



SPORTS OF SORTS

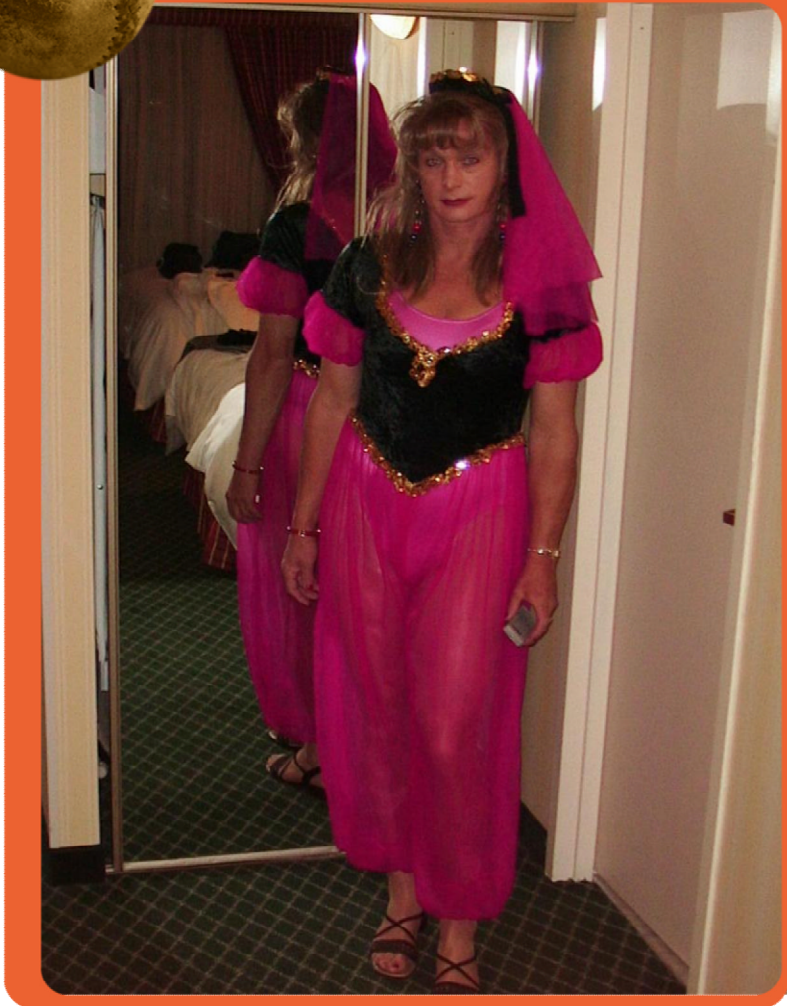
Vol 4 of 5



The Games
She Plays and
Who She Plays
Them With

Playing By
Linda's Rules

No Butt
No Glory





Hotel Room Self Portraits

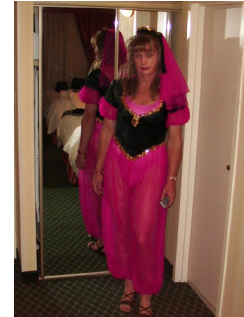


By Linda Jensen (Akron 2004)

Many of us started our journeys out of the closet by going to a hotel in a distant town, getting dressed and taking photos or videos of ourselves. I have essentially moved on from that but I still like to pose for myself from time to time. Here are the results of one such evening. I think you might note that display of cleavage has become very important to me.



Linda



Adventures of a Woman by Choice
Volume 4 of 5

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This anthology is the fourth of a series of collected articles by Linda Jensen. Most were originally distributed through the web site of TGForum. Others came from the tabloid, *Transvestian*. They have been revised and re-written for this publication. The author would like to thank Cindy Martin, TGForum and Tania Volen, *Transvestian*, for encouragement received in relation to her writing.

**Linda Jensen
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Dramatization:

Opportunity Lost

“You don’t know what you’ve got ‘till it’s gone. They paved Paradise and put up a parking lot.” - Joni Mitchell

Heather sat at the bar humming the refrain from that oldies song. She didn’t want to hum it and she didn’t know why it kept going through her head. It was just the last song playing on the car radio as she drove along Ventura Boulevard and pulled in to the parking lot at the Queen Mary. “You don’t know what you’ve got ‘till it’s gone . . .”

“Hi hon. Love your outfit. What’ll it be?” That was Lori, the bartender speaking. Sometimes, on Thursdays when it wasn’t so busy, Heather could engage Lori in conversation but this was a Saturday night. Although it was still early Lori would not have time to stop to talk. “I’ll have a manhattan,” replied Heather as she smoothed the skirt she had purchased earlier that day at Bloomingdale’s. The skirt and matching mauve print blouse neatly accented her slim figure and shapely, firm legs.

Sitting at her regular spot Heather could watch the comings and goings of the many tv’s, ts’, cd’s and their admirers who make up the crowd at the back bar of this Los Angeles institution. Heather, a divorced self-described ‘straight cross-dresser’ in her early 50’s had become a regular at the Queen Mary after the last of several relationships fell apart. As Rick, Heather liked the women she dated. However, the relationships seemed to fall apart when she felt it necessary to reveal her secret. She couldn’t do it and the stress of keeping the secret would inevitably fracture the relationship.



Linda and Heather

Occasionally one of Heather’s friends would come over to talk. “Hi, Heather. That’s a lovely outfit. Did you know I was just up to Palm Springs to see my lesbian daughter and her girlfriend?” said Janine who always got right to the point of whatever she wanted to say. “We had a great time. We were out as three girls. They showed me some fabulous restaurants, all gay run. You should go there some time.”

Heather enjoyed listening to Janine who was one of the really great ‘old timers’ at the Queen Mary. Carly stopped by to chat, as did Cheryl. Anthony came over to ask Heather to dance. She was about to accept when someone familiar caught the corner of her eye. “What is SHE doing here?” gasped Heather. Just coming by the bar as she headed to the dance area was Barbara, a woman Heather (Rick) had dated for close to a

year. Heather had loved Barb but the thought of revealing her secret was too much. Sensing the stress Barb couldn't stand the secrecy. She thought Heather was seeing another woman. When attempts to discuss the issue were met with an uneasy silence Barb broke off their relationship. That was more than two years ago. Heather hadn't seen her since.

Now there she was, looking as good as ever, wearing a pair of tailored slacks and a low cut blouse that told the world her breasts were full, firm and not about to fall. "What is she doing here?" Heather repeated to herself. "Has she been following me? Is she going to out me?" Barb walked right by without looking Heather's way. Then Heather noticed Barb was with another woman. The friend was also very attractive, a little taller than Barb but definitely all feminine, Heather thought to herself. The friend was wearing a dress, cut low enough to show that she, too, had a nice cleavage. With a cross-dresser's critical eye Heather noticed the friend's face showed neither sign of beard nor the plastered on foundation and makeup favoured by many of her 'sisters'. She must be 'gg'; they must be here to watch the show, concluded Heather.

Heather thought for a minute about going over to say hello but she was not prepared to reveal herself to anyone who knew her male identity. She liked to keep her worlds separate.

"How about that dance?" Anthony asked patiently. Anthony was one of the few men who frequented the Queen Mary with whom Heather usually enjoyed dancing.

"Sorry, not now." Heather replied.

