

LINDA

Adventures of a Woman by Choice

Volume 1 of 5

*In The
Beginning*

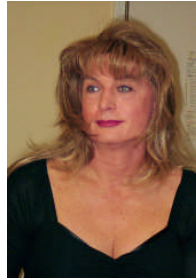
*Jeopardy!
Contestant*

*A Queen Mary
New Year's*

Straight/ Bi/ Try



Linda



Adventures of a Woman by Choice Vol 1 of 5

Table of Contents

| | |
|---|-----------|
| In the Beginning | 2 |
| Shopping for Linda | 4 |
| Jeopardy! En Femme | 6 |
| Not Dressed Up; Places to Go | 8 |
| New Year's Eve at The Queen Mary | 11 |
| A Super (Bowl) Dream | 14 |
| Golfing En Femme | 17 |

This anthology is the first in a series of collected articles by Linda Jensen. Some were originally distributed through the web site of TGForum. The author would like to thank Cindy Martin and TGForum for encouragement received in relation to her writing.

**Linda Jensen
October 2004**

lindajen@hotmail.com

IN THE BEGINNING

I can remember a few incidents in my childhood that may have been portents of my present interest in crossdressing. I do not believe that my interest was predestined nor was it determined by some genetic abnormality. I believe that some key events helped encourage a sensitive youngster to find relief and reassurance in an escape into femininity.



1960

I was part of a fairly large family - four boys and twin girls. My father was away in the military for long periods so mother's attention was stretched quite thin among the six of us. We siblings- especially the males- didn't experience a lot of hugs and kisses from our parents or each other. It wasn't until our sisters came along that we really got to see our parents show affection with their children. I guess boys were supposed to be more rugged and not interested in affection. Perhaps, to my parents both of whom were raised in military families, that would have encouraged softness.

My first incident happened when I was about four years old. I don't remember doing it but apparently I had put on my mother's swim suit and paraded around the house. That wasn't particularly significant but what I do remember is my mother telling one of her friends and neighbours about how cute I looked in her suit. Now in our family that

kind of praise was not easy to come by so perhaps it wasn't surprising that I sought out other opportunities to wear other items of mother's wardrobe. That lasted only until my father came home on leave. He quickly let it be known that appropriate behavior for little boys didn't include wearing one's mother's swim suits or slips and dresses.

So it was into the kiddy closet until a few years later when I spent a summer with my grandparents. They were fairly old and absorbed in their own social lives. They left me alone a lot in their large old farm house. Exploring the house I found a storage room containing trunks of old clothes - military and sports uniforms, tuxedos and DRESSES! I was about eight or nine and I knew that when my friend was around we played soldier but when I could be alone I spent hours costuming myself in flapper dresses, ball gowns and a pretty white 'confirmation dress' that I remember fitting me perfectly. One time I coaxed my young friend, David, into joining me in a 'dress-up'. We put on maids' outfits and boldly invaded one of my grandmother's afternoon garden parties. We hammed it up and the adults, perhaps loosened up by alcohol, joined in to ask their maids to get them drinks and serve sandwiches. I especially remember my grandma telling her friends how much I looked like one of her former maids. This pleased me and I again loved the positive attention. I was disappointed when David soon tired of the charade and suggested we go play something else. As far as I know David is not now interested in crossdressing. If he is his beard would make it hard for him to 'pass'.

My early teen years were not happy times. Because we moved around a lot I didn't make or keep many friends and moving from province to province let me skip a few grades which academically I could handle but left me socially uncomfortable. I didn't feel I could go out with girls in my grade who were two years older than I was. But I did find myself dreaming about them and especially

about what they were wearing. I remember many times sitting in class fixated on the bras showing through the blouses of my female classmates. It soon happened that I was sneaking my mother's lingerie out of the laundry hamper and wearing the bras and panties to bed. That helped me learn about sexual arousal and near spontaneous ejaculation.

In my teen years I had chances to return to my grandparents' where I continued my now totally secret games of dress-up, seeking to wear the more fashionable outfits around the house and also being more careful to pad myself out in most feminine ways. These sessions almost always ended in a sexual release and then guilt but I kept coming back until I finally found a girlfriend who got my mind away from the closet.

Soon I was on to university and living on my own. For two years I lead a pretty normal college boy life – fraternity, parties, girlfriends and classes.

Things were pretty normal in my life until the day I found a discarded bag of women's

clothing in a pile of trash. Who knows, maybe some transvestite was 'purging'. I took the clothes back to my room and tried them on and, as they say, the rest is history. The arousal was immediate. The clothes were a bit ragged but one skirt fit me nicely and seemed to accentuate the nice shape of my ass. That little bag of clothes, supplemented by a few purchases of my own, became a major source of sexual satisfaction for the rest of my college years.

Since then, despite one marriage and two live-in relationships, two children and two step children crossdressing has never been far from my thoughts. It has transformed from being a closet activity culminating in sexual climax. As I grow older and reach new levels of financial and personal independence I find myself working harder and harder to be a believable feminine persona.

