

MAKEOVER TESTIMONIAL.

Some two years ago, when “due to circumstances beyond their control”, the one known and functioning crossdressing makeover service in Melbourne ceased to operate. This led me to suggest to some of the interstate folks operating this service should consider a “working holiday” and come on down to Melbourne to do a makeover for myself and another CD friend. One of these was the wonderful and lovely Ophelia from Cross Dress With Class from Sydney.

Whilst nothing other than a very long and “deep and meaningful” exchange of emails ever came of this, little did all concerned know or realise at the time that fate would intervene and Ophelia would end up running Cross Dress with Class from an address in Melbourne’s inner eastern suburbs.

We had finally met in person at the Sea Horse ball in Sydney last August when she kindly agreed to let this Ball “newbie” sit at her table and we just then had to wait for enough time to elapse before a/. She was established in Melbourne and b/. I could find the time and space to visit her new “abode”.

Thus the day dawned in mid May 2015. Living in regional Victoria about 2 hrs out of Melbourne meant I was up very early on the appointed morning, shaved, moisturised and to save time on arrival, I was dressed in Caty’s finest bra cami and French knickers under my drab. Plus two pairs of panty hose to hide my “pine forest” of leg hair. (More on this subject later).

Being a Saturday the good news was light traffic all the way and I arrived at the appointed address in time to have a quick walk around a nearby park before presenting myself to Ophelia to be turned into Catherine Louise Ryan, “mature “woman about town:..... Or as is obvious, Caty for short.

We had communicated prior with my objectives for the day:

1. False nails and eyelashes, (my male hands are too big and clumsy for these tasks and I cannot use glue for the nails, they have to come off when change-back time comes).
2. Tho I’ve happily been in the closet for many many moons, the urge to go public was coming back with a vengeance, so given the location of a huge park behind Ophelia’s place, the going public in the park was going to be an easy first step back into the world.

Due to our prior meetings Ophelia granted me “special permission” to be made up in “her” part of the house, so after changing out of my boy clothes and inserting my breast forms, I found myself laying back almost horizontally in a recliner chair whilst she worked her make up magic. This of course included the false press on nails and eyelashes, plus shaved backs of Caty’s big male hands. This made them look at least feminine if not a touch big.

To say all concerned were astounded at the transformation is an understatement. I sure did not look like the male me when she had finished and as per previous other makeovers, the best part of all for me is as a female I look 15-20 years younger than the male me. I thought I looked and I certainly felt just plain wonderful.

There was one interesting aside during this time. Ophelia used one of my breast forms as an arm rest whilst she worked. This moved me to comment; “If that was real I dare say I’d be in pain by now”.

So make up completed, wig in place, plus photos of that segment of the day, then a quick lunch/lippy repair and into the “outside world” photos. Initially within the confines of Ophelia’s residence and then wait for it..... For the first time in 20 years, dressed in a nice black skirt and orange long sleeve top, with flat heel black shoes for walking, Caty appeared in public via a “walk in the park”.

A twenty minute park stroll accompanied by half a squillion photos and a feeling within Caty of “I can do this”. Lots of people passed us and no one as much as looked sideways at the three women having a walk in the late afternoon sun.

Thence “back to the ranch” for photos in a lovely blue sequined cocktail dress, tho’ I’m not sure sitting on an exercise bike is the correct “background”. But hey it was “different”... so why not.

Throughout this whole time frame the two pairs of panty hose would not stay up, so Caty's going back to stockings and suspenders forthwith.

Time to leave and then the next "going public" challenge arose. Caty had not driven car in public for the same 20 years and given the coolish time of year and the shortened days, meant it was feasible to leave Ophelia's and drive home in her favourite 3 piece Blue Fella Hamilton ensemble.

Of course this would never had occurred unless I was solo at home and being dark on arrival meant no pesky neighbours could see me driving in, so I left at dusk and not only enjoyed the feelings of my breasts rubbing against my arms as I held the wheel, but also as cars passed me I could see my false nails, my "hairdo" and sections of my make up in the mirror in their headlights as they overtook me. The next "challenge" was to stop into a small country servo and buy a litre of milk. The first one had just shut, so I had to find another one a bit closer to home. So that's two lots of servo lights, Caty negotiated without a hitch. This old girl was getting a bit daring in her dotage.

In order to get to the first country servo I had to drive down a main road in the outer suburbs with lots of traffic lights. I actually ran a red light and

- a. did not have a very bad accident. And
- b. did not get pulled up by the police. So I am certain the "CD angel" was looking after me in this instance.

Home well after dark and dinner and one of Caty's very best white wines to celebrate her "emergence", followed by bed and the wonderful feeling of lovely soft femme PJ's and sleeping braless. Make up stayed on overnight and then a lovely "femme" shower with shower cap on over "my hair", plus soaping up "my breasts" with hands with false nails still on.

The nails had to come off soon after, too many rough "male chores" and they would not stay on. So very pleasant memories and I look forward to doing it all again. One Day

"The Writer"