Heather just wanted to sit and watch and think about Barb and why this old friend was at the Queen Mary. Barb and her

companion didn't go to the front room for the show. Heather watched as they talked to a few people they seemed to know and they danced together.

"Are they lesbians?" thought Heather, "wouldn't that be ironic?" It wasn't unusual for lesbian couples to come to the Queen Mary. A lot of them had good friends amongst the transgender community.

Heather couldn't believe Barb was a lesbian. They had been so good together and nothing had been held back in their intimacy. It wasn't long before Barb's friend came over to the bar. She stood next to Heather and waited to get the bartender's attention.

"Hi hon. Love your dress. What'll it be?" Lori shouted from behind the bar.

"Two glasses of Chablis," replied Barb's friend.

"Wait a minute," thought Heather, "is that a man's voice?"

"That is a nice dress," Heather said to her new neighbor.

"Thanks. I like your outfit, too," came the reply.

"My name is Heather."

"Susan. Nice to meet you."

"Is this your first time here?" Heather continued the conversation, now convinced that her old friend, Barb, was here with another cross-dresser.

"No, not me but this is the first time I have come with my fiancée." Heather was stunned. "You mean, Barbie?" she blurted out.

"Do you know her?"

"I used to."

"Well come over and say hello," Susan exclaimed.

"I'd rather not. She didn't know me like this." Heather replied as she gestured to her wig and very feminine outfit.

"I understand," said Susan, "I won't say anything but you shouldn't worry. She is

very cool about the transgender scene. It took me a lot of nerve to tell her about myself but she was great.

“She thought about it for a while and then said it was part of me when she met me, it was part of the person she fell in love with and she was not about to tamper with the package. Isn’t that cool?”

“Very cool,” replied Heather but her heart was sinking. What would have happened if she had told Barbara about herself? Would it be Heather and Barbara together?

Lori returned with the glasses of wine and Susan excused herself to go back to Barbara. Heather was left sitting alone with her thoughts. She watched her new friend with her old one. In the new light she could see they were very happy together. As the back bar filled, Heather’s attention was occasionally turned to other people but her mind and eyes kept drifting back to Susan and Barb and their obvious happiness togetherness. Occasionally that old tune came back to mind.

“You don’t know what you’ve got ‘till it’s gone.” Heather sang to herself. “How ironic is that?”

Finally, late in the evening, fueled by several more manhattans, Heather knew she had something to do. Leaving her bar stool she approached Barb and Susan.

“Hello Barbie.”

“Hello,” Barb replied with a curious look towards Susan, as if to say, ‘Do we know this person?’

“This is Heather,” said Susan, “I think you might be old friends.” Barb looked at Heather for a long time without the slightest hint of recognition.

“The Ventura Yacht Club,” hinted Heather, referring to a place where he had taken her many times.

“The Ventura? I used to have a friend that sailed there. Would you happen to know Rick Parsons?” exclaimed Barb.

Heather paused. This was the moment of truth. “Very well,” she said with a slight smile. She paused again. “I am Rick.”

This time it was Barb’s turn to pause. “You’re Rick?”

“Yes, it’s me. He is me”

“Oh, my God!”

What followed was a night of reminiscence as two old friends pieced together the puzzle of their past lives. At 2 A.M. The Queen Mary closed. Heather, Barb and Susan made their way to Santa Monica Boulevard for an early breakfast at the ‘Yukon’.

While the eclectic late night crowd at the popular Hollywood restaurant came and went the three friends talked about a range of subjects from boating and breasts (Susan uses tape to achieve her look) to running (Heather and Susan do it to keep their girlish figure, Barbie just likes to do things with Susan) and relationships.

At one point when Susan excused herself to ‘powder her nose’. Barb anticipated something Heather wanted to know. “You know, I wish I’d known about your cross-dressing.” she started, “It would have made things easier between us but it still wouldn’t have given us what Ken – Susan- and I feel together. We are just right for each other. I am so happy that we are getting married. I hope you’ll be happy for us, too”

“Of course I will.” Heather said with a twinge of regret. As they talked Heather came to see how unnecessary it had been for her to keep secrets from Barb. She also saw how happy Barb and Susan were together. They were happy in a way she and Barb never had been. She saw, as Barb had said, that whether she had revealed her secret feelings or not

the relationship would not have progressed to marriage.

As dawn broke over the Los Angeles skyline the three new friends parted. They've seen each other often since. Barb and Susan have married. Heather attended the wedding but not as a

bridesmaid for either party. Inspired by her friends' happiness, Heather has resumed her search for a life partner who can accept her in the way Barb accepts Susan. But she sometimes still sings to herself, "You don't know what you've got 'till it's gone."

Travel Adventure:

A Visit to Europe Changed My Life

Linda was very much a closeted transvestite, living a cycle of acquiring, dressing, purging and guilt until she took a life changing trip to Europe in the 1980's. Here is what happened.

It truly was a life changing trip when I visited Europe in the early 1980's.

For almost as long as I can remember I had enjoyed the feeling of wearing women's clothing and for equally as long I've known that is something one just doesn't tell other people. While there is some debate over the use of terms such as transvestite and cross-dresser, I characterized these early years as being my transvestite phase. When I wore girls' and women's clothing I would get sexually aroused until the point of climax. Then I would seek to disrobe and stash away the clothes as soon as possible.

While my fascination with women's clothes started at an earlier age as a young teen I would sneak into my sisters' room to try on their beautiful lingerie and dresses. I had lots of chances to be home alone and I used many of those chances to dress up and parade in front of their full length mirror. I admired my sisters and I wanted to be as pretty and as popular as they were. I think that is one reason I developed the urge to wear their clothes. I didn't think anyone had ever seen me

although I had a few close calls and I sometimes wondered if my sisters ever noticed their clothes slightly 'rearranged'.

After high school, I went away to college and lived on my own and I started to acquire my own wardrobe of slips, bras and dresses. I found a few adult books about 'drag queens' so I would spend some evenings getting dressed, reading my books and working myself to a sexual climax. Of course, all this made me feel very guilty and I often tried to purge my life of these activities but with little success. The thought of going out in public or in any way being seen by others when I was 'en femme' did not occur to me.

Also, unlike some transvestites, I did not need the presence or thought of women's clothes for arousal. There were periods in my life, sometimes long periods, when I was able to put my transvestite activity aside. These were usually preceded by times of contentment in my life such as being in a successful relationship. My sex life consisted of pretty normal heterosexual stuff. I did marry and raise

two children but the marriage was stormy and my poor relationship with my wife did not stop me from privately borrowing her clothes.

As a single parent I participated in two long-term live in relationships. The first one started out very well with the appeal of lingerie reduced to the back reaches of my mind. We were together for twelve years. We raised our children through high school and on to college. However, as the youngest neared the age of independence it became clear that the children were the ties that bound us. We did not have much else in common. My partner started to go out and it became obvious that she was getting interested in other men.

My reaction should have been to confront her but I really didn't care. I used the opportunities when she was out to dress in her clothes, put on an old wig I had found at the Salvation Army, a pair of \$5 rubber 'falsies' I'd found in a novelty shop and enjoy myself for a short period. It was



1985 Linda in 'borrowed' clothes

usually a short period as the sessions would inevitably end in a short enactment of the 'arousal-masturbation-ejaculation-guilt' cycle.