Does any of that sound familiar?



1985



1995



2005

Shopping For Linda

I remember how terrified I used to be every time I went in to a store to buy some feminine clothes.

It started when I was a college student and found out that I was really turned on by the feel of slips and panties especially when I was wearing them. I had been sneaking on lingerie belonging to my mother and sister when I was home on holidays and I had even found some discarded clothes in an alleyway. But I really needed to have my own set.

I spent hours at a time studying the catalogues with their models clad in beautiful slips, bras and other lingerie. It took me a long time before I got up the nerve to phone the catalogue office to place an order. Then when I went to pick up my order it took me for ever before I had the nerve to approach the counter - I felt everyone would know what I was buying and why I would want it. That my purchase went without notice didn't ease my anxiety about future purchases. In those days I never felt easy about buying women's clothes and it was only with great anxiety that I acquired a suitcase full of lingerie which I could delve into when the mood struck.

However when I married my special suitcase was not part of our wedding luggage. My first slips became the objects of my first of several 'purges'. Anyway I didn't need them; my wife wore very sexy underwear which I could 'borrow' if the mood were strong enough and sometimes she even seemed turned on if I were to 'kiddingly' wear one of her nighties to bed. But I never got up the nerve to try a full transformation with her. When she left me she left behind our two children and a fair bit of her clothing.

I loved the children and I raised both of them but I never gave up wanting to wear their mother's clothes. My interest had now expanded to skirts and dresses- the shorter the better. I was also now buying my own but still very furtively and afraid that someone would recognize me and/or know that the purchase wasn't a gift. I didn't want anyone, even total strangers, to think I was one of those 'pervert

transvestites'. Most of my shopping excursions were to discount stores where I could buy dresses on sale.

I certainly couldn't try on any of my purchases in the store and with my occasional habit of purging my wardrobe I didn't want to invest in any big ticket items. It was during that era that I got my first wig and started to do full transformations. My makeup was horrible but I sometimes would venture out of my house at night or more likely leave my hotel room for a stroll down the hall to the ice machine. I was petrified of being seen and read by anybody.

Then one time I was in England where I came across a store specializing in services for transvestites. I learned that there were many heterosexual TV's and many of them enjoyed going out dressed. I reasoned 'if them, why not me?' and I bought more appropriate makeup and a good wig and joined a TV support group at one of their weekly meetings.

Emboldened by my new friends' accounts and still in London I tried shopping for a dress without any pretext that it was for anyone but me. When the clerk asked what size my wife wore I nervously said, "it's for me and I think I'm a 14."

"Would you like to try it on?" she asked. "Yes" and I did. After all those years of thinking that I would be run out of a store if anyone knew I was buying feminine clothing for myself, the first time I came out the lady actually encouraged me to try before I buy. I was so happy I bought three outfits at that shop. She knew what she was doing!

After that experience I evolved several rules to follow when shopping as a male.

- 1) Only try things on if the store is a small one and there aren't other customers who could be offended.
- 2) Ask before using the try-on rooms. I've only been refused once.
- 3) Don't try on things that obviously don't fit. Sometimes you can squeeze into an outfit but it may be impossible to get off.

- 4) Be more careful with the clothes you try on than the ladies are. You don't want to wear out your welcome.
- 5) Don't try it on if its going to make you so hot you'll want to masturbate. That could get you in legal trouble.
- 6) Be friendly!

I once was shopping in Pensacola. It was early on a weekday morning, the Mall and stores were virtually empty. I visited a store that carried a lot of evening wear. I picked out a few dresses and asked the young salesgirl if I could try them on. She was surprised but she said yes and led me to a dressing room. After my try-ons, she indicated she wanted to talk to me. She said her boyfriend had given her some indications that he was turned on by wearing lingerie. Did it mean that he was gay? Would he want a sex change? We had a long talk and I ended up giving her my phone number if she wanted to talk more or if her boyfriend had some questions they could call me. But they never did.

Lately, I've done little dress shopping as a male. I have now reached the point where I feel very comfortable going out en femme both nighttime and daytime. I'm tall so I do get noticed and often I feel I get read but I never seem to get hassled and sales clerks often seem to love to serve me. Their experience is probably that men in drag are serious shoppers and frequent buyers.

Some tips from experience for shopping en femme:

- 1) Be careful with your foundation make-up. You'll be out in unforgiving daylight or in the bright lights of a store. On the other hand you won't want to smear your makeup all over your try-ons



Trying on a red dress

- 2) Dress down. Few women put on the Ritz to go to the mall and you should want to fit in with them.
- 3) Avoid eye contact with other customers. It attracts unwanted attention.
- 4) Watch out for group dressing rooms. You could get into big trouble if another customer reads you and takes your presence the wrong way.
- 5) Wear low shoes! Whether you shop big boxes or big malls you'll do a lot of walking.
- 6) Don't wear a sweater or blouse that you have to pull over your head. That's very hard on your wig and make-up.

