

# LINDA

ADVENTURES OF A WOMAN BY CHOICE

VOLUME  
5 OF 5



MISS CONCEPTION

2004



*Hotel Room Self Portraits*



*By Linda Jensen (Montreal 2004)*



# Linda



Adventures of a Woman by Choice  
Vol 5 of 5

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**Linda Jensen  
January 2005**

**Inside Cover:** *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.*

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# “For My First Trick . . .”

By Linda Jensen

*When you step out of character once does that mark you for life? Linda Jensen wonders about that as with the help of an old story she recalls an event in her life from almost two decades ago.*

*There is a saying I've heard used several times: "Build a hundred great bridges and they may never call you 'John, the Great Bridge Builder' but suck one cock . . ."*

*Does the same hold true if once in your life you get picked up off the street and you are given a few dollars for your sexual services? Are you to be known forever as a hooker?*

*We'll see because this is something I have kept to myself for almost twenty years. I did write about it for a newspaper called Transvestian but I submitted it and saw it published anonymously.*

*Although I am not anxious to reveal my true age here is what I wrote, except for a few editorial updates. Please note that the laws in Canada concerning solicitation and prostitution were quite lax at the time. I would advise against trying this trick under current conditions. Enjoy.*

I suppose I should have been saying to myself, "What is a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

I was kneeling on the front seat of a strange man's car, parked in a secluded area with two \$20 bills tucked in my bra. My hand was caressing his penis while he ran his hands up and down my thighs and around my behind. I couldn't believe it. It's a strange story but true.

I'm a cross-dresser, male, 39, married to a knowing but not sympathetic wife. I mostly dress just when I go out of town which, fortunately, is quite often. I have

a very good job which probably would be in jeopardy if my penchant for cross-dressing were revealed and it would certainly be lost if I happened to be arrested while 'en femme'. I'm not gay although once or twice I've had sex with other TVs. Twice I've participated in threesomes with other TVs and their girlfriends. I don't seem to be aroused by other males and their organs but it is a real turn on for me when I see other men aroused by me.

With that background you must see how strange the events of that evening in August seemed to me.

I was in Toronto, Canada. I had been there all week at a conference of professionals in my line of work. One night I went out with a bunch of the guys and we did the requisite tour of the red light district. In Canada, street soliciting is virtually legal unless it is 'pressing and persistent'. Don't be too forward and the cops won't touch you. There are girls all over the streets. During our tour my trained eye took note of the street 'reserved' for the TV and TS hookers.

At the end of the conference I stayed on in Toronto ostensibly to do a little sightseeing. While the rest of the delegates went home I rented a car and moved to another hotel. That afternoon, a Friday, I did my favourite kind of sightseeing; I visited a shopping mall in nearby Brampton. I was dressed as a male, except of course for my underwear, but that didn't stop me from asking for and receiving permission to

try on a couple of dresses. However, I settled on buying a couple of blouses. Once back to my new hotel room I did all the preparatory work for an evening 'en femme'. My plan was to visit a club which I remembered catered to a mixed crowd that I had visited in drag a couple of years ago.

I think I did a good job on the makeup. My summer tan plus a fabulous Lee Brewster foundation, eye shadow, blush, mascara and lipstick seemed to effect a magical transformation in front of my eyes. Three carefully applied coats on nail polish put 'sex' at my fingertips. For the evening I planned to wear a pinkish-mauve calf length pencil skirt in leather look vinyl, my new pink blouse and black 3" heels. I dressed to please myself but I also must have wanted to be attractive to men.

The trip to the club didn't work out. Under new management, they weren't admitting cross-dressers. A brief talk with a sympathetic security guy let me learn that some of our 'sisters' didn't know a good thing when they had it. They became too outrageous, began turning off the other customers and the management had no choice but to enact a ban. The security guy directed me towards a pub he had heard about. As luck would have it the way to the pub passed the drag hookers area I had seen the previous night.

I strolled by where the girls were standing or walking, either alone or in small groups. Occasionally they would gesture or talk to a passing motorist. The girls fascinated me the provocative way they dressed and made themselves up. When I got to the end of the block I reached one of those 'fork in the road moments'. I could go on to the pub, maybe meet some other cross-dressers, maybe not. Or I could turn and go back

to mingle with the street girls. I turned back.

I had hoped to talk with one or two of the girls, maybe learn a bit about them and their lives and at best to find out about any new drag clubs in Toronto. I sure stood out as dressing differently from the street girls. To cover the hair on my body and limbs I had to wear two pairs of hose and a high collar, long sleeve blouse. They wore less.

I was told there were no new clubs and assured that the police were not going to swoop down and arrest me just for standing there. As various girls left with drive by customers I became more curious about the work of a TV hooker so I struck up a conversation with one particularly friendly and sympathetic girl. Candy claimed to be averaging four or five tricks a night which might involve anything from hand jobs to anal penetration. Nothing was less than \$40, intercourse \$100.

While talking I noted several cars repeatedly cruising by and one guy seemed particularly interested in me. When he finally stopped Candy went over to talk with him but he asked for me.

Thinking it would be a good joke I went over to see what he wanted and to disavow him of any illusions he might have about me being female. He had no such illusions. He was looking for drag companionship. For a while we both talked in circles around the subject at hand, neither wanting to be the solicitor. It crossed my mind that despite the liberal state of the law the Toronto police might not be above a little entrapment.

For some reason when my 'john' offered to take me for a ride I accepted. No sooner was I in the car than his hand was starting up my thigh. I was aroused, no

doubt about it. I was also curious if I could actually get someone pay to have sex with me. Despite all the risks I wanted to find out.

Coyly I moved his hand away from my leg. "Don't you have something for me?" I asked.

"Here," he said, grabbing one of my hands and placing it firmly in his lap. That wasn't what I meant but after a little more prompting along with a little penis massage he offered me \$20.

"Let's go back," I said.

"What do you want?"

"Well, you can't fuck me but I'll give you head for \$80, \$40 for a hand job."

"Too much."

By now we had found a secluded parking spot. It seemed a shame to waste the trip and I had kind of grown to like the now hard penis I was fondling but had not yet seen. I didn't want him to shoot his load before he paid me so I agreed to \$40 for head.

He had the penis out of his pants before I could tuck the money in my bra, just as I had seen in the movies.

Recalling how some of my more skilled girlfriends had stimulated me I took his shaft in one hand and gently stroked it up and down. With the other hand I reached in to his pants to lift his balls free.

Moving to a kneeling position on the car seat I put both hands around the penis and lowered my head. The john's hands were reaching around my legs and behind (remember this is where we

started) but pinned in the seat he could not reach my private areas.

While continuing to pump his cock I ran my tongue around the head and up and down the shaft. I didn't really want to suck him but I did tease him by occasionally closing my lips over the head.

As I had hoped my john had an issue with premature ejaculation. Within a short time he began to pant and squirm. Pulling my face back a bit I squeezed and pumped his cock while he ejaculated. I aimed the flow in to his shirt as he cried out.

Before long my guy was finished. He started acting a bit sheepish and almost apologetic. I guess my job was done but I had to be nice so he would take me back to the 'drag strip'.

Thank God he did as I had little idea where we were or how I could get back on my own.

Once back to the street I learned that Candy had just left with another date.

There was still plenty of action on the street but I had had enough for one night, for one career.

My experience as a hooker was exciting, no doubt. However, it is a very dangerous profession. Few get out of it unscarred.

I'm glad I have other ways of making a living but I'm also glad that I found out I'm attractive enough that at least one person paid to have sex with me. How many men my age can say that?

*That's the story. A few years after my experience on the streets of Toronto there was a news report about man going on a rampage, picking up three street queens and leaving each dead in a different part of the city. There but for the grace of God go I. In the years since then there have been other men willing to spend their money to get me in to bed. For some it has been the price of a dinner, a show, a good night out. For others they have wanted to get right to the point. Either way, I still enjoy the pleasure of being desired.*

Dramatization:

## A Step out of the Closet

*This article was first published in Transvestian in 1984. It is a dramatization of Linda Jensen's friend's (also named Linda) 'one giant leap' out of the closet. No names have been changed; there were no innocents.*

It was like a dream. Linda stood staring in the mirror. She couldn't help admiring herself, not out of vanity but simply out of pride in the transformation she had created in herself. "If only Ann were here to see this." She thought.

