

First things first: a huge "Thank You" to Ophelia for being so warm, kind and open during my CDWC adventure. And truly what a fun adventure it was!

My day *started* like most days, but it was guaranteed to be quite different than most days. I had decided to take a Wednesday off from work for this adventure. Before driving over to meet Ophelia, I popped open my laptop to respond to a few emails. With that token bit of work done and having eaten a light breakfast, I did one last check through my bag of clothes and accessories. During our previous calls and texts, Ophelia had said that there's little I would need, since she's got a huge and varied wardrobe. Nonetheless, I had packed a few outfits, high (and low) heels, and some shape wear.

I arrived at Ophelia's just after 11 am, and we had a cup of tea and took a bit of time chatting and getting to know each other. Afterwards, we headed downstairs to browse for shoes, undies, stockings and a sensual silk robe. I'm a rather tall guy, and after putting on a bra and breast forms, we decided that her larger forms had the right proportion and filled out the bra better. It was interesting having her reach up and grab my tits and massage them into position.

We also browsed through her collection of wigs to find just the right one, then sorted through a number of skirts and tops to pick just the right outfit for shopping. Sophisticated, yet sexy, I ended up wearing a tight, knee length black skirt, and a long-sleeved, scoop-necked top.

While she did my makeup, I got to wear a pair of absolutely killer, red, platform heels, but clearly those would not have worked later in the day while at the shopping centre. She had me recline in a comfortable chair while she proceeded to do my makeup, and teach me about proper makeup application. Once made up, she refused to let me glance in a mirror until the wig was in place. When allowed to stand up and look in a mirror, I was overwhelmed at the magic she had performed! "Absolutely stunning!" was all I could think. From the smooth skin to the beautiful eyes and luscious lips, I was a whole new girl.

After a bit more primping, including painting my fingernails, selecting rings, earrings, a necklace, and a purse, we were ready to go. I stepped out of the red high heels and into my low (2-inch) heels, which were not nearly as sexy, but much more comfortable and far more suitable for walking and shopping.

After a few pointers on how to walk in a more lady-like fashion, it was nearly 4 pm, so out the door and into the world we stepped. I climbed into her car for the short drive to the nearby shopping centre, marvelling that this was really happening. My mission had been to shop for a few outfits, as well as makeup and some feminine eyeglasses if time permitted (which, sadly, it didn't). We zipped through Myers and headed for Portmans where we did a bit of "commando shopping," rapidly selecting and rejecting outfits that would suit my size, body-shape, and style. In the large dressing room, I tried on everything under her watchful and critical eye, and ended up choosing to buy a variety of skirts and tops, and a tight, black dress.

Back at the checkout counter, the girls didn't bat an eyelash as they rang up my purchases, though surely my height and voice would have given me away. With most of the stores at the centre already closed (at 5:30 pm! argh!), we wandered over to David Jones, which was open until 6. This gave us just enough time to browse for jewellery, and I came away with a long silver necklace, a silver bracelet, and some silver, clip-on earrings. On the way out of the centre, she had me stop several times for photos.

And that was it for our shopping trip, but not the end of the adventure. Ophelia agreed to let me take her out to dinner, and we headed to a bar on the north side of the city to get a bite to eat, listen to a terrific 3-piece blues band, and watch the hipster crowd practice their swing dancing. The evening in the bar proved to be even more exciting than shopping. Not only was I feeling beautiful (and relaxed) as a woman, but a glass of wine with the meal helped me overcome the last of my nerves. I managed to convince Ophelia to let me teach her a few dance steps, so we had a go on the dance floor, among the crowd, where no one even seemed to glance my way.

After sitting back down, Ophelia took charge, and sent me on a few errands around the bar. Outwardly, I was bit nervous, but inside I was excited (thrilled!) to be a bit out of control and well out of my element. So off I went to purchase another glass of wine for her, and to purchase a CD from the band. And just before leaving, she instructed me to freshen my makeup...in the ladies room. With my

stomach in knots, I headed for the corner of the bar, and pushed open a door I'd never in my life used before. Standing at the mirror, it felt alternately normal and exciting to be applying lipstick and brushing my hair while girls wandered in and out of the ladies room. Too soon, though, it was time to leave the bar and bring the day to an end.

I can't say enough wonderful things about Ophelia, and how caring, knowledgeable, supportive and enthusiastic she was throughout the day. If you ever have the chance, I highly recommend arranging a visit with her! You will not be disappointed!

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Thanks, again, for a wonderful adventure.