

Big, Beautiful & TRANSSEXUAL



E. B Stevenson



A "New Woman" Novel



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BIG, BEAUTIFUL AND TRANSSEXUAL

by E.B. Stevenson

One

Having been born into Bel-Air high society, I was expected to be one of the handsome, debonair boys of one of the wealthiest parts of Southern California. When I was younger, however, I was diagnosed with an attention deficit disorder. I was also a bit of an unruly character at times. I decided not to join in the family business; I chose to pursue a career as a photographer instead. I worked my way through college as a fashion model.

My father, Eric Stephen Burton, had made his fortune in real estate and entertainment. My mother, Karen Marie Court Burton, came from a well-to-do family; her mother made her fortune in the world of fashion. I was born Elton James Burton, the fifth of six children and the second youngest son.

My two older brothers, Eric and Kevin, followed my father into the family real estate business; they own ten luxury hotels throughout the West and two nightclubs in Los Angeles. Eric and Kevin attended a boarding school in Palm Springs; they would come home on the weekends. That's the same school my kid brother, Keith, was attending.

My two older sisters, Emily and Kate, went to an all-girls school in Beverly Hills. Emily went on to become an interior designer; Kate became a dress designer. On the other hand, my parents paid for the best tutors in the state for my education; I graduated from high school when I was seventeen. I went on to college and study photographic art; I graduated before I turned twenty-one.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in early June. I was twenty-four years old, a freelance photographer in Los Angeles for the past two years, working between modeling assignments. My family did not know I was modeling fashions for the larger woman while I wasn't behind the camera. Ever since I was two years old, I knew I should have been a girl. I put on Emily's Christmas dress when I was three years old. Emily, three years older than me, and Kate, a year and a half older, encouraged me to dress in their old dresses. As time went on, I would dress as a girl as often as I could while my parents and brothers were away from home. By the time I was

eighteen, I could fit into a size 22W dress, 12D in women's shoes, and double extra large lingerie. At six feet, I was rather tall for a young woman, but average height for a young man. I had just received a job offer as a photographer for a top modeling agency in New York. That afternoon, I was looking over my modeling portfolio when my father came into my bedroom.

"Elton, could we have a talk?" he asked me.

"I can't see why not," I replied.

"I've heard that you've been offered a job in New York. Are you going to accept it?"

"I'm planning to accept the offer. I have to inform Ms. Astor by Tuesday."

"Your mother and I have been wondering about one thing. Those pictures you have been looking over. Is this of a young lady you're seeing behind our backs?"

"As a matter of fact, the pictures are of me. I've been keeping something from you and Mom for the last five years. I've been modeling women's clothes; more specifically, clothes for the larger woman."

My mother came into the room just as I finished explaining the pictures to him. "Elton, I know you've been closer to your sisters than you've been to your brothers. You've been more effeminate in recent years. Do you feel more like a man or a woman?" she asked me.

"As a matter of fact, I've been feeling more like a woman lately. You probably know I've been seeing Dr. Anderson for therapy sessions the past few years. She told me that I am a woman trapped in a man's body," I replied.

“Elton, I’ve been talking about this with our lawyers, and I think you should accept the job in New York. They have authorized me to give you your trust fund, which we have built for you since you were born, and I’m prepared to sign the title to our apartment in Manhattan over to you. I know you want to live a different life from your brothers and sisters; if you decide to go through with the transition and surgery that will make you a woman, your mother and I will be very supportive. We’re prepared to give you anything you need. Your sisters are very supportive of this as well; your brothers will take some time to get used to the possibility of having another sister in the family,” my father added.

I got on the phone to Ms. Astor and told her that I was accepting the job. I also told her I would be in New York within a week. I checked the nest egg my parents gave me, and it amounted to \$20 million. I spent that Sunday afternoon packing up all my dresses, lingerie and wigs, as well as a week’s worth of male attire and my worldly goods, into my Cadillac. Early that Monday morning, I would leave my parents’ mansion in Beverly Hills, and head to New York to begin a new life.

I drove all day on Monday to Albuquerque, where I checked into a hotel for the night. I decided not to splurge on a hotel room; I simply went to a nearby diner for dinner and relaxed in my hotel room. I departed from Albuquerque on Tuesday morning and drove all day to Oklahoma City. I stayed overnight on Tuesday in Oklahoma City before starting out for St. Louis on Wednesday morning. I made it to St. Louis late in the afternoon and checked into a hotel close to the transgender-friendly areas. I did a little shopping that evening; I needed a few more nighties

and a couple of dresses for my new life as a woman. After an overnight stay, I left St. Louis on Thursday morning; I arrived during the late afternoon hours in Pittsburgh, where I would spend another night. After an overnight stay in Pittsburgh, I began the final leg of my journey to New York. I arrived in New York late in the afternoon, pulling into the parking lot of the apartment building I would be moving into.

I pressed the button to get a parking lot attendant. "May I help you?" he said in his New Jersey accent.

"The name is Burton. I'm a new resident in your building," I replied.

"Burton, Burton...here we are! You're in Apartment 424," he added.

I drove into the garage where I parked my car in the middle of three spaces marked for my new apartment. I remember spending many a summer in New York with my parents; all the times I used to window-shop for feminine fashions with my mother, all the sporting events I went to with my parents and the fashion shows I went to with my sisters. The apartment is the size of a small house in the suburbs and has three bedrooms. The place was already furnished; the pictures and other wall decorations came from my parents and their ancestors. This would be the place where I would begin a new life.

I had a bellhop's portable rack waiting for me at the entrance to the elevator; I walked over to get it to unload the trunk of my car. I put all of my boxes and bags on it and gently rolled the load of my personal effects toward the elevator. When the elevator

door opened, I hauled my load into the elevator with me and took it to the fourth floor. My new apartment would be overlooking Greenwich Village, where my new workplace would be.

I already had a phone message waiting for me when I stepped into the apartment. "Elton, this is Dr. Anderson in Beverly Hills. I knew you were moving to New York, so I placed a call to Dr. Decker. She's a good friend of mine from my days at U.S.C. She's looking forward to meeting with you about your transition." I wrote down the phone number and put it in my portfolio.