Then I took the life changing trip to Europe. The trip was supposed to be part

business, part pleasure. I attended a conference and then I was to spend a little more than a week indulging my enjoyment of history by touring the chateaus and historic sites of Paris and northern France. Crossdressing was not part of the expected itinerary.

With the conference in Germany out of the way I headed to Paris and by chance found myself booked in to a small hotel near Place Pigale. This is a district where one finds the Follies Bergeres, numerous intimate little bars plying the sex trade, adult book stores and Madame Arthurs', one of the world's most famous female impersonator show bars.

The adult book stores interested me the most. It was as a result of an early morning visit to one of these that my life took a major turn from being a transvestite to being a more out and about cross-dresser. In the store I was amazed to see the wide array of magazines and films catering to absolutely every erotic taste. If you liked the thought of bondage or a woman peeing on you there were magazines for you. How about teen sex, child sex, sex with goats and horses? It was all there. The store had books, magazines, movies and videotapes in all formats. They had toys and devices to aid one's sexual pleasure.

Turning to the shelves for 'Travestis', the French term for transvestites, I felt an old feeling awakening and I found myself leafing through magazines with titles such as *Drag Queens*, *Boys Will Be Girls* and *Female Mimics International*. I had seen these magazines before. As usual, I was aroused by their photos of men in women's clothing and by stories describing the experiences of living as drag queens. These magazines were interesting but they somehow didn't represent my transvestite life. The inevitable photos of naked men wearing

make up and wigs but exposing flaccid male genitalia did nothing for me.

However, on one of the racks I found a British magazine called '*World of Transvestism*'. Most surprising to me were the stories of men who were otherwise normal heterosexual men but who liked to wear women's clothes. 'Hey, that's like me', I thought. I was not alone. I thought I had been the only otherwise 'normal' man who had liked wearing women's clothes. Suddenly my past was at least partially validated. My future was about to blossom.

That visit to the bookstore changed my holiday and changed my life. *World of Transvestism* carried an ad for a couple of stores in London which catered to transvestites. One was called 'Cover Girl' and was located, not at some postal box but on High Street, Islington. It had racks of books and magazines, wigs, breast forms, sexy nylons, high heels in men's sizes and all one's make up needs. So strong was the pull that I caught the next boat train to London and headed straight to 'Cover Girl'. I didn't stop to check out of my Paris hotel. I thought I would be back to Paris that evening.

I spent several hours and many British pounds in Cover Girl. The clerk, an older lady, welcomed me to browse through the literature. I discovered an American newspaper called *Transvestian*. I found and skimmed through books by Virginia Prince. I discovered the term cross-dressing. I learned about beard cover and other make up basics. The more I read the more I determined to try 'cross-dressing' for myself.

I purchased undergarments, padding, a wig and clothing and instantly rediscovered the erotic joys of transvestism. From that moment I decided cross-dresser was a term that better applied to me. I've used it ever since. I've lived it ever since.

At some point during my visit to Cover Girl another customer came in. Innocently I asked him about the cross-dresser social activities I'd just read about in the British magazines. The old clerk scolded us not to be making dates in the store so we went out to the street. The gentleman told me about a help group called London TV/TS Friends who were to be meeting that evening just down the street at the Islington Community Centre.

He also steered me to a hotel and nightclub where cross-dressers would be welcome. While the hotel, the Philbeach, was a long way across the City in a district called Earl's Court it was not too far for me. I travelled by the underground to the hotel, found a small but neat room and started my transformation.

After many years of closet activity, my dressing interest awakened with a surprising fervour. Putting on my new wardrobe was the most beautiful feeling in the world. As one might imagine it was a challenge to get dressed while containing an erection.

A few hours later I made my way by taxi back to Islington. The taxi stretched my budget but on my first evening out I was not yet ready to brave the crowded underground system.

The TV/TS group meeting was a real eye opener. That evening there were about twenty real live people like me. Most were or had been married. They lived solid lives in business or in some respectable profession. They were normal but for the one desire to present themselves as a woman. Some were very good at it; some not. At that point I was probably a little below the middle of the range.

The group was lead by an incredible character, full of energy, named Yvonne Sinclair. Yvonne would not let anyone be a 'wallflower'.



Yvonne Sinclair

She made sure I was introduced to everyone. She talked up other events such as the annual group netball game with the Islington police detachment. Netball is basketball without dribbling and backboards. It is played exclusively by women or in this case by men wanting to be women.

By 11 PM the Friends group was winding down. Some had to make their way home to their wives but a few were going to stretch out the evening. I was invited along. As luck would have it their next stop was to be the Philbeach Hotel, my hotel. I do not remember who it was that gave me a ride but she drove a jaguar very fast. She also talked about how she kept a large amount of clothing and accessories in a storage locker near her work. She actually did her transformations in the locker.

That evening lasted until I was exhausted at 3 AM. My new friends were somewhat amazed that I had started the day as a man in a Parisian sex shop and was ending it as a woman in a London hotel. They were not nearly as amazed as I was.

The next day was Saturday. After a sleep that stretched nearly until noon I grabbed a much needed meal, another nap and then repeated the previous night's trip to the TV/TS Friends group. Except for Yvonne Sinclair there was virtually a completely different group of girls present. They were just as interesting and many were just as

keen to go to the Philbeach. That worked for me.

The London trip was all too short and after the two days I had to hurry back to Paris to check out of my hotel and catch my flight home. It didn't seem the hotel had even missed me. I had a little extra baggage for the flight to Montreal but it was all within limits. When it occurred to me that I'd have to go through customs with my new feminine articles I became a bit of a nervous wreck. However as always, I was waved through and met by partner and one of my kids.



Linda today

My new wardrobe was consigned to a hiding place above our garage. Not long after that my partner and I had a talk about my interest in cross-dressing. She remarked that from time to time she had noticed a smell of sweat in the underarms of her otherwise clean blouses. She had suspected one of her daughters. I confessed to borrowing her blouses but said I wouldn't have to do so any more. I asked for and she agreed to my occasional trips out of town so I could indulge in my burgeoning hobby. It turns out my trips gave us both what we wanted. She soon left me to pursue another relationship.

In sort of a domino effect the visit to an adult book store to Paris lead to London and to information about TV stores and events in New York like Lee Brewster and Joyce Dewhurst parties. In New York I learned about Los Angeles and the Queen Mary. I found out about and explored the 'drag scene' in dozens of North American cities. I eventually participated in parties such as Paradise in the Pocono's and the Texas 'T' Party.

At the 1995 'T' Party I learned about a new medium called the World Wide Web. One of the girls had a computer and something called Compuserve. Within a year I was also communicating over the Internet. My knowledge and opportunities for cross-dressing exploded.

Some have characterized life as a series of linked experiences. I wonder where my links would have taken me if I hadn't visited that book store in Paris.

Mary's Secret Career

We were sitting in the lounge of the Westbury, one of Toronto's best hotels, sharing drinks and reminiscing about the past and about the personal paths that had brought us together. We were waiting for two friends. We had some time to kill and Mary wanted to talk about something.

"Remember when Canada had virtually no laws against prostitution," said Mary, referring to a time in the 1980's when our country's highest courts had ruled that laws against solicitation were biased against women as they targeted only the prostitute and not the 'john'.

"Yes," I replied, "the streets around here were pretty crowded with hookers."

"I know, I was one of them," she said.

"Come again?"