Formerly overweight and a disaster with makeup, Linda had worked hard at her personal makeover. Through a strict routine of exercise and diet she had lost close to forty pounds. By reading and learning from magazines such as Cosmopolitan and Vogue Linda had taught herself what colours best suited her and how to apply the proper makeup for her skin and the time of day. No longer did her attempts to use makeup leave her looking like a \$20 street hooker.

As she stood applying the last touches of mascara she couldn't help notice how the defined hollow in her cheek was just slightly highlighted by a touch of blush. Her lips were crimson with newly applied lipstick. Her nail colour matched the lips.

As Linda looked at her reflection she became aware of a strange feeling of arousal. Not for the first time she felt herself turned on by the reflection of herself in the mirror. It was as if it was not herself in the mirror looking back. It was true she had undergone quite a transformation. She was slimmer, her makeup gave her a new look and now her usually short mousy hair was covered in a long full bodied wig. Instead of seeing herself, she thought she

could see a reflection of Victoria Principal or one of the other Dallas beauties she admired every Friday night. Putting the mascara down Linda glanced at her body in the full length bathroom mirror. Gone were the former rolls of flab. Instead her smooth body stood healthy and firm.

For the occasion Linda was wearing a red strapless bra with matching panties and garter belt. Her legs were enclosed in shimmering new stockings and on her feet were a brand new pair of 3" stiletto pumps.

While not accustomed to wearing high heels Linda found her new shoes comfortable and stimulating. She loved the shape they gave her calf muscles. Only one thing was missing. Having so recently lost those forty pounds none of her frumpy old wardrobe suited her anymore. Her baggy dresses and women's size blouses and skirts couldn't possibly do justice to the way she felt. She had to go shopping, she promised herself.

Then she thought of her friend, Ann. They had been living together for several years. Ann was a beautiful dresser. She had some lovely clothes that with Linda's new figure would probably fit. Ann was away for the day and wasn't expected back until late that evening. "I'm sure I could try on some of her dresses," thought Linda as her mind focussed on a particularly stunning red cocktail dress that Ann had worn to her company dance last Christmas.

Making her way to Ann's closet Linda had no trouble spotting the dress. "Oh, it's as beautiful as I remember," she mused. Her mind reflected back to the envy she felt when she then chunky Linda had seen Ann wearing the dress. Cut off the shoulders with thin straps, the dress was a lovely polyester crepe with a gathered waist and a bust line designed to flatter. The skirt was triple layered and flared to just above the knees.

Taking the coveted dress off its hanger Linda slipped in to it and zipped it up. It fit perfectly. "A dressmaker couldn't have done a better job for me," Linda thought. She was so happy she whirled, twirled and virtually danced into the bathroom where she could see herself in the large mirror. Linda found a necklace and earrings to finish the outfit. She felt all dressed up and ready for the ball. Unfortunately, she had no place to go. Suddenly, as she stood in Ann's best cocktail dress she heard a key turning in the door downstairs.

"Hi. I'm home," she heard. It was Ann, back hours earlier than expected. Linda didn't have long to worry about what Ann would do if she was found wearing the dress. Ann came directly upstairs and saw Linda frozen in the bathroom.

"Who are you?" stammered a surprised Ann. She had never seen Linda dressed up or wearing a wig. "Is that my dress? Why are you wearing it? Where is my friend?"

"It's me," said Linda meekly. "I guess you don't recognize me. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Ann was shocked. It wasn't just that someone was wearing her favourite dress. She had never seen her roommate looking like this. She didn't know what to say.

Linda felt she should say something. "I didn't expect you home so soon. I wanted to try being pretty and I had the sudden urge to wear your dress. I'm sorry. I'll get it cleaned for you."

"It's not just the dress," said Ann. "It's all of you. I'm so used to seeing you in jeans and an old shirt. You shocked me. You look so good." The last comment startled both girls as they stood looking at each other, not knowing what to do next.

Ann spoke. She did not ask Linda to remove the dress; she simply said, "I need a drink." The two moved to the kitchen. Ann poured herself a glass of wine and instinctively offered Linda one of her favourite beers.

"No," said Linda softly, "I feel like a wine person tonight."

The two sat in the living room and talked, drank wine and talked some more. Although they had been living and working together for several years they had shared much about each other's feelings. Linda, especially, had kept her self doubts to herself.

Now, Ann was certainly seeing Linda as a different person. She was learning something of what Linda had been feeling for years, the frustration of being unable to express herself as a beautiful woman, of her loneliness and repressed desires.

Soon Ann too, buoyed by Linda's confessions and loosened by several glasses of the wine Linda kept serving, was expressing her own long suppressed desires, how she felt most men were too rough and insensitive, how she wanted her man to be gentle and soft, to be considerate and to care for her . . . in a phrase, to be like Linda was being tonight.

As the companions poured out their feelings they drew closer and closer



together emotionally and physically. Soon they were touching on the couch. Linda placed her arm around her companion's shoulder. Now totally relaxed, Ann rested her head across Linda's chest.

Ann felt a strange surge of emotion. If a few hours earlier someone had tried to tell her that she would come home to find her friend dressed up and wearing her best dress and they would end up in each other's arms she would have said they were crazy.

Maybe it was crazy but there they were: Linda in a cocktail dress, looking like a beauty queen and Ann in skirt and blouse, cuddling in each other's arms. Tentatively Linda lowered her head and kissed Ann on the forehead. Ann raised her head to return the kiss and soon their lips were joined.

As they kissed, Linda instinctively moved her fingers to open Ann's blouse. Ann's breasts, bra-less and firm responded quickly to Linda's gentle touch and to her kisses.

She did not resist when Linda moved her other hand up Ann's leg and gently stroked her pubic area. Quite the opposite, Ann lifted her skirt to spread her legs on the couch. Taking the cue Linda moved to kneel on the floor. "I want to love you as a woman should," she purred as she placed her face under Ann's skirt. As the excited Ann raised her hips to receive the loving, Linda placed her hands around those hips and pulled her partner to her face.

It wasn't long before a newly satisfied Ann was moving to reciprocate her partner's attention. "Now it's your turn," she said as she moved to the floor beside Linda. Ann took to the unfamiliar role of aggressor with vigour. Gradually moving her face and hands down her partner's body she had no trouble freeing

Linda's nipples from the confines of the dress and bra. While small up top and unused to the caresses of others Linda still felt a tingling, exciting response to the feel of the soothing tongue.

For her part Ann had never kissed another person's nipples but now it felt so natural and warm to be giving pleasure in exactly the way she liked to receive it. She wanted more. She wanted a taste of the pleasure she knew was between Linda's legs. Raising the hopelessly wrinkled dress, Ann exposed her partner's panties and garter belt. "Oh, sexy," she purred, coyly.

Through the thin red material of Linda's panties Ann could see the object of her current lust. Removing the panties and feeling for her goal, Ann felt herself again rising to new sexual heights. "Oh, Larry," Ann swooned, "you may look like a woman and you made love to me like I thought only a woman could but down here you're still all man." She cupped her hand around her partner's swollen penis. She took it in to her mouth.

Larry/Linda was too excited. How his world was changing! Only a few hours earlier he had been a confused transvestite, frightened of every sound he heard in the house as he tried on his small collection of women's clothes. He had long been afraid to tell his girlfriend of his secret desires. Now, not only did she know but she was responding sexually in a way she had rarely done to his male self.

Ann continued to suck Linda's penis as she had never wanted to before. Then she tried something new. Gently at first, then with more force she inserted a finger in Linda's anus. Linda responded with an almost instantaneous orgasm. Ann caught some of the semen in her

mouth but most of it spilled over the once lovely dress.

Oblivious to their state, satisfied and in love like never before the two lovers drifted off to sleep.

In what seemed like only a few moments Linda was wakened by the sound of the phone ringing. Still drowsy, the events of the night before seemed almost like a dream. It took some time for Linda to realize that she was the only one there to answer the phone.

“Hello,” she said. Her voice was strangely hoarse from the wine. She caught a view of herself in the hall mirror. The makeup was a mess, the wig askew and the dress was in tatters. “Is that you, faggot queen?” It was Ann’s voice, harsh and sarcastic. “I’m coming over to get my things this morning and I don’t want you there, you faggot.”

