

# CrossPort InnerView

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The next meeting is April 18, 8:00 PM at OLD STREET SALOON

## CrossPort: TRANSGENDER NOMADS!

Potpourri  
Bobbi Robertson



Ladies, it looks like we're being forced to join that scruffy old Willie Nelson since we're "...on the road again...!" Jenn tells me that Dee up in Monroe is welcoming us back until we can find a "regular" place again. It's just the gypsy in our souls.



And speaking of hitting the road, I am putting out an urgent call for someone to please step forward and take over the editing of *InnerView*. I have had some rather large disturbances register on the seismograph-of-Bobbi's-personal-life. I really do need a hiatus of, at least, six months to get things in order. I'm afraid that, if left up to me, the *InnerView* may not get published on time (if at all). Don't say I didn't warn you!



Now for the dish: According to Knippenberg's *Psst!* column, the *Lipstick Review* is performing at the very chichi party given by Anita Madden in the heart of "Doo-dah, Doo-dah" country outside Lexington, Ky. It's her annual *Kentucky Oaks* bash on May 3. (For all y'all of the Yankee persuasion, the *Oaks* is the companion race to that more pedestrian event known as the *Kentucky Derby*. Really sophisticated damsels

such as myself (...pardon me while I daintily flick a booger at y'all] attend this event and eschew the *Derby*, thus avoiding the Mardi Gras / Indy-esque infield mob scene and its obnoxious whiskey-soured lowlifes. I am just **too** jealous of Cincy's own Darlene Love and her entourage. Best of luck to all in the *Review*. Knock 'em dead, Girls!



Once again, *GQ* ventures into the world of TV. Scott Omelianuk's *7th Avenue* column reports that "...transvetism has gone mainstream. Dragon Talent has just opened an agency to meet what it calls the 'high demand'...for men wearing women's clothes...."



Caught the WEBN "Morning's are a Drag" billboards yet? Not a pretty picture. But it does push the envelope of good taste and gender bending. Couldn't someone, sometime, use a transgender image without the obligatory facial hair? Maybe it's 'cause nobody would notice that it's really a guy.

So sue me if I'm wrong!

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful. Avoid Runners.



Note:

Deadline for May articles  
is Wednesday April 24.

e-mail: [crossport@aol.com](mailto:crossport@aol.com)

**Up  
the  
Street...  
and  
Around  
the  
Corner**



Heather Phillips

On March 26th, along with Jennifer Marquette, Paula Ison and Diane Torrance, I attended the membership meeting of *Stonewall Cincinnati*. At the meeting, the membership elected Diane to the Board of Directors, and voted to amend the mission statement and the by laws to include the transgendered. My congratulations to Diane. She has worked hard, not only earning a seat on the Board, but in getting the mission statement and the by laws changed. When *CrossPort* first decided to become more involved in the gay/lesbian community, Diane was right there to volunteer. She has worked hard. Well done, Diane. You deserve all the accolades.

*CrossPort* was also honored for the role we played in last fall's election effort by providing volunteers to *Stonewall* to help get some of the jobs done. I felt proud of *CrossPort* and our membership for coming through when we were needed.

What occurred March 26th is only the beginning, *Stonewall* has taken the first step by adding transgendered to their agenda. Now the membership of *CrossPort* must step up and be counted. We need more of our membership as active members of *Stonewall*.. At the first *Stonewall*, the transgendered community was there. We were arrested and we were part of the civil disobedience that followed. We need to be present again...in numbers...helping to get the job done. We need to fight the fights that the righteous right bring to our door. I have heard some of the excuses. There are ways to support *Stonewall's* efforts without outing yourself. Trust me, they are sensitive to that need.

The first step you need to take is to join *Stonewall Cincinnati*. If you are wondering how, its simple. Call *Stonewall* (513-541-8778) I'm sure they will be happy to send you a membership application. An individual membership is only \$25.00 a year. Then you need to get active. You could help with future mailings, or with the "Buycott" or any number of the projects that are ongoing. If you were fortunate enough to hear Cindy Abel at our last meeting you heard about some of their projects. If you didn't take and fill out the application YOU missed a chance to join.