I spent the weekend settling into my new apartment. I took great care to hang up my dresses, skirts, blouses and pants in the closet of the master bedroom. That took me the entire morning on Saturday. The afternoon was spent putting my lingerie and sleepwear into the dresser drawers, the makeup into the bathroom and setting up my jewelry boxes on the dresser. I went out to a nightclub Saturday night and saw a female impersonator show. I spent Sunday setting up the kitchen and putting my compact disc collection on the upper two shelves of my book case. I was finally settled in by late Sunday afternoon; I spent a little time on the balcony outside the apartment, taking in the view before the sun went down.

It was late Sunday night that the phone rang. "Hello?" I asked. It was my mother on the other end.

"Are you settled in?" she asked me.

"I finished settling in this afternoon," I replied.

"When do you start your new job?"

"Tomorrow morning; I have to be at the studio at ten o'clock."

“Did you get the message from Dr. Anderson?”

“I did. I’m planning to call Dr. Decker before I leave for work.”

“You’re going to receive some papers this week. It’s about your name change.”

“I’ve decided to call myself Elissa June.”

“If you had been a girl, I would have named you June. Elissa is a beautiful name, too. When you get these papers, sign them and send them back to our lawyers.”

“I know it’s late; thanks for calling me.”

“I’m glad you made it to New York in one piece. You have a new life ahead of you.”

After I hung up the phone, I took a bath before I put on a pair of canary yellow panties and a matching nightgown. Before I went to bed, I did my laundry. Just after ten o’clock, I went to bed for the first time in several months in women’s attire.

Two

When I woke up at seven-thirty the next morning, I went to get my cameras and lenses ready for my first day at my new job. I prepared myself two sliced oranges and a cup of hot tea for breakfast. Around eight-thirty, I selected a red button-down shirt, khaki slacks, a pair of ankle-high socks and a pair of white sneakers, along with a white pair of G-string panties. I took a quick shower before I put on my panties, socks, sneakers and pants. Just after nine o’clock, I called Dr. Decker. I would have my first appointment at four o’clock Friday afternoon. When I got my shirt on, I picked up my cam-

era bag from the couch in the living room and set out for the studio. I left for the studio in a taxi at nine-fifteen; I arrived at the studio at nine-thirty.

When I got there, I was greeted by a tall, slender, brunette-haired woman in a white floral print sundress and white flats. "Welcome to Astor Photography. May I help you?" she asked me.

"Ms. Astor is expecting me. My name is Elton Burton," I replied.

"It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Rachel Nellis; I'm not only a receptionist, but I also do a bit of modeling here", she added.

"I'm the new photographer," I informed her.

I waited twenty-five minutes before Ms. Astor emerged from the door leading to the studio. She was in her late fifties, but looked no older than forty. She was five-eight, average build, with shoulder-length medium brown hair and wearing a lavender summer dress. "Elton Burton?" she asked me.

"I'm Elton Burton," I replied.

"I'm very pleased to meet you. My name is Vanessa Astor," she added before she shook my hand. I got up and followed her to her office. When we sat down, I gave her my portfolio.

"I'd take it this is all your work, Mr. Burton," Vanessa said.

"This is my photographic work. I worked not only with models, but I also took some scenic pictures," I added.

"Your work is so beautiful, especially the picture you took of Mount Whitney."

“I was twenty miles away when I took the picture.”

“This model is absolutely beautiful. She looks very familiar.”



“Her name is Laura Milton; she was on loan to the Los Angeles agency I was under contract to at the time I took this picture two years ago.”

“Could we look at the other portfolio?”

“Yes, you may.”

She looked at the second portfolio, and was in awe at what she saw. “The girl in the ball gown, the girl in the wedding gown, the girl in the pantsuit; are they the same girl?” she asked me.

“All of these girls are me. I modeled fashions for the larger woman to earn extra money,” I replied.

“I also have paperwork indicating that you’re planning to transition from man to woman. I will allow you to come to work as a woman just as soon as your Real Life Test is approved.”

“I’ll be working as a man, but living at home as a woman in the meantime.”

“Your work is amazing. Your first assignment will be with a model; she went through what you’re getting ready to go through. Her name is Stephanie; this is her first assignment since she had her operation five months ago. She’s being made over for the shoot; Studio Four is set up for you.”

It was around ten-thirty that I walked over to Studio Four, where I set up my cameras. Out came a young woman, five-eleven, with a slender build and shoulder-length auburn hair. She was in a peach-colored party dress and matching satin high heels. “Elton, I’m Stephanie Burrell,” she told me.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you. Shall we start our shoot?” I asked her.

“Let’s get this show on the road.”

Over the next half hour, I would take over a hundred pictures of Stephanie. She had the poses and facial expressions down to a science; I was encouraged to get her to give a seductive look for my camera. She went back to the dressing room after the first part of the shoot, emerging fifteen minutes later in a white lace bustier, matching panties, lace-top stockings and high heels, carrying a parasol. I took some pictures with her carrying the parasol, and some without the parasol. The second part of the shoot wrapped up forty-five minutes later; she went back to her dressing room, emerging twenty minutes later in a pink ball gown. I was encouraged to take pictures of her with the skirt of her gown hiked to show her left leg, flashing a seductive smile. When we finished the third part of the shoot, she changed into a red pantsuit so we could go have lunch.

We sat down in the dining room at the studio; Vanessa had lunch catered. Stephanie selected a garden salad. I also went for the garden salad, but with a grilled chicken sandwich. We both filled our glasses with unsweetened iced tea before finding a table.

“I hear that you’re getting ready to transition,” Stephanie said as soon as we sat down.

“You heard right. I’m preparing to transition from man to woman. I thought New York would be the perfect place to do it,” I told her.

“Where are you from?” she asked me.

“I’m from Beverly Hills, California. I grew up in a wealthy family; my father made his fortune in real estate. I didn’t want to be in the family business; I wanted to live life independently of my family. My two older brothers are in the family business; my

kid brother is preparing to enter the business. I was closer to my two older sisters than I was to my two older brothers. Just a few months ago, I was diagnosed with gender identity disorder. My parents are supportive of my transition; they're looking forward to having a third daughter. I plan to change my name to Elissa when I start living full-time as a woman, hopefully in a few months," I replied.

"I'm from Kirkwood, Missouri. My parents gave me the name Jeffrey when I was born; I'm an only child. I'm a late manifestation case; I didn't realize I should have been a girl until I was eleven years old; I first put on one of my mother's dresses when I was twelve. I grew up in a middle class neighborhood; I worked mainly in offices as an administrative assistant after I graduated from high school. I started building my portfolio when I was in my twenties; it was when I got diagnosed with gender identity disorder when I was discovered by another model. I came to New York five years ago to not only work as a model, but also to transition from man to woman. I mainly modeled bridal and formal fashions during my transition; I adopted the name Stephanie when I started modeling; I went with my mother to Montreal when I had my operation five months ago. This is the first session since having my gender surgically reassigned," Stephanie explained.