"This is why I wanted to talk with you. I like the way you write. I want you to record my story. Just please don't use my real name not my male name and not my femme name. I trust you and I don't want this past to come back to haunt me."

I have known Mary for several years. We had first met over the Internet and

then in person. She has a slight build as a man but makes a very attractive female.

She dresses with class; she speaks very



well. I don't know her occupation but it must pay well and give her plenty of opportunities to travel. She has a world of experiences to recount but none seems stranger or more out of

character than what she then told me about her 'career' as a street girl.

"It started innocently enough. I was just coming out of the closet back in the early '80s. I would come to Toronto, check in to a hotel and transform myself into 'Mary'. At first I stuck to the hotel room but eventually I got a little braver and started going out for walks late at night. For some reason, I chose to frequent the drag queens' area just off Wellseley. I guess it was the safety in numbers thing."

"I know the area. But you always dress with such class," I asked. "Didn't you feel out of place?"

"I felt out of place for a lot of reasons. I did dress differently, not as provocatively as those hardened street queens. I didn't like their tough ways and I really had no intention of turning any tricks. I just wanted a place to go."

"Were you into guys back then?"

"There was that, too. I had seen myself as a very heterosexual cross-dresser. While I may have fantasized about being with another TG it did not turn me on to think of myself as Mary in bed with a man.

"But I soon found out that if you were going to associate with the hookers you were going to be thought of as a hooker. Guys would approach me. At first I turned them down. Then I started to wonder what it would be like to go with one of them. I also started to talk with a couple of the regular girls. Under their toughness they were okay. Apparently they had avoided me when I first came along because they thought I was an undercover cop. As our barriers broke down one of the girls, I think her name was Candy, started to fill me in on some of the tricks of their trade. They were very competitive and protected their spots but they also watched out for each other. They took down the license plates of cars that picked up girls, in case she didn't come back. They warned each other when a known 'bad trick' reappeared.

"It was only a matter of time until I decided to give it a try. My first one was a taxi driver. He looked nice and one of the girls assured me that he was okay. He just wanted a 'hand job'. He offered me \$30. I accepted and we drove to a parking lot near U of T.

"He didn't want to touch me and that was fine with me. He just wanted me to stroke him and to talk to him about how big he was. That wasn't tough to do. Remembering some scenes from movies I embellished a bit and in no time at all he spilled his load.

"We drove back in silence and he let me out without a word. I think that was the first time I had experienced, from the other side, the personality change that orgasm causes in many males."

"I know all about 'post coital let down'," I assured her.

"But, what about your personality?" I asked. "Did you feel different? Did you feel you might be gay?"

"Not at all. I guess I felt like any hooker says she feels. I did not get emotionally involved with my 'trick'. He was just a piece of meat, so to speak. However, despite the little chance of being arrested I was scared of something like that happening."

"How many guys did you go with?"

"Just the one that night. I had had enough. I returned to my hotel room and vowed not to return. The next day I took my 'pay' to Eaton's and bought myself a nice new blouse."

There was a pause while we both reflected on what Mary had just told me. Thinking the story was over I ordered a fresh set of drinks.

"It was a strange thing," she resumed. "After that I found it very hard to stay away. I looked for more and more excuses to come to Toronto. I especially liked Thursday nights. Those were the really busy nights. I dressed more provocatively and I became more overt in flirting with the johns as they drove by. Usually my customer and I would park somewhere and he would be orally or manually serviced. I was not in to allowing full penetration and, yes, I did

take precautions against disease. Always!"

"Didn't you fear arrest?"

"One night a guy picked me up and all he wanted to do was have me masturbate him with my stocking feet. We hadn't driven very far when a police car pulled us over. I thought I was sunk. I thought I was going to jail. But I guess the officer knew he couldn't get me for solicitation but he obviously was there to harass the street trade. My date and I weren't wearing our seat belt so we were pulled over. He asked us for ID and he gave my date a ticket and we drove on. The ticket did not dampen the desire of my man to have his thrill."

"Did you make a lot of money at it? Was it worth the risk?"

"I was not in this for the money. I was doing it because that's what I thought transgender people did. Remember this was in a time before the Internet. I don't think I had figured out that a relatively normal male could dress up and go out as a relatively normal female to a relatively normal place. I usually could make enough money to cover my expenses of coming to Toronto but not much more."

"Then shortly after that last incident Parliament passed the new solicitation law and police across the country went on a clampdown of street prostitution."

"So that ended your career?"

"It did for a while. But by then I was discovering clubs like Christine's and Cleo's," she said, referring to two of our favorite clubs where cross-dressers and their male admirers could get together.

"Especially at Cleo's in Montreal I found men willing to pay for my services. There seemed to be a bit of an understanding by the men there that the girls were not there to 'give it away'. They didn't balk at paying. Girls were

not allowed to 'hustle' the clients but it seems everyone knew it was going on."

"But solicitation was just as illegal in the clubs as on the street. Weren't you afraid of an undercover sting?"

"Yes, but I developed what I thought was a cute way of 'not soliciting'. I would tell my guy that I wasn't a hooker and that I didn't want any money for me but I would expect him to contribute to the cost of the hotel room. I guess it worked and some were willing to pay a lot more than the room had cost. There were a few guys who weren't clear on the concept but for some I guess I was a bit of a bargain."

"It got so I could pretty well cover the cost of my stay in places like Montreal and Vancouver by the tricks I could score"

"That must have been a strange life for you. I mean, I think you are a fairly successful businessperson and there you are spending your evenings and weekends taking money for sex from men who probably earned far less money than you do. What was that like?" I asked.

"It was bizarre, if you think of it in that way," she responded. "But you have to think in terms of what a thrill it was and what a boost to my personal feminine image to have these men being sexually turned on by me. They liked my body but they didn't get to my mind."

"Weren't you worried about the sleazy people you would meet?"

"One of the advantages of being a part time hooker was that I could pick and choose my customers. I met some very interesting people, the better ones were from inside the clubs but I did date a famous hockey player off the street."

"Yes, I did that once, too," I interjected.

"I wonder if it was the same guy."

She continued, "In New York, I went with a guy just off the plane from England. He turned out to be the US writer for a famous British journal. He dropped by the Edelweiss on his way home to New Jersey. Of all the girls there he wanted me. After that I started reading his column almost every week.

"I'm not a celebrity chaser but I did get a European rock star, a football player and some pretty wealthy characters. It would surprise you how many guys search the streets of Canada. I was just lucky never to come across anyone from home."

"Do you still turn tricks?"

"No, That is what I want to tell you. This is why my identity must be strictly protected: I finally was arrested."

"You were? How did that happen? What was it like? Were you charged and convicted? Do you have a record?"

"Let me get to that," she replied. "First I have to go to the Ladies Room."

Gracefully, Mary got up to go to the washroom. As my beautiful friend crossed the room I was aware of the eyes of others watching her. The eyes didn't say, 'hey, get a look at that.' They said, "I'd like to take that upstairs with me."

I was left to ponder what I would learn next.

Mary's Secret Career: Part II

Mary and I had arranged to meet for drinks in the lounge of the exclusive Westbury Hotel in Toronto. After some small talk and a little flirting with the men at the bar Mary had started to reveal details of her 'career' as a street prostitute. She was going to tell me about the time she had been arrested when her account was interrupted by her need to visit the Ladies' room.