The opposition is working hard to increase their numbers. Shouldn't we? How many more opportunities are going to pass YOU by. Before World War II, Hitler was ignored by the masses. They thought he was harmless. His Nazi party was only as small number of people. Well, we all know what the harmless little man and his small band of followers were capable of. There are groups out there that would like to deny you your freedoms. How many of you know that *Human Life International* recently held its national convention in Cincinnati? How many know that they have one of the largest and most radical agenda in this country? They seek to end choice for women, demonize AIDS patients, Gays and Lesbians and yes even the Tansgendered. They scapegoat Jews and Muslims and would like to see women home, barefoot, and pregnant. Where did I learn about them? If you had been at *Stonewall's* membership meeting, you would have learned about them, too. What you don't know can and will harm you.

The Twenty-first Century is fast approaching, we must move into it with human rights protected for all! Seize the moment, pick up that phone, get the check book or credit card ready and join an organization that is dedicated to promoting human rights for all people. Join *Stonewall Cincinnati*! Stand up and be counted. Help protect YOUR rights and the rights of your brothers and sisters. Then again, this is just one woman's opinion.

Until next time, this is Heather, up the street and around the corner of Greater

Cincinnati. May God bless and keep you in His love.



**"The Twenty-first Century is fast approaching. We must move into it with human rights protected for all!"**

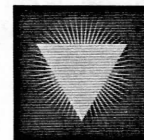
**STONEWALL CINCINNATI**

Membership Committee

P.O. Box 954

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STONEWALL  
CINCINNATI

## Jill's Ambrosia

by:  
Jill Ambrose

### My Trip To the "T" Party

The whole week for me was fantastic, starting from the moment I left home with two suitcases brimming only with female clothes (except for a shirt and a pair of pants just in case). Since my wife refuses to associate with Jill, two mainstream friends drove me to the airport. The check-in was uneventful and when I walked over the tarmac to the plane and climbed the steps, I knew that the coming week would be something that I would remember the rest of my life.

The time spent with my brother's family in Texas before the "T" party was probably the happiest time of my life. I was accepted as I was and as Jill, I found a great deal of love, peace, happiness and contentment.

During the connecting flight to Charleston and from the moment that I stepped off the plane in Dallas and was met by my transsexual niece Laura, till I arrived back at the "T" party, I was in heaven. I was Jill and Jill was accepted everywhere that she went. All of the family showed their love for me and when I told them how I felt, I broke down and cried.

Laura had called the night before I was to leave and asked if she could meet me in Dallas and hitch a ride to Corpus Christi. Of course, I was delighted that she was to be my travelling companion. I thought of "To Wong Foo..." and imagined myself in their place.

Laura had seen photos of Jill, but was not aware of the total picture. For years, I had wanted to tell Laura of my secret, but decided to remain in the closet. At last, she would be able to meet the true me and know that I was there to support her.

While we were waiting for the rent-a-car shuttle bus, Laura sweet talked the driver of a competitor's bus and he drove us to our destination. It goes to show what a couple of nice pair of legs can do to a young man.

Our first stop, after getting a lease car, was a Burger King to get some much needed food. I had been under the impression that I would be fed on the plane. Of course, this never materialized and I was famished. The pack of nuts just did not cut it.

Having taken care of my stomach and after a quick stop in the powder room, we headed south to Austin. Laura phoned another of my nieces, Hanna, who invited us to stay the night.

As she lives inside a fenced condo complex and Laura was not sure how to get there, we agreed to meet at a nearby Circle K.

Hanna immediately recognized Laura, but was a little unsure as I walked up to her. She had also previously seen my photos and finally recognized me as her Aunt Jill. We had a happy reunion and then headed for her condo. While Hanna accepted me with open arms, partially, I think because she and Laura are best friends, her husband was less than enthusiastic, although friendly. Hanna and I have always been close and that relationship, I'm sure, helped her over the initial shock.

I was exhausted from the flight and the driving and went to bed around 1 a.m., but Laura and Hanna stayed up and talked well into the wee hours. The next morning, we three girls (I love saying that) dressed and went to a family restaurant for brunch, before heading further south.

My brother, Larry, had called her place to inquire of my whereabouts, and we returned his call to inform him that we were on the way to Corpus (as it is called by the locals).

**"It is so wonderful to be accepted dressed as I am...this weekend was the happiest of my life."**

My younger brother informed us that he would be at work by the time we arrived. I asked if it was ok to visit him there and he gave the go-ahead. When we arrived, he greeted us with the ever present camcorder and

recorded the moment for posterity. Even though he was forewarned, I think he was still a little surprised to see Jill instead of Ron, but nevertheless was happy to see us.

