Get over here.” Lin sat up and grumbled to herself. She was going to watch a few dramas and documentaries tonight, but those plans were about to get *ruined*. ‘*I'm wearing shorts, too. Damn it.*’ Bruce bounced over and pulled up the bottom of his dress letting the absolutely massive cock flip out, pulsing at full hardness right in her face. ‘*As big as ever...*’ She gulped and brought her hands up to grasp it.

“Thanks, Lin.” Bruce said, holding the hem of his dress waiting for relief. Lin's massaging motions started at the tip and pushed down towards his pelvis and she formed the link between them and it melted and shrank under her touch. She had to work quickly or else she'd lose her composure. The heat of her hands spread up her arms and she immediately started sweating in full concentration. A whimper slipped from within her as she felt the wetness building between her legs and the swelling began.

Her clitoris got longer and thicker and easily escaped the panties she wore and began to snake down the leg of her shorts. Bruce had less than six inches now. ‘*Just a bit more and we should be good.*’ She thought, feeling the cool air of the apartment on her shining clit as it escaped the bottom of her pant leg, still getting thicker and longer. Another whimper and she had to bite her lip.

“Is this enough?” She strained. Bruce looked down and still thought it was too big.

“Just a bit more? Almost there, Linny. Thank you.” He said. The feeling of shrinking wasn’t as arousing as growing. It was more like he was draining pressure he didn’t know his body was dealing with. A relief for him. Lin, on the other hand, was losing her composure and her mouth hung open as she panted massaging and pressing down robotically while her own clit became more than five times its original size.

“I... I can’t...” Lin cried in a rapidly thinning voice. *GUSH*. Her hands dropped from his cocklet and gripped the couch cushions while she squirted *hard*. From the bottom of both of her pant legs she spilled juice like they were flood drains onto the already stained carpet. The room wasn’t dirty per se, but the landlord did call it ‘well lived-in’. Couldn’t beat the price in any case, but she didn’t like squirting *this much* on the floor right in front of her spot. “Fffuuu... Ugh... Ooohhhmmm,” She shuddered, cumming to the point her legs and knees quaked.

“Thanks, girl. Gotta run! See you at the show if you can make it! I owe you!” Bruce said, footsteps receding towards the door. Lin’s eyes went crossed and her bottom lip was twisting and grinding between her teeth as she slipped forward on the couch. ‘*Oh fuck. It’s so good. How did I last more than a week without this thing?*’ Lin’s drunken expression and lolling eyes lasted a good fifteen minutes after the orgasm. Only her shoulders and half of her back were still even on the cushions anymore and she stood up slowly shaking her head.

“Damn it.” She was soaked from the waist down, and the stain on the floor was larger than a dinner plate. And her clit cock was *still* hard and needed a *lot more* attention. ‘*I’m taking a shower.*’

Bruce had excuse after excuse why he couldn’t take it back and was happy with the four inches he was left with. ‘I’m a power bottom anyway.’ ‘You deserve it as a trophy.’ ‘Doesn’t it feel *really* good, though?’ ‘I have another show coming up in a few days.’ Lin started to accept her fate that she had to live with a foot-long clock shoved into her panties for the rest of her life. After the first few days of constant masturbation she managed to keep it under control enough that she could leave the house and enjoy herself without worrying about a mega clit slipping from her pants and swinging around like a wrecking ball. Although that *did* happen once or twice. But the living room carpet started to *stink* and she needed to get it professionally cleaned.

The phone rang and it was Mrs. Mables. In all the commotion of the attack, their subsequent escape, and running for weeks she had almost forgotten about her. Mables asked all the right questions and had as much tender caring nature about her as always. She respected Lin’s privacy and wasn’t pushy. But she definitely *wanted* something. It started with appreciation for the final ‘gift’ Lin gave her before she fled. And all the ways she was enjoying those gifts. Rekindled romance with her husband *and* the pool boy, more appreciation from the women, and generally just a huge boost in confidence. But her old habits were kicking back in and she gained weight quickly, she claimed.

Lin fought the urge to touch herself while she rambled on and on. She didn't miss *that* part about Mrs. Mables, but it had been almost a month. There was a lot to discuss. Lin planted herself on the couch and one of her feet landed in a puddle of wetness, ruining another sock.

"So I don't know your living situation, but recently one of the condos I own opened up and was curious if you were looking for a place to live?" She said with hope. "Since we are such good friends I'd make sure you get a *big* discount." She over emphasized how big it would be then dropped into a low whisper. "You couldn't tell anyone else in the condo though. You know how it is, Lin. People talk and all that. Ha ha ha!" She cracked herself up.