As I watched her return I realized I was seeing my friend in a new light. She walked with confidence; she easily exchanged glances and smiles with the men who turned to obviously admire her. She saw no need to avoid eye contact.

As she sat down I wasn't sure she would want to resume her story but she took no prompting.

"You know that in many of the cities the clubs we visit just seem to be located in areas where the street girls work their trade. You'd pass by them as you walked

from your car to the club. Street hooking didn't disappear with the new law and it wasn't long before my compulsion got the better of me and I started accepting solicitations on the street again. I was doing okay but probably with every successful trick I got a little bolder and a bit more careless.

"I was standing by a curb not too far from Cleo's in Montreal early one evening when a tall, nice looking young man, casually dressed approached me and asked if I wanted to go out. I, at first, declined saying I was new in town and was just out for a walk. If there was going to be any solicitation I wanted him to do it. He did; he asked if I wanted to have sex with him and how much I wanted for it.

"I thought I was fine with my 'money for hotel room' line but it didn't work. He agreed to pay for my hotel room and led me to his car so we could drive there. I said we could walk but he insisted on

driving. It turned out he was an undercover cop. At the car we were met another officer with another 'girl' and I was arrested. I thought my world was going to collapse right there. Thoughts of exposure, public humiliation and the sure ruin of my business filled my head.

"I tried to protest that I wasn't hooking, that he had solicited me- and that was true- but he probably had a quota to make and I was part of it. In effect he said 'tell it to the judge.'

My hands were placed behind my back and I was handcuffed. I and the other girl, who was screaming and swearing hysterically, were placed in the back of the car and driven to a nearby police station. A game that seemed such a thrill just moments earlier suddenly became a hell in my mind.

"At the station I was stripped of my wig, shoes, all my feminine clothes except my panties and a light overcoat. Because of the particular category of the offence I wasn't fingerprinted or photographed. I was booked and placed in a holding cell. Because I didn't have the money on me to pay the likely fine and because I had an out of town address I was to be held overnight for a morning court appearance. My cellmate didn't ask much about me but he told me that he was there because he had gotten mad at the officials in a bank and smashed a window in their building. I didn't want to upset him, for sure. I used the water in the cell sink to wash off my makeup and, as best I could, I scratched off my nail polish.

"I kept thinking they would somehow review the evidence, realize they didn't have a case or that they had scared me enough and I would be released."

"Fat chance of that." I sympathized.

"Yes, fat chance. After several hours I heard my male name called out by an

officer. For a moment I thought I was going to be freed but instead I and about ten other 'arrests' of the night, all men, were again handcuffed and this time we were transferred to police headquarters. I was still dressed in panties and a thigh length overcoat that I kept tightly closed. I ended up in a cell with about thirty other men. They gave me a lot of space. From their condition I'd guess most of them were there on DUI charges.

"There was one phone in the cell where we could make calls. I chose to call a lawyer listed on the wall directory. He was good enough to explain what would happen and assure me that I would likely be in Court and released early the next morning.

"I was put in a single cell where I tried to sleep but to no avail. Thoughts of the impending ruin of my life danced in my mind. It occurred to me that with no money, no job and no family the hooking that had been a hobby for me might have to become my livelihood. I took no joy in the thought."

She paused to reflect. I was riveted to her story. It was so unexpected. Life seemed to be going so well for her. "It doesn't seem to have ruined you, what happened the next morning? Did you beat the charge?" I asked.

"Not exactly. As dawn broke things did start to go better. A sympathetic guard somehow found a pair of shoes, jeans and a tee shirt for me. A duty counsel spoke to me and advised me of my options. He also explained the likely results of each choice. He assumed I was a john caught in a sting and I explained that I was the prostitute. He felt that wouldn't make a difference. He told me that while it was a criminal charge it would not result in a record appearing on the nation's database. It would not cause a problem for travel to the States.

"I could have pled not guilty and might have beaten the charge but probably that would have attracted publicity. I chose to quietly plead guilty. The lawyer spoke for me and it was not revealed that I had been the 'girl'. I did not protest that it was the officer who had done the soliciting. I just wanted it over with. I was assessed a \$300 fine, given a month to pay and released. The court appearance was over very quickly and quietly.

"I was handed a bag containing my clothing and personal effects and directed to the street, still wearing the donated jeans, shoes and tee shirt.

"I literally ran back to my hotel. I showered and crawled into bed. I did not sleep. I was imagining the headlines back home. I was imagining the ruinous fallout from the preceding evening."

"So what did happen? Anything?"

"Maybe I was lucky that this happened on a weekend and there was no reporter in court to see the strangely dressed man. Maybe the arrests of johns are not news

in that city. It's been seven years and I have not seen a single consequence of that evening."

"Not any?"

"Let me correct that. Life is still good for me. I'm doing well, financially and I still get out as Mary almost as often as I would like. But there is nothing that would get me back to street hooking. No way.

"I always thought I could deal with potentially dangerous customers. I thought I had a way to outsmart the police. I was lucky on the first but if a police officer wants to arrest you he will not worry about the nuances of your line; he will arrest you.

"As you and I both know I still date men. I accept gifts and I ask for favors but nothing, absolutely nothing, will ever get me on to the street again.

"Speaking of men, here they are now."

Just as she finished, as if on cue, our two gentlemen friends for the evening arrived to take us to dinner. We had a marvelous time.

Opinion:

Passing: Is it Fooling or Just Not Offending?

A number of times I have read accounts by sisters who have ventured out of their closets and into the "real world" and they have reported that they have been so happy that they "passed", implying that they thought no one who saw them recognized that they weren't a woman. A typical account might be "I dressed in heels and a mini skirt and my best frilly blouse, I made up my eyes and put on some cherry red "come-fuck-me" lipstick. I drove to the other side of town and pumped some gas at the local Mini

Mart. A man smiled at me, he had no idea I was in drag. I was so happy to pass."

Time for a reality check, girls. Here's the story from the other side. Last week on a Sunday afternoon I saw one of the leaders of our local transgender group walking through one of our public buildings. She was in heels and short skirt. She is pretty but from behind her broad shoulders and strong legs were a dead give-away of her true gender as she clicked down the halls. Many people saw Joanne and some turned to take a

second look but while none could have mistaken her for a woman no one made comment, snickered or did anything that would tell her that she was attracting unusual attention. For all I know Joanne may have thought she was passing. There are very few of us who are genetically privileged enough to have the right muscle and skeleton structures, skin and facial hair and voice make many people actually believe we are women. Many of us further compound that problem by choosing to wear clothes that don't flatter our body type. So we have no chance of passing, right?

Wrong.

When I was in school and wrote tests one didn't have to get a perfect mark to "pass". One just had to display enough knowledge to show they understood the basic concepts of the course. Similarly passing for the crossdresser doesn't have to be about appearing 100% female or about fooling others. Rather a pass could be considered to have been achieved when the crossdresser dresses and wears her hair fine enough to fit in with the surroundings. To get by en femme "on the street" or in the mall the crossdresser can "pass" by dressing the way women around are dressing. That means flats and jeans to the mall, casual clothes to the movies and restaurants; save the erotic dressing for the drag bars.

