

## A Day in the Life...

From a very young age I have had an itch the origin of which is still unknown. After more than three decades of this itch being progressively scratched it has recently developed into an open sore that demanded some serious attention. In search of this attention I was given the name of a wonderful woman named Ophelia. A transformation day that would finally allow another side of me to show itself to the outside world.

Ophelia is the epitome of understanding and support with a delightful endearing sense of humour to boot. This magical day actually started about three weeks before starting with my initial phone call, which took all of my resolve to step off the precipice into the unknown. Ophelia was immediately welcoming and bubbly and quickly put me at ease. With the date set we remained in contact through email and another couple of phone calls exploring potential outfits and scenarios for the day. I never knew the day could start giving so much so soon as the excitement, infused with trepidation, grew inside me.

After what seemed an eternity in the build up I was suddenly on my way to meet Ophelia at a café. Remarkably, as we met a serene calmness overcame me and I just knew I was in the right hands. We both ordered coffee and banana bread (which apparently seems par for the course for encounters like this!). However, both of us failed to finish the banana bread as our focus was on the day ahead and we both raring to get going.

A short walk round the corner and we were at Ophelia's treasure chest of delights. Once inside, Ophelia took me for a tour of the wonderful feminine finery (contained in two adjacent apartments) that was to form the basis of our fun and playful day together. We selected a plethora of potential items and took them to the dressing room, however, a self confessed perfectionist, Ophelia came up with other options almost endlessly.

So first things first, the undergarments. We played around with some lingerie selections. Not having the liberty of shaving my legs on this occasion (something I would love to do sometime soon) and loving the feel of sheer stockings we came up with the idea of layering some sheer stay up stockings for the feel and overlaid with some fishnet suspenders to hide the hair by way of optical illusion. Itching to get too the camera Ophelia jumped at the chance to start snapping away.

The lingerie was topped by a sensuous black control full slip. On cloud nine already I was ushered onto the make-up table bed...yes, bed not chair, positioned perfectly to catch the sun rays as it peered its head above the yard arm. As I relaxed into a surreal state of pamperedness, Ophelia worked her magic, explaining what she was doing and why every step of the way. Awakening from me dreamlike state, I stared into the mirror to finally see the other part of me that I always knew was there, staring back at me as a beautiful woman.

We tried a few wig styles before deciding on one in which I was to take my first tentative steps into the outside world. Ophelia had invited her partner in crime, Jill, over to offer some much appreciated advice. Completing the outfit with some opaqueness

tights, smart black skirt, blue feminine super soft jumper, cute black heels with a bow on the toe, black leather jacket and pearl based jewellery, I was ready. After some more photos, but before I knew it the apartment door closed SHUT with all three of us on the wrong side...the outside!!! There was to be no wimping out now! Bolstered in confidence that I would pass, we three Amigos walked down to the busy high street and onto the seafront. At this stage I was not sure if anyone had clocked what I was, as although my head was held high, I blocked off my peripheral vision...some defence mechanism I presume. Once on the promenade I relaxed and posed for some photos with the wind in my hair overlooking the beach. Following the photo shoot we ambled to a nearby café and sat down at an outside table. Remarkably no one seemed to notice or care, I'm not sure which? Regardless, we were treated as three normal people having a drink and some lunch together as friends. Once we had satisfied our appetites, Jill had to leave, but Ophelia and I sauntered back to the apartment to continue our dress-up fun.

But first of all the obligatory glass of bubbles☺ With glass in hand we chatted as girls and Ophelia showed me some interesting literature related to our kind. Next on the agenda were some more outfits and looks that perhaps were not suited for the daytime outside world, but sexy and fun. These included some, I guess more tarty looks with corsets, long blond hair, tight leopard print skirt and sexy high heels. Never has a truer sentiment been said, that 'time flies when you're having fun'. Before we knew it had gone dark and it was time to get ready for dinner. My second outing into the outside world.

Choosing a sexier look for the evening consisting of some sheer tights over the opaques, black skirt, fitted black cardigan, longer blond curly wig, which took years off my age and some killer red suede heels, Ophelia and I again ventured forth. Being quite late we thought the Italian restaurant of choice might have stopped serving, but being a well liked and respected local Ophelia and her girlfriend were welcomed with open arms. We were ushered to a table towards the rear, but surrounded by other diners we sat down and ordered a bottle of rouge and contemplated the tantalising menu. Being naturally a bit self-conscious, I was a bit distracted reading the menu as a mass of words that I was struggling to make sense of and so I took Ophelia's recommendation, which was absolutely delicious. We continued to talk in a manner that I have always envied when seeing girlfriends out together...it really is different to guys chewing the fat over a curry and beer.

By now it was getting late, but fuelled by the couple of glasses of wine with dinner there was still time for a last extravaganza of fun to be had. We re-entered the treasure chest of delights to try a few more outfits. The one I had been waiting for all day was about to make an appearance...the 'to die for' voluminous wedding dress. OMG...this was fantabulous. After a slight struggle we managed to do it right up at the back. This meant a lot to me! The gorgeous train flowed seductively behind me as I demurely advanced around the apartment, to finally settle on the bed for another photo shoot. I literally could have slept in it, but alas this was not to be for we had the last stampede into utopia to complete. This consisted of a couple of Hellfiresque good and naughty nurse uniforms to squeeze in to, in white and black respectively. The click, click, click of the camera erupted into one last crescendo, before falling silent for the last time, having spent its last ounce of energy! Against all instincts my alter ego had to be reintegrated into the male form that met at the coffee shop all those

hours ago. However, Ophelia, with her limitless energy driven by a passion for those with hobbies such as ours continued to provide in the form of some late night girlie conversation. Finally, with matchsticks holding my eyes open it was time to say goodbye...until the next time.

I can't thank you enough Ophelia for the experience you gave me that day, it will stay with me forever!

Ophelia, I bow before you, or should I say curtsy☺...Thank you.