

THE TRAPPER

PROLOGUE: This is a total work fiction about a London raised, Thai lady boy, who finds herself marooned in snowbound northern British Columbia. My deepest apologies to the First Nations of British Columbia.

David Montgomery was a professor of geology at the University of Northern British Columbia. Montgomery was thirty eight years old and was bored stiff teaching the uniqueness of rocks to skulls full of them.

Four years previous, Montgomery had placed a homestead claim on about two hundred acres of the Queen's land along the shores of Mountain Lake. Dave had noticed the lake on satellite photo's that he had viewed on the internet. It was obviously a volcanic caldera, some forty square miles in area with a ten acre island towards the south end of the lake.

Getting to it took eight hours of rugged climbing by foot from the Provincial road that ran near the south end of the lake. As available topographic maps were sketchy in this area, Dave spent five more weekends marking out a possible navigable trail to the crest of the caldera.

He then spent the next winter developing a map. After thinking about what he would need to build the trail, he decided that it was doable and filed a claim. Over the remainder of the winter, he purchased a four wheel ATV, chain saws, heavy rope and chain. Dave spent that summer cutting trees and brush and hand grading a ten foot wide trail that had over a dozen switchbacks to attain the crest of the caldera. The downslope to his claim was covered by a mature forest that would be fairly easy to travel through.

Arriving at his claim site in mid September, Dave was pleased to see a gentle sloping rise from the lakes edge. He guessed that he was about three hundred yards from island. He was considering using the island as a base camp if there were grizzly bears in the area. A supposition that he was sure was true. He picked a site for the cabin and garage and took a number of phone photos and made his way home.

Over the next winter, Dave made a couple of more major purchases. He bought a new six cylinder Bombardier, an all terrain tracked vehicle, with a ten foot bed and an eighteen foot long Jon boat with a thirty five horse power outboard motor. He also bought a two cubic foot electric powered cement mixer, two generators, several solar panels and a power transfer box.

In early May he was eager to start his project. The first thing he took into the remote site where trail started, near the foot of the high escarpment formed by the extinct volcano, was the Bombardier. He trailered it in as far as he could and parking his older 4x4 Ford pickup truck in a well concealed clearing, Dave began what he thought would be the hard part of his adventure.

Running the track vehicle off of the tilt trailer was simple and he load ten five gallon plastic gas cans next to the one hundred gallon metal gas tank. Heaped the miscellaneous contents of the bed of his three quarter ton pickup truck and strapped everything down securely. Taking a deep breath and lighting a Nicaraguan Maduro cigar, Dave started the first of dozens of trips up and down the escarpment. He marveled at the ease of handling that the Bombardier demonstrated.

Dave returned Prince George and lease a large open cargo trailer. He loaded the cargo trailer with most of the rest of his start up equipment. He spent the night at his home and added some dry food items, fishing gear and a tent to his cargo trailer. Booze and solar panels rode in the pickup truck. The second load went up the mountain as easily as the first. He had wisely stopped and bought a cheap cooler, got ice and beer on the way.

In the next few days, Dave made several trips back to town and brought back cement blocks, mortar and cement mix and a mini backhoe. The last trip included his boat, twenty cases each of scotch, beer and iced tea and a small refrigerator and a freezer.

Dave on a previous trip had used the mini backhoe to start excavating for the cabins footings. When got back to the homestead he noticed that things had been moved, nothing was damaged, just moved. Puzzling over this, Dave inspected the site closely when he noticed the footprint in the spoil from footing trench excavation. It was a barefoot human footprint, godawful large, some seventeen inches long and eight wide. The depression in the loose spoil soil was equally impressive, about three inches deep. Dave's boot print, size eleven and Dave being some two hundred and twenty pounds left an imprint about one inch deep. No other footprints were evident in the fairly hard and dry ground.

Dave opened a beer, strapped on his illegal Taurus .454 Raging Bull pistol and lite a cigar. He had the feeling that he was being watched.

Dave unloaded the stuff he had placed in his boat, backed it's trailer into the lake, tossed his fishing gear in and went fishing and snooping. Dave's first stop was the island. It had a convenient inlet and a good camp site, he decided that it was a good place for a secure base camp.

He then trolled about the south end of the lake with good success. Trolling along the shoreline about a quarter of a mile north of his homestead, Dave noticed a White Pine that lowest branch was at ten feet above ground level. He beached the boat and throwing a leader line over that branch, attached his fish catch to the line and tied it off. The fish were at least nine feet off the ground. Satisfied, Dave collected his camping gear and rifle set out to the island.

Camping was not Dave's favorite activity but, he was competent. He checked the island for bear sign, finding none, relaxed. He collected rocks for a fire pit and set out his minnow traps. He settled in for a feast of the venerable tube steak and heated baked beans. After dining, Dave peered at the area where he had hung the stringer of fish. The sun

was still four fingers over the horizon and no activity was apparent at his bait.

Later that evening while sitting on the trunk of a downed tree, Dave brought his night vision optics out and zeroed it in on the White Pine. At about 8:30 in PM, the twilight was heavy and the fish were still there.

A green movement caught Dave's notice and from the tree lined a large humanoid object, it's definition lacking detail, approached the fish stringer. Whatever it was, it was nine feet tall.

The hominid object snatched the fish and disappeared back into the wood line.

â Your shitting me, they're real, Dave thought, trying to digest what he just saw.

Dave retreated to his campsite, glad that he had constructed a brush fence and covered it with plastic traps to trap light. He made a check of his minnow traps and found that he had a number of the small bait fish available. He then found a small green log to use as a float and set about fabricating a trot line. Finishing by firelight, Dave's trot line was ready to deploy in the morning.