"So, what will I be going through?" I asked her.

"When you get approved for the transition, the first thing you will start is the hormone therapy. You will be given female hormones; you will develop female breasts, your hips and buttocks will become wider. For at least a year, you will undergo the Real Life Test, in which you will be living, working and dressing full-time as a woman so there are no

doubts as to your ability to socially and emotionally function in your new role. If you have successfully adapted to life as a woman, then you will be recommended for gender reassignment surgery. This will involve the removal of most of your male genitalia; the skin will be used to line your vagina. I'm glad I had the operation; my body is now in sync with my mind," she explained.

Once we finished lunch, Stephanie returned to the dressing room to change into a floral print summer dress. She had a whole bunch of different poses in mind; we had fun on this portion of the shoot. When we finished that part, it was getting close to four o'clock. The last portion of the shoot had Stephanie in a curve-hugging wedding gown with a short veil. Stephanie's favorite pose was with her blusher over her face, looking at her bouquet. When the shoot was finally over, Stephanie changed back into her pantsuit; we went to Vanessa's office to look at the pictures I took.

"Elton, you handle the camera very well. These pictures of Stephanie are absolutely flawless. Stephanie did a great job with these poses; she shows her feminine beauty flawlessly, especially for her first session since she had her sex surgically reassigned. Several of my clients are looking for photos to include in their advertising and magazine spreads; I'm sure we can be able to sell several of these. Make sure you make ten copies of the photos from this shoot, and put them on my desk before you leave tonight," she explained.

"What else do you need?" I asked her.

"We forgot to show you to your new office. Each photographer has his or her own office; you have two computers with huge high-definition screens to

look at your work,” Vanessa informed me before she directed me and Stephanie down the hall to my new office. While it had windows with a view of Manhattan, the shades were closed while I looked at my photographic work. I was given the key to my new office, walked in and sat down. I looked at the office for a moment before I started the computer on my new desk. When I signed in, I was able to get the pictures transferred from my laptop computer to the computer I switched on in the office. I made ten copies of the pictures I took with Stephanie. When I set them on Vanessa’s desk shortly after six o’clock, I was headed back for the apartment. I changed from my male attire into a pink shirt dress, relaxing with some Celtic music before I changed into a white camisole and turned in for the night.

Three

When I got off work at three-thirty the first Friday I was in New York, I walked straight to Dr. Decker’s office. It was just four blocks down from the studio, and two blocks from my apartment. I decided to wear the blue button-down shirt, khaki slacks and white sneakers to the doctor’s office. Underneath, I wore my pink bikini panties. The doctor’s office was on the fourth floor; I arrived fifteen minutes early, and started to read one of the women’s magazines. Just after four o’clock, a young woman opened the door. She was in a mauve skirt, matching jacket, ivory blouse, tan stockings and pink high heels. She was of average build, with long strawberry blonde hair. In stocking feet, she was four feet, eleven inches tall; five-two in high heels.

“Elissa Burton?” she asked.

I got up, and told her: “That’s what my name is going to be soon.”

“I’m Dr. Adele Decker; you may call me Adele,” she informed me before she showed me into her office.

When I sat down, she said: “Your therapist in Beverly Hills, Dr. Olivia Anderson, is a good friend of mine. She told me all about your case; I understand you’re planning to become a woman.”

“Adele, that’s exactly what I’m planning to do. From the time I was two years old, I knew I was different from other boys. A year later, I put on a dress for the first time. As often as I could, I would put on dresses that my older sisters, Emily and Kate wore. I never really felt like one of the boys; I felt like one of the girls. My parents gave me the best tutors they could afford; they didn’t know I was wearing Emily’s and Kate’s old dresses in secret. My work modeling fashions for the larger woman to supplement my income made me realize that I really should become a woman. Instead of joining my family in their real estate and entertainment businesses, I decided to follow my own path. I became a photographer. All the while, I kept my desire to become a woman a secret. Before I came to New York from Bel-Air, where I grew up, my parents told me that they would be supportive if I decide to become a woman,” I explained.

“Have you been closer to your brothers or your sisters?” she asked.

“I’ve been very close to Emily and Kate than I have ever been to my older brothers, Eric and Kevin. They encouraged me to dress up as a girl when I was younger. After getting the diagnosis from Olivia,

they were the first people I told about my diagnosis with gender identity disorder. They're the most supportive of my desire to become a woman. I'm giving my older brothers, as well as my kid brother, Keith, time to get used to having another sister," I replied.

"Have you always been attracted to men or women?"

"To be honest with you, I've always been attracted to men. Yet, I didn't find it appropriate for me to express that attraction as a man. I think this attraction to men would be best expressed with me as a woman. I've never really been attracted to women; I did go out with several women while I was in college, but it was usually as friends instead of potential lovers."

"Did you ever imagine yourself as a woman in an intimate situation?"

"When I was in college, I imagined myself in intimate, even sexual, situations as a woman. I often visualized myself kissing a man; when I did, I always visualized myself in a romantic dress, a skirt and bodysuit, or even a pair of blue jeans and a T-shirt saying things like 'Big and Beautiful' and 'The Girl of Your Dreams'. When my parents were out of town, I would lock myself in my room, make myself up to look like a woman, put on a wig, a bra with breast forms, a camisole of the same color and a pair of G-string panties, and imagine myself having sex with a man. I would imagine myself with a vagina, having my lover's penis inside. I would also imagine myself caressing my breasts and having a lustful look in my eyes as I made love to him."

"When do you plan to start living full-time as a woman?"

“My legal name change to Elissa June Burton is pending; I also plan to see an endocrinologist here in New York about my hormone therapy. I’ve already built a sizable feminine wardrobe; I’m already living as Elissa at home.”

“Did you decide on your own to start living as Elissa at home, or did Olivia recommend this to you?”

“Olivia recommended that I gradually ease into life as a woman. I asked her what the best way to start out was and she recommended living as a woman at home for a while before easing into the feminine role in social situations, and finally, on the job. I agreed with her that starting with living at home as a woman would be a great start.”

“Are you ready to enter the female role in social situations?”