I've come a long way and I love the feeling and excitement I get from being out in public as a woman. It's hard to imagine that I used to be so afraid to even look at women's clothes in a store for fear of being seen doing something perverted. Now I spend more and more time and money living and shopping as a woman. I love it!

Jeopardy!(*En Femme*)

My favorite game show is Jeopardy!, the game of answers and questions. At home, I love to play along with the contestants and I always seem to do okay. A friend of mine was on the program several years ago and he won over \$25,000 so I decided that if I was ever in Los Angeles, when they were searching for contestants, I would try out and then go on to make some easy money.

My first tryout was several years ago and I was so nervous I couldn't sleep the night before and did the qualifying test in a daze, even missing easy questions about pagodas and the like. The second time I made it past the first round of tests but never got called to be on the show. The problem, I figured was they had too many male contestants; next time it would be Linda that auditioned. My chance came last August when a visit to Los Angeles coincided with tryouts at the start of a new Jeopardy! season. I arranged to do the test on a Wednesday morning which would be preceded by a good night's rest (as neither Club 7969 (Peanuts) nor the Queen Mary would be open.) What to wear? I had lots of skirts and dresses but they were more suited to eveningwear than an intellectual game show tryout. So, it was off to Fashion Square to find the right outfit. On the way I stopped in at Ross Dress For Less and there it was - the perfect dress. It was black with a white flower print and a



wrap skirt, silk by Argenti and on the sales rack for only \$19.99. I tried it on and it was a perfect fit. I couldn't believe my luck. I was so happy I bought two other dresses, a skirt and a blouse.

Jeopardy! test participants are told to be at the gate of the Sony studios in Culver City at 10:30am sharp. I was up well before that to do my necessities, which included the difficult job of trying to look passable with only a very little makeup. I skipped breakfast electing only to have a little juice in my room. I arrived at the studios about 10:15 and found a parking spot in the garage. On the elevator ride down my fellow passengers paid no attention to me, as they were engrossed in some child actress who was going to do a part in the Tony Danza Show. Soon there I was, standing with some 150 other hopefuls waiting for the world famous Jeopardy! limousine (actually a golf cart) to come

and lead us to the studio for the test. There were a few people talking to each other, I talked briefly with one other lady but mostly our group kept to ourselves. One man was cramming by reading the 1997 World Almanac; another was doing a crossword puzzle. Precisely at 10:35 the contestant search coordinator arrived, made a few small jokes and led us to the studio where the test would be administered.

I half expected some arm to reach out to me and a voice to say, "You needn't do the test. We're never going to select a crossdresser to be on the show." But it didn't happen and soon we were all seated, waiting further instructions. The test was to be 50 questions delivered by way of video monitor and would be from 50 different categories - geography, literature, politics, etc. Contestants who scored above a certain score would be asked to stay to play a sample game and if they demonstrat

ed "the right stuff" they would go in to a pool of names to be called to be actual contestants. I'd heard all this before so I sat there thinking how nice it felt to be sitting there with the skirt of my dress folded



around my knees and I how I wished I could put on a little more perfume on right now. Nobody seemed to be reading me or paying any attention to me at all.

Perhaps to build the tension or perhaps sensing the tension, our contestant search coordinator asked if anyone would like to use the toilet. About 20 hands went up and although I really wanted to go I stayed put. No sense pushing my luck. As soon as all the contestants were back, the test commenced and the questions flashed quickly on the screens - they said at a rate of one every eight seconds but it seemed much faster. I know I answered most of the questions, but would I get the magic mark? I would soon find out.

When test coordinator and his lovely assistant took the papers to be marked they gave us a sheet to fill out with some details of our life - name, address, phone and interesting accomplishments and things that had happened in our lives. This was "so Alex Trebeck could ask us things at certain points in the program." That latter detail really brought home the fact that "Hey, I just might pass the test and then I would have to face some very close scrutiny." I decided on a *what the heck* attitude and wrote down some strange incidents drawn from the life of Linda. I once was shopping in Harrods and found myself next to Jackie Onassis and I once was elected "Princess of the Poconos" were the two facts I mentioned. Realizing the show's time slot I could have mentioned, but didn't, that I had slept with professional athletes from three different sports and to me, a sports fan, that is a real accomplishment. (But that's another story)

Well my concern about the biographical information was unnecessary. I and all but seven others failed to make the minimum

score so we were ushered off the lot with the encouraging words that we would be eligible to try out again in six months. Would I do it again? You bet and en femme too. I would really like to know if it was a fluke that those egghead type contestant wannabes seemed to not read me or to show any interest in this tall blonde whatsoever.

Soon I was off the lot and what did this girl do to get over her upset? I went shopping.

Not Dressed Up and Places To Go

By Linda Jensen

I arrived at my destination without apparent incident. The flight was smooth and the in-flight service had been excellent. They even showed a movie I enjoyed. As I walked through the concourse, all I had to do was pick up my baggage and then it was on to a few days of trade show and many nights of frolicking en femme. After too long a break, 'Linda' would soon be out of the suitcase.