Besides dressing appropriately there are several other techniques I could recommend to improve one's "passing mark". Match your makeup to the time of day. Beard cover and foundation are most important at any time. Then for day time wear little else. Heavy eyeliner,

mascara and lipstick will attract undue attention and lower the passing score. Adopt feminine mannerisms, walk with short steps, don't hurry, don't fidget with your hair or clothes. Avoid eye contact with strangers - if you look some will look back. In some social groups eye contact with a man would be considered



a come-on in others a threat. Neither is a situation the strolling crossdresser should encourage. Unless you are a petite 5' 6" or less, keep your shoes low except for the most special occasions. Yes, I know heels feel sexy and they give a nice shape to our legs but believe it or not most people will not notice a difference and a heavy person walking on a mall's hard floor will sound somewhat like Patton's army marching across the Rhine Bridge. My rule is the earlier the hour, the lower the shoe. Flats or sneakers for day wear, a low heel to go dining and maybe a 3" heel for glamour occasions. Passing doesn't have to be about fooling people. The vast majority of people today don't want to hassle others. We have grown up through a "do-your-own-thing" era. We are ready for the most part to let those things that don't directly offend us or intrude in our lives to go by. That's why my friend Joanne could "pass" on her Sunday stroll. It is why most of us can pass when we venture out in public. We're not fooling anyone. We're just not offending them.

Travel:

My First Bike Ride En Femme: An Adventure Not To Be Repeated!

About fifteen years ago I started to compete in triathlons. This is the sport that consists of consecutive tests of swimming, cycling and running at various distances from sprints to the ultimate challenges of the Ironman races. I did so because I knew that competition would lead to training and training would lead to fitness and an improved body shape – more firmness, less fat and really nice looking legs. I also had learned that triathletes and cyclists considered it cool to shave their legs. I later learned that we could say it helped our swimming if we took the rest of the hair off our body, too. Help with our feminine image sometimes comes in surprising ways.

Within a few years I was entering and doing fairly well in triathlons in many parts of Canada and the States. Because of the cold and snowy weather in Canada I also got in the habit of making a ‘spring training’ trip to the Carolinas, Georgia or Florida to get ready for the race season ahead. I usually made these trips alone.

A side benefit of all this was that it gave me the chance to take ‘Linda’ along for evenings and days when I was not competing or training. On these trips, usually by car, I would do some training during the early part of the day, have a rest in the afternoon then go out as Linda in the evening. Linda got to enjoy the nightlife of places like Atlanta, Orlando and Pensacola. Linda also gained a nicer figure and got to display those smooth hairless legs all year round.

Of the three disciplines of triathlon cycling is my favorite. I regularly do

training rides of thirty to forty miles.

There is something strangely fascinating about pedaling down a country road, face firmly fixed on the rear of the cyclist in front of you. Well, no, that was not particularly great but it is neat to enjoy the variety of country landscapes that make up our vast continent.

From time to time I thought about the possibility of Linda coming out in the daytime to experience my love of cycling. I imagined myself as a leggy blonde, pedaling along country roads, enjoying the scenery, slightly aware that passing motorists were glancing my way no doubt to marvel at my athleticism and possible to catch a glimpse of my breasts under my low cut top. Inwardly I would enjoy the glorious, almost fetishistic, feeling of my bra digging in to the skin of my taunt back.

However, I knew to actually go cycling as Linda I would have to overcome some problems. For instance where would I find a helmet to fit my head and Linda’s big hair? As I bent forward over the bike would Linda’s breasts stay in place? I’d not want to wear the eyeliner, mascara and lipstick that Linda favors in the evening but I would need to wear a foundation makeup and some color for my face. Would sweat cause Linda’s make-up to run?

A simple strap adjustment on my helmet and a shorter wig took care of the first concern, a sports bra the second. A ride in ‘boy mode’ wearing foundation proved that my Max Factor pan-stick cover was not only waterproof but quite sweat-proof as well.

So one day I had the chance to 'go for it'. I was in Valdosta, Georgia in mid March. It was a beautiful, comfortable spring day. The temperature was in the low 70's, the sun was shining and the air was dry. I went for a run in the morning and then thought I'd spend the rest of the day sunning by the motel pool. The motel was almost deserted. I literally had the place to myself. Maybe it was because I was sunning wearing a pretty bikini; maybe I was just feeling restless but for some reason I decided that was the day Linda would go for a bike ride. I fetched my bike from the car, checked the tires, filled the water bottle and then spent a bit of time deciding what to wear. After sensing bike shorts made my hips look too slim - (what girl has ever worried about that?) and that a bike shirt made my shoulders look too broad I settled on Linda wearing a tank top, low cut enough to reveal a cleavage, loose cut jean shorts and matching denim sneakers.

After a little more fretting over my makeup I started the ride in the early afternoon. Things began well. I rode to the north and west of Valdosta past the county prison and along some lovely country roads. I guessed they didn't see many cyclists in those parts as I got lots of looks from passing motorists. I smiled. I waved at a passing school bus full of children.

Imagine the feeling! My blonde hair was just visible under my bike helmet. The hem of my jean shorts flared slightly in the wind. My 'privates' were tucked securely and only slightly uncomfortably between my legs. But how great it was to feel my breasts hanging securely from my chest! I bent forward over the handlebars, aware that part of my bra and the top of my taped cleavage were visible to those I passed by.

I also felt the warmth of the sun on my shoulders and realized that it would be gradually carving a tan line where the edge of the tank top met my skin. No matter. There was already a bit of a bikini line across my back and I loved having it! I expected there would be time to even out the tan before I got back home. I was glad that I had waxed my armpits and other body hair. I love that eccentricity allowed to triathletes and swimmers!

After about ten miles on the road I decided to retrace my route back to town. That would give me a good first ride as Linda and not overdo it. If I had stayed with that plan all would have been fine and this would not have been much of a story. However, just as I came to the road going past the prison I surmised that if I crossed the Interstate I could take a parallel road on the east side of the highway that probably also lead back to town and the motel. I would get to explore some new territory, too. However the best-laid plans of mice, men and cyclists en femme often go awry. About a mile down the near deserted alternate route I had to pass a house with a large, fierce and unchained dog guarding its front. It took all my cycling strength to get away from the dog.

"I'm glad I don't have to come this way again," I thought to myself.

A few hundred yards later at what I figured was about another mile to the motel the road suddenly took a turn to the east and the pavement ended. The rest of the trip became a continuing adventure in Murphy's Law – Whatever can go wrong will go wrong.

The rear tire on my bike flatted on the rough road surface. I didn't have a spare. I knew I couldn't get back past that dog safely if I was on foot. If I did it meant a

detour of several miles on foot back to the motel. I started to sweat in a very unladylike way.