Trot line deployed, Dave went to his homestead and finished his excavation. He decided to take a chance and opened the undisturbed solar panel crates and set up a field for electrical production. Dave then looked around for a gravel and sand borrow site. Finding one close to the lake shore, he began to build a pile of mixed sand and gravel. Checking his power transfer box, Dave had enough electrical power to run his small pump and washed the aggregate.

Good enough to start', thought Dave. I'll start the footings tomorrow. Time to check that trot line.

Dave, again was pleased, he had fifty pounds of fish, mostly pike to haul in. He kept one three pounder and rigged a stringer and motored to the White Pine. Watching again at dusk, the same tall creature appeared and took the fish. Dave had bury his disbelief and he decided to set out a couple of more trot lines to keep the bribery going.

He made good progress all of that summer, finishing the garage, more or less. It had a roof and lockable doors. He was three days from closing up for the winter and he took a look at the White Pine and the fish were still hanging. Three days later, they were still there.

They must be gone, he thought. They must migrate. Where to?

After storing all of the gear in the garage, took the Bombardier down to his pickup, winterized it and headed back to town. Over the winter he bought two snow machines, two wood burning stoves rolls of heavy duty plastic wrap, tarps and shingles. He also put his house up for sale and started a three year sabbatical from the university.

With the ice on the lake gone, Dave started his trot lines and keep the bribery tree stocked. He still camped on the island but, by late July, his cabin was nearly finished. He had rented a post office box across the border in the US and had smuggled a thousand premium cigars into Canada, avoiding the obnoxious Canadian taxes. Cases of liquor and beer along with a sizable stash of dried goods and ammunition had comprised his final load up to the cabin. Dave worked finishing his cabin and by the last week in August, finished it. He proceeded to build his front deck and fish.

He also checked out what he perceived as moose trails leading down to the lake. Moose was high on his shopping list as deer were scarce in the area. Checking his thirty or more camera traps, Dave had a good idea of his planned trap line. There was a good population of fur bearers in the caldera that, with luck could provide a profitable trapping season.

The one thing he never captured in his camera efforts was one of the tall hairy creatures.

The late summer was taken up by cutting firewood, fishing and planning his fall hunts. In early September, as Dave anticipated, the tall ones were gone and only the wolves and black bears were around. Dave executed an unwary bear, knowing the hide would bring four figures in the spring. He thought about wolf hides but, decided to let them come to him in winter, when their pelts would be premium.

Three weeks later, Dave got a cow moose of about a thousand pounds, it would easily last the winter.

Snow showed its welcome face a week later.

There was two feet of snow on the ground and Dave set his first trap line. Over moose steak and fried onions and potatoes, Dave was socked in by another Pacific generated snowstorm. With the storm raging, Dave idly played a real time computer game, hampered by scotch, he lost to the computer.

The next morning, he would have to break a trail through the new snow to his traps. In the bright morning sunlight, Dave was just about ready to set out on his mission when he heard jet engine whine.

Looking up, he saw a large private jet, trailing smoke and flame pass not two hundred feet overhead. He heard the crash a few seconds later. Dashing back into his garage, Dave grabbed a large first aid kit and dragged the big sled out. He tied the sled to the back of his snow mobile and raced, slowly, towards the now gathering smoke plum.

Wallowing his way through the deep snow, Dave found himself on the now frozen marsh and followed a trail of metal bits and pieces. He saw the smoke plume and small fires in a gash in the tree line about a quarter of a mile away.

Dave pushed on as fast and prudently as possible. The cockpit of the aircraft had slammed into a copse of large trees and he found two uniformed bodies. Both were dead. The fuselage had snapped into three badly damaged pieces. There were no bodies in the first two besides what Dave concluded were the flight crew. The tail section was upside down and Dave looked around it and hearing a moan, inside. There was an oriental woman, girl really, strapped in a seat hanging from the floor of the demolished jet. He noticed immediately that the girl's left forearm was broken.

Now is as good a time as ever, thought Dave and he pulled the broken appendage back into what he hoped, was place. He then broke two small tree limbs over his knee and with a short length of rope from his belt, made a splint. Cutting the girl out of her safety harness, he wrapped her in two blankets and placed her into the sled. He looked quickly around and found what he assumed was an overnight bag and tossed it into the sled next to the girl. It was starting to snow again and Dave heard wolves howling nearby.

Driving back up to the cockpit, Dave fished the wallets out of the pockets of the deceased flight crew, he removed their drivers licenses and tucked their wallets back into their jackets. The snow was starting to drive by now and Dave made for the cabin. It was two grueling hours back to the cabin. Carrying the small girl into the cabin and laid her semi-conscious form on his bed. Not having smelling salts, Dave used a well used sock to revive the girl.

The comely oriental girl shook her head and grimaced, looking around, the girl asked the obvious. Where am I, in Thai. Dave, surmising what the terrified girl had said. You are safe, your in Canada and your plane has crashed. Patty Whrang was not reassured. Are we near L.A.? she asked in English.

You are about twenty-five hundred miles north of Los Angeles. You are in Canada, your plane crashed, Dave repeated.

I need a phone, demanded Patty.

I can give you a phone, but you can't connect with anybody. This is an isolated spot, said Dave gently.

Patty looked her slinged arm, What is this? she said.

That, young lady, is a sling, you have a broken arm, replied a now irritated Dave.

I need to get a phone, immediately. Please get me to a phone, demanded Patty.

Dave, listening to the howling wind outside of the cabin, ignored her. Not knowing what else to do, Dave fell back to the national solution and offered Patty a beer.