“I feel ready to enter the role of a woman in social situations; I just have to find the right opportunity to make my social debut as Elissa.”

“For you, assuming the social role of a woman will be a lot easier than most transsexuals I’ve worked with. For one thing, you have no facial hair and have had what little body hair you had removed. You’re letting your hair and fingernails grow. You’ve had plenty of practice on feminizing your voice. You’ve already assumed the female role at home. I think you’ll have no problem assuming the female role in life.”

“I think I’ll have no problem easing into my new identity and role as a woman.”

“I understand you work for Vanessa Astor now. She’s very transgender-friendly. I know that her

husband is a crossdresser, and their daughter is the makeup artist at the studio.”

“I’m very proud to be working for a fantastic lady like Vanessa now. I know about her husband’s work as an accountant and his dressing as a woman for photo shoots and the various events they host at their home. On my first day on the job, I worked with a transsexual model; she had her operation five months ago.”

“I’m going to recommend that you enter the social role of a woman next. The right opportunity will come; it doesn’t matter if you are going out with the other girls or have been invited to a party or social event. I want you to have the best time entering your new life.”

“I have one question. When should I expect to start working as a woman?”

“I think it will be another six to eight weeks before you start working as a woman. I’m sure Vanessa will let you start working as Elissa even before your hormone therapy kicks in.”

“Whatever you recommend, I’ll do.”

I left Adele’s office with a plan to wrap up my life as Elton and begin to live full-time as Elissa. I was excited to finally have a plan to become a woman. I was really looking forward to leaving my male life behind and beginning a whole new life as the woman I feel I should have been. I went back to the apartment, changed into a fuchsia nightgown, sat down and watched television before turning in for the night.

Four

By the end of August, the life I had led as Elton for twenty-four years was about to be nothing but a memory. My light brown hair had already grown down to my shoulders; it was long enough to style in a feminine fashion. In July, I had my ears pierced and began my hormone treatments. When I walked into my apartment building from a lingerie photo shoot on the night of August 29, I had a package waiting for me. It was from my mother; it included documents for my legal name change which was granted on August 27. Officially, I was Elissa June Burton. Elton James Burton was a memory now. I also got some news from Vanessa; I would be allowed to start working as a woman after Labor Day. My hair was already down to my shoulders; I had just gotten a manicure done three days prior. On the Saturday of Labor Day weekend, I was to be a guest at Vanessa's residence in Westchester County for an end-of-summer formal.

I had to be over at her residence at six o'clock. I had just gotten home from having my hair done at a nearby beauty salon. I chose my silver sequin evening gown for the event. When I took off my male clothes, I noticed that my breasts were starting to grow; the tenderness I had in my breasts several weeks before had subsided. I also noticed that my hips and buttocks were becoming more pronounced.

After I laid my evening gown on the bed, I also laid out my white strapless bra and matching pantyhose, as well as a pair of silver pumps. It was around four o'clock when I started my bath; I stripped off my oversized white button-down shirt, blue slacks and white sneakers. With that, I had taken off my last articles of male clothing. I would

have just my baby blue bikini panties on. I put my shirt and slacks into the washer before I stripped off my panties and stepped into the warm bubble bath. I relaxed for half an hour before I got out and dried myself off. I went into my dresser and got a pair of white G-string panties out. After stepping into my panties, I put on my bra and pantyhose.

I went into the bathroom to put on some light makeup; I went back to my dresser to put on a pair of diamond stud earrings, along with a rhinestone bracelet and a silver bracelet with a timepiece inside. I went back to my bed to put on my evening gown; I was able to zip up the back myself. I looked at myself in the mirror, and thought I looked absolutely beautiful. I was very proud to be a big, beautiful woman. When I put on my pumps, I was ready to go. It was around quarter to five that the limousine arrived to take me to Vanessa's house. I grabbed my silver handbag and walked out the front door of my apartment.

A handsome young man named Jay was waiting for me. "Miss Burton, your limousine awaits you," he said before opening the back door.

"Why thank you, kind sir!" I said before he took my hand and led me into the back of the limousine. I sat down, poured myself a glass of wine, and took a look at my face and hair in the mirror of the compact I had with me. After I finished admiring my beautiful face, Jay started out for Vanessa's residence.

I arrived at her residence just before six o'clock. When I rang the doorbell, Vanessa answered. She was in a pink satin evening gown. "You look so feminine and beautiful, Elissa!" she exclaimed in awe.

“Thank you, Vanessa; you look beautiful yourself,” I told her with a smile.

“This is your social debut as a woman. I’m sure there will be a lot of men who will be attracted to the woman you’ve become so far. Remember, you haven’t had the surgery yet; some of these men want to get you into the sack. All you need to do is flash a smile and tease them a little bit; I’m sure you’ve had some practice in the art of flirting with the guys.”

“I practiced that when I was modeling in L.A.”

While Vanessa and I continued to engage in girl talk, her husband came out of their bedroom, dressed and made up to look like a woman. He was in an orange evening gown, a shoulder-length brunette wig, beige stockings, white mid-heeled sandals, topped with a rhinestone tiara. “Vanessa, have you introduced me to this lovely young lady?” he asked her.

“Oh, yes. Elissa Burton, this is my husband, John Davie; tonight, he’s dressed as his feminine alter ego, Jenna,” Vanessa replied.

“I’m very pleased to meet you, Jenna,” I said.

“The pleasure is mutual, Elissa. You may call me Jenna when I’m dressed as a woman,” he added.

“How did you two meet?” I asked them.

“John was modeling in a fashion show in Boston when we met four years ago. I had just opened this modeling agency; he was studying accounting in college. He was modeling tuxedos; I did not know about his feminine alter ego at the time. We did some long-distance dating at the time; he would visit me one weekend in New York, followed by a weekend visiting him in Boston. When he graduated from col-

lege eight months later, he admitted that he was attracted to me; the feeling was mutual. I was looking for an accountant to help me with the books as the firm handling our books didn't renew our contract. John moved to New York and took over the accounting duties. It was on a date nearly a year after we met that he told me about Jenna. The next date we had was with him dressed as Jenna; we had a great time," Vanessa explained.

"We have a lot of fun when we go out as girls. We don't dress like we want to be picked up by the guys; we dress like everyday girls. When we got married last year, we had two ceremonies: a traditional ceremony with our families in Amherst, where we're both from, and a double-gown ceremony when we got back from our honeymoon," added Jenna.