Linda/Larry’s mind started to focus as the voice continued, “I must say I was

pretty shocked to come home and find you parading around in my dress. You looked ridiculous. I couldn’t get out of there fast enough. Now I don’t want to ever see you again.”

Reality dawned on Larry. The events of the evening had been part reality and part a dream spurred by the several bottles of wine he had consumed after Ann had found him wearing her dress and stormed out.

Larry tried to protest. “I’m not gay. You know that it’s just that I like to dress” “Whatever,” she cut him off.

And finally he heard Ann say, “I want \$250 for that dress you probably ruined or you’ll be hearing from my lawyer.” As the other end of the phone line went dead Larry sighed. “Now I guess I will have more time for my cross-dressing,” he said as a slight smile came over his face.



Dramatization:

## WHAT IF A MAN MEETS THE MAN THAT WAS THE WOMAN?

*What is the protocol here? You have dressed in one of your best femme outfits and headed to a bar like the Queen Mary in Los Angeles or Cleo's in Montreal. Naturally you are looking and feeling 'hot'. You attract a lot of attention from the men present. After checking out a few interesting specimens you decide to accept the company of a nice-looking gentleman. To meet your standards he must be clean, good looking and bright. He must also show signs of being interested in you for more than your mind. Later in the evening you agree to spend the night together and move to his hotel. You make love and it is beautiful for both of you. During the course of the evening you realize that the two of you are going to be in the same place the next day but you will not be 'en femme'. Do you tell him you will see him? Do you plan to surprise him? Do you wait to find out if he will be happy to see you.*

I have been in this situation several times. I have never been sure what to do so I have written seeking the advice of famous advice columnist, Ann Landers. Here is the letter:

Dear Ann Landers,  
Recently I went to a nightclub in Montreal. I was dressed in a short, neatly cut blue skirt and a white sheer blouse with a neckline that plunged to suggest an ample breast cleavage. When I danced my long hair bounced lightly across my face. Happily, I attracted the attention of a nice looking gentleman. He offered me a drink; I accepted. We started to talk. Both of us were visitors to Montreal, me from Ontario, he from the eastern part of Canada, known as the Maritimes. He told me about his life and work in the Maritimes, he told me he was in Montreal to watch Tiger Woods at the Canadian Open golf tournament. I told him little; I did not tell him I too was in town to attend the golf tournament. We got along great. He was impressed that I knew about golf, about his home province (I'd gone to university there) and I could speak French.

We danced together and he freely bought drinks. At his suggestion, we left Cleo's to spend the night in his hotel room. It was a gorgeous two-room suite, provided courtesy of one of the tournament's major corporate sponsors.

Shortly after we arrived he left me alone in the room while he visited one of his friends to get a bottle of liquor. I could have left right then and there with his laptop computer and other belongings but I am not like that. He was very trusting. 'Maritimers' are like that.

On his return he poured me a nice strong Rum and Coke. We settled in to watch some late night television and do a little cuddling on the couch. Our embraces soon became very passionate. He was not tall but he had a very large, thick. . . .chest and shoulders. It was nice to run my hands over his body and feel its firmness, to run my fingers through his hair, to run my tongue across his neck. I loved the feeling of his strong hands squeezing my behind as I leaned over him, the warmth of his mouth kissing my neck, my ears and my lips.

We made love for a long time. He had stamina; I had stamina. A single orgasm wasn't enough for him; it had no effect on

his ardor. For a while I thought I had found my perfect mate but as morning approached our lovemaking finished. I knew it was time for me to leave. We both had to be up in a few hours. Although he didn't know it we both had a golf tournament to watch.

I also was on the edge of time where I would need to shave. We made plans to get together for dinner the next evening. I asked for and he gave me \$40 for the 'cab ride' home. I walked back to my hotel a few blocks away.

The next day I made my way out to the Royal Montreal Golf Club to watch the tournament. Almost all the big names in golf were there and I saw some brilliant shot making. But that is another story. I was certainly dressed more 'boyishly' than the night before – slacks, golf shirt, sneakers, no breasts, no make-up and no wig. On my head was a golf cap with the logo of my home course.

There were 35,000 spectators at the Royal Montreal and I didn't expect to see my Maritime friend but suddenly, late in the afternoon, directly across the 12<sup>th</sup> tee, there he was. He wore an open shirt and baggy shorts. There was no mistaking that broad chest. He was looking right at me. Or was he looking at the golfers standing just in front of me as they waited their time to play the Par 3? I couldn't tell. Now, Ann, what is the protocol here? Should I have gone over to him and said, "Hi, I'm sometimes known as Linda. We made love last night. Would you like to nip into the bushes for a quickie?" Should I have gone over and asked if we were still on for dinner?

Would it have destroyed his illusion if he realized the Cinderella he was with the night before was today just another a balding sweaty golf fan?

As the golfers moved on from the tee I was going to follow my 'lover' but just

then he was joined by a few of his buddies. I walked away. But I determined that later I would ask him 'what would have happened if. . .?'

However, I never saw him again. The dinner never materialized; we were both too tired. The next day he returned to the Maritimes and I went home to Ontario. So, Ann what should I have done? Should I have made an approach? Was I right to let the moment pass?

Linda

I can hardly wait for her reply. If you were Ann Landers what would you advise?



*Golf Fan Linda*

# A 1980's Visit to London – New Experiences Shape My Life

*In recent years Southern California has been my Mecca for cross-dressing activity. My trips to the Queen Mary in Los Angeles and other venues have been both educational and therapeutic. They have helped me grow as the woman I would like to be. However, in the 1980's it was trips to Europe and particularly to London, England that really brought me out of the closet and exposed this formerly straight, up tight male to the pleasures of womanhood in public and private.*

I remember one particularly busy trip to London. The flight from Montreal was uneventful and Thursday morning I cleared customs at Heathrow without incident. I wonder if other crossdressers get as apprehensive as I did about having baggage inspected. What would agents say about my makeup, wigs and selection of lingerie? Would I be 'profiled' and singled out for special attention? Some day I'll probably find out but that day I passed easily in to England with 'nothing to declare'. By that time transvestism had been part of my life since I was a young teenager when I would sneak articles of my mother's and sisters' clothes out of the laundry hamper to arouse and please myself. The activity went 'dormant' for several years only to be awakened with a shock on an earlier trip to England. I now owned a fairly good supply of women's clothing and all the accessories necessary for a successful transformation. So much so that it was straining my ability to hide it from the rest of my household. My family, friends and business associates knew nothing of my TV life. A promising career might be ruined if they did. The few TV friends I have met since I started going out know me only as Linda.

My life at the time was great except that I would have liked to have more opportunities to dress and act as a woman. That is why I wanted to make the most of my long weekend in London. With my baggage collected and Customs cleared I took the Piccadilly Line underground directly to Earl's Court and the Philbeach Hotel. It is a well-run establishment, discreet, with a lounge that caters to gays, crossdressers and a number of liberal minded straight men and women. My room, like all the others, was very small but neat and clean.

Despite the inevitable jet lag I could not sleep. I was too excited. I headed to the Stage Door and Cover Girl shops to see their latest in wigs and clothing. These two stores, like Lee Brewster's, serve a theatrical clientele and a large number of CD and TV customers.

I hadn't planned on buying anything but a wig at Cover Girl really caught my fancy – dark, long and full with fair amount of curl. It had a very 80's look but then it was the 80's. I tried it, I liked it, I bought it.

With a new wig I just had to go out on Thursday evening. I had been without much sleep for the last 36 hours but Soho beckoned. I had heard about a gay club there that was run by a pair of TS's. I remember the evening as if it were

yesterday. I wore a pink skirt with matching pink 2 ½” heels. My blouse had pink and white vertical stripes, just sheer enough to show the outlines of my bra across my back. I might have looked hideous, even for the 80’s but I felt great.

In those days Soho was a very interesting district – some fine boutiques and restaurants starting to make their appearance but it was dominated by a mixture of sex shops, night clubs, bars and prostitutes. It was like Boston’s ‘Combat Zone’ but a lot safer.