Not getting anywhere with this dolt, Patty got out of bed, dressed in her sequined mini dress, opened the front door of the cabin and was nearly blown off her feet by the storm demonstrating its power on the other side.

It's not supposed to snow in L.A., the surprised girl whined.

"As I said, your in Canada. Not Los Angeles," replied the amused Geology professor.

"How soon can I get to a phone?," asked the subdued girl.

â With luck, five months," answered Dave, somewhat smugly.

â I must get to L.A.," repeated the girl.

Exasperated, Dave pointed to a pair of bear paw snowshoes hanging on the wall, "Take those," he said. "You will die in ten minutes. You are deep in the wilderness. I wouldn't go out there right now."

Patty went to the feminine last resort and started to cry.

Dave, familiar with this tactic, poured Patty a stiff scotch and said, "We'll look at things in the morning."

The storm battered the cabin for three days. Hearing the wind dying, Dave went into the large garage area and opened the man door, which, in defiance of the building codes, had hung to open inward. He was face to face with a wall of white.

"Oh shit," he thought, "just how deep is this stuff?"

He needed water, so he began to fill five gallon plastic buckets and compressed snow in them. He didn't dare start a fire in the garage's wood stove until he could verify that the stoves chimney was still intact. After twenty buckets of compressed snow were filled, he could see light.

Breaking through the final inches of snow, sunlight ribboned through the opening. Sticking his head through the opening, Dave breathed a sigh of relief, it was only a drift a few feet deep and wide and the chimney was still there. He immediately started a fire in the stove, but knew that it would take several hours to bring the temperature up to sweatshirt temperature.

The girl, draped in one of his heavy jackets had walked into the garage. Under the jacket, she wearing only shorts and a tee shirt.

â You should wear some pants, those shorts won't serve you well up here in December," commented Dave.

"I just have a skirt and shorts," replied the girl, "I was going to L.A., remember?"

Dave thought for a minute, "Can you sew?"

She nodded, "A little, but not embroidery.

Dave began rummaging through boxes on the shelves and pulled out a pair cotton shorts and polypropylene thermal long johns.

"This is about the best that I can do for now." said Dave. "You'll have to do so serious taking in, but you can cobble something together out of these to at least keep you comfortable."

Taking the two articles, the girl retreated to the bedroom. While the garage heated up, Dave made a breakfast from canned corned beef hash and powdered eggs and coffee. He dug up a new hoodie he had brought along with him and gave that to girl while she was eating.

"So, what's so important in L.A.?" asked Dave.

"I was on my way to my new master's home," replied the girl, matter of factly.

That was the last thing that Dave expected. "New master?" asked Dave.

The girl nodded, "Yes, I was sold in London to an American lawyer, who will pay me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for eighteen months service."

Dave's curiosity was now really raised, "What sort of service would that be?"

Sipping her coffee, the girl said, "You know, companion, escort, that sort of thing."

Dave could tell that the girl was quite attractive, but a hundred and fifty thousand would buy a lot of escorts.

"I take it that this is a full time thing," inquired Dave.

"Oh yes and of course that includes clothing, upkeep and some jewelry," added the girl.

"And I assume a good deal of intimate contact?" continued Dave.

"Of course, we lady boys are the best at pleasing grateful masters," she bragged.

Dave was stunned, 'this girl is a boy?' he wondered. "Patty, I must confess that I was not aware of your status. We don't have a lot of escorts of your kind in the wilds of Northern British Columbia."

"You are angry that I am not a girl, girl?" Patty asked, with some fear in her eyes.

"No, not all. It's just that you are the first that I have ever met," choked Dave. "When I first saw you in your dress, I naturally assumed that you were a girl."

"Then you have just thought of me as a another girl. I like that," she said.

Changing the subject, "How does your arm feel?" asked Dave. Scrunching up her face, Patty replied, "A little sore, but the swelling has gone down. You must some kind of doctor?" she replied.

Dave was looking at the very feminine arm and seeing no redness asked, "Can you move your wrist and fingers?"

Patty demonstrated full dexterity.

Dave nodded in satisfaction, "Very good, young lady and no, I am not a doctor. I am a geologist, a professor of geology at that," bragged Dave.

Patty looked at Dave, impressed, "What is a professor of geology doing in the wilderness?"

Dave smiled, "I am taking what's called, a sabbatical. That is time off from my classes. Most professors write books or papers, I build cabins and trap fur bearing animals."

More impressed, Patty remarked, "You built this cabin?"

"All by myself," replied Dave.

Patty got up from the table and went to old sofa and taking blanket off of it and rolling it up, looked at Dave and asked, "May I thank you for saving my life?"

Dave looked at her, wondering how she thank him as she placed the rolled up blanket on the floor next to his chair.

"Stand up," ordered Patty.

Obediently, Dave stood and Patty unbuckled his trousers and pulled them down, followed by his boxer shorts. Dave had figured out what was coming next as did his stiffening penis. Patty licked Dave's tool with obvious professionalism and began the best homage that Dave's cock had ever been subjected to.

Following her demonstration of thanks, Patty declared, "If we are going to be together for five months, I will not go unfucked and you and I will bathe regularly. I will not tolerate a smelly professor of geology in my bed."

Dave, realizing that this was best thing available for five months, pulled the girl to her feet and kissed her. "I will obey your bedroom rules," he solemnly swore.

Dave drank a beer and straightened his clothing in preparation for an inspection tour of the outside of the homestead. Strapping his Colt around his parka, took a walk outside. The wind had blown most of the snow away from the front of the cabin, except for the area in front of the garage. The trail leading towards his trap line was doable for a snow machine and he went back inside and retrieved his 30.06 rifle and told Patty where he was going and would be back before dark.