Rather coyly, he asked how I would like to be introduced to his co-workers. As we received the 10¢ tour, I was introduced as his sister, Jill. A check with him the next day revealed that no one had questioned my status.

From there, it was off to meet with the rest of the family. I figured that his wife would not present a problem, but I was uncertain of the reaction of the one niece and nephew still living at home. I reasoned that they had long ago accepted Laura, and since we were good friends, that I also would be accepted.

Herman was pretty much indifferent to my new found ways, but my niece, Louise, for whom I have always had a special love, was excited about my second self. We spent many hours together. We talked about clothes, makeup, and our lives. I could not have been happier as she modeled almost every nice thing that she owned. Her mother, Pearl, was quick to accept me and from the beginning addressed me as Jill.

Laura needed a few things from her place, and as I was anxious to see how it was decorated, we headed out. While there, Laura showed me a few of her outfits, and offered me one of them as a present. She explained that it was too large for her and probably would fit me. Thanks to Laura, I now possess a red silk evening gown, which I will always cherish.



We returned home and found that, much to my surprise and delight, my brother had taken off early from work. We spent the remainder of the evening, and well into the next morning, at his backyard bar, catching up and talking about Jill and the trip.

Later that same morning, after a few quick winks, four of us set off to Padre Island for a little sight seeing. Most of southern Texas was under a wind alert and I, of course, took advantage of this by wearing a long, broomstick pleated skirt that would sway with the breeze. What a wonderful feeling having your legs caressed by your skirt blowing in the wind.

We found a nice seafood restaurant for lunch and noted, as we were escorted to a rear table, that the place was packed. Our waitress appeared and it was apparent that she was having a 'bad hair day'. As I usually do in restaurants, I started kidding with the waitress and found that she had indeed had a very rushed lunch period and was a little irritable. Well, with my shenanigans she slowly changed her demeanor and was joking with us toward the end of the meal. Mission accomplished.

I paid for the meal with my credit card and when she returned with the receipt, she politely said, "Thank you Ms. Ambrose for coming and helping to brighten my day." She did not suspect that she just made my day by addressing me as Ms. Ambrose.

Driving north, we were required to make a right turn to return home. Coming from the opposite direction was a police officer who was turning left. At the point that our two cars were almost parallel, I looked his way and flashed a smile, which was returned with a smile and a wave. Made my day again!!! Twice in less than an hour!! I was in seventh heaven!

Since I was out that night at a bar with Laura, who is notorious for her flirting, I was anxious to see her in action, and as a result was swept up in the scene. Several of the patrons made passes at both of us, but other than accepting a few drinks and a couple games of pool, nothing happened. I guess I was happy about that, as I was not prepared to do anything more. I was very happy that those people found me attractive enough to want to associate with me on a male/female level.

Tuesday night, the last evening I had left with my family, found us at home after a delicious meal at a steak house. We were watching a few 'transgender theme' movies provided by Laura and I was sitting back in the recliner reminiscing about the past few days when I decided that the time was perfect for a brief announcement, preceded by a question to which I thought I already knew the answer.

"Hey, Bro," I asked, "Who is more fun to be with, Ron or Jill?" The answer came back almost at once from everyone. "Jill," they said.

I added: "You are all now aware of the fact that I am transgendered and have been for many years, although I have just recently come out of the closet. I am sitting here with my

family, dressed in a darling skirt, which just barely covers the top of my nylon covered knees, wearing a pair of black pumps and a blouse." I continued, "I am reminiscing about the trip here and I am all the pleasant things that have happened to me while here, and thinking how lucky I am to be accepted by such a wonderful family."

My eyes started to cloud over. "It is so wonderful to be accepted, dressed as I am. I can say without reservation, that this past weekend was, and this moment is, probably the happiest of my life". Before I was even finished, there were tears in my eyes and everyone was heading for me with open arms.

[More next month!]

Via con Dios!



### Accessories:

"There is such a thing as moderation even in telling the truth."

♥XOX

Vera Johnson

### Publication Notice

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*InnerView* is a monthly publication of *CrossPort* for its members and friends. Subscription dues are \$24.00 per year, payable in January of each year. It is our goal to support the TV, TS, and Gay communities and in return we need your support.

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*CrossPort* is a not-for-profit support group which meets solely for the support of cross-dressers, transsexuals, and their families and friends.

