

Dianne's Journey

After the rush to get to the airport it is nice to be seated in the airplane and listening to the pre-flight routine being delivered by the aircrew. I am glad to be wearing flat shoes after wearing stilettos all afternoon. I love wearing them but I have a wonderful sense of relief after wearing them for a long time.

I can't help thinking being a woman can be so much hard work at times but then I just love being a girl.

Today was incredible. I have had an extraordinary experience just allowing someone to fuss over me, do my makeup and have me modelling so many outfits. It has been a little girls dream to do this at such a mature age; to be dressed ready for the wedding, a ball and going out to dinner. I have this inner glow from the joy and emotions of modelling all these outfits in just one afternoon. I thought I would never be a model, but this afternoon was an experience I will remember for the rest of my life. I just loved the feel of the clothes and the fantasy of wearing the outfits I was asked to try on and model for the camera.

Our son used to say when he had a particularly good experience; "that was the best day ever!" I can't help but think I share that joy this evening.

I am strapped in watching the presentation and I have the faint delight of my perfume coming from my body. I wonder if the women sitting next to me can smell it. It is expensive, something I have not worn before and is rather exotic. The emotions of this afternoon flood back to me and I am sitting here with the enigmatic smile of the Mona Lisa, quietly savouring the experiences of today. The joy of wearing the clothes and the wonderful attention of Ophelia making me feel comfortable. Modelling, being posed and photographed was such an exotic experience for me.

I realise I am tired and hungry, I have not eaten since breakfast and I am looking forward to the snack service to revive me a little from my tiredness. I am sitting in male clothes feeling relaxed and comfortable with my book on my lap. I steal a glance at the lady sitting next to me who is happy not to talk to me and that is fine. I pass really well in male mode but can't help thinking if she can smell my perfume as well. That would have her thinking but I don't care. The world has moved on and I can travel dressed as I like, I can sit here reading my book and think about this afternoon without being interrupted by the inevitable chatter that happens when two women sit together.

Cross-dressing is so much fun! I wish I had the courage when I was younger to do it more openly but times have changed and society is more open these experiences now. I am just starting to discover at my mature age that I have the opportunity to move around in two genders, my real gender and my adopted gender. Maybe one day that will not define who you are and people will relate to based on your personality without making a decision based on what sex you are first.

I dress in male clothes because I pass better in that mode and I am OK with that, but I love being a woman too and I am OK with that. I am Dianne and I am also content to be D* as well. I stopped trying to figure that out years ago and tonight I am glad that God made me this way. This has been the best day ever!