The club I visited was full of moustachioed gay men too interested in each other to pay much attention to me. A few did ‘chat me up’ so I was able to drink for free. The TS owners seemed very nice, if somewhat unsure of this conservatively dressed crossdresser in their club.

I left the club fairly early and headed out to a main street to hail a cab. I was soon aware I was being followed by a rather handsome man in a very expensive looking jaguar. After a little bit of cat and mouse to make sure he was really interested I decided to see what he had to offer. I bent down to his open passenger window and he motioned for me to get in the car. He didn’t speak so I did.

“Could you give a girl a ride?” I purred in a somewhat husky voice.

Then I guess he realized he wasn’t following what I thought he was.

Vroom! He was off in an instant!

I laughed and when I thought about it afterwards I realized that if he wasn’t interested in me after he discovered that I was some sort of transgendered person then he must have thought I was a woman. I was flattered that for a brief time I was mistaken for a girl; and a hooker at that. Or maybe it was my Canadian accent that turned him off, eh?

I’m not sure what I would have done if he had actually known what he was tailing and that was what he wanted.

Although I later became very comfortable being with men my head wasn’t there yet.

Still enjoying the feeling of being en femme I walked over to Piccadilly Circus to get a cab back to the Philbeach and a long overdue sleep.

Friday: Considering my late night I was up surprisingly early. The Philbeach served a tremendous breakfast, included in the room price. It is also a good idea as a tourist in London to get an early start on seeing the many wonders of that city. I had another reason to get going. My tourist itinerary included visiting many dress shops and the women’s department in some of the world’s great stores – Harrod’s, Harvey Nichols, Barker’s, etc. I had been dreaming of this day for months.

In those days I had yet to gain the confidence to go out en femme for daytime activities. But dressed as a man in a city of millions where I knew no one I felt secure and not worried about what others would think when I held blouses and skirts up to my body to examine them in the mirror.

As the day progressed, if the shop was quiet enough, I asked and was given permission to try on the dresses. Of course I had on a girdle and pantyhose. A bra and breast forms were in my camera case. For all the trying I did very little buying. I bought a blouse at Marks & Spencer and an elegant slip from Harrod’s. Nearly twenty years later I still have the slip.

Friday Night: I knew some of my TV sisters would be visiting the Philbeach lounge this evening so I dressed with extra care. It took me close to an hour to do my makeup and more time to make

sure my jewellery and outfit were just right. After all, a cross-dresser's most critical audience is often her fellow CD's, right? I wanted very much to be accepted.

I was accepted. Heads turned and conversation dropped noticeably as I entered the Philbeach's small lounge. No one knew this stranger and I could feel myself being sized up. I guess I passed inspection as I was soon the centre of attention amongst a small group of 'johnnies' – ostensibly straight men, away from their wives for the evening and looking for a bit of a 'walk on the wild side'.

The easiest thing in the world - whether in drag or not – is to pick up guys. I wasn't going to waste a precious weekend in London doing that so I moved over to a group of TV's. They were very friendly. They were talking enthusiastically about an upcoming river cruise for 200 transvestites and their friends – a fantastic idea.

Later I met a couple named Bill and Karen. He is an auto mechanic and a TV. That night he was dressed as a male. Karen, his live in girlfriend, was very accepting of his crossdressing. She was a very good looking girl, herself. We talked a lot, shared a bottle of wine and before the evening ended we were quite close. When they left they intimated they might return to the Philbeach the next evening. I hoped I would see them again. Saturday Night: Buoyed by my success of the previous evenings I wanted to venture fully out in public. My destination was the weekly get together of the London TV/TS Club in Islington, a part of London a 20 pound cab ride away from the Philbeach. While a cab ride would offer me security the trip by underground (subway) would be a lot less expensive and give me the thrill of

testing the limits of my willingness to venture further out of the closet. The trip to Islington involved taking the Piccadilly Line to Victoria Station, one of the busiest subway stations in the world, then transferring to the Circle Line.

I chose to wear a dark grey A-line skirt and my new red blouse. The colours sound awful today but they did fit with what conservative British women were wearing in the early 80's. My wig was combed and set carefully so that my rather bushy eyebrows and sideburns would not be revealed in the wind created by a passing train. In the style of the time I chose lipstick and nail colour to match my blouse.

The Underground ride went well; neither the trains nor stations were crowded. I didn't have the thrill of a gentleman giving up his seat for me. (That would happen on a later trip.) However, coming out of the Islington Station I had to walk about a mile to the London TV/TS Friends meeting. I was startled to find myself walking right behind a pair of London policemen, 'Bobbies', with another pair some 25 yards behind me. My heart skipped. What would I do if the police were to hassle me? I know it was a bad idea but I had no ID except for my hotel room key.

It turned out that I didn't need to worry. The Friends TV/TS group meets right next to the police station and is well known to the local authorities. They are on good terms. Each year the group and the police meet for a charity game of Netball - a type of basketball normally played only by girls.

The London TV/TS group had pretty much the same mixture of attendees one will find anywhere crossdressers will gather. There were the veterans, the first timers, the pretty and the not so pretty.

There were teachers, office workers, professionals and more than a few who were 'between situations'. I particularly liked the attitude of one of the girls who was a railway ticket clerk. She lived and worked in Brixton, one of the toughest neighbourhoods in London. She told me she sometimes goes to work in drag, especially when she is planning to go out as Susan that evening. Was she worried about losing her job? "No," she said. "We have a strong union so I can't be fired."

The thought of the British Railway Union disrupting the system if one clerk was threatened with loss of her job boggled my mind. I was assured it would happen.

The Islington party broke up rather early. I found a number of girls who were heading back to the Philbeach to continue the party. I hitched a ride. I was very happy to see Karen and Bill had been good to their word. They were already at the Philbeach and they seemed surprisingly happy to see me. I was flattered. They were a nice couple. They talked freely about his crossdressing and the art of female impersonation. As I was a little further along the 'coming out continuum' I guess they were anxious to learn from me. I was happy to oblige. They had another reason for their particular interest in me as I soon discovered. They invited me to come to their place for the night so we could talk some more and they could share with me the feminine articles they had just bought at a 'jumble sale' and Karen promised to work on my makeup. I agreed without hesitation. I fantasized that they may be interested in me sexually.

As soon as we arrived Bill fitted in to one of his new dresses and started to do his makeup. Karen put on a tight pink

body suit and matching leotards that really knocked me out. Then with breasts bulging she sat on my lap and proceeded to reshape my face. Every move seemed designed to excite me. It worked and soon we were kissing and petting each other. Bill was there. While I worked on Karen's top half Bill massaged her pussy with one hand while running the other up and down my legs. Together, without speaking, we moved to their bedroom. Bill and Karen stripped naked. I took off my skirt, nylons and girdle, leaving only a slip to provide modesty coverage for my penis. It didn't cover much as once freed from the girdle to penis succumbed to a blood rush that swelled it to an 'all-time erection'.

Despite what was happening below I kept my blouse on so as to project a feminine image above the waist.

As Karen lay between us Bill and I resumed fondling her. We took turns kissing her lips, neck and breasts as our hands felt her clitoris and fingers probed inside her vagina. Continually she writhed in pleasure and release. There seemed to be no limit to her sexual appetite. I moved down to give Karen cunnilingus. What a wonderful taste! I felt Bill gobbling at my penis, taking it deep in his throat in the hungry, aggressive way men do.

Karen pulled me up to kiss her as Bill repositioned me to place my penis inside her.

I pumped, slowly at first as I was afraid of a premature orgasm. But Karen wanted me to move faster. We began knocking and rocking very fast while Bill began to finger my anus. I have no idea where or when he got the lubricant but he was considerate to do so. I reached back to grab Bill's cock which was pretty huge compared to mine and



jerked him as I was making love to his girlfriend. Too soon I felt the euphoria of a climax come over me. That was the bad news. The good news was that the excitement continued my erection and, of course, there was no slowing Karen. Then Bill took over inside her. The two lovers began to hump each other wildly. Karen was screaming. It was as if everything we had already done was mere foreplay. I became a spectator as the two went at it until I thought he would tear her apart. But Karen loved it and their action excited me anew. I grabbed Bill's testicles and squeezed gently. That seemed to bring the two to a massive climax.

As they came down, the three of us were still. Bill and Karen fell asleep. I couldn't.