**NO Flyfishing Allowed  
in  
Patent Leather Pumps**

Jennifer Marquette

So where's a transgendered person supposed to go for a meeting around here? Well, there are a number of possibilities. We have been focusing on searching out a hotel with a similar setup as we had at *Holiday Inn*. I have checked out a total of 17 hotels and wound up with a few possibilities. There are about a dozen different elements I have in selecting a location and not very many fill all those needs. Although I have found some very good locations, one problem is expense. The *Vernon Manor*, for example, has some wonderful things in its favor but the prohibitive factor is we would have to guarantee 25 dinners at about \$ 20.00 each. This type of pricing was more of the rule than the exception. It demonstrated to me just how good a deal LeAnn made us when I sat down with her last September at the *Holiday Inn*. Another problem is that not many hotels will guarantee a booking for a small group more than a month or two out. They want to keep their space available for those conventions that gobble up all the room.

The short story is that there are a couple places I am waiting to hear back from, but final decisions from them would not make press date for the newsletter so we decided to return the meeting this month to a location that has a long *CrossPort* history - the *Old Street Saloon* in Monroe. We met there for years when it was *TJ's* and then *Christopher's* and we would like to thank Dee and the new owner for having us as their guests once again.

For those of you not familiar with *Old Street*, it is a gay/lesbian bar in Monroe just a few minutes from I-75 exit 29 (please refer to the map elsewhere). This will certainly make the trip shorter for you "far north" members and due to the location of *Old Street*, it would be a great place for some of you folks who haven't dressed or attended a meeting yet to show up. Its location and private parking lot make it very anonymous and secure so please take advantage of this opportunity.

Prior to getting together at *Old Street*, for those of you interested in a dinner "pre-meeting", we will have a table reserved for us at *Mark Pi's China Gate* restaurant beforehand. *Mark Pi's* is one exit north of the Monroe exit (#32). Go west at the exit then head north at the first light. It is located behind *Bob Evans*. Although we will simply be ordering off the menu, please call the *CrossPort* line by Tuesday evening, April 16, so I can make a reservation for us. I will put it under my name. Plan to be there at 8pm and we'll head down to *Old Street* after that. For those of you not interested in dinner, I

believe the bar opens at 8 and the dinner crowd will arrive at 9-9:30 so feel free to show up whenever.

As far as future meetings, one thought we've been tossing around is to actually have the meetings rotate through two or three different locations. There is some good reasoning for this type of approach but I realize it might make things more confusing for some. The meeting schedule would always be published in the newsletter of course, but there are some other logistical problems (which I think we could work out). If you have any thoughts on this - pro or con - please let me know.



I want to thank everyone who participated in the clothing sale last month especially JoAnna, Melony and Gina for handling things and everyone who donated items. Along with the sale of the sample issues of *CrossTalk* that Kymberleigh Richards was kind enough to send me, we cleared \$64.00. I also want to thank Bobbi Robertson for donating the cost of last month's newsletter in lieu of not being able to help out with the set moving back in February. Very generous of you. And also a quick thanks to Ginger Robinson, who donated several makeup books and videos to the *CrossPort* library which is slowly growing again. Any of you who might have books, videos or audio cassettes that may be of interest to the group,

please feel free to head them in my direction. Of course, if anyone would like to make a financial contribution specifically to go for library materials that

**"There is one other person who  
deserves some credit for the  
TG inclusivity...Heather Cox"**

would be terrific. There are a number of books and videos I think we could really use and your name could be on them as the benefactor.

I also want to thank Cindy Abel of *Stonewall Cincinnati* for attending our March meeting and telling us a little about the many programs *Stonewall* facilitates. This is a liaison that many of us feel very strongly about so I encourage all of you to become *Stonewall* members also. Please see me or Diane for membership applications and information.

On March 26, attending members of the *Stonewall* meeting overwhelmingly voted to change their bylaws and mission statement to become transgender inclusive. Not only that but Diane was voted to their board of directors. Not only that, but *CrossPort* received a certificate of recognition for its assistance and contribution. This is no mean feat. Do not pass this off lightly. Last summer, *CrossPort* was not even a dues paying member of the Coalition; political action was not even on our back burner. Although most of this credit goes to Diane, Paula and Heather, I look at this as one benefit of our

cont'd →

reorganization proceedings from last year.