The place was near the beach in a pretty big town. The room was on an upper floor and seemed like it was one of the nicer ones in the building. Everything was included. It should have cost more than four thousand dollars a month, but she was offering something ludicrous like less than a thousand. Mables told her that they could talk about details later, but she wanted to reach out before she put it back on the market. Lin's heart started beating like crazy. She looked around the room she was in. Water stains on the ceilings and walls, cracks everywhere, and windows that rattled even when it wasn't windy. '*What was up with that?*'

"That all sounds wonderful. I'd love to meet up and talk about it. I need to speak with my roommate though." Lin said thinking about Bruce's love for his new job. The pair made plans to chat and at least meet up for lunch later in the week and she said goodbye. She had been laying back and staring at the ceiling above the couch watching a black crack with its own water stain spreading out from it. '*This place is a dump.*' She thought. As she went to stand up she scared herself half to death when she saw that she was throbbing hard with excitement at the prospect.

"Girl, I hate this job." Bruce said nearly throttling his roomie after hearing about that. "You know how many clubs they got down there? Like fifty bajillion!" And the rest was history. They packed up and were cleared out in less than a week and moved in with no time to spare. The condo wasn't as pristine as Mables played it up, but it was beachfront and a billion times better than the shack they found on their own. And for another 'quick' bump up she said she'd drop the price to the point they couldn't refuse.

Lin was the private masseuse for Mrs. Mables and on retainer in a sense. In addition to the condo, she also got an additional stipend every time she got more than one massage a week. They worked it out and everyone was happy. Lin was in charge of making sure Bruce paid his bit and in addition, she *did* start her own company with herself as the CEO and the sole employee as well. It turns out that Mrs. Mables was a bit of an entrepreneur and very helpful on that front. Mables didn't know the extent of the abilities that Lin had, but had her suspicions.

For the time being, she was kept secret from Mables' friends who had been asking where she went, but nobody seemed to know. Lin didn't mind the break and after one or two stipends she had rebuilt all the savings she blew the previous month and a half moving, living in and out of

hotels, and taking showers in fast food bathrooms. ‘*So why are we having mac and cheese with hot dogs for dinner?*’ She thought and Bruce smiled from across from her.

“Fine! Fine! No ketchup, then. Geez.” Bruce said grinning. “Trying to teach some culture to you, child. If only you’d learn!” He joked and they both laughed. ‘*That’s why.*’ Lin thought happily.

“Sorry, sensei.” She grinned and took a bite of macaroni and cheese. The sun was setting and she was content for the first time in a while. The mac actually tasted half decent this time. “It’s not even gritty like usual. You used enough milk. Well done.” An authentic compliment.

“See? I’m learning.” Bruce said thoughtfully. “Oh, I have a show coming up this week. Around eight o’clock on Thursday. Is your pottery circle meeting on that night?” Bruce waited for an answer, eager to know.

“No, not that day. I will be there for sure, Brucie.” She looked over his shoulder and the first piece she had made in what felt like ages sat on the kitchen counter behind him. It was a vase of glorious swirling curves like a smooth wave coiling in subtle, sexy ways. It was dark blue with hints of green on the edges where the glaze went thin and caught the light. “Looking forward to it.” She looked at the beach grasses she picked up from a walk and flower buds almost ready to pop open. “Looking forward to a lot of things.”

“You and me both, girl. You and me both!”

End

*Michelle’s Note/Reflection on Robin Wood:

Thank you so much for reading. Especially if you have read all the parts up until now. This was a very enjoyable one for me to write. It started off with a simple idea of a Chinese breast growth massage that was super effective and then spiraled from there. The idea was always that she’d end up stealing dicks from guys and end up with a mega clit. ‘Robin Wood.’ Get it? As in Stealing boners? Slap yourself on the wrist and somewhere else as well if you never noticed that and just thought she was stealing from the ‘rich’ to give to the ‘poor’. Of course, it’s a dick joke.

Lin was an interesting character to write and I wanted to complicate her life and give her so many things to worry about and struggle with. Have her ask herself and answer questions that maybe didn’t have a ‘right’ answer. While a bit of a bumbler, her roommate, the overly positive and hopeful drag queen, Bruce, was her rock. She had to have an ally through the tough times. Mrs. Mables was another of course. But we will see where that leads. Someday maybe. And her precious auntie. Auntie Ti was a bit too hard on her niece, but ultimately thought she was doing the right thing. We will see if she did the right thing or not.

And of course, *him*. That all tied up neatly, didn’t it? Looking forward to a new life filled with love and peace and *nothing else*. ...Right?

Thanks for reading~

~Michelle