As I waited by the baggage carrousel, and other passengers began to pick up their bags, I wondered if any of them - men or women - had nearly as many beautiful outfits, all carefully chosen, as I had in my bags. I also thought how nice it would be to get to the hotel and unpack and use that sweet lavender bath oil that I had purchased especially for this trip. Soon my reverie turned to anxiety. Where was the bag? My smaller boy clothes bag had arrived but where was the bigger 'hockey bag' with all the 'you-know-what'?

Finally the last of the luggage had come down the chute. There was no sign of the bag. It was easy to spot - bright red with a "Detroit Red Wings" emblem on each side.

I knew there would be no further flights that day by the airline from home to here. I was dumbstruck! Why did this have to happen? What if the bag had been stolen? After all there was such a hot market for used sweaty hockey pads. Maybe the thieves would be disappointed to discover that the only pads they found were ones used to fill out bras and pad the shoulders of my favorite dresses.

Dejected, I filled out a lost baggage claim, told them my hotel destination and headed for the hotel van, convinced that I would never see my blue sequined dress again.

By the time I had checked into the hotel, and asked the concierge to be on the look out for an airline baggage courier carrying a hockey bag, I knew I had to come up with a Plan 'B'. It was one thing to be 'all dressed up with nowhere to go'. That was

old hat. This time my situation was 'not dressed up and places to go'.

At least I had had the good sense to pack my breast forms in my carry on. It is not a pretty sight after a pair of those gets crushed under a ton or so of baggage at 37,000 feet. I had also wrapped them in a wig and a favorite bra. But other than that I had nothing. No panties, no dresses, no make up, no shoes. Nothing!

What did I do? Well where have travelers in distress turned for help for well over a century? Where also can one find racks of clothing bearing labels like Jones New York, Liz Claiborne, Donna Karan and other leading designers? The Salvation Army, of course. As luck would have it the Sally Ann had a Thrift Store just a block from my hotel. Maybe I could pick up something to tide me over until my bag arrived.

After a quick shower, and a check for messages, I headed over to the Sally Ann store.

I made a mental list of what I would need and started my search at the dress rack; some promising selections there. Then the skirt rack; a suede mini (\$3.99) and a pleated green and black A-line (\$2.99) They all looked good. Over to the blouses; at first glance not much there, but I did find a great silk tank top (\$2.99) that would match the suede skirt and a nice light sweater, cut low in the front (\$3.99). I was going to scoop it all up and head for the cashier, but then I thought what the heck, "I'm 3,000 miles from home, nobody's going to know me. I'm trying them on."

I made it to the try-on area under observation but without incident. My

choices turned out to be good fits -- but not great. So back to the racks I went for another, bigger, armload. Soon, I was going back and forth trying more and more dresses, skirts and tops. I also added belts and a purse for good measure. Certainly, both staff and customers would have noticed me. No one seemed particularly disturbed by this guy carrying loads of women's wear into a little cubicle to try on.

Here, I must pause to confess to being a fairly regular browser at second hand stores. Goodwill, Value Village and Salvation Army can count on my business. Besides the hidden gems at ridiculously low prices, their workers usually seem sympathetic to the idiosyncrasies of their customers. While most of my shopping is done en femme, no one had ever made an issue when the 'boy me' had wanted to slip on a dress.

Meanwhile, back at the Sally Ann, every once in a while I would decide that I just had to have a certain outfit and it was placed in the 'purchase' pile. Soon, I was ready to acquire three skirts, a similar number of tops, a dress, a pair of slacks, two belts, and a black purse. Just in case I needed some very casual daywear, I had found a cute pair of jean shorts that I thought really showed off my derriere. I thought the total would come to about \$50 to \$60 but another pleasant surprise was waiting for me at the cash register. Tuesday was 50% off day. The day was Tuesday. My total came to just under \$30. Add in two pairs of clip on earrings and I now had enough to get me through the weekend.

Shoes? Payless Shoe Source was just over one block. I thought I could pick up an inexpensive pair of pumps there. No

Problem! It was also 'Buy one get one free' week. End result: a pair of black 2" heels for \$11.99 -- black flats free. Black goes with everything.

My last stop was the drug store. There were no great bargains here, but I was able to get my favorite shades of Pan Stick and powder at regular prices and then raid the sales baskets for 99-cent lipstick, nail polish, eyeliner and mascara. I also treated myself to a couple of pairs of Legg's pantyhose and two pairs of panties - one thong to act as a gaff and the other in my usual favorite bikini style. Finally, I bought adhesive tapes; thin and clear for arching the eyebrows, strong for the cleavage.

All told, I had spent about 2 1/2 hours and a touch under \$100. That was time and money I hadn't planned to spend, but neither had I planned to lose my bag. I arrived back at the hotel with my arms laden with bags of goodies. I was going to

check with the concierge for any news from the airline but his desk was unoccupied. I didn't wait for his return; my room and my transformation awaited me.