Dave found his traps mostly untouched except for two foxes and thankfully, a good sized pine marten, the North American ermine. Resetting the traps, he returned well before dark. The snow in the buckets in the garage had melted and set the buckets nearer the stove to heat u After skinning them, Dave set the three hanging the three carcasses up thaw he went back into the cabin.

Patty was cooking something with rice that he could not identify and surmised that his diet was about to undergo a welcome change. After dinner and a cocktail or three, Dave checked on the water in the now warm garage and found it suitable for bathing. Informing Patty, the girl came into the garage wrapped in a towel, in the female manner.

Dave had half filled a large galvanized tub with warm water and Patty dropped her towel and stepped in. Dave was struck that the girl boy displayed no cock. Seeing Dave staring at her crotch, Patty spread her legs and a metal tube attached to a gold wire encircling her scrotum revealed the mystery of the missing package.

The tube was attached to a thin plastic tubing that in turn was attached to a small butt plug that pulled penis filled metal tube back between her thighs. A small padlock locked the contraption together.

Handing a wash cloth and bottle very flowery smelling body wash to Dave, Patty commanded, "You wash me."

Dave's cock responded predictably and Dave did a through exploration of Patty's very feminine body.

"How did you manage to have this exquisite body" asked Dave.

"Hormones," replied Patty, "all of this is a result of hormones. My clit does not get very hard any more, but I don't want a bulge in my panties."

Just when had thought he was done, Patty bent over, spreading the cheeks of her buttocks and commanding, "Your not done yet, pull the butt plug out, clean it and then clean out my bottom. Use two fingers please, this very enjoyable. When your fingers are in me, find my prostate gland and rub it. Do that until I ejaculate. I am very in need of a milking."

Following her instructions, Dave worked his soapy fingers up the squatting she boys rectum, loosening a good deal fecal matter and several spurts of semen. Dave had placed a smaller tub next to large one and rinsed Patty's now flowery body and cleaned the legs of the girl from the knees on down of the now fouled bath water. Dave dumped the used water

down the floor drain in the garage that emptied into the septic tank in septic field down hill from the cabin complex. Using a lubricant provided by Patty, Dave reinstalled the butt plug and Patty was satisfied.

"Where's the key to lock on your clitty?" asked Dave.

"In L.A.," answered Patty, "I am going to be a very good girl for quite a while."

Patty did not do the body washing of Dave although she wanted to. Dave finished his stand up bathing in the stand up tub and after shampooing his hair, poured cold water over his body to rinse.

Dave sat in the living room, kitchen dressed in a damp towel, drinking scotch and listening to Bach while Patty was doing whatever, in the bedroom. Enjoying the complexity of the Brandenburg Concertos and the single malt, Dave deferred lighting a cigar in deference to Patty. The girly boy made her entrance in a very flimsy baby doll nighty. Capturing the trapper's attention immediately, Patty approached Dave and sat on his knee.

"You are good sweet cheeks," murmured Dave admiringly.

Patty, feigning aloofness, the young transsexual, stuck her surgically feminized nose in the air while sliding her good hand under Dave's towel.

Massaging Dave's thickening cock she whispered, "Mix me a drink."

Dave sensing a domination moment, refused. "I want to watch your cute ass as you refill mine and then you may make one for yourself."

A few erotic moments later, Patty returned to Dave's knee and her beneath the towel activities.

Patty shifted her body towards Dave, resting her head on his somewhat hairy chest asked, "Have you ever done it with a ladyboy before?"

"I've never even met one before," answered Dave.

Patty lifted head towards Dave's face, "Well, Professor Geologist, my opening is not as loose as you lady conquests, so a lot of lube in my bottom and on this monster I am gripping."

Dave kissed the very feminine boy on his forehead, swamped by the expensive perfume filling his nostrils. Dave was stiff as a barber's pole beneath the towel and Patty relaxed her grip.

"I better save this for later," she smiled.

Not being one to be rushed, Dave had three more whiskeys watching the marginally clad ladyboy dutifully playing her waitress role.

"I wish that I had my French Maid costume here, with it's thigh high stockings, very short skirt and transparent panties. That would encourage you to follow me to the bedroom."

Dave wasn't being reluctant, he was warming up Patty's libido, in fact he was looking very forward to rogering' the girly boys hinder, thoroughly.

Dave awoke the next morning with the pleasant sensation of Patty's mouth doing what it was well trained for. Patty lowered herself onto Dave well prepared cock and rocking and wiggling induced a well used cock to further performance while enabling a much needed emission of her own. Patty, looking down from her perch over the geologists groin, complimented Dave.

"I like men who can make love gently under the influence of alcohol. You, good sir are an excellent fuck."

Pulling the girl forward and with his cock still embedded in her rectum, gave Patty a long kiss.

"I am going to enjoy being marooned," thought Patty.

In the snowbound confines of Dave's cabin, Patty was becoming more relaxed than she had ever remembered.

"The Great White North! No shit," thought Patty as she sat on the snow covered front porch in a disgraceful combination of ill fitting clothing, enjoying the rare sunshine filled calm. As far as she could see was unmarred snow cover. The pines, cedars and firs were all trimmed in white and lake was a drift covered polar Sahara. It was a novel, but treacherous scenario for the subtropical ladyboy. The major lamentation was the dreariness of the diet.

"These Canadians think mayonnaise is a spice," spat Patty. "Onions and ground black pepper is all that I have to dress up this constant parade of fish, meat and potatoes," lamented the girly boy.

"Well, at least it's not English," sighed Patty. "We'd be eating kidneys and assholes, if my noble trapper was one of those imperious jerks. At least he had brought tea along, in bags of all things. He sneered at me when I chastised him about the tea, he told me that I should be happy that he wasn't an American."