Just before seven o'clock, I walked out to the back yard with Vanessa to get things going for the party; Jenna followed behind us. Vanessa and I approached the bar while Jenna started the background music. The bartender, a tall Hispanic man in his late twenties, asked us what we would like to drink.

"I would like a glass of white wine," I told him.

"Make that two," added Vanessa.

Vanessa and I found a table near the bar; we sat down and talked. "Besides Stephanie, how many transsexuals have you worked with throughout your career?" I asked her.

"When I started this agency ten years ago, I brought a photographer and model over from an agency in Paris. The photographer was known as Gregory Johnston then; the model, Laura Smith, had been modeling as a woman for three years.

Laura began her transition while in Paris. Six months after they arrived in New York, Laura went to Montreal for her gender reassignment surgery. Shortly after Laura's operation, Greg told us that he was diagnosed with gender identity disorder. Within two months, he was working as Grace, the woman he felt he should have been. Eighteen months after Laura's operation, Grace had hers in Montreal. They've been our best team since that time; Laura's face has graced the covers of many fashion magazines; Grace has won awards for her work. They've been to Paris, London, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Milan and Rio de Janeiro since Grace's operation. Both ladies are married now; Laura got married this past summer. Grace was matron of honor when Laura took Kevin as her husband. Laura was Grace's maid of honor when Grace became Andrew's bride," she explained.

"I saw them doing a photo shoot the first week I worked for you. They're a great team."

"Two of my hairstylists and one of my makeup artists are also transsexual. Christina Jones, one of the stylists, joined our agency seven years ago. As a man named Craig, he was an award-winning hair stylist in the Dallas/Fort Worth area. He came to New York shortly after he was diagnosed with gender identity disorder; within three months, she was living full-time as Christina. Five years ago, she had her operation in San Francisco. I hired the other transsexual stylist, Wendi, four years ago. When she arrived in New York from Kansas City, she had just started living full-time as a woman. She also won awards when she was a man named Winston. Two and a half years later, Wendi went to Montreal for her operation. When we hired our makeup artist,

Traci, two years ago, she had been living full-time as a woman for two years. Traci began life as Troy; he was born in a small town in Iowa, and won a number of awards for his makeup work in London before he began living full-time as a woman. A year after Traci arrived in New York from London, she took the train to Philadelphia for her operation. The three girls go out on the town together; Wendi and Traci often double-date. Christina has a steady boyfriend; he loves her as the woman she has become.”

“I’ve seen Traci’s makeup work on Stephanie; she’s very good. Christina also did a great job on her hair.”

“You’re the third transsexual photographer I’ve hired. The first one is Nancy; we hired her eight years ago. When I hired her, she also began her transition. As a man named Nathan, he had become one of the top fashion photographers in Milan. He came from a small town in Florida. Fourteen months after I hired her, she went to San Francisco for her gender reassignment surgery. She just recently became engaged to be married; her fiancé, Keith, is a personal injury lawyer on Long Island.

“Cathy is the second one I hired. When she joined us five years ago, she was still living as a man named Charles. As a man, he had been a top fashion photographer in Paris. Just three months after he came to New York, he began living full-time as Cathy. Three years ago, she went to Montreal for her operation. They share an apartment in Greenwich Village.”

“Is that all the transsexuals you’ve hired?”

“We’ve hired one female-to-male transsexual. We hired Michael as a gaffer three years ago, he had his

gender surgically reassigned ten years ago. He began life as a girl named Monica; she began working as a gaffer at a television station in a small town in Kansas shortly after she graduated from college. When she began living as Michael, she was working at a television production studio in San Francisco. He went to Tampa to have his operation; he's now dating one of the models."

Just as Vanessa finished talking, Stephanie approached our table. She was wearing a royal blue evening gown with matching satin pumps; she had a handsome man with her. He was six-one, average build and wearing a gray tuxedo with black dress shoes. "Elissa, Vanessa, how are you doing?" she asked us.

"I'm doing just fine, Stephanie," I replied.

"I'm doing great," she added before asking Stephanie about her date.

"Oh, yeah; I almost forgot! Ted Milton, this is Elissa Burton; she's a photographer for the agency, and Vanessa Astor, the owner of the agency," Stephanie replied.

"It's a pleasure to meet both of you ladies," he told us with a smile.

"It's a pleasure to meet you too," I said with a smile.

"The pleasure is mutual, Mr. Milton," Vanessa added.

"Please, call me Ted," he corrected.

"Ted and I have been friends for a long time. We met in middle school; he's always been supportive of everything I've done," Stephanie added.

"What do you do for a living?" I asked him.

“I’m a lawyer, specializing in disability and personal injury cases,” he replied.

“I’m a photographer,” I added.

“When we first started working together in June, Elissa was still a man. It was on the first shoot we did together that she told me about her plans to become a woman. We’ve become good friends since then; we’ve been out shopping together as girls and spent time at both our apartments,” Stephanie then added.

“When are you planning to have your operation?” he asked me.

“I don’t anticipate having the operation for at least a year and a half,” I replied.

“Stephanie, what would you like to drink?” he asked her.

“I’ll have a glass of white wine,” she replied.

Ted went to the bar to get Stephanie her glass of wine, while he ordered a glass of beer. She sat down at our table. “What’s next on your modeling schedule?” Vanessa asked her.

“My next shoot is a lingerie photo shoot; it will be a bit more sensual than the recent shoots I’ve done. I’ve been doing a lot more of these photoshoots since my operation,” Stephanie replied.

“My next shoot will be a bridal shoot that starts on Monday. I’ll be working with a couple of young models; it’s the first shoot for both of them. They’re fresh out of college; they’ve been having a hard time finding jobs in their chosen fields. One of these models majored in Public Relations; the other model majored in Education. Those fields have been difficult to break into these days, with the job market in

P.R. usually reserved for those with many connections, and teaching jobs very scarce because of budget cuts,” I added.

“I read about the cuts in the New York Public Schools that took place several years ago. One of the teachers interviewed was offered early retirement after twenty years; he’s now teaching troubled and transgender girls somewhere out west,” Vanessa then added.

Ted returned to the table with Stephanie’s glass of wine; he sat down next to her and took a small drink of beer out of his glass. “How long have you known about Stephanie?” Vanessa asked him.