Barely over an hour later I was looking in the full-length mirror and a modestly dressed woman who prefers to be called 'Linda' was looking back at me. Wearing a brown skirt and beige low cut sweater, revealing just a bit of my newly taped cleavage, I stood in my new 2" heels. I was combing into place my favorite reddish blonde wig and feeling pretty proud of my purchases. Most of which were spread out over the bed and chairs behind me.

The phone rang. I answered.

"Mr. Johnson," the voice said. "This is the front desk. Your missing bag has just been delivered by the airline. We are sending somebody up with it right away."

New Year's Eve at The Queen Mary



Linda and Bryce Compare 'hairdoo's'

It seems every group in society has their 'Mecca' - a place they just have to visit at least once in a lifetime.

For families it might be a Disney park, for gamblers it's Las Vegas, for golfers it's the Masters Tournament. As a crossdresser my personal Mecca is the Queen Mary Show Lounge in the Studio City area of Los Angeles. To have a chance to be at the Queen Mary for New Year's Eve was for me like a football fan with tickets on the 50-yard line for the Super Bowl.

This year was the first time I could actually be there for the big evening and I was willing to jump through all kinds of hoops to be there; hoops like expensive airline tickets and difficulty finding a rental car and motel accommodation.

I spent the days before the big evening in San Diego, playing golf, seeing a football bowl game and going to see the Dream Girls Revue at the Brass Rail (but that's another story). Driving up to Los Angeles I got to the city about 1pm which was too early to go to the motel so I stopped at the Glendale Galleria to wander through Nordstrom's and Macys looking for that special 'special occasion dress'. There were some beautiful dresses but nothing that eclipsed what I already had for that evening. Besides I wasn't en femme at the time so despite the temptation I didn't feel I could do any trying on.

When I finally tore myself away from the mall and got to the motel I decided on a three- stage preparation plan for the big evening. 1) Go for a run to hopefully shed some excess body fluid to appear trimmer. 2) Shower, shave and take a nap and 3) give plenty of time to do my makeup before dressing. All went according to plan. In fact I felt so 'pumped' about the evening that I was able to run non-stop up Dixie Canyon from Ventura Blvd to Mulholland Drive. That may not mean anything to you but it was definitely an achievement for me. The sleep and everything else went well however I was



well into my makeup when I realized my plans hadn't included eating and now I was starting to get slight hunger pangs. No problem; I finished my first foundation, put on a little lip colour, put on some girl jeans, a blouse and of course a wig and

headed next door to a coffee shop for a bite to eat.

The waitress and I briefly talked about our plans for the evening and I honestly think it wasn't until I mentioned that I was going the nearby Queen Mary that it dawned on her that I might be transgendered. Back at the motel a minor glitch occurred when I discovered that I didn't have a suitable pair of earrings to match my dress. Again no problem: I was going to Jim Bridges' boutique as he had promised to do a final touch up on my hair if I dropped in on my way to the Queen Mary. Jim was sure to have a nice pair of earrings for me. So by 9pm I was at Jim Bridges', a hive of activity, as Jim and an assistant worked to put the final touches on three marvelous transformations.

Jim is a master of the makeover and it is amazing how he can turn even the most hulking bubbas into gorgeous princesses or at least into dowager queens who feel like princesses. Beards, blemishes and scars disappear under Jim's touch to be replaced by pure skin, luscious lips and gorgeous eyes. There I met Bryce, Laurie, Melissa and others who were being made up, having photos taken and getting ready to go to the 'Queen'. Jim had the earrings I needed. He also filled me in on the latest news on Sandi Hart, a mutual friend who is going through a rough spell in hospital. Years ago Sandi introduced me to the former Sherman Oaks Inn, a transgender friendly motel where we both would stay when visiting the Queen Mary and where we shared some great conversations while sitting by the pool. More than anyone Sandi encouraged me to have confidence in being Linda and to do things with at least a bit of a sense of humour. Jim told me Sandi was still in hospital but out of

intensive care, which was a glimmer of good news. Bless you, Sandi.



At the Queen Mary I entered as usual by the door to the back bar. Long time bartender John greeted me and gave me free entry where I joined about thirty early arrivals, a crowd which soon swelled to over one hundred. Lori, a bubbly friendly gg and Richard were working the bar and that meant unfortunately Deena would not be making an appearance. For some reason

she and Richard never appear in public together.



A show in the front lounge was playing to a packed house and people who saw it said the girls were really 'on' that night. Personally I was too busy talking to old friends and new to see much of the show. Jennifer, a girl I've had some contact with over the Internet was there as was Leya Quest, 'T' and many other Queen Mary regulars I've met over the years.