Dave's trap lines were becoming fruitful and he was spending more time in the garage during, scraping and softening the hides. He had casually collected Patty's measurements and was piecing together an outdoors leggins, parka and muklucs for her to wear. When he finished, the bulk of the outfit would be moose hide exterior, snowshoe hare lined and with a wolf trimmed parka hood.

He called Patty into the garage and presented the garment and boots to her to try on. Patty was amazed and appalled at the same time when she was dressed and stood in front of the mirror.

"What is this for?" she asked.

Dave, somewhat surprised at the question replied, "It's outdoor gear so that you can come with me to the crash site and see if we can find the rest of your luggage. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

Patty started to cry.

"What's wrong?" asked Dave.

Sniffling, Patty said, "The last person to make something to wear was my grandmother. I don't know what to say. Thank you, Trapper Man, thank you."

Dave smiled, "Tomorrow, weather permitting, we'll take a snow machine to the crash site and see if we can find anything, OK?"

Patty nodded and said, "Let's have a drink and celebrate my new outfit."

Patty dressed in some Dave's cut down thermal underwear and her new 'outfit' along with wool scarf for her face and ears, donned her stocking cap and presented herself to Dave for inspection.

He had the snow machine idling and had attached a sled for possible cargo. As she waddled down the steps to the machine, Dave suppressed a smile and stepped into the machine's saddle and Patty stepped in behind him avoiding the rifle and shotgun scabbards. Dave told her to hang on tight and they started off into what Patty saw as a totally alien world.

They followed the main trail that Dave had been using until they got to the snow blanketed marsh. Proceeding slowly, they finally arrived at the separated tail section where Dave had first found Patty. Following the snow bent broken tree line they came to a mound that hid the buried fuselage. The snow thigh deep in the woods and Dave told Patty to stay on the machine while he probed the snow banks with a long straight branch that he had sharpened.

Finding what Dave hoped was the aircraft's main fuselage, Dave retrieved a snow shovel from the sled and started digging. Reaching the aluminum shell, Dave was relieved to find that the plane was not incinerated. It was lying on its side and with the tail section broken off, the cargo compartment was accessible with some digging.

Dave cleared a narrow pathway and luckily found the compartment, sliced open, but mainly intact. He motioned for Patty to come over as he pulled what appeared to him to be feminine baggage. As he retrieved each piece, Patty excitedly confirmed her property. Dave then muscled the snow machine around and maneuvered it as close as he could next to the pile.

Wolves began to howl nearby and Dave and Patty loaded the sled in haste in order to make a fast get away. It was even slower going getting across the marsh with heavily laden sled in tow. Once back on the main trail, the machine was capable of somewhat greater speed. Patty kept

looking over her shoulder, expecting a starving pack of canines to be on their trail.

Arriving back at the cabin without incident, Dave opened the garage and pulled the expedition to safety inside. Patty was ecstatic. The several suit case's contained the whole of her life's possessions. Lingerie, dresses, skirts, shorts, slacks, blouses, sweaters, shoes and most of all cosmetics and jewelry. One oblong box contained a wide variety of Thai spices and dried peppers.

"Mr. Dave is going to have his diet brighten up", thought Patty.

She retired to the bedroom and changed into shorts, tee shirt and sandals. "Cosmetics, I love cosmetics. And jewelry," as she slipped a batch of bangles over her now repaired arm.

When Dave walked into the cabin, Patty had made her repairs and it stopped Dave cold. Patty, fully done up with make-up and accessories was a wondrous thing to behold.

"I can see why a rich L.A. lawyer would send a private jet for you," whistled Dave.

Patty did a quick, but erotic strut around the kitchen area, wagging her scantily clad rear at Dave.

"It looks like the trip for your luggage was worthwhile," said Dave, retrieving a beer from the small refrigerator.

"Yes," retorted Patty, "I now have some proper clothing, cosmetics and jewelry."

"Be careful for a couple of weeks with that arm," said Dave. "It's not fully healed yet."

"Yes, Master," snarked Patty as she angled a butt cheek his way.

"What's for supper?" asked Dave.

Patty replied, "Moose steaks, canned small potatoes and veggies. I am also trying a new sauce."

Later, sitting at the small dinette, Dave dipped a slice of moose steak into Patty's new sauce. In seconds, his eyes went wide and drool began to drip out of the corners of his open mouth.

"Good, yes," smiled Patty.

The following three months were taken up by running the trap lines and preparing hides. Patty went along on most of the trap line runs, but left the messy processing to Dave.

At dinner, Dave told Patty that. "In a month or six weeks, We'll be able to take the Bombardier down to the main highway." Patty sat silent.

"You're not happy about getting back to civilization? Queried Dave.

Patty abruptly left the table, turning away from Dave to hide her tears.

"No, I'm not happy about leaving here, rather leaving you," she sniffled.

Understanding crept into Dave's confused mind. "You don't want to go and live the high life in L.A.?" he asked.

Patty sat back down, tears dripping from her cheeks, "Well, I don't want to live here, in this glorious hovel, but I want to live with you. I think, no I do love you. I've never been in love before and I don't want to lose the feeling."

Dave sat back and surveyed the weeping Asian girl/boy. "You don't have to leave me," he stuttered. And, living here may be out of the question, at least in the summer." Continuing, Dave told her about the large ape men that lived in the area during the warm season. "I don't think that they are dangerous, but I don't know that for sure."

Patty looked at Dave and said, "I'm not talking about your hairy beasts. I am not a pioneer girl. I don't particularly like to be washed in a metal tube, like dirty dishes. I don't like five day snowstorms and I don't care for canned vegetables."