“I first knew about Stephanie when we were in high school. Back then, she was a young man named Jeffrey Seth Burrell. His parents were out of town when I came over to watch movies. When I arrived, I saw Jeff made up to look like a girl, wearing a baby blue dress. When we sat down, he told me the story of dressing up as a girl for the first time and how he sometimes wished he was a girl. I thought he made a more beautiful and convincing girl than he did a boy. I told him that it didn’t matter if he decided to stay a man or become a woman, I would be very supportive of him. That was our junior year of high school. That Halloween, we decided to go to a party as a bride and groom. I was the groom.

“While we were in college, he would sometimes dress up as a girl to go out on the town while I was on break from school. After I graduated from law school and took my present job, I saw him again; he had started living full-time as Stephanie Jennifer Burrell. We went out on occasion during her transition; I even referred her to a lawyer when she began

the process of legally changing her name. I've given some thought at one time or another to making her my girlfriend but I don't know if she's ready for a boyfriend," he replied.

"You know I'm ready for a boyfriend; all you need to do is ask," Stephanie said with a sly smile, gently ribbing him.

Vanessa and I both giggled when she said that. "Do you have a boyfriend, Elissa?" he asked me.

"I'm not ready for a boyfriend, either; I've only been living as a woman for a short time," I replied.

"I don't know if you've noticed, but there are quite a few guys taking a good look at you, Elissa," Vanessa added.

"I didn't know I was that beautiful!" I exclaimed with an element of surprise.

After finishing our drinks, the music for dancing started. A slow song began the musical selections. "May I have this dance, Stephanie?" Ted asked her.

"You may," she replied before she held out her right hand. Ted took her hand gently; she got up and took his lead to the dancing area in front of the hedges separating the back yard from the pool and the driveway. It was when Stephanie and Ted began dancing that a young man, six-six with an average build, wearing a navy blue tuxedo, approached me. "Would you like to dance?" he asked me.

"I would love it," I replied as I got up. I held out my left hand for him to gently take. I walked out with him to slow dance with him.

When we began dancing, he asked me my name. "I'm Elissa Burton; I'm a photographer for Ms. Astor's agency," I replied.

“My name is Eric Boyer; I’m a writer for one of the fashion magazines. I’ve worked with Ms. Astor and her models in the past,” he added.

“How long have you been a fashion writer?”

“I’ve been writing about fashion for fourteen years now. I look a lot younger than I really am.”

“I’ve been a photographer for the past six years; I only came to New York in June.”

“I must say, you’re a beautiful girl.”

“You’re quite a handsome man.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m twenty-four; I’ll be twenty-five next month.”

“I’m thirty-six years old; I admit to not looking a day over twenty-seven.”

I then put my arms around him and he put his around me; we held each other close. When the song ended, I was tempted to kiss him on the lips. “Thanks for this dance,” he whispered.

“You’re most welcome; this is my first dance,” I cooed before he kissed me on the forehead.

“I’ll ask you for another dance later,” he whispered.

“Thanks for kissing me on the forehead; you just made me feel so tingly and feminine,” I whispered before I returned to the table. Stephanie had a big smile on her face. “You two look like a cute couple,” she said with a hint of a giggle.

“He’s a nice guy and a good dancer,” I added.

It was another hour before he approached me again. “Would you like another dance, Elissa?” he asked me.

“I would be delighted to, Eric,” I replied.

He gently took me by the hand; once I was on my feet, we held hands as we walked out to dance. He held me close the whole time; we danced through two slow songs. This time, I couldn't hold back. We shared a kiss on the lips.

“You're such a good kisser,” he whispered to me.

“So are you,” I whispered back.

I had never felt so feminine in my life. The feeling of being kissed by a man for the first time in her new life as a woman is a feeling every transsexual woman remembers for the rest of her life. When I sat down, Vanessa had a big smile on her face. “When you kiss your first man, you've arrived at womanhood. Elissa, you've arrived at womanhood,” she said excitedly.

Before I left Vanessa's place to return to New York, Eric and I exchanged phone numbers. “My office is just a few blocks up from yours. Would you like to have lunch with me sometime?” he asked me.

“I'd love it,” I replied.

I departed for home around eleven-thirty. On the long ride home, I couldn't get him out of my mind. He was so much like a gentleman; like the man I'd been looking for since I began my new life as a woman. When the limousine pulled up to the front door of my apartment building shortly after midnight, I went straight to my apartment. I sat down on the couch for a while, still in my evening gown, and reflected on the evening that I had. It was one-fifteen when I finally got up from the couch and walked over to my bedroom. I got my pink baby doll nightie and matching bikini panties out of the lingerie drawer. I hung up my evening gown in the closet

and took off the lingerie I wore under my gown. After a short shower, I got into the baby doll nightie and panties, got into bed, turned off the lamp next to my bed, and went to sleep.

Five

Just before I celebrated my twenty-fifth birthday on October 24, I attended a meeting of my transgender support group at Dr. Decker's brown-stone house. It was four-thirty in the afternoon. A new member had just arrived from out of town; she had just taken a job at a women's boutique in Manhattan. She was twenty-two years old, five-eleven with a large build, shoulder-length curly blonde hair. She's just as beautiful as I am. We were both in satin dresses; mine was baby blue and hers was mauve. We were wearing matching flats. She spoke with a hint of a Southern accent.

"You were telling your life story to us. It's quite an interesting story," I told her.

"I saw you were listening intently," she added.

"I'm Elissa Burton," I said to her.

"Lori Elizabeth Williams," she told me.

"What brings you to New York?" I asked her.

"I took a job at my cousin's boutique on Park Avenue," she replied.

"Are you transitioning?"

"I began living full-time as a woman before I came to New York. I'm from a well-to-do family."

"That's a coincidence, Lori; I'm also from a well-to-do family."

“Where are you from, Elissa?”

“I’m from Beverly Hills, California.”

“I came to New York from Austin, Texas. My father, Wesley Williams, made his fortune in the oil business; he owns several oil fields in the western part of the state. My mother, Catherine Smith Williams, is one of the best-known socialites in Austin. I have two brothers, Wesley Junior and John, and a sister, Gwendolyn. I’m the third of four children. When I was born, my parents named me Edward Lawrence Williams; I had my name legally changed to Lori Elizabeth Williams before I left Texas three months ago.”

“Who have you been living with since that time?”

“I’ve been living with my cousin, Stephanie Anderson, since I came to New York. She lives in an apartment near Central Park with her husband, Kevin, and their two children, Steve and Kelli. I’m looking to move to larger quarters.”