It was definitely a night for sequins, beads and plunging necklines. Bartender Lori was in a gold lame dress. Nikki chose gold sequins and Laurie wore a long beaded gown also in gold that she had picked up at a great price in San Francisco. She said the dress was probably too heavy for a lot of girls to wear. A number of old men friends were at the bar, too. One was Paul, a big friendly guy who loves to pull his partner in close for slow dances and he is a good enough dancer to make following him easy. I talked to Paul a long time but he never seemed to remember that we had been together on two previous occasions over the last three years. He was totally surprised when late in the evening I seemed perceptive enough to predict that he, a black man, would have a white wife and she would also be blonde like me.

"Oh I just knew that would be your type," I said of the information he had shared with me on previous occasions. At one point in the evening I went to get my camera from my car. On returning I passed one of the QM security men talking to LAPD officers. "Are they here to enforce the new no smoking law?" I joked.

"Have you got a moment?" said one of the officers. When I nervously said yes he explained that they were preparing a video for their sergeant's retirement party and they were collecting some joke shots from around town. Always willing to foster good relations with the law enforcement community, I obliged with a brief sound bite. So hopefully somewhere sometime a sergeant and his colleagues will get a laugh when a big blonde in a blue and gold sequined dress croons huskily, "Cliff, I haven't seen you around much recently. We all miss you but now that you're

retiring we hope you'll have more time for the girls at the Queen Mary."

How was the Queen Mary at the stroke of midnight? It was somewhat subdued actually. We girls did a bit of hugging and well wishing but the men who hang around against the walls stayed there- not a very animated bunch.

Nevertheless the dance music stayed good and we had plenty of chance to show our moves especially when I hooked up with three cruising lesbians who were much into 'dirty dancing'. They took turns shimmying up against me. It was all I could do to keep my moves appropriately 'girl to girl'. The party at the Queen Mary went well in to the wee hours but shortly after midnight a number of the girls left to go to *AhhhCappella*, an after hours club run by two transgendered girls.

For myself, I called it a night and headed back to my motel and to sleep for by 6am I would be up and heading for a golf game with only a few traces of nail polish left to remind me of the fun of the night before. Yes the trip to New Years Eve and the surrounding nights at the Queen Mary was well worth the expense and effort. I would do it again.

Jack, Dianne and a Super Bowl

It happened on Super Bowl Sunday. My lady friend, Debbie, and I had been out skiing and had returned in time to shower, prepare a snack and drinks and settle in to watch the Broncos and Packers do battle.

I am not sure whether it was the exercise, the drinks or the warm fire but before long I felt myself dozing off. The next thing I remember the doorbell was ringing and our friends, Jack and Dianne, appeared. Debbie had invited them over to watch the game or at least for Jack to watch the game while the two girls went out for a walk.

Dianne and Debbie used to work together and they have stayed very close. Sometimes it seemed too close for my liking. They share many details of their lives with each other but Deb assured me that she had not ever mentioned my penchant for crossdressing.

Jack and I had never been very close. He didn't really share my interest in outdoor sports and because of my other private 'hobby' I have stayed away from developing any close buddy relationships with guys that would cut into my crossdressing time. Besides, and this may seem strange coming from me, I couldn't really warm to his slightly effeminate mannerisms. There was never any doubt that, figuratively at least, it was Dianne that wore the pants in that family.

The girls left for their walk; Jack and I settled back in on the couch to watch the game. Several hundred million people know how the game unfolded and will probably remember how the Green Bay

Packers took an early lead but the Broncos came back. But it all seemed a sleepy blur to me. I do remember casually mentioning to Jack that the girls were missing a good game.

"They may not be seeing it but I'm not sure they're missing it" said Jack.

That was a cryptic comment typical of Jack. I assumed he meant that they were enjoying their walk in the forest reserve behind our house and I made no reply but then Jack continued, "If I know Dianne she has her mind if not her lips firmly on Debbie's lovely breasts."

"Ha. Right." I replied sarcastically but slightly excited by the prospect of the two beautiful friends engaged in some sort of lesbian tryst.

"No, really," Jack insisted, "Dianne and Debbie have a bit of a history. When Debbie's marriage was breaking up the girls were really close and somehow their friendship became physical. I know Dianne has never given up her attraction for your lady friend."

"That's crazy. No way," I said. By that time I had completely lost interest in the game and as Jack went on to give a few more confirming details about the relationship. I knew he was telling the truth and I found myself becoming sexually aroused by the images of the two girls together in bed.

At that point Jack went to the kitchen and returned with a new round of drinks. He settled in a little closer to me and noticing

my arousal he said, "I see the thought of the girls doing it isn't so objectionable to you," and he casually patted my erection.

"No it's not," I admitted, "and your hand feels pretty good, too." I couldn't believe I had said that but I was too aroused and perhaps too much under the influence of my drinks to act rationally. I hadn't even thought of the consequences of what would happen if Jack were to want to go further and take out my penis. He would then discover what only Debbie and I knew - I have a particular preference for women's underwear.

It didn't take long to find out what would happen as Jack took my comments as an invitation to further exploration. As I sat there on the couch he undid my zipper and started to pull out my near erect penis.

