

## A Chill to Thrill (or a crossdresser goes mad)

Those of you who know me or know of me will know that I normally film my exploits. This time it was to be different. The main reason was I wanted to enjoy the situation without the hassle of setting up the camera and performing for it.

I had had a plan for some time but today was the first day I was able to carry out the plan. My wife had gone on the bus into town and I had the car and was alone. It was also 2 or 3 degrees below zero but with a bright blue sky.

I showered and then put on the nice new undies I had chosen for the day. A white bra and matching thong both with a lace detail overlay. Also there was a white suspender belt and seamed 15 denier stockings. Although I would have loved to go out fully dressed we are too overlooked especially during the day. So over the undies went a sweatshirt and tracksuit bottoms. I did however put on full make-up including eye shadow, bright red lips and matching red nail varnish. I then went out and warmed the car up, only too aware of my make-up. I then put the rest of my clothes on the back seat along with some towels and I was off.

I kept the heater on to make sure the car was nice and warm and drove the five miles to the location chosen. It was a road that was seldom used and ended in three tracks. One of these I knew to always be wet this time of the year. Once there I removed my male clothes and slipped the cream dress over my head. It had a tight bodice with little buttons all down the front which takes ages to do up, especially with shaky hands! The bottom was full and calf length. Then on went the cream ankle strap heels and finally my wig which I combed until it was straight.

A final glance along the road to ensure no unwelcome visitors and I stepped out into the still icy air. Pulling the dress down into place I walked slowly across to my chosen track. As I expected the deep ruts were filled with water and all had a ice top to them. My heels were still clean but that was soon to change.

Although the dress was thin and the air cold I didn't feel anything as i was far too charged up. I debated how to start but finally decided to just walk and see what happened. As always I was pretending I had no intention of getting wet.

The first puddle I stepped on held my weight to my surprise but I nearly slipped on the ice. The next one was weaker and my left foot went right through. It was only a few inches deep but the icy water entered my shoe although I was oblivious.

A few more steps with one wet foot and the next puddle was reached. A brief pause and I stepped on. This one was bigger in area but held me. Both feet were now on and side by side. I stopped and at that moment the ice broke. I went down and this time the water was at least a foot deep. Not enough to reach my dress but close.

I stood for a moment starting to feel the cold but I carried on down the path following the same rut. I walked through a number of puddles but none of them were as deep as before. Eventually I turned and walk back up the parallel rut with the same sort of results. As I drew alongside the deepest one but in the other track I stepped onto a large expanse of ice. Again it held my weight. Deciding I wanted to go back into the first deep puddle I turned in that direction. As I did so my foot slipped on the ice and I went down on one knee. As it hit the ice it broke through and pitched me forward head first into the first puddle. Now it really was cold. I pushed myself up and slid back into the main puddle and I was now sitting waist deep in the icy muddy water.

I loved it!

However the reality started to hit. I didn't want to get hypothermia so I struggled to my feet and struggled back up the path with my dress plastered to my legs. Once at the car I was glad of the buttons on the front of the dress as I don't think I would have managed a back zip.

I stripped off, towelled dry and pulled on the male clothes, bundled everything else into a bag and headed home glowing.