“I have two extra rooms at my apartment; I live in another part of Manhattan.”

“Is your family supportive of your transition?”

“They are totally supportive. My parents really like the idea of having another daughter. When I left for New York, they gave me my trust fund, valued at \$20 million. I’ve always been closer to my sisters than to my brothers. The apartment is a gift from my parents.”

“My family is very supportive of my transition from man to woman. You would think my parents

would be conservative about having a transsexual relative but they've been surprisingly supportive of my becoming a woman. I've always been closest to Gwen; my brothers finally came around shortly before I came to New York. My parents gave me a trust fund of \$18 million when I moved to New York. I'm very happy to finally be on the road to becoming a woman."

"So am I. I've even started dating."

"Who's the lucky guy?"

"His name is Eric Boyer. He works for one of the fashion magazines here in New York."

"I've read his work; he's an excellent writer."

"Would you like to come to my place for a cup of tea, Lori?"

"I would love it, Elissa."

Lori followed me to the apartment building. She was driving a late model Mercedes-Benz sport utility vehicle. When I arrived at the parking garage at my apartment building shortly after six o'clock, I told the security guard that Lori was my visitor. We parked in adjacent parking spaces; we took the elevator to the fourth floor before we took the short walk to my apartment.

"This is a beautiful apartment," Lori complimented.

"My parents completely did the décor for the apartment. This was our vacation apartment when we stayed in New York. They did a great job on it," I added.

"What do you do for a living?"

“I’m a photographer for a modeling agency in Greenwich Village. I’ve been a photographer for six years.”

“What did your parents name you when you were born?”

“I was given the name Elton James Burton when I was born. From the time I was two years old, I knew I should have been a girl. Just a couple of months ago, I had my name legally changed to Elissa June Burton.”

“I knew I should have been a girl from the time I was three years old. Gwen began dressing me in her old dresses. By the time I was eighteen, I was already wearing a size 24W dress and 13D in women’s shoes. I went to college in Chicago to study fashion; I graduated last summer. Before I graduated, I was diagnosed with gender identity disorder. I thought working at a women’s boutique would be more appealing to me than working in the oil business, like my father and my brothers.”

As I was pouring the hot water for our cups of tea, I asked Lori: “How would you like to live here?”

“I would love to move in with you, Elissa,” she replied.

“I’ll tell you what; I’ll talk to the building superintendent, and see about getting a new contract drawn up,” I added.

“So, when do you plan to have your operation, Elissa?”

“I hope to have it in a year or two, Lori.”

“I also hope to have my operation in a year or two.”

We sat and talked for four hours; we talked about our goals for becoming women, what we would look for in a man, and our work. It was approximately ten-thirty when Lori decided to head back to her cousin's apartment. "I'll see you at the next group session, Elissa," she informed me.

"Let's go for a girls' night out this weekend," I added.

"It'll be fun, that's for sure," she told me.

Six

After we both got off work on the day I turned twenty-five, Lori and I decided to go out on the town. I decided to wear my black party dress, matching lingerie, stockings and pumps. She decided on a royal blue party dress, matching lingerie, white stockings and blue flats. When I arrived at the apartment building she lived in, she was ready.

"You look radiant, Elissa," Lori complimented.

"You're very breathtaking, Lori," I returned the compliment.

I drove a few blocks to a restaurant in Greenwich Village where we parked in a secure parking garage. When we got inside, a hostess with short, chestnut brown hair, five-five, slender build, wearing a mauve pantsuit, greeted us. "Do you have a reservation for two for Elissa Burton?" I asked.

"Burton, Burton...right this way, ma'am," she replied.

We were shown to a table by the window, where we sat down. "Would you like anything to drink?" she asked us.

“A bottle of white wine from California,” I replied.

Lori began the conversation. “How is the new contract for your apartment coming along?” she asked me.

“It’s all ready to be signed. The resident manager’s name is Jenny; she’ll be over with the contract shortly,” I replied.

Jenny came to our table shortly after our wine was delivered. Twenty-seven years old, five-nine, with long auburn hair and an average build, she was dressed in a navy blue pantsuit. “Good evening, Elissa,” she said with a smile.

“Jenny, this is Lori Williams,” I informed her.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Lori,” Jenny said with a smile.

“The pleasure is mutual, Jenny,” Lori added.

The three of us went over the new contract for the apartment, discussed financial terms and our responsibilities. “Everything seems to be in order,” Lori informed her.

I looked at the new contract and told Jenny that everything was in order. Lori signed her name to the contract first; I signed my name to it next. Jenny had already affixed her signature before she left the office and came to the restaurant. “If you have any questions, I’m in Apartment 112,” she informed us.

Jenny’s boyfriend, Norbert, was waiting for her at another table. Lori and I both had salads for dinner; we also opted for a plate of fish nuggets with marinara sauce to dip them in. After dinner, we walked down the street to a nearby club.

When we walked in, we were amazed at the number of handsome guys who took a good look at us. “Aren’t these guys cute?” Lori asked me.

“These guys are handsome to say the least,” I replied.

We went to the bar and ordered our drinks. Lori ordered a Pink Lady, while I opted for a strawberry daiquiri. We sat down, and looked over the establishment. We were getting noticed by the guys; one guy in particular immediately noticed me. He walked over toward our table, carrying a glass of beer.

“Hi, Eric,” I said to him as he sat down.

“Hi, Elissa,” he said before asking me who I was with.

“Eric Boyer, this is my new roommate, Lori Williams. Lori, this is Eric Boyer; he’s a fashion writer,” I replied.

“I’m very pleased to meet you, Lori. You’re quite a beautiful girl,” he complimented.

“Why thank you. You’re a handsome guy,” she said to him, blushing.

“So, what brings you to New York?” he asked her.

“I’m working for my cousin, Stephanie Anderson, at her boutique,” she replied.

“I’ve been to Stephanie’s; it’s very beautiful and femininely appointed,” he added.

“Are you working on your interview with a men’s fashion designer?” I asked him.

“I finished that article yesterday. I’m planning to polish it up before it gets published in a men’s fashion publication,” he replied.

“I finished a lingerie shoot today; I’m going to review the pictures over the weekend with the client at my place. My next assignment is going to be the most interesting one I’ve ever done,” I added.

“What is your next assignment?” he asked.