"Umm, nice panties," was all he said as he pulled my penis out from under my black Calvin Klein 100% cotton bikini briefs. For a brief time he stroked my penis as I sat back trying to take in what was happening, enjoying the feeling but bothered by thoughts of the inevitable fallout. "I always suspected that Jack might be gay. What would happen if the girls came back? Will Jack tell anyone about my panties? Should I reciprocate his hand job? I want to."

It wasn't long before Jack leaned over to put his mouth over my penis. Wow! That felt good. As he took me ever deeper in his mouth I put my hand on his back and that's when I got my next surprise.

By now it was half time in San Diego and off in the distance I was aware that a whole bunch of people were singing the praise of Motown, but my mind was now taking in the fact that there was a man with

his face in my lap and my hand on his back was discovering that he was wearing a bra. Even through a shirt and heavy sweater there was no mistaking the outlines of that most delightful undergarment.

"Is that what it feels like?" I asked.

"Umm" was the only reply as he continued to suck on my penis.

"Are you into crossdressing?" I asked Jack.

He sat right up, got a sweet little smirk on his face and said, "what was your first clue?" He then proceeded to take off his outer clothes. Under his shirt and sweater Jack was wearing a black lace demi bra with a small cup that neatly pushed up his chest tissue into pert little breasts more like a 13 year old girl's than the chest of a 40 year old man. Under his pants and socks he revealed matching lace panties and garter belt attached to black stockings.

I couldn't help notice that despite his small panties there was no sign of the penis and testicles I knew must be tucked between his legs.

The girls had been gone for two hours and I was afraid they'd return any minute but Jack assured me they'd be gone until they thought the game would be over. So as the teams returned to the field I led Jack upstairs to my 'private room' where I keep my 'Linda stuff'. We each picked out dresses, high heel shoes and wigs and started to do our make up at the bathroom sink. My dress was black with a white floral print and a loose flowing skirt that came to just above the knee. Jack chose my green spandex mini dress with the low neckline.

As we transformed we talked about our experiences. Jack told me that Dianne had discovered early in their dating that he enjoyed the feminine role in a relationship and that was fine with her. She didn't consider herself a lesbian but apparently that didn't stop her from occasionally enjoying the carnal company of other women or of her husband in drag. Debbie, on the other hand, had never wanted to be in bed with Linda but according to Jack she and his wife have an ongoing occasional sexual relationship. That didn't surprise or shock me. I shared with Jack how much I enjoyed my trips to California and the people I meet there. I admitted that sometimes I would make love with other crossdressers and men I would meet there.

As we finished our makeup and put on our wigs I glanced at Jack and a light went on in my mind. "Are you the Jacqueline from the gender group?" I asked. "Yes" was the sly reply. I had met Jacqueline a couple of times at group meetings and had never made the connection to Jack.

"Well, I'm known as Linda; we've met before."

"It's a small world," said Jacqueline as she slipped her arms around me. "Of course I remember you and I never would have made the connection in that context."

"Let's get drinks," I said, deciding that if the girls were to return they would have to deal with what they found. After dressing and letting this pretty genie out of the bottle I had no intention of jamming her back in.

Back in the living room the Super Bowl game was drawing to its exciting conclusion so Jack and I sat close to each other, sipping a ladylike glass of white

wine, each with a hand on the other's leg and we watched as Mr. Elway and his teammates drew closer to their previously elusive prize.

As the Packers hopes for a repeat victory came apart, we heard the girls coming in by the side door. "Hello" they called then as they came into the room, "What's this?" exclaimed Debbie. She explained later that she thought Jack and I might have had two cute friends drop by. "Who are you and what have you done to our husbands?" joked Dianne for she seemed to know right away what was going on.

In fact Dianne immediately moved in and sat between us and placed one of her hands in each lap. "Come on, Deb," she said, "I know I was good but you must have something left. Let's see what these girls have." She lifted Jacqueline's, or Jack's, skirt, pulled out his penis and proceeded to stroke it. Debbie was quick to catch on and mimic her friend's actions although in wanting to impress Jack with my feminine figure I had put on a high waist girdle which made Debbie's job of getting at my private parts considerably more difficult than Dianne's move on Jack.

Imagine the scene: two crossdressed males sitting back on a couch as their female partners knelt in front of them, performing oral sex while on television the Denver Broncos and their fans celebrated their long awaited victory. Soon the girls changed partners and then I saw Dianne move her hand into Debbie's loosened jeans and Debbie placed one of her hands under her friend's blouse and on her sweet breasts. Things were really getting hot.

At that point I heard the phone ring and Debbie disappeared to answer it. Then

before I knew it she was back but our friends were gone and so was my dress.

"It's about time you woke up," said Debbie, "the game is just beginning. That was Dianne on the phone; she wants me to

go for a walk with her. Jack will be bringing her over and then watching the game with you."

It had all been a dream. But was the dream a window on the future?

