Take it from me… cross-dressing is a hard road

Cross-dressing can be a cruel mistress. Once you start to get dressed, it's hard to know where to stop.

Put on a bra and stuff it, and panties are sure to follow. Put on a little makeup and you’ll find you need to shave your legs. Pick out a pretty cocktail dress and you will need a new pair of spike-heel pumps with little bows on the toes.

Where does it end? A human-hair wig, tighter lingerie, breast forms that pass the squeeze test, hip pads, and an imitation vagina with a sheath for your junk so your next trip to the ladies room will be that much more authentic.

The force builds from within. We are driven to become as much of a woman as possible.

Pity us, for we are addicted to a drug with no name, afflicted by a condition with no cure...

Of course, very few of us actually want to be cured. I sure as hell don't!
A note on where this caption came from...

The short answer is—I’m living it! I am at this very moment cross-dressed. And the urge to do more is almost overwhelming.

Hair first: I’m wearing a five-piece set of 16” easiXtend straight synthetic extensions, plus a 12” easiPart as a top piece and an easiFringe for bangs (all from EasiHair by Jon Renau). I know, that’s a lotta hair, but most of you know where I’m comin’ from in that regard.

Clothing: I’m wearing a V-neck (little black) shift dress from Le Château, and under that a full set of black lingerie (brassiere, a slimming half-girdle, opaque pantyhose, slip). Jewelry (once owned by my mother), but no makeup (don’t have much at the moment).

Gotta say, I don’t look half bad. A bit on the stocky side, but okay. My face? Nothing to write home about. Suffice to say that it really does need makeup—lots of makeup.

I’m also listening to audio feminization tracks. Got a bunch of ‘em loaded on a mobile music player. “You are a woman, a beautiful woman.” That sort of thing, over and over, until it plays in my head like it’s my own (female) voice.

There’s nothing else I can do right now, but part of me wants nothing more than to go out. It’s the middle of the night here, and nothing’s really stopping me from getting in the car and cruising around town. I’ve done it before, and survived. There is some small risk of being seen by a neighbor, but it’s unlikely.

What’s stopping me? Well… it is raining and there’s always that “no makeup” business, so I wouldn’t pass if someone caught me with a flashlight. Just making excuses, I know.

The point is, I feel this pressure inside me to do more. No matter how much I’ve done, there’s always some other way to push the envelope. Already strolled around the hallways of your apartment building? Try taking the elevator. Next time, step out the front door. Then stroll round the block. In the past I’ve done all those things, and more. I’m not bragging; lots of people have done way more than that.

But what I’ve learned is that there’s no end to it. Being a cross-dresser means living with two mutually hostile concepts: terror at the mere thought of being discovered, on the one hand, and on the other a strong desire to be seen and accepted as a woman. These desires and fears fight it out in our minds every day.

Unfortunately, I don’t have any easy answers. (If anyone out there does, do let me know.) To get a bit philosophical, I believe that this is the existential tension that defines the lives of most cross-dressers. I do respect those who choose to—and are able to—live as women, but that choice isn’t appropriate for many of us. Why? We’re not all candidates for SRS, and many of us wouldn’t choose to ‘dress’ all the time even if we could. It’s a heck of a lot of work!

Anyway, that’s where this cap came from. Now you know. ■