As I walked the bike back toward the Interstate I noticed a substantial trail through the woods heading south in the direction of the motel. "What luck!" I thought, "I won't have to deal with the dog! This has got to take me back." It did – most of the way. The trail produced a nice walk, among tall and cool pine trees. I enjoyed my sense of adventure and the fact that I had found a way to avoid unnecessary miles of detour. I could see the tops of buildings ahead meaning the motel, on the western edge of Valdosta, could not be far away. "Great, I'm almost back." I said to myself. About time, I thought, as I was hot, thirsty and I really needed to pee. I spoke too soon as in front of me appeared a river. It was not a wide river, only about twenty yards, but it was flowing quickly. I could see it was about four to five feet deep with a soft bottom. There was no way I could cross the river carrying the bike. There were three choices. 1) Retrace my steps and take the big detour back to town. 2) Go west to the interstate and hope there was a way to cross the river there. 3) Go east along the river towards town and hope there would be a shallow spot or maybe a bridge that could allow me to get home. By this time I was exhausted, sweating profusely under the wig and behind my boobs. I was probably not thinking too clearly. When things stop going well little pains become big pains. It seemed my gaff was chaffing my private region mercilessly and my cute denim shoes had suddenly become too small. I was aware of blisters forming on my feet. I gambled on option 3. There was no trail to the east, only woods. I had to bushwhack it but the woods were fairly

open! But the river meandered, never got any shallower and actually headed away from town. At one point I was sure I heard the sound of a snake rustling in the bushes behind me. I was getting deeper into the woods and deeper in trouble. I craved a drink of water but didn't trust to take any from the river. Finally, I decided to stop, rest and have my pee. That helped my thinking process. Next, I threw any modesty that was left away, decided that I would think better if I was cooler. I took off my helmet and wig. What the heck! Who would be around to see me? A snake? A possum? Certainly no human would likely be in those woods. Not unless it was hunting season or they were escaping from the prison. After a brief rest I decided to retrace my steps and try option 2. That worked out better. I dried myself as best I could then replaced the wig just before I came out of the woods beside the river. I rejoined the old trail as it crossed under the Interstate beside the river. The west side turned out to have more trails. Eventually I was able to make my way out to a road. Another mile of walking and I was back at the motel. Some motorists slowed down to look at me walking my bike along the road but none stopped to offer help. "Is southern gallantry dead?" I wondered. Safely back at the motel I quickly drank two bottles of Gatorade before collapsing into a cool bath. I checked my make-up. At least in the diminished light of the motel room it didn't look too bad. Thank you, Max Factor. I checked my tan line and it looked pretty sexy. Thank you Mr. Sun. The tape that helped to create my cleavage had long since lost its grip. Sorry Mr. Duct. My tank top was saturated with sweat. My denim sneakers were caked in mud. My legs were tanned but scratched.

From the experience I learned several lessons about cycling en femme. Now I stick to routes I already know and I'm always careful to carry plenty of extra water and a full emergency repair kit. While I had made the ride very difficult for myself I had not faced any derision or confrontation from people who saw me en femme. I had not caused any

accidents or – to the best of my knowledge – prison riots. I had been lost, I had put myself in jeopardy and I had come through the test. That felt good. Since that first day 'Linda' has had several outings on the bike. Thankfully, I have not come close to replicating that strange day on the outskirts of Valdosta.

Travel:

A Night in Edmonton

I'm not much of a beauty, I'm not much of a flirt. I don't date very often and therefore I rarely have sex with anyone I don't know. However, there are exceptions and that night in Edmonton was one of them.

It started when I was staying in the small town of Redwater, about an hour's drive northeast of Alberta's capital city. I found myself alone for another evening so on a whim I decided to head in to the big city. It was a Sunday evening so I certainly wasn't expecting a lot of excitement.

Maybe it should have been a sign of things to come when I picked out my outfit for the evening. I chose my white leather miniskirt, a deep-plunge white blouse which seductively reveals my cleavage and for accessories red two inch heels and a matching red belt earrings and necklace. I really 'whored-it-up' with my make up - eye shadow, lipstick and mascara. My hair was done up in a cool style that was elegant and showed off my sexy dangling earrings. And I didn't forget to dab on my favorite perfume- Giorgio of Beverly Hills.

I couldn't believe the feeling I experienced looking in my full length mirror. The skirt and heels gave my legs

a very sleek and sexy shape no doubt helped by the beige stockings suspended from my garter belt. My panties and bra were white and the bra showed brazenly through the sheer material of the blouse and this excited me as I knew it would many of the men at the club where I was heading. It was very difficult to tear myself away from the mirror. I was, of course, looking at an image I rarely see - a young woman, made up and dressed in a sexy outfit. That was quite a change from my usual workday clothes. As I headed out of the motel and through town to the highway it occurred to me how different I looked from the other residents – men and women – in their jeans and tee shirts.

The drive to Edmonton was uneventful despite the lecherous stares of several truck drivers obviously appreciative of the view afforded of those sexy legs, skirt hiked up and deftly manipulating the pedals to stay even with the truck cab for as much time as possible. I love their leers but I don't know what would be their reaction if any of these drivers ever had the chance to carry through on their come-ons. I hear some of these guys are pretty randy and have an "any port in a

storm” attitude and would relish a tryst with a girl of my type.

It was too early to go to the club when I first reached the city so I decided to stroll the streets. Being Sunday, there wasn't much traffic but also not many girls on the street. I soon noticed two 'johns' circling the block to check me out. I wondered what I would do if one of them were to approach me. This was a new city and I didn't know these police and I didn't know who controlled the turf. Then as one of the 'johns' was pulling up a police car appeared ahead. Both the john and I panicked and moved off in opposite directions never to see each other again. I thought that would be it for the evening as the club I was going to was basically a gay club where I didn't expect there would be much interest in a girl like me.

After a stop at a restaurant for a bite to eat and a make-up refresher it was off to the club on 104th St. I was one of the first to arrive and was warmly greeted by the young man at the door wearing an AIDS ribbon. Soon more people arrived- it was an eclectic assortment of people, gay and lesbian couples, a queen out of drag who was planning a show for the next weekend and various other characters.

For some time I sat at the bar, sipping my wine and being ignored by the bar's Sunday regulars. I was about to call it an evening or perhaps head back to the street when I noticed a young guy sitting next to me. It was weird how he had been able to approach without notice. He was short and very slight and could have used a good bath but as he ordered us each another drink I noticed he had at least one very attractive quality-- He was carrying a lot of cash. We talked for a while about his work, about his relationship with his girlfriend and about

life in general. He told me his name was Dave.

It wasn't long before my new friend was suggesting that we get together for the night. I was mildly interested however during the course of our conversation I had become aware of a very good looking man eyeing me and then moving up to my side opposite my new friend. The new stranger was very exciting to me and, as I felt when he rubbed up against me, he was very excited, too.

I wanted to be with the new guy but it didn't look as if Dave would be willing to let go. However, nature intervened or more accurately it called and Dave had to go to the washroom. What ensued was a hurried meeting and sounding out. My new friend was named Peter, he was from Grande Prairie, far north of Edmonton and he was on his way to Calgary. Not one to waste words Peter was looking for sex and he wanted to know how much I wanted. I wanted him but before we could get away good old Dave was back. What followed was a three way negotiation worthy of Congress or the Three Stooges. Both men were not willing to let go and neither trusted me to go with one and then come back for the other. I suggested a threesome and Dave was willing but not Peter. Would Dave wait in my car while I went off with Peter? Yes but Peter's car was too full of packing to accommodate anyone but the driver.

The three of us finally left and drove off in my car, Peter and I in front, Dave behind. Finding a secluded spot, Peter gave me \$40. He pulled out his penis. It was long and hard and beautiful. I eagerly dove down on it slurping and swallowing, taking in as much as I could without gagging. After a few minutes, I took a condom from my purse and

slipped it on to his cock. Then it was back to sucking and giving deep throat while Dave watched from the back seat. Peter was not long coming. He shook and moaned and filled the condom with his hot white liquid. When done, Peter left the car very quickly taking the condom with him. His protestations of love were no more. Forgotten was his promise to give me his phone number in Calgary.