I didn't know if they had ever been in a threesome before but it was a first for me. I didn't know what to think. I didn't know the protocol. Should I have gone off to sleep in another part of the house? I was hot, sweaty and a mess. Karen's beautiful makeup job was gone. What would they think of me in the morning? Would they take me back to my hotel? I had a lot of doubts but I had also enjoyed this new sexual experience with two beautiful people. After a while, I too, was asleep.

Sunday: The three of us woke around noon. We spoke very little. It was obvious they had plans for the day that couldn't include me. I had to get back to the Philbeach. My makeup needed redoing and my '5 o'clock shadow' was coming out at noon. I also had to get ready to leave London the next day. They took me to the hotel and we said goodbye without kisses or hugs. We didn't even exchange addresses. I have never seen them since but I have thought of them a lot.

I rested that afternoon but returned to a quieter Friends club in the evening. Luckily there was at least one sister there who could take me back to the Philbeach.

There was a small crowd at the Philbeach, too. That was good as the seven or so of us were able to converse as one group. I don't remember much about all the characters but there was one particularly effeminate gay young man. He was really good looking with his wavy blonde hair. I remember him lamenting how his peers were all growing moustaches, wearing leather and becoming very 'butch'.

Another characterized herself as a hermaphrodite, claimed that she was quite wealthy and had actually given birth to a son who was now twelve. "Where is he now?" asked the pretty young gay.

"He's away at boarding school," she replied.

"You must miss him."

"Yes."

The conversation continued but I said to myself, "Wait a second. This is the first of August. Summer holidays are on. What school is in session?" I suspect the others had picked up the hole in the scenario but none of us said anything. We all have our dreams.

Later in the evening I fell in to a conversation with an older woman who was there with a gay male friend. She was curious about my desire to dress as a woman, what it felt like and why I wanted to do it. She said I shouldn't need it, that I should be happy as a man. Some people saying that would have offended me but she was just curious and not really as judgemental as it may seem. I told her I was happy as a man and that I knew I didn't need to dress but

as a crossdresser I have an added pleasure – dressing as a woman. Her final words were great for me as I was about to call it a night and head

back across the Atlantic to my straight world. “You are very pretty,” she said, “You must be a terrific looking man.” True.



**The Girls at London TV/TS Friends around 1990**

## **Skiing En Femme – More Than the Chair Gives A Lift**

"What would it be like to be here en femme?" I mused to myself as I rode the chairlift at one of Quebec's large ski resorts. The weather was beautiful and the skiing conditions were great but my mind was wandering. I was spending the week in Canada's French speaking province skiing by day and going out in Montreal as Linda by night.

"Why not try this en femme?" I thought back to some of my other sorties en femme; playing golf, tennis and pool. The latter had been fun, dressed in a miniskirt, high heels and a low cut blouse, leaning over a pool table to make my shot. (I knew what kinds of shots were being taken behind me, too.) Why not add downhill skiing to my list of adventures?

Well, for one my ski suit is definitely a give away. One piece, it was shaped to accentuate a male's broad shoulders and narrow hips. My hat, my gloves, my goggles and my skis were designed for the male market.

My thoughts were spinning...

"What if I had an accident?"

"What if I fell and did a 'face plant'?"

"What if I lost my hat and wig in a snow bank?"

"God, I wish I could try skiing as a girl!"

We reached the top of the lift and I started back down the hill, my daydream put on hold while I negotiated the bumps and turns and dodged the Americans on their ski weeks at my favorite Eastern resort.

That evening it rained. The next day the hills were reported to be a bit icy. I

decided to stay in Montreal to spend some quality 'Linda time', do some shopping. After a leisurely start to the day I put on my make-up, dressed in slacks and blouse and headed for the hotel's dining room for breakfast. There were only two other customers in the room; a young couple whose accents seemed to be from the States, we exchanged good mornings but nothing else.

With breakfast out of the way I headed to the Rue St Hubert shopping district. It has more 'special occasion' dress shops than any shopping center in Montreal. It has some great thrift shops and the best wig shop in town. I had visited, with only casual interest, all three types of stores and was thinking of moving on when a rack off to the side in one of the thrift shops caught my eye. Ski suits filled the rack. There were ladies' one-piece ski suits in many sizes and colors. Immediately my chair lift dreaming of the day before came back. Maybe I could find a suit that could feminize my figure and give me a chance of passing on the slopes.

Turns out there were four suits I could try on. One had a slight tear, two were hopelessly out of date in style and color; bright lime green. Really! However, the fourth was relatively new, fit me well and had a belt that could cinch in my waist very nicely. The price tag said \$20. I could afford that. But the cashier told me that wasn't the price. All winter wear was marked down to half price. The one-piece ski suit that sold perhaps four

years ago for \$500 was on sale for only \$10! And it fits! Beat that, if you can! A relatively quick trip to a Sports Expert store found me a nice ski sweater that coordinated with the suit, ladies ski gloves and a ski hat that also matched the suit.



Linda was now ready to ski. I made an early night of it and before I went to bed I laid out Linda's new ski clothes, ready for the next day. I did not want there to be any hesitation or second-guessing of my decision to ski en femme.

There was no second-guessing. I got up about 6:30, shaved, made myself up and headed down for breakfast.

Coincidentally my companions of the day before were also there for an early breakfast.

I tried to slow my eating down to a ladylike speed but I was too excited. I anxiously finished up and returned to the room to put on my ski clothes. At the last minute I realized that while the suit fit snugly over my shoulders, from the rear the suit looked quite baggy around the hips. My solution was to wrap a

medium sized hotel towel around my hips to fill out the lower part of my hourglass figure. Folded over once lengthwise, it reached around my hips but left my pelvis unpadded and flat. I held it in place with an old pair of panty hose. I think it worked. I must have looked in the mirror and double-checked things a hundred times but eventually I judged myself ready.

In the parking garage who should I see but my breakfast companions, also dressed for skiing and just putting their ski boots in the back of a Jeep Cherokee with Michigan plates.

I knew they were American, I thought to myself.

"Are you going skiing?" the woman called to me.

The answer was obvious. "Yes," I replied.

"Whereabouts?"

"Sutton." I blurted without thinking.

"So are we," she said, "have you been there before?"

"Many times, it's great."

"Then why don't you come with us? We have plenty of room. You can show us the way."

Partly I felt trapped; partly I felt excited. This couple saw me as just another skier going to the same hill as they were. They had not read me or if they had they didn't care.

"Okay. That would be great." I replied. I wondered if my voice would give me away. "I'll get my skis and boots."

"Let me help you," said the man. He lifted the skis out of my car and fastened them to their roof rack.

"I'm Sherry and this is Drew."

"Hi, I'm Linda and excuse me but I've got a bit of a cold and sore throat."

"From skiing?" Sherry asked.

"Yes, but I'm not going to let that stop me."

"Good for you," commented Drew. We set out for the ninety-minute drive to Sutton. It is one of the best ski hills in the East but the last twenty miles are over winding, crowded two lane roads. I was happy not to be driving. We talked a bit about who we were and what we did in life. I talked as little as possible and Drew left most of their talking to Sherry. I should have felt trapped. If this skiing en femme didn't work out I would be stuck and exposed. What if they decided they didn't want to drive me back to Montreal? I should have felt trapped but I didn't. They were very nice and never gave any hint of thinking I was anything but female. Once we arrived at Sutton we got our lift tickets and we skied the first few runs together on the Intermediate hills. The snow conditions were good. It didn't take me long to start to feel very comfortable skiing as Linda. I felt like just another skier and when I did look around to see if anyone was staring at me I saw no such signs. When Sherry decided to visit the lodge for a bathroom break and Drew went with her, I excused myself to do some expert runs. We agreed to meet for lunch. It wasn't so much I wanted to ski the more difficult terrain. The fact was that I also had to go to the bathroom but didn't want to do so with Sherry around. I also needed time to figure out how to get down a one-piece suit, long underwear, panties, the folded towel and a gaff and then sit down to pee. Just in time I found another lodge, a ladies washroom and a solution to my dilemma. I rejoined Drew and Sherry for lunch and we skied together for the rest of the afternoon.