Dave started to laugh.

"Come here," ordered Dave, swinging his chair out, "and sit," Tapping his knee, Patty obeyed. She was wearing a blue mini dress, expertly made up and with impressive jewelry. Flopping down Dave's knee, her perfume was instilling a good deal of excitement in the trappers groin. Pulling the girl to his chest, he lifted her moist cheeks and kissed her gently.

â I didn't mean that we would live here. I have teaching offers from several universities, both here in Canada and the United States. It's merely a matter of where do you want to live."

Dabbing her eyes, "You are serious? I don't want to have to leave you.

Dave kissed her nose, "There are several hurdles that we have to jump, because when we go down to civilization, I have to report the plane crash. Also, about the crash, I suspect that the plane did not file a flight plan, or at least one that the pilots followed."

Patty looked at Dave asking, "What are hurdles?"

Dave laughed, "Hurdles is slang for problems. There are several problems we need to address, foremost is your legal status. You, my dear are an illegal alien here in Canada and that is the first hurdle we have to clear."

Patty jumped up and ran into the bedroom and returned a couple of minutes later. "Look," said the boy/girl flashing a document under Dave's nose, "I have a passport."

Examining the Thai embossed booklet, Dave remarked, "This is a good start, however the problem is, were you listed as a passenger on the plane?"

Puzzled by the question, Patty admitted that she didn't know. "The airplane was rented by the L.A. lawyer. I didn't say more five words to the pilots all during the trip," she said.

"That's what puzzles me," said Dave. "I expected to see, or at least hear search planes in the days following the crash, but nothing. You see, we are not on a commonly used flight path, so I am wondering if the pilots intentionally deviated from their filed flight plan to land in the U.S. illegally."

Patty scrunched up her face in confusion, "Why would they do that?" asked Patty. "To get you into the United States without going through immigration and customs."

"They would not let me into America?" declared Patty. "I don't know," answered Dave, "Do you have a visa to enter the U.S.?"

"No, whispered Patty.

Dave looked at the girl and knew that he would have to cobble together some documentation for Patty when they got back to civilization.
"We'll cross that bridge when we back down below."

Patty asked, "What bridge?"

Spring was rearing its muddy head around the cabin. Dave had several bales of good skins and was anxious to get them to market. Patty, dressed in Dave's hoody and considerably remodeled long johns was standing on the porch looking at the melting snow in wonderment.

"How soon before we leave?" she asked Dave.

A couple of weeks, maybe. We can still be hit with spring snow storms and the trail down is in woods mostly and the snow will last longer there," replied the Trapper.

"This living in the bush can very inconvenient," remarked Patty.

Dave smiled and nodded in agreement. He then started looking around for material to secure the cabin and garage for the summer. He found several sheets of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick 4 foot by 8 foot plywood and heavy wood screws and covering the windows and doors and felt better about leaving the cabin to its fate for a few months.

He and Patty took a snow machine a little ways down the switchback trails to assess the snow levels at least to the first of the eight one hundred and eighty degree turns.

"Not too bad, sweets," said Dave. "Three weeks of decent weather and not too much more snow and I think that we will be able to get out of here."

Patty, drawing upon her experience riding with Dave on the trap line, nodded sagely.

Four weeks later, Dave decided that the switchback trail to the main road was doable. It took him and Patty a day to secure the homestead and load the Bombardier with Patty's luggage and Dave's baled furs. They left right after breakfast the next morning.

The trail was still snow covered and even to a tracked vehicle, slippery. Further down the trail were several smaller trees broken over the trail by winter snow loads and using a chainsaw, Dave made short work of clearing them from the trail.

It took almost three hours, but they finally pulled up next to Dave's covered F-150. Dave got the truck started and put Patty to work reflating the tires that had lost pressure over the winter and he shoveled the snow out of the open trailer and transferring the cargo from the Bombardier to the pick-up and the trailer. After covering and securing the tracked vehicle, Dave opened a beer for each of them and said, "We're off."

Spinning and skidding their way down the snow clogged trail, they finally arrived at the main highway. They made town in little under an hour and a half. Dave pulled into a motel that was across the highway from a modest shopping center that had a department store. Dave rented a room for three days and after getting Patty's luggage into the room gave her his credit card and told her that he had to go and sell his furs and that she should go and buy some jeans and flannel shirts that fit.

Dave made his sale for a decent price and returning to the motel found that Patty hadn't returned yet. He drove across the highway and found a parking spot from which he could surveille all five of the exits to the stores in the shopping center. He opened another beer and waited. Patty exited the department store, pushing a cart filled beyond capacity. She had seen Dave pull earlier in and immediately retreated to get a cart and do some serious shopping.

Back at the motel, Dave could see from Patty's purchases that she had learned a thing or two during her five month hiatus in the bush. They showered together and afterwards, Patty modelled some of her new finery. Skin tight blue jeans and a cotton flannel shirt convinced Dave that she was a model Canadian girl. He did notice that she had also bought A good pair of lace up work boots, good girl.

Dave said as he was dressing, "I may have a solution to your status problem. We are going to a trip to visit an acquaintance of mine. He is the chief of a band of Wet'suwet'en Indians about a hundred miles west of here. The Wet'suwet'en are what are termed as First Nations people. As such, they are both Canadian citizens and independent peoples. I have done some work for them and need to see if it is bearing fruit, or to be precise, gold."

Patty was clueless about what Dave was talking about, but it would exciting to visit wild Indians".