There is one other person that deserves some credit for the TG inclusivity. That is Heather Cox who pushed for it solely on her own years ago. Heather's name was brought up during the *Stonewall* meeting. I know Heather educated many people in the Coalition as to gender issues and I credit that paving for allowing things to happen so quickly now.



Some dates to plan for: *Bowling For Jeeesus* fund-raiser for MCC at Bellwood Lanes in Bellevue, Ky. (right across the Big Mac bridge) on Saturday, May 4.

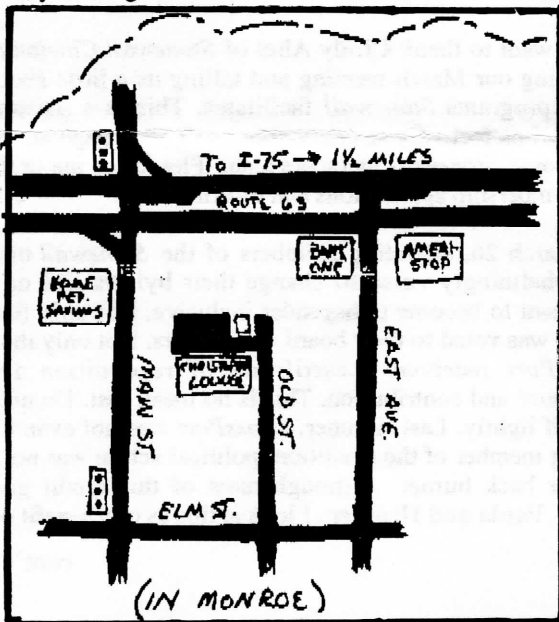
*Stonewall Cincinnati's* Annual Dinner on Saturday, May 18 at the *Hyatt Regency*. Volunteers are needed. This is a classy affair and several of us are already making plans to go.

The Be All convention in Detroit, the convention you should be attending, is June 5-9. If you haven't received a brochure send a SASE to the *CrossPort* POBox and we'll get you one right away. I'll also bring a batch to the meeting again.

The SPICE convention is July 24-28 just outside Philadelphia. SPICE is a couples only convention to benefit both partners in the transgendered relationship. Under the direction of Dr. Peggy Rudd.

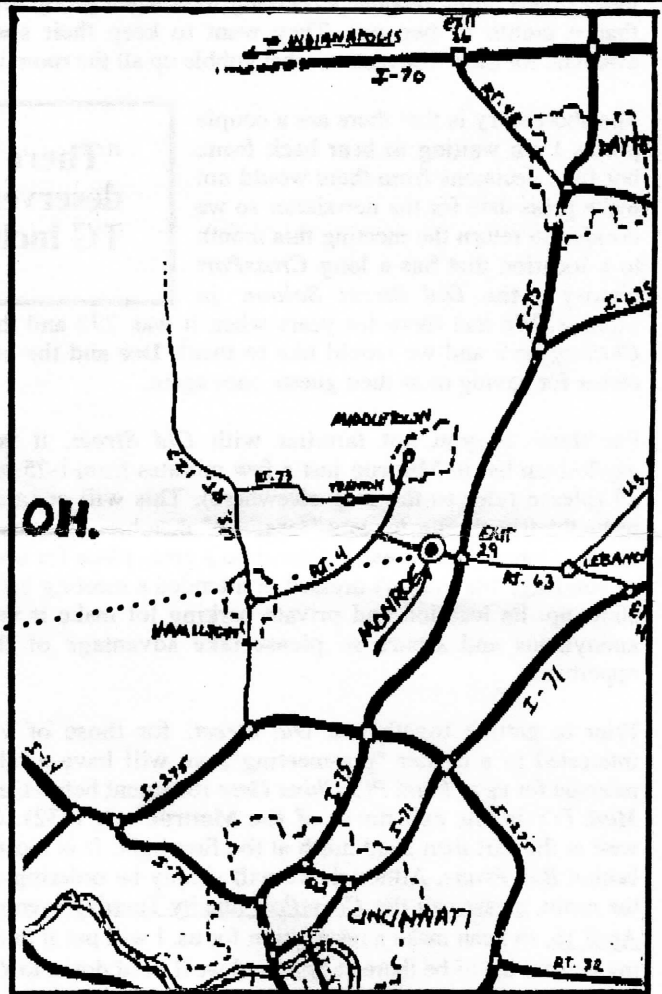


One final note, Congratulations to Paula and Jan who were engaged recently and are planning a fall wedding. Way ta boot scoot, you boogie!