It was fun to ski with them. Drew was definitely faster than Sherry and so was I. I toned it down for the most part but occasionally I would set my feminine reserve aside and really go for it. Drew always rose to the challenge so that by the end of the afternoon we were virtually racing down the hill then waiting for Sherry to join us at the lift. One time when we nearly wiped out Drew came over to me, put his arm over my shoulder and told me how much fun he was having. I thought (worried? hoped?) that he might kiss me. He didn't. The ski day ended and we packed up to head back to Montreal. Drew took care of all the skis while Sherry and I went to powder our noses. This time I didn't worry about using the washroom with her. Nor did she with me. I took a moment to apply some fresh lipstick and check my make-up. There was a little frost in my hair but the makeup was still good. Sherry and I must have slept a good part of the way back to Montreal. I don't remember much of the trip until we were crossing the Mercier Bridge. Just before we reached the hotel Drew said they had plans to go out for dinner and asked if I would like to join them. I readily agreed but said I needed a little time to freshen up. They did, too. They had plans to use the Jacuzzi tub in their room. I was about to say how lucky they were; that I didn't have one in my room. I stopped myself. They were so generous that they might have insisted I join them. That was one test I knew I wouldn't pass. We agreed to meet at 7 P.M. in the lobby. That gave me time to shower, shave, tape my cleavage and re-apply my make-up. It barely gave me enough time to choose something to wear. After

trying several dresses and skirt/blouse combinations I settled on a pair of nicely tailored black slacks and a pale blue sweater cut in a low V-neck.

Sherry was wearing slacks but wore a turtleneck sweater under a cardigan. Unlike me, she didn't feel the need to make people think she had breasts.

We enjoyed our dinner conversation. I remember we talked about 9-1-1, Iraq and a few other political subjects. We talked about our university days, sports and about getting the most we can out of life.

I wish I could say we talked about sex. At some point in the evening I did start to fantasize about the possibility of the three of us making love together. I couldn't decide which of them turned me on the most but it didn't matter I wanted them both.

That was only a fantasy. They were a perfect couple and after dinner Drew picked up the check for all of us. We returned to the hotel and my friends excused themselves to return to their room. They were moving on to Quebec City the next day and were having an early night. We exchanged e-mail addresses and promised to stay in touch. If I ever get to Ann Arbor they say I have a place to stay. They were also invited to stay at my place but I don't know what I would do if they ever said they were coming. I didn't see them again.

Now, I look back with only one regret. I'll probably never know whether I did a great job of passing or were my friends for the day just really neat people who could accept a person for how she wanted to be. Either way, as we say in Canada, "Not bad, eh?"

## Epilogue

Shortly after my ski adventure I received the following e-mail from Sherry and Drew. I decided to reveal myself to them and see what happened. They were really nice about it as the ensuing messages show.

A final thought: just maybe we build our closet doors a little too strongly when we decide to keep ourselves locked in.

Hugs,  
Linda

From: "Drew Smith"  
To: lindajen@hotmail.com  
Subject: Surprise  
Date: Fri, 14 Feb 2003 06:08:29 -0500  
Hi Linda,

Surprise! You did hear from us. Drew and I just wanted to say thank you for being there for us at Sutton and for all your great advice about Quebec City. Mont Ste Anne was great! Such long runs and what a view! We didn't get to Le Massif so we will have to go back

next year. We thought about calling you on our way back through Ontario but it was a long drive and we were really anxious to get home. Hope you understand.

Hope the rest of your holiday was great. Did you meet Mr. Right?  
Sherry

Hi Sherry,  
Yes, I was surprised to hear from you. But maybe it should have been me writing to you and Drew as you were so nice to drive me to Sutton and to take me to dinner. Thank you so much. I'm glad the rest of your trip went well. I like Mont Ste Anne as well and I never tire of that view looking out over the St Lawrence.

Sherry, I want to tell you something about myself and ask for your reaction. I hope you will not be offended. I hope you will understand that I could not tell you in person nor did I wish to deceive

you. I'm telling you now because we probably won't see each other again, anyway and I am really curious about the day you and I and Drew spent together. Here goes.

My real name is not Linda. My real name is not a girl's name at all. That is because, officially, I am not really a woman. Surprised? Genetically, I am a man. I was born a man and for financial reasons I live most of my life as a man. However, inside I want to be a woman, I feel I am a woman and I am most comfortable when I dress and act like a woman. You know the Shania Twain song "Man's shirts; short skirts, Man I feel like a woman" That's me but without the 'man's shirt'.

I am taking steps to do more and more of the activities that I enjoy in the gender role that I feel most comfortable in. Hence, 'Linda's' day of skiing. Some might call me a cross-dresser; some might call a transsexual. Others will call me a pervert but I don't care about them. You and Drew made the day for me. To this day I have no idea whether you 'read' me or not. You accepted me as Linda so openly and we had such a great time. If you could only have known what feelings it was generating inside me!

Did I meet Mr. Right? No but after our day of skiing and dinner the next day when it was time to pack away my feminine things and return home I thought when I looked in the mirror I was looking at Mr. Wrong. That's probably an exaggeration. I like both sides of my life. At home I have a girlfriend who knows of my transgender feelings and has even helped me go out as Linda. Hope I'm not going on too long. My Internet service kicks me out after 10 minutes of inactivity. What inactivity? I'm desperately trying to

compose some coherent thoughts for you.

So what do you think? Tell me honestly. Did you and Drew have any inkling of my true identity?

I'm going to attach a copy of an article I wrote for an electronic transgender newsletter. It mentions the two of you so I guess I should ask your permission before I send it. Is that okay? It is a private newsletter but who knows where anyone would send it.

All the best,  
Linda

From: "Drew Smith"  
To: lindajen@hotmail.com  
Subject: Re: Surprise  
Date: Sun, 16 Feb 2003 08:14:29 -0500

Linda, This just gets more and more surprising. I showed your message to Drew and maybe we are a little naive but honestly we thought of you only as Linda.

Once we got over the shock we both enjoyed your story and seeing that we were such central parts of it. It was strange to see a story written with our names in it.

If we were the suspicious types we might have wondered about your height or your 'sore throat' but we didn't. Drew told me he knew something was funny because you don't 'ski like a girl'. I hit him for that :)

He meant that you skied very aggressively and women who ski that fast are usually a little more stylish in their skiing. My man just doesn't know how to give a compliment.

We both smiled at your 'towel trick'. Drew said that was something I'd never have to do. I also hit him for that :)

Anyway I guess the trick worked because Drew says he thought you had a nice figure.

Anyway we both think that even if we had 'read you' as you say, it wouldn't have made a difference. We had seen you at breakfast and you had always

been friendly, not like the other guests. What is it with Canadians? They're so reserved.

You seemed to us to be a very nice person and that is why we were happy for your company. If you are happier being a woman then that was to our benefit, too. Drew and I agree that we both enjoyed your company.

And you are still welcome in Ann Arbor as whomever you choose to be. And of course you can use our names in your article. It is very good. Thank you for sharing this important part of your life with us.

Sherry and Drew

### Relationships:

## THREE PRO ATHLETES

*We've all seen the bumper stickers making veiled references to the sexual prowess or lack of it displayed by athletes in different sports. "Basketballers do it in three seconds" says one. "Baseball players rarely get passed first base" says another. But which ones do make the best lovers? By accident I've been able to do a bit of comparison shopping. Here's my in depth report:*

I first saw the hockey player when he was cruising around the block in his big Cadillac. After two or three circuits he pulled over and told me to meet him in a parking lot across the street. We were in Montreal and I had been hanging out with some street queens that I had gotten to know. The hockey player had assumed I was a prostitute. He wasn't entirely wrong; I had done a few tricks in my time but it was really only a hobby. That evening, I was dressed in a black leather miniskirt, white tank top and high heels. I had been at the Pyramid Club but had gone out on a quick date and was on my way back to the club.

Of course at the time I didn't know the man in the caddy was a hockey player (or had been one). We met in the parking lot and he urged me to get right into the car. Incredibly, I dropped my usual caution and complied. He was nervous about being seen approaching a prostitute. After some small talk he asked me to go to his place with him. Usually I would have said no to a street contact but this guy was different. He

was very good looking, well spoken and rich. We went to his town house - a gorgeous unit in a fancy development. The house was beautifully decorated - a regular place - with the exception of several photos and mementos of my new 'friend's' hockey career. Alain (an alias) had played for three different N.H.L. teams including my favourite, the Detroit Red Wings. I recognized him as soon as I saw his photos and the mounted puck that represented his first N.H.L. goal.