Golfing En Femme

I have several passions in life – my family, my crossdressing and my sports. One of the sports I really love to hack around at is golf. I'm not very good at it but I just love to play. I take vacations to play golf. It also provides a convenient excuse for me to leave town for CD activities. So when back in 1995 someone asked, "Going on holiday, Doug?" "Yes, I'm playing some golf courses in Texas" was a much more convenient explanation than saying I was heading to San Antonio for the Texas 'T' Party.

So it came to pass that I traveled and played golf across the South, making my way to the great gathering that used to take place the end of February. As I played my way towards San Antonio I fantasized about the possibility of actually playing golf dressed as Linda. That would be exciting to feel the weight of my breasts as I leaned over a putt and to have the pleasure of teeing off from the ladies' forward tees. It was a nice dream but would it ever happen? I no sooner arrived at the 'T' Party than I found out it could happen.

At the registration I met Phyllis Frye, a lawyer from Houston and one of the leading activists for transgender rights in



America. Phyllis, an avid golfer, told me that she had booked several tee times at a local golf course for participants at the 'T' Party. Was I interested in playing? I said yes right away but despite my fantasy I was unsure about playing as Linda. As the

day unfolded I learned that there would be others playing en femme so that steeled my resolve. Linda would play golf.

The next day, after an early breakfast, I dressed in the closest clothes I had to a women's golf outfit and presented myself in the hospitality room from where Phyllis would lead us to the golf course. There turned out to be only six playing golf - Phyllis, myself and one other en femme, a couple from Illinois and a crossdresser from Iowa who chose not to go en femme. We took two cars; I rode with Phyllis and had a very informative discussion on recent transgender legal fights. I am not by nature a very cause oriented person but I found her zeal refreshing and informative.

At the golf course the golfer from Iowa, who I met as Susan the night before, proved very useful in paying the green fees and arranging for a golf cart thus keeping me from direct contact with the course staff. We rode together and between shots we had a great conversation mixing golf stories with accounts of our ventures out of the closet.

For years I had envied that if only I could hit from the ladies tee the shorter distance would really help me play a better game of golf. I would like to report that Linda played the game of her life, driving the ball long and straight even reaching a couple of the par five's in two but the first hole was a prelude to the rest of the game. My drive was long but it hooked over on to another fairway and I then had the impossible task of trying to hit over or through some trees to get back to the first green. I left Susan with the cart, took a couple of clubs and went to my ball. Coming up the other fairway was a foursome of young men. They got to my ball at the same time I did. Nervously I

addressed and hit the ball as the boys watched. It dribbled forward about 25 yards. Did I hear one of the boys say with disdain "What do you expect, woman golfer!" or was it "What do you expect, transgendered golfer!" As luck would have it my path and theirs were to come close on several other occasions as my golf balls careened seemingly out of control around the course. I would have loved to have been within earshot of their post game tales as they described that tall wild broad who kept hitting her golf ball at them.

Late in the round I realized that my problem shots were usually happening with my woods and 'long irons' where my stance would be a little more upright than with the putter and 'short irons'. Could it be that my 38c silicon filled breasts were affecting my swing? I wasn't about to remove them so I made a slight adjustment in my stance and although the ball didn't go as far it tended to stay in my own fairway. (Later that year CBS golf television commentator, Ben Wright, would unleash a storm of protest upon himself when he opinioned that women golfers couldn't play as well as men because their breasts interfered with a good swing. I was helpless to offer him my first hand testimony of support.)

It turned out to be a great day on the golf course. I loved the feeling of being dressed as a woman, of feeling the coolness of nylon bra and panties, sensing the slight scent of my perfume and of coyly touching up my lipstick as we sat in our golf cart waiting for our turn to play the next hole. And despite the problem they seemed to cause for my errant drives, I really did enjoy the sensation of my breasts suspended from my ribs as I bent over a putt and of knowing that golfers behind me would be able to see the lines of my

bra through my shirt as I lined up my shots.

I was anxious but excited when after 9 holes I had to visit the ladies locker room to 'powder my nose'. I also took the opportunity to use their large beautiful mirrors to fix my makeup which seemed to be standing up pretty well in the sunny but cool Texas winter day. No real ladies were in the locker room while I was there and that suited me just fine.

After the game Phyllis lead us to a restaurant featuring Mexican food and busy with a lunchtime crowd. We shared good food and conversation and were well received by the restaurant staff. Susan and I recounted golf stories and I relived my feelings of being able to play golf en femme. I think Susan felt she should have tried it, after all.

I spent two more weeks touring the south. Except for one brief visit I did not go to the I.F.G.E. convention and unfortunately Linda didn't get to play another round of golf but she did get out to casinos in Shreveport and Biloxi and partied at Backstreet in Atlanta. I also witnessed what must be the world's worst and most tasteless female impersonator show at a club on Bourbon Street in New Orleans. However, as they say, those are stories for another day.

It took several years before I played another golf game en femme but now it is a common part of my routine. I have my own clubs for when I play as Linda and of course Linda enjoys the pleasure of shopping for new golf outfits.