Dave told Patty to pack an overnight bag and dress roughly. They travelled west towards Prince Rupert until they passed the Necbako River and pulled onto a gravel road and drove for another twenty miles, finally arriving at a small village of clapboard structures. Dave pulled to a stop and their pickup was approached by a group of locals led by an elderly man Dave greeted as Chief Robert. Dave was surrounded by a small group of men as Chief Robert greeted him cordially.

"Professor Dave, what is the reason for this honor?" asked the Chief. Coming directly to the point, Dave answered, "Two things, honored leading warrior. First, have you found gold yet? Secondly, possibly a favor."

Extending a hand in greetings, Chief Robert reported that they had recovered more than thirty thousand dollars worth of gold from the streams that Dave had suggested.

"And what is this favor I be able to perform?" asked Robert.

Dave called Patty over and introduced her to the Chief. He explained about his cabin on the forbidden mountain, the plane crash and Patty's survival. There was a great deal of buzz among the onlookers about the forbidden mountain.

"A very interesting tale, Professor, but sort of favor are you looking for?"

Dave knew that he had peaked everyone's interest and came to the point.

"The young lady is a citizen of Thailand and as a result of the plane crash, is an inadvertent illegal foreigner here in Canada. Her Asian appearance and complexion lends her to passing as a First Nations person. Would it be possible for the Wet'suwet'en to provide identification for the girl as such?"

The Chief looked around at the tribal members gathered to get an idea of their concerns for such a request.

Finding no shaking heads, Robert said, "A simple photo I.D. would be no problem, however, there is a price. We will have a community fire tonight and you will give us a complete report about your time on the forbidden mountain and answer all questions. Of course, you will be spending the night."

Dave smiled, "I anticipated your generosity and in the bed of my pickup are several coolers, two contain moose meat for the pow wow and five others contain certain beverages to aid in digestion."

Chief Robert and the gathered Wet'suwet'en posed great smiles in anticipation of a very interesting evening.

Chief Robert said to Dave, "Bring the girl along and we'll go to the tribal office and get her a tribal I.D.."

"Well, how does it feel to be a wild Indian?" asked Dave as they stored their gear in the small cabin reserved for the rare visitor.

"What does this mean?" asked Patty, looking at the driver's license sized card with her picture on it.

â For one thing, it defines you as tribal member of the Wet'suwet'en tribe of Canada and can cross the border into the U.S. without having to show any other identification. In short, it describes you as a legal fuck."

â How exciting," murmured Patty. "What is this thing that we are doing tonight? was another question from Patty.

Dave laughed, "It's big tribal bonfire. There will be a lot of chanting, dancing, drum beating and drinking."

â What is the gold talk all about?" she asked.

â That, my girl, is something that you will mention to absolutely no one. Any hint of gold in the tribe's streams will bring armed prospectors and a good deal of violence could occur." said Dave seriously. "You are an honorary tribal member and keeping the tribe's secrets is expected of you. Anyway, they haven't found the mother load yet and may never."

Patty had no idea what a mother load was, but Trapper Man just mentioning it must be important. Just then there was a loud rap on the cabins door.

Four Wet'suwet'en women stood at the entrance.

"We are here to prepare "She Who Fell From the Sky' for the ceremony tonight. Now you go and idle with the men," said the older woman.

Dave looded at Patty, "It looks like It's your big night, girl."

The women circled Patty and began stripping her. Dave knew exactly what was happening, he left and joined Chief Robert and other men in testing the quality of the beer that Dave had brought.

Chief Robert, savoring his Moosehead lager, asked Dave, "Where on the Forbidden Mountain is your cabin?"

Dave gave him directions and the location of the Bombardier and more importantly, It's keys. He also told the Chief the location of the keys to the cabin and what was in the cabin and garage.

Robert expressed his and the tribe's appreciation for Dave's invitation to use the cabin. "One question about your stay on the mountain. Did you encounter any of the hairy men?"

Dave eyed Chief Robert and the dozen other men gathered around, warily, as he knew that he was treading into mystical tribal territory. "I did," stated Dave flatly. "When I decided upon the site for the cabin noticed an island some distance from the cabin site, and decided that it would be a good location to camp to avoid wolves and bears. The next morning, I motored to the cabin site and found my gear moved, but not damaged and dozens of large footprints around the area. Really large footprints. The next weekend when I came to the cabin site with building materials, I brought along military night vision binoculars and observed large men moving about the cabin site, apparently just looking at I had brought."

Several of the Wet'suwet'en men nodded knowingly.

"The next day, I went about my business, always with the feeling of being watched. The next week, back in Prince of George, I decided that offerings, bribes if you will, may be in order. My next trip involved setting up two trot lines in likely spots and baited them. On my next trip, I found my trot lines full and I had about hundred pounds of various species of fish and about a quarter of a mile From the cabin was large white pine next to the shore. I hung the fish on a line about nine foot up and returned to island to watch."

The men were all nodding in agreement by now. Dave continued, "Sure enough, a really big, hairy man, at least ten foot tall, reached up and took the fish."

Whoops of agreement were now emanating from the men.

"I doubt that a hundred pounds of fish could feed the tribe of hairy men, but as I discovered, it was the thought that counted," concluded Dave.

â A wise decision," said Robert. "We don't discuss the hairy men in front of the women, they are very afraid of them."

A skinny young man shouted, "They are afraid of spider's, for Chrissake."

â Bravely spoken, "Spider Killer," said an older man, quietly.

Hoots of "Spider Killer", filled the street.

Dave looked at Robert and asked, "You have the hairy men around here?"

The Chief nodded, "In the foothills and up the mountains to the tree line. They leave on the coming snow each fall, we think that they go the edge of the sea. It's too dangerous to follow them, but they leave signs for our hunters. Broken trees, piles of rocks warning us that we are entering their territory. We heed those signs. They have been here much longer than we have. There are ancient rock carvings depicting them and other, familiar animals, that are, well, as old as the rocks themselves."