## Future Fun

- April 18 - *CrossPort* monthly meeting
- May 16 - *CrossPort* monthly meeting
- May 18 - *Stonewall's* Annual Dinner
- May 31 - *Pride* Rally on Fountain Square at noon  
"Happy Hour" events (TBA)  
"Cruising on the Ohio" Boat Ride
- June 1 - *Pride* Parade and Festival Special Events (TBA)
- June 5 - 9 Be All '96, Detroit, MI, 800 / 879-2100
- June 20 *CrossPort* monthly meeting
- July 24 - 28 S.P.I.C.E. conference, Philadelphia, PA  
909 / 875-2687 or 215 / 860-9271



# Holiday Inn

March 12, 1996

Mr. Mark T. [REDACTED]  
Crossport  
P.O. Box 1692  
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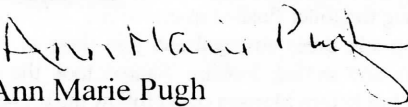
Dear Mark,

On behalf of the Holiday Inn I-275, I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and the members of Crossport for giving us the opportunity to host all of recent functions at the Holiday Inn I-275. From the "Be All You Can Be" Convention in June, 1995 to the small monthly meetings, we have enjoyed being of service to you.

The entire staff at the Holiday Inn I-275 would like to acknowledge the pleasure we had in working with you through the planning stages of all of your functions. At all times, your courtesy, attention to detail, consideration, and professionalism were paramount and a true delight to work with. It also carried over and all of the members of Crossport displayed these same characteristics. I would not hesitate to recommend your group to any meeting facility in the Cincinnati area and beyond!

Thank you, again, for giving us the opportunity to work with such a professional, interesting, and fun group. Please extend our sincerest thoughts to all of the members of Crossport who worked so hard to make all of your events such a success.

Sincerely,

  
Ann Marie Pugh  
Sales Manager



*"Are You Ready For Your Mystery Date?" (Part Three)*  
an X Dressing Phile by Isabella Anya Bach

Marissa froze. Rob had just arrived in time to save her and Sharon from being pounced on by the businessmen who had purchased their drinks. She was just about to breathe a sigh of relief when Rob spotted his friend Ted, and Marissa's blind date, over her shoulder.

"Why, Ted!" said Sharon. "How good to see you. I thought your sitter canceled. Marissa here was simply crestfallen when we heard."

"My sister baled me out. Sorry to be late." Ted said as he stood behind Marissa who was too stiff with fear to do anything but sit dumbly and look straight ahead.

"You're not late at all. We just got our first round ourselves." said Rob. "Come around here, Ted, there's a good friend of ours I'd like for you to meet. Ted, this is Marissa...uh, um...Moorehead. For the life of me I don't know why your last name always slips my mind, Marissa. You'd think with a name like that I would be able to remember with..."

Sharon kicked Rob in the ankle as Marissa shot him a nasty glance for saddling her with such an inane monicker. Marissa Moorehead, sounds like a second rate exotic dancer she thought.

Ted moved around in front of Marissa and caught her eye. "Nice to meet you, Marissa, I'm Ted Baer. Yeah, that's right, you don't have to say it, I've heard it a thousand times before. My parents thought they had a sense of humor." With that he thrust his hand forward to shake Marissa's. She looked at him past her gin and tonic. He seemed pleasant enough - good smile, tall and in shape, better than average looking guy. She could tell there was a very pregnant pause as all three of them looked at her. She downed her drink in one swift gulp, set the glass down and shook Ted's hand.

"Nice to meet you, Ted. I could really use another drink."

They all sat and had another round before the waitress finally came to tell them their table was ready. Marissa and Sharon walked together towards the dining area with Ted and Rob following.

"Sharon," hissed Marissa. "What's this 'crestfallen' crap - who even talks like that anymore? And after I get out of this dress I am going to kick Rob's ass for giving me a name like that!"

"Oh, we're just having some fun; don't be so serious." said Sharon. "You're doing great, just relax."

Behind them, Ted leaned towards Rob and said, "Marissa's gorgeous. Rob, where've you been hiding her? Thanks for fixing us up. Do you think she likes me at all? She's being awfully quiet."

"Oh yeah, I think she does." said Rob. "She's just kind of shy till you get to know her and this is her first time out... in a while, that is."