Alain gave me a drink and then excused himself to take a quick shower. I appreciated that and it gave me a chance to get to know the man through his house. He had normal interests - sports and business. Apparently he was now working as a financial planner and doing quite well or his pension was very good because the house was well and expensively decorated.

When Alain returned he was wearing only a bath robe, he had some coke powder. He snorted a line and moved over to sit beside me. We started to kiss, softly and tentatively at first then as we



became more excited he pushed his tongue deeper into my mouth and I hotly pushed my tongue back at him. As we kissed we ran our hands over each other's body. His hands were big and firm and as I was to soon find out so was his cock. We moved to the bedroom and to the round bed. Alain slipped out of his robe and I got ready to give him great head. But Alain had other ideas and he surprised me. Nudging me back on the bed, Alain slipped off my heels and hiking up my skirt and pulling my panties down he took my own penis rubbed it and took it into his mouth. Alain was eager and excited. He seemed to easily take in all of me and there was no question he loved it. As Alain sucked me he started to play with himself, jerking rapidly. I turned around and reached for that big beautiful cock of his. We jerked it together; Alain had me partially pinned down while he sucked me so my mouth couldn't quite reach his cock but with our two hands working on him Alain started to moan and shake and then that beautiful hard cock shot its pearly fluid over my face and hair. Ummm it felt good and I could taste bits of his cream on my lips. Disappointingly, as soon as my new friend had been satisfied he seemed to lose his edge and he proved to be one of those dates who doesn't like to linger around. He moved away from me and got his wallet, gave me five \$20 bills and called me a cab. While we waited Alain told me a bit about how he became interested in dating queens. It seems that on one of his team's road trips he had picked up this gorgeous girl who had been really good with him in bed; it wasn't until after he'd been satisfied that he found out she was a he. Alain found himself really attracted to her and they dated again and from then on he had

been more drawn to giving oral sex to queens. That seemed strange for someone who had spent most of his life dressing and undressing with other athletic young men in hockey arenas but he claimed that he had never been attracted or even curious about having sex with any of his team-mates. My cab arrived. He took my number and gave me his pager number but I never saw him again.

The big guy slipped on to the bar stool next to me at The Queen Mary. I didn't get a good look at him and for a while I was occupied talking to someone on the other side. He waited patiently. As I was finishing my drink I heard him ask John, the bartender to get me another. I thanked him and, not to appear too easy, I turned my attention back to my first friend. A while later I turned back to the big guy. We started to talk. How are you? Come here often? How do you like living in L.A. It was only small talk but I could tell this was a special man. He was very articulate, well dressed and not bad looking either. And unlike too many men I meet, he didn't seem to want to know all about my sexual habits and desires.

When I commented on his ring, Peter (also an alias) became very animated. He had earned the ring as a member of a national collegiate championship football team in the 70's. I didn't recognize him but I did know the names of a few of his team-mates who had gone on to star in pro football. Peter had played for a couple of years as an offensive lineman in the NFL but had retired early to return to school. He now had a successful career in Los Angeles which allowed him to retain a professional association with the game of football.

Peter was a big successful good-looking man - a great catch for any woman - and there he sat in a bar frequented by crossdressers. He could probably have dated any woman he wanted but there he was talking and apparently interested in ME! We talked for a long time and we danced a little and we started to talk about going out the next night. Peter said he would take me to a fine restaurant and then we'd go dancing and see L.A. from the hills. I was enthralled but I didn't have anything suitable to wear, I said. "No problem," said Peter "I'll take you shopping tomorrow on Rodeo Drive and we'll get you something fabulous." Visions of Pretty Woman danced in my head. Would my new friend be a Richard Gere and let his money talk if one of those snotty sales clerks gave me a hard time?

As the evening wore on we found ourselves sounding each other out about getting together that night. I already had a hotel room so I suggested we could go back there. I also hinted that if Peter were to join me I would appreciate his paying for the room. He agreed and we left the Queen Mary for my hotel a few blocks away.

I was a little unsure about what kind of a lover Peter would be or what he would want from me. He hadn't seemed very interested in sex when we were talking at the bar. Fears that he may be violent or extraordinarily kinky were unfounded. He was a big gentle bear who loved his honey. No sooner were we in the room than Peter put his arms around me as his big hands squeezed at my behind. He kissed me and I felt so excited I almost swooned. I was wearing a black dress, buttoned down the front, a black bra and panties and a black lace garter belt holding sheer off black stockings. Even in two inch heels

I had to reach up to kiss my new lover. I'm a tall girl but with the former pro football player I had the dream feeling of being petite.

We moved on to the bed and I barely noticed those big gentle hands opening the buttons on my dress. I shifted a little to help my partner remove my dress. Now in my lingerie, I rolled Peter on his back and pulled off his golf shirt and his shoes and socks. Wow, I thought, if he was as big in the sex department as he was in his hands and feet I was in for an interesting evening. I opened his fly and tugged at his shorts. He didn't disappoint! Peter was beautifully equipped and as he lay there he let me draw his cock up into my hungry mouth. As he continued to harden it became more and more difficult to contain him; he was so thick. I started to ride my lips up and down the cock shaft and running my mouth over the head of the huge organ. Only too soon I felt Peter start to shudder and he moaned lowly. He was coming and he shot a load of beautiful cream partly into my mouth and partly across my face. He started to relax and I braced myself for the all too frequent revelation of the early meeting in the morning reason for a quick getaway. But Peter surprised me. Pulling me up even with him, he kissed me and gently licked his semen from my face. He was actually excited by his own cream. What a dream man- someone who was good looking, well hung and so sexually alive! Having 'cleaned' my face, my big Adonis moved down the bed briefly licking my cleavage before he pulled my panties aside to kiss my sex organ. He seemed to easily swallow all of me but he knew that I'd be more excited if he pumped his mouth up and down my penis. It was amazing. He instinctively also seemed to know that the woman in

me would want to have my 'pussy' licked so he rolled me up on my back and began to lick gently on my anus while at the same time stroking my penis. I was in heaven and couldn't believe it could get any better; but it did. Seemingly from thin air Peter produced a condom and had me slip it on to my penis. He turned his back to me and asked me to enter him. I didn't believe I could do it without lubrication but my member slipped almost easily into his behind. Picture it - a slim crossdresser snuggled up against the back of a very large football player pumping a hot hard penis into the rear of the large man. Peter moaned in obvious ecstasy as he wiggled to take more and more of me inside him. I reached around and found his cock had regained its hardness. I got into a rhythm of stroking my large partner as I pushed my hips up into him. We both became very excited and as I climaxed I felt Peter again shake and another load of semen squirted into my hand.

I was luxuriously spent. I had made love in a way I'd never experienced and I'd shared the experience with a most amazing person. I didn't even mind when Peter said that he had an early meeting and had to leave. After all we were going to go out the next evening and shopping on Rodeo Drive.

Peter left, giving me \$100 for the room and promising to call me about noon the next day.

I never saw him again.

She came in to the back bar at the Queen Mary and slipped nervously on to one of the stools in the corner near the door.

She ordered a beer but sat alone and did not try to meet anyone.

"Isn't that the girl I saw sitting in her car about an hour ago?" I thought to myself. She was tall, about 5'10", slim and cute.

"I'm going to try to meet her," I said to no one in particular. It was a mid week evening and the 'pickings' were lean.

"Hi, I'm Linda. May I join you?"

"Yes, please do. I'm feeling pretty self conscious." She replied.

"What's your name?" I prompted. For some reason we cross-dressers like to exchange our fem names right away.

"Darlene," she said with as pause as if she had to think about it.

"I love that name. I have sister named Darlene," I lied.

As our conversation continued Darlene's reserve broke down. She had been the girl I had seen in the car over an hour earlier. It had taken her that long to get up the nerve for her first venture out in public.

She did not reveal it right away but Darlene had been a pro baseball player getting to the Triple A level before deciding that her real talents and best prospects lay in coaching and managing. She had been to my favourite city of Montreal when her team's parent club called her up for a September road trip. But no, she had not visited the Pyramid Club. Currently she was working for a team in the California League and using the rare night off to explore life as Darlene.