Dave and I drove off to find a motel. That was no problem; Dave knew one that seemed to specialize in renting to "Mr. and Mrs. Smith's". We had a nice room with large mirrors that gave those in bed a clear view of themselves. I preened and stroked myself in front of the mirror while Dave stripped himself and lay naked on the bed. For a small guy Dave was strong and in good shape and he was quite well hung. I let Dave peel off my skirt and blouse and then I teased him as I danced in bra and panties, stockings and heels. Dave lowered the light level in the room and started to smoke a joint. He offered me a toke but I don't do drugs- I don't even smoke- but I do like my dates to relax. As Dave smoked I slid on to the bed and took his cock in my hand. It took only a little playing and soothing talk before Dave's cock began to harden. I love feeling a cock harden in my mouth so I took the entire semi-flaccid member down my throat. God, it felt good as it continued to harden. It soon exceeded my capacity to hold it! We got into a rhythm of Dave pumping and me taking as much of his hard cock down my throat as I could.

What a feeling! I got carried away with excitement and threw caution to the wind. I forgot the condom. Suddenly, Dave's cock exploded with cream. It took me by surprise as Dave had given

no indication he was about to come. As quickly as I could I pulled off the exploding cock and let the cream squirt over my face. Oh, what a feeling! I felt lovely hot cream on my face, in my mouth and down my throat. Dave was now moaning with delight and he seemed more excited than ever.

I've been with many guys who can't wait to get away once they've been satisfied- but not little Dave! His climax really seemed to increase his ardor. I had gone to the bathroom to rinse out my mouth and repair my make up expecting to return to Dave giving me my payoff and suggesting we leave. Instead there he was kneeling on the bed, naked and harder than ever. I was certainly ready if he was! Dave pulled me on to the bed and rolled me on to my front. Moving my panties aside, he buried his tongue in my ass. Ho! Nice! It made me tingle from head to toe. Then he turned me on my back and started again to lick between my legs. Ohh! Ahh! Ohh! I loved it, I felt so good. But he wasn't finished. Next Dave moved around behind me and proceeded to try to enter me doggie style. When I asked he stopped long enough to put on a condom and to lubricate me. He came at me in a gentle but determined manner. As Dave entered me, I experienced wave on wave of climax and my vibrations again ignited my new lover and he pumped harder and harder until he finally gasped and collapsed, another load of semen filling the condom.

Dave and I lay spent on the bed. After a while he rose and went to the chair where he had dropped his clothes. He pulled three \$50 bills out of his wallet and gave them to me. Then it was over, Dave went to sleep and I dressed, fixed my make-up and left.

After a quick stop at a 7-11 for coffee and a snack I started the long drive home. It gave me some time to think about the evening. If I had tried to predict that I would have sex with two men and with one while the other was watching, I wouldn't have believed it for

a minute. But it did happen and I did enjoy it. Now it was time to get back to the motel that was my temporary home to put away my skirt and blouse, to wash out my lingerie, wash off my make-up and put away my wig so I could return to my male life.

Dating:

Internet Dating Worked For Me, Sort of

Have you ever had any experience with Internet dating? I got involved with it once in the last century – well in 1999 but it seems like a very long time ago. The circumstance was that a friend of mine who lived in Vancouver was going to be coming east for a two weeks. We agreed to exchange housing. She would live in my place, use my car and have her eastern family come visit her. I would live in her apartment, use her car and take care of her cat. My friend knew about Linda and knew that I would be living full time en femme while I was in Vancouver. She told the landlord that 'a pre-op TS' would be moving in to look after the apartment in her absence.

I wanted to get a lot more out of my two weeks en femme than the hit and miss of cruising the drag bars. At the time there was an excellent and free Internet contact service connected with Yahoo. It offered a very user friendly searchable database. One could search by states and provinces as well as many other countries. One could list as a man, woman or other (ie couple) looking for man, woman or other. There were tens of thousands of listings and the service was free!

I decided to list myself as a new woman looking to meet friends in Vancouver. I quickly learned that Internet dating is a lot like fishing. Your success depends on

where you list and what bait you use. A lot of what you catch you'll want to throw back and it will take a while until you have the story of the one that got away.

My first listing told a bit about myself and mentioned that I was going to be visiting Vancouver and was looking to meet nice gentlemen. It attracted no bites. I changed it only by suggesting I lived in Vancouver and by adding this photo. Immediately the 'fish' began to nibble. I heard from about fifteen prospects, a few of which I discarded immediately but I responded to most of them. For some



reason I got replies from men in Michigan and North Carolina. They were obviously geographically challenged but I thanked them for their interest.

Thinking how much fun a girl can have in two weeks I continued to exchange messages with four of my 'nibbles'. One was a businessman who lived and worked in Langley, a city just east of Vancouver, one was a young East Indian guy who worked for an electronics big box store in Richmond, just south of

Vancouver and two, coincidentally, worked for the local transit company and lived in different parts of Vancouver. In the weeks leading up to my trip to Vancouver it was fun bouncing messages back and forth with my Vancouver friends. Two eventually confessed to me that they were married but that their wives didn't understand their needs. I assured them that would be okay; I only wanted to borrow, not buy them.

Things got off to a great start when my bus driver agreed to pick me up at the airport and take me to the apartment. It meant I had to do a quick change and make up job in an airport washroom but I'd done that before. It worked.

Thankfully Charlie didn't pick me up in his 48 passenger bus and we had a nice ride in to town. We got to the apartment where my friend had left a note and a well supplied fridge.

I made lunch and we settled in to talk. As the afternoon progressed Charlie dropped hints that this might be the only time we'd be able to get together. Well, it's all or nothing, I thought. I kissed him and put my hand on his thigh. He responded positively and he let me give him oral sex. He did not try to undress me, feel my breasts or be aggressive in any way. It did not take long for him to climax. It did not take long for him to leave. When he said "I'll call you" I knew he wouldn't. He didn't have my number. Only one fish and already I had the one that got away.

That evening I hooked up my computer and wrote to the other prospects. The young guy took himself out of the running by only being available for a

short time at lunch when I was to let him suck me. Nope.

The Langley businessman gave me an office number to call. I did and we had a good conversation. He hooked me in bit by bit as he suggested the things we could do together. Eventually he asked how I liked to satisfy myself. I thought there was no harm in being a little graphic. He excused himself for a second while he closed his office door. As I described my pleasures I suddenly became aware of his changed breathing. He was masturbating. He must have ejaculated as abruptly his tone changed and he 'had to take an important call'. We said goodbye. I hung up with the sudden realization that I had just participated in phone sex. Another catch and release for the books.

The second transit employee was really the one that got away. He was a supervisor who worked on the far side of the City. I drove there twice to meet him. We'd sit in his van, listen to transit chatter on the radio and talk about everything. Being summertime he wore shorts. I marvelled at his hairy muscular legs. I think he liked my smooth, shapely legs. But that's as far as it went. Despite great promise in our e-mails and a nice connection in our conversations Brad never seemed inclined to get affectionate. I suggested we go dancing or to a show. I even suggested we go to a motel. He wanted to do nothing but sit in his van, drink coffee and talk. I could see through his shorts that he was excited by the suggestion of getting together but nothing moved him to action. So now when fishermen talk about the one that got away I really know what they are talking about.