They were seated at a semi-circular booth near the dance floor with the women towards the inside and the men on either end. Marissa noted that this booth was one of his - Matt's - and Cindy's favorite tables when they used to come here.

Ted had actually been to France and was able to interpret the menu for Marissa. When he and Cindy came to Chez Merde they inevitably got the special just to make ordering less embarrassing. But Ted wasn't a snob, he knew what he was talking about and Marissa found it rather enlightening. They all left the wine selection up to Ted who chose a fine Cabernet and an off-beat White Bordeaux.

Marissa started to get more comfortable, maybe it was the wine or maybe it was just because everyone at the table was in on her secret and nobody else in the restaurant seemed to have a clue. Regardless, she became more loquacious with Ted and was really getting into Marissa character.

Sharon whispered to her husband's ear: "I think Marissa's really getting the hang of this. Look at how she flirts with him, she's a natural. I don't think Ted suspects a thing, do you?"

"No, I don't." said Rob. "And I'm wondering if we should say something before he starts falling in love... or God knows what. I just

thought it would be a good joke, you know? I never thought Matt would, well first of all, look so damned hot."

"Maybe we've created a monster." said Sharon.

Dinner was a wonderful new experience for Matt. As Marissa, even the most mundane aspects of the evening were full of freshness and she felt as if each of her senses had blossomed into a heightened state of awareness that Matt had never experienced before. The wine and food tasted exquisite, the music made her feel warm, seeping into her skin and giving her every move a natural grace. The dinner conversation was somehow exciting to her. She saw Rob and Sharon in a new way and Ted made her feel important, precious and desired. She felt stronger somehow. She felt poised with a presence she had never experienced as Matt. She felt more powerful: she felt the power that beautiful women must feel.

Marissa sat cozy and confident as they finished their meal then Ted leaned over to her and said, "This is one of my favorite songs they're playing. Would you care to dance before we have dessert?"

Marissa could see Rob and especially Sharon looking at her anticipating her response. After all, it was a slow number.

Marissa looked at Ted and smiled sweetly. "I'd love to. As long as you don't mind if I step on your foot once or twice."

"It would be my pleasure." Ted said as he stood up and stretched out his hand to Marissa, taking her palm then leading her to the dance floor where they hesitated only briefly before moving to the music.

At first, Marissa felt nervous and tense, but soon she melted into a relaxed motion to Ted's body. She experienced a strange combination of both exhilaration and serenity deep inside. This was a fantasy that she never would have thought to come true and was sorry when the music stopped.

"Don't you two make a nice couple." Sharon said as they arrived back at the table. "I need to run to the ladies room before dessert arrives, if you all will excuse me."

"Do you mind if I tag along?" asked Marissa.

The restroom was apparently empty so the two women took their time touching up their makeup before returning to the table.

"Marissa, I have to say I'm really proud of you." said Sharon as she combed her hair. "You're such a fast learner, you're a real natural."

"Thanks, Sharon. And I apologize for not wanting Ted around. He has really made my evening, I can't begin to explain my feelings."

"I told you he was a nice guy and I don't think he has any notion that you're not real. I mean, you're *that* convincing." Sharon said.

Marissa stopped powdering her face. "What do you mean? Didn't you tell me he knew all about this? I thought he was just being a gentleman. You mean he really thinks I'm a woman? Sharon!"

Sharon didn't know how to react. Just as she was about to stammer something the toilet flushed in one of the stalls and an attractive brunette in a long silk dress emerged and join them at the vanity. She turned to Marissa and smiled, looking. Sharon took the opportunity to make a hasty exit but before Marissa could follow the brunette said:

"So, How's it going tonight?"

Marissa gulped. "Fine. How about you?"

"Good. I noticed you on the dance floor. You and your boyfriend look great together. I like your dress. Say, are you okay?"

"Yes. Thank you. I... think I drank too much. I don't know."

"My name's Kim. You smell great. What's your perfume?"

"I'm not sure, I forget. Something Sharon got me. Here it is."

Kim took the perfume. "Do you mind?" She opened it and applied some to her wrist. She turned to Marissa and touched some perfume behind each of Marissa's earrings then placed her finger at the base of Marissa's neck and slowly stroked a line of perfume down to her cleavage. Marissa could feel her heart pound and she started to blush.

"Don't worry." Kim said as she handed back the bottle. "Your secret's safe with me. See ya." Then she left. Marissa stared after her.

(Continued next month)