We talked for a long time. After a while she confided in me that she was on a learning fast track. She wanted to have sex as Darlene and wanted to know if I wanted to go back to her motel with her. I took no convincing. We left the Queen Mary and headed to the nearby Best Western. A good motel was a good sign. We lay on the bed. We kissed a little but Darlene was anxious to feel my penis. She lifted aside my skirt and pulled down my panties. My penis jumped erect in her hands. She claimed she had never given head before. She had

obviously learned from the many 'baseball Annie's' who had probably put their mouths in her lap. She was good. But I was good, too and soon we were 'executing a double steal.' Funny thing, neither of us was able to ejaculate. Darlene confessed that she had already done so when she was getting dressed. I just don't like to be the first to

come. When we had enough we parted ways; satisfied nonetheless. Darlene invited me to visit her but two days later when I called to take up her invitation she had an excuse why it couldn't happen. I have not seen her again. Of my three athletes she's the one I'd most like to see. But then, has anyone seen a basketball player I can date?

**Travel:**

## **Henri David's Halloween Party: A Philadelphia Story**

There's a man in Philadelphia named Henri David. Everyone there seems to know him or about him. Mr. David owns and operates a jewellery store on Pine Street called 'Halloween'. It is well known. If one were to do a google search on Philadelphia and Halloween the store would be one of the first items listed. People rave about the store, about the way it is decorated, about the products available, about the custom made jewellery and about the incredible service.

But that is only partly why Henri David is so well known in Philadelphia. It seems Henri David's favourite celebration is Halloween. That is why he picked that name for his store. It may also be why for the last thirty or so years he has been throwing a most incredible Halloween bash. Starting small the parties have grown so that now they attract over 2,500 mostly costumed individuals to the gigantic Wyndham Franklin Square Hotel Ballroom. Having heard about the parties for several years I was thrilled when my schedule allowed me to go to Philly for the 2004 event. I'm really glad I did.

I arrived in Philadelphia and at the Wyndham in mid afternoon. Happily it was a Sunday so traffic was light. I would have hated to make some of those left hand turns against a heavy flow. There wasn't much indication of the party coming but I did hear some people in the lobby lounge saying they were staking claim to a particular table so they would have front row seats to observe the arrival of the costumed revellers several hours later. That gave it an Academy Awards feel, don't you think? I checked it to my room at the Wyndham and laid out my costumes. I had three possibilities, a beauty queen, an Arabian princess and a nurse. As I was checking in another man next to me was wearing women's slacks, blouse and low heeled shoes but no wig covered his thinning hair and he wore no make up. I assumed he was going to the Ball but I did not ask.

It seemed to take forever for the Nine o'clock time I'd chosen to make my grand entrance. What a change from a few hours earlier! The ballroom and its lobby were now crowded with partiers and more were arriving all the time. But there were lots of ticket sellers and

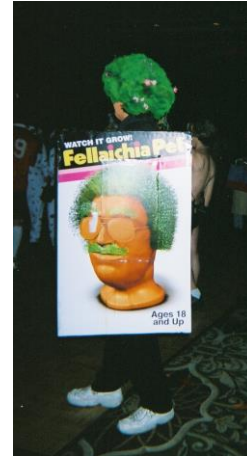
security. I paid my \$20, received my security bracelet and entered the ballroom in no time at all.

I was wearing the beauty queen outfit. It was really just a red cocktail dress with a tiara and a sash that (cleverly) said 'Miss Conception'. Do you get the double entendre?



**Miss Conception**

The ballroom was about the size of a football field. There were cash bars spread along the walls throughout, a stage at one end was set for the costume contest promenade later on and there was smaller stage about mid hall where male dancers would later perform. Costumed revelers were everywhere. I wandered the hall checking out both the clever and the predictable. There were ghosts, witches, cheerleaders and TV characters. Martha Stewart came complete with prison bars and attendants. Pee Wee Herman looked so realistic it could have been Pee Wee himself. My favourites were the guy dressed as a marionette (puppet) with stiff wire extending upwards from his arms and legs so a model puppeteer could seem to manipulate him and a 'fellaichia pet'.



**Fellaichia Pet**

I was really looking for other crossdressers and it did not take long to find them. I met and started talking with a couple who I took to be a crossdresser and his supportive spouse. Stephanie was dressed in a black skirt and beautiful sheer white blouse. Spouse Candy was not in costume. They were from the Jersey Shore and had also come to Philadelphia for this event. They were also staying at the hotel. We talked about crossdressing and we took photos of each other. It seemed the major activity at the event is taking photos. One is constantly either posing for photos or taking them oneself.



**Stephanie and Linda**

When the male dancers started we went over to watch. The guys were gorgeous but I soon excused myself to go change to my next costume. At my room door I got a surprise. The card did not open the door. I tried repeatedly but no luck. I had no choice but to go to the front desk, out

myself to the clerk and ask for a new key card.

When I showed the clerk my card she simply said, “this won’t work here it is a Crown Plaza card.”

OOPS! I’d pulled the wrong card out of my purse. “Sorry.” I said and retrieving the proper card from the purse I again made my way upstairs. I wasn’t worried that I’d exposed myself as a card collecting crossdresser; I was in too much of a hurry to change.

Off with the beauty queen dress and on with the Arabian princess outfit. I made my way back downstairs to meet up with my new friends. They said they liked the princess outfit but they didn’t say it as if they meant it. People also stopped asking to pose with me. I started to feel uncomfortable.



**Princess Linda**

I decided to forego the nurse’s uniform. There were lots of nurses around, anyway. I headed back upstairs to again become Miss Conception. Wherever you turned you would see interesting people. This time I caught a glimpse of the Governor of Pennsylvania doing a ‘walk through’. I thought it was something to be at an event that commanded the presence of the state’s leader.



**Puppet**

By the time I returned to the ballroom the governor was gone but the costume judging was about to begin. There was to be judging in different categories from ‘Most Frightful’ and ‘Most Spectacular’ to ‘Best Celebrity Impersonation’ (Marilyns line up here) and ‘Best Female Impersonation’. For some of the contestants it must have been difficult deciding which category to enter; for me it was obvious.

There was a blue ribbon panel of judges. Contestants got to walk along a u-shaped stage. Each of us carried a numbered pie plate. All entries in a single category went one after the other. We FI’s were last. After each category was concluded their winners were called back on stage and prizes were distributed. It was very efficient.

When the Female Impersonators were called forward I talked Stephanie in to coming with me. Candy concurred. “Why not,” she decided and we were off to collect our 15 seconds of fame.

We lined up and when each of our turns came we mounted the stage. I was thrilled to hear Henri David say about me, “Miss Conception. Oh I like that!” I hoped that would score me some points with the judges and maybe it did but not enough points to be called back with the five finalists. But no matter; it was a great experience and the girl who

eventually won was really really beautiful.



**Most Spectacular**

Too soon the evening was winding down. I asked Stephanie and Candy if they would like some company in their room. They conferred for a while and then said yes. But Stephanie had to confide something to me first. She told me Candy was not her wife but was her dominatrix. That was a surprise. She was not dressed like a 'dom'. She was just along as an observer that evening. They had already decided that next year she would attend in uniform.

They went to their room to clean up and I went to my room to change and freshen up. I ditched the strapless bra for a more comfortable one and put on a looser fitting dress.

At their door Candy, now Ms Candi, met me and this time she had something to confide. Stephanie was a 'newbee' and nervous about being intimate with a crossdresser. She wanted me to go easy. No problem for me there. We chatted for a while then Stephanie and I started to caress each other. Ms Candi stayed apart as a very attentive observer, occasionally giving instructions to Stephanie.

We had a wonderful end to the evening. As Stephanie drifted off to sleep I bid my goodbyes and we promised to stay in touch. Stephanie and I have done so and I am looking forward to the time I can take her up on the invitation to visit her in New Jersey.

By the next morning the hotel had returned to its normal business like self. During the night a crew had moved in to clean the ballroom and its lobby. For another year the Henri David Halloween Party was a pleasant glimmer in our memories.



**Some of the Girls**

*Linda*  
*Adventures of*  
*a Woman by Choice*