Dave found this entire conversation unsettling and he decided to change the subject.

"How far upstream have you panned for gold?" asked Dave.

"We are coming to a small waterfall on one of the streams and it is the less productive of the two. We haven't decided whether to continue on that stream or not," replied the Chief.

Dave scratched his head, "I thought that the stream with the most drop in grade might be the better one."

"Tomorrow, we will look at this stream," said Robert, "Maybe, we are missing something."

"Tomorrow, then," said Dave.

A woman came down the street and told the men, "You lazy ones, the food is almost ready. Get your fire prepared."

Dave went to the visitors cabin to collect Patty, but she wasn't there. Dave went the council grounds and saw a crowd building, with skin clothing and feathers being a common theme. A group of women caught his eye and one of them waved at him.

'Patty'? Wondered Dave. He made way towards the group of women and was joined by Chief Robert.

A new member to the tribe must be welcomed properly, said Robert. Dave's curiosity now aroused, and replaced by amazement as he recognized Patty.

â You look savagely beautiful, laughed Dave as he approached the girl.

She was dressed in a buckskin shift, knee length and with a beaded belt. Extravagant hoops hung from her ears and beaded choker encased her neck. Over the calf high moccasins, the ornately beaded dress was complimented by miscellaneous bracelets and necklaces. Braided hair and beaded headband completed the ensemble.

"You look like the genuine article," smiled Dave.

He thanked the ladies for their skill and imagination. The evening passed in the usual raucous manner of pow wow's with alcohol. Dave spent a great deal of time discussing forbidden mountain with the younger men. All of whom, expressed their gratitude at Dave's cabin being made available to them.

As the celebration began to wind down, Dave whispered to Patty, "OK, Pocahontas, it's time we made our exit."

Shaking several hands on their way to the visitors cabin, Dave finally reached his truck parked in front of the cabin and retrieved a cooler from behind the drivers seat.

"Out night cap, princess," he pronounced.

Patty disrobed with care, not wanting to damage in any way the beautiful deerskin dress and It's marvelous beadwork. In bra and panties only, Patty gave Dave a blow job for the ages in gratitude for making her a Wet'suwet'en.

The final part of the bargain for Dave, was the visit to the lesser gold producing stream. The Wet'suwet'en that accompanied Dave and Chief Robert to the small waterfall had no objection to Patty coming along, after all, she was family. Dave looked over the terrain and pulling a spool of light fishing line from his pocket and attached a lead sinker. Throwing the line and sinker into the pool just where the cascading water entered and determined that it was some twenty feet deep at that point. Walking downstream, he repeated the process until he found a ledge that was the terminus of the pool. The water was some five or more feet deep at that point.

"I need a volunteer that needs a bath," said Dave.

The tribesmen looked at him curiously, and he continued, "The steam bottom should all gravel from this point to about fifty feet downstream from the falls. I need someone to scoop a bucket full of gravel from the bottom, at this point," Dave said, pointing vaguely at the stream.

Spider Killer, anxious to have his poorly chosen words of the previous day forgotten, immediately volunteered. Tying a length of rope from Dave's truck around his waist and clutching a five gallon plastic buckets, Spider Killer took the plunge. It only a matter of seconds before his head broke the surface and was pulled to safety. The men immediately began to pan the gravel from the bucket. Lo and behold, color soon appeared. In that one bucket of gravel, at least three thousand dollars worth of gold was recovered. Satisfied, Dale told the men, while this wasn't the mother load, he was confident that pool, acting as a settling pond would keep them in considerable spending money for several decades. Patty and Dave left the village that afternoon and head back to Prince George.

After arranging Patty's I.D., Dave was comfortable in reporting the plane crash to the authorities. He volunteered to lead a recovery and crash inspection party to the crash site. Once the crash inspection team was satisfied with what they needed to access the site, Dave was unceremoniously dismissed. (He never discovered the outcome of the investigation.)

Dave had the feeling that they would have to stay in Prince George for a while.

Patty asked Dave where were they going to live?

Dave said, "I don't exactly know. I could live in Canada, no problem. I don't think that you would be happy in northern BC. I think that the US is the kind of place you would like but, you need a Canadian passport to cross the border. Your Thai passport probably requires you to apply for a visa in Thailand and that would raise problems about your true sex. That would probably lead the US embassy to mark you as a sex worker.

Which incidentally, is probably why your L.A. Lawyer friend was smuggling you in by air. Even with your tribal identification and your proof of Canadian citizenship, it could take some time for you to acquire a Canadian passport, which you will need to enter the U.S.."

"I don't want to go back to Thailand," sniffled Patty. "I want to stay with you."

Dave embraced Patty and replied, "And I want you to stay with me. So, I guess I that for the time being, we are going to stay here in Prince George. I will continue on at Northern BC and you can become a pole dancer."

"WHAT!!!," screamed Patty.

"You know, a stripper. You have a great body, even with your extra parts," laughed Dave.

"I am no stripper!!!" said an emphatic Patty. "I am a well trained courtesan and don't you forget it, you smelly trapper."

"Well, Miss Courtesan, I think that we should house hunt and spend two or three years here and I will look for a position in Toronto or Ottawa," said Dave calmly. "You will have to get a job, so you can establish yourself as a Canadian taxpayer. Your First Nation status will be a big help in that."

So, that is the tale of how a Thai ladyboy, who survived a catastrophic airplane crash, was rescued by a horny Canadian trapper and became a First Nation nail girl at beauty parlor in a Prince George, BC.

END