

MEET TRANS FRIENDS ONLINE

TRANS FRIENDS

TRANS DATING

TRANSGENDER GUIDE

Trans Chat, Forums and Information

≡ Menu

March 27, 2020 by Lori Wynn

Virginity



Virginity By Roberta Angela Dee

Then words shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And into your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into the ashes all my lust.

— Andrew Marvell

Losing their virginity

We live in an age where female children are losing their virginity. Little girls, too young to have outgrown playing with dolls, have been sexual abused by incorrigible men.

Our culture is riddled with images and inferences to the sex act. It can almost be said that we are preoccupied with sex, or obsessed with it. Children often do little more than mimic our obsessions.

A different culture, a different time

Growing up, things were different for me. My generation grew out of a different culture, a different time. There was a protocol to sex, and even the most deviant among us recognized that protocol.

Sexually, I was quite timid. More so, because I was a gender-defined girl, deeply ashamed of the part of my body recognized to be male. I was morbidly ashamed of my penis and absence of breasts. It was not until I had reached 25-years of age, that I even considered having sex with a man.

My fantasies about sex consisted of nothing more than walking along the beach, sitting together in the moonlight, holding hands, or kissing on the lips. They were never explicit, nor did they need to be. I was Cinderella amoured by my private image of Prince Charming.

Like most of the girls of my generation, sex was coupled to the idea of being married; and being married was coupled to the idea of a beautiful and elaborate wedding ceremony. To think of sex in any other way would be to deem oneself a whore or a slut.

Love has a way of changing or perceptions

Fortunately or unfortunately, love has a way of changing or perceptions.

When I met Charles, I fell in love. He was everything I'd imagine Prince Charming to be: tall and muscular with broad shoulders and a broad back, and strong. I was confident that he could protect me and keep me safe from a world that thought being a gender-defined woman was akin to being a pervert. Charles was my king. He was my savior.

Like most women in love, I saw what I wanted to see; and when Charles promised to marry me and pay for a sex change operation, I found myself on the proverbial cloud nine. I floated from day to day, never touching the ground, nor pausing to check in with reality. I was in love!

Reason is poison

A woman in love is void of reason. Reason is poison to the man or woman in love.

The evening that I first laid on his bed, I knew I would expose that which I had concealed my entire life. My heart fluttered like the wings of a butterfly, and my stomach seemed to know itself, as I watched him undress — bold, brazen and as beautiful as the perfected sculpturing of a Greek statue. And there, before me, flaccid yet huge, waited the instrument that would sever my virginity.

When I put my lips to the physical essence of his masculinity, all my past fears disappeared. The moment of truth had arrived and caused the room to spin like a gentle carousel. I felt lust stronger than my most intense hunger, and soon felt myself slipping into a trance. The room and all within the room vanished from my consciousness. There was nothing in the world save my lips and his manhood.

The fluid striking the roof of my mouth came like a gift, like a present to be cherished on Christmas or a birthday. I devoured him dutifully, perhaps with the thought that it was some prerequisite to my becoming a bride. Later, after his strength had returned, he performed the task and took from me a girl's first treasure. The event was less than I had fantasized but the joy was in having given this gift to the man I loved most dearly. That joy would later become my deepest disappointment.

A proposition

Charles convinced me that we could earn the \$12,000 dollars need for sex reassignment surgery (SRS), if I were only to perform intimate favors for his friends. I was horrified, then only reluctant. If, after all, there would be a wedding, then my collecting the paltry of \$30 dollars from each client would be worth the sacrifice.

The sacrifice, however, was far more than physical. It drained me of my self-respect and self-esteem. I drank profusely and was often on the verge of passing out during the daily encounters that lasted for a year. But at the end of the year, I had earned the money — all \$12,000 dollars of it.

The betrayal

I quickly asked to see the passbook savings book, but Charles hesitated. At my insistence, he eventually told me that the money had been used to pay for his new sports car and to buy expensive gifts for his other girl friends. The realization that I had sacrificed my greatest and most private treasure merely to be humiliated left me feeling as though my entire body had been slammed against a brick wall. I left him, immediately.

Repairing one's confidence and self-esteem, however, can be the most arduous of journeys. I learned, painfully, that sometimes the treasure is of greater value than the gift of it.

The End

More by Roberta Angela Dee

The Myth of Autogynephilia



The Myth of Autogynephilia The Myth of Autogynephilia
By Roberta Angela Dee Abstract Introduction Cultural
Diversity Gender Dysphoria Conclusion ABSTRACT The
purpose of this paper is twofold: 1. To address the absence
of cultural diversity in Western psychology; and 2. To
address the cultural biases adversely affecting any
interpretation of so-called gender dysphoria within the ...
[Continue reading](#)



TRANSGENDER GUIDE

The Transgender Guide Site Links:

- [Trans Clothing & Accessories](#)
- [Transgender Support Groups](#)
- [Transgender Voice Training](#)
- [Trans Friends & Support Chat](#) (non-adult)
- [Trans Adult & Dating Chat](#) (adult-oriented)
- [Transgender Friends and Dating Profiles](#)
- [Transgender Social Media at TGGuide](#)

Roberta Angela Dee, Journalist & Trans Activist



Virginity was written by Roberta Angela Dee for publication on [TGGuide.com](#). © All rights are reserved.

Roberta Angela Dee (October 31, 1950–March 13, 2003) was an American author, transgender rights activist and frequent contributor to TGGuide.com. Roberta was born in Brooklyn, New York, grew up in Long Island, and lived in Atlanta before settling in Augusta, Georgia. She had a journalism degree. Her writing was published widely, and she was founder of the Women on the Net (WON) website, an early online resource for women of color.

[See Roberta Angela Dee's bio page.](#)