“I’m doing the photography for a series of bridal calendars featuring only transgender models. Vanessa has brought in an assortment of female impersonators, pre-op and post-op transsexuals and crossdressers for this assignment. We begin the shoot on Tuesday,” I replied.

“Now, that’s an interesting assignment,” he added.

“I’ve been invited to be part of the shoot,” Lori added before she pulled a small album of her bridal pictures out of her purse.

“These pictures are beautiful!” Eric exclaimed.

“I had these taken in Las Vegas a year ago. I was there on a project for one of my classes; I took some time to go to a studio to have some bridal pictures taken,” she added.

“It was great to see you, Elissa; it’s a pleasure to meet you, Lori. I’ve got to get back to my table; my friends are waiting,” he informed us.

“Shall we do lunch next week?” I asked him.

“I’ll call you and see what day and time is best for me,” he replied.

After Eric left to return to the table he was sitting at with his friends, Lori asked me: “How did you meet him?”

“We were at a party at Vanessa’s place last month. He was a gentleman the whole night; I slow danced with him. He made me feel so feminine; he even gave me my first feminine kiss. I don’t know if he’s boyfriend material,” I replied.

“He could very well be,” she added.

After spending some time at the straight club, we walked a few blocks over to a transgender club. Vanessa was there with her husband, dressed as his feminine alter ego. Vanessa was in her hot pink party dress, white stockings and hot pink high heels. “I didn’t expect to see you here,” Vanessa said with an element of surprise.

“I just walked in, Vanessa,” I told her with a smile.

“Who is this young lady?” she asked me.

“Vanessa Astor, this is Lori Williams. She works for Stephanie’s Boutique. Lori, this is Vanessa Astor, my boss,” I replied.

“I’m very pleased to meet you,” she told her.

“Are you looking forward to next week’s photo shoot?” Vanessa asked.

“I really am. It’s been a year since I put on a wedding gown,” Lori replied.

Vanessa’s husband, dressed as his feminine alter ego, returned to the table with two glasses of champagne. Jenna was in a lavender party dress, white stockings and lavender pumps. “I’m glad I didn’t lose a single drop,” Jenna said.

“I’m glad that didn’t happen. You know how men are when they look at the fairer gender,” Vanessa added.

“Hi, Elissa,” Jenna greeted with a smile.

“Hi, Jenna,” I said with a smile.

“Who is the young lady?” Jenna asked.

“Jenna, this is my new roommate, Lori,” I replied.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Jenna,” Lori added.

“This is my feminine alter ego. When I’m not in dresses, gowns and skirt sets, I’m John. I’m fortunate to have such a supportive woman like Vanessa in my life,” Jenna told us.

“I couldn’t have handled being in a relationship with, let alone married to, a non-crossdressing guy,” Vanessa added.

“Lori is a transsexual, just like me,” I informed them.

“She’s such a beautiful girl. Just the perfect girl for the bridal photo shoot,” Jenna added.

“I would love to model a wedding gown, myself,” I added.

“How are things going with Eric?” Vanessa asked.

“I just saw him tonight at a club down the street. He was with a group of his friends. It’s a bit early to say whether I would find him to be relationship, let alone marriage material,” I replied.

“I think you will fall in love with him, eventually,” Lori added.

“I agree with Lori,” added Jenna.

“Eric wants to take it easy with the next girl he takes up with. He’s been very disappointed in love throughout much of his life,” Vanessa told us.

“Has he ever been in a relationship?” I asked her.

“It’s been a decade since his last relationship. He was deeply in love with a dietary aide who worked at a nursing home in Queens. Her parents were in the middle of a very bitter divorce; just before his career took off, her parents decided to intervene in their relationship. He had no choice but to break off the engagement. He’s dated a handful of women since that time, even a few transsexual women. He hasn’t been out with a woman more than twice since that time. He’s buried that rejection in his work. The other writers at the magazine are getting concerned about him; they’re saying that he should seriously think about finding a new girl,” she explained.

“Thus his tentativeness about making Elissa his girl,” Jenna added.

“I haven’t been living full-time as a woman that long. I’ve only been living full-time for four months now. I’m not quite ready to date, let alone be involved with, a man. I’d like to wait a month or two longer, until I truly feel I am ready to take the female role in dating and relationships,” I informed them.

“I may be a pre-op transsexual, just like you, but I’m ready to assume the female role in dating and relationships, Elissa. I dated a few guys while dressed as a woman before I came here to New York; they found me to be a beautiful woman. In fact, I even got a proposal from one man on a date just a week before I came here,” Lori added.

After the first female impersonator show ended, Lori and I headed for the exit. We walked down the street to the parking garage where I parked my car. “What are you going to do when Eric asks you out on a date?” Lori asked me.

“I’m going to accept his date. I think it’s time that he has a good time on a date again,” I replied.

“After what Vanessa said about him, I think it’s a good idea to accept a date with him.”

“I think you’re right, Lori. It’s also an opportunity to explore my feelings about dating a man. Even before I began living full-time as a woman, I felt that I was emotionally, physically, romantically and sexually attracted to men. I feel the best way to express this is with me in the role of a woman.”

“I’ve always felt attracted to the guys, too. I’m ready to share kisses and intimate, romantic moments with a man; I would much rather wait to make love to him until after I have my operation.”

It was nearly one o’clock in the morning when we got back to our apartment. We went to our bedrooms to change from our party dresses into our bedtime lingerie. I changed into a black babydoll nightie; Lori changed into a baby blue chemise and matching G-string panties.

“Don’t you think this lingerie will hold a man’s attention?” she asked me.

“I think you would not only hold his attention, but also lure him into your bed,” I replied.

“That lingerie will also grab his attention and lure him into your bed,” she added.

We both fell asleep around one-thirty in the morning. After having our big, beautiful bodies looked at by the men, not to mention other people thinking we were convincing young women, we both felt we were ready for what life might give us in our new lives as women.



Seven

We finished the photo shoots for the transgender bridal calendars by the latter part of November. The first of these calendars were released just in time for the Christmas season. It was three days before Christmas; I was wearing a red and green sweater dress and a pair of red and white flats. I was finish-

ing a formal photo shoot with a teenage girl and her boyfriend when Vanessa walked into the studio.

“Elissa, someone is here to see you,” she informed me.

“Who is it?” I asked her.

Two very happy voices yelled, in unison: “Elissa!” Those voices belonged to my sisters, Emily and Kate. Emily, five-seven with an average build and long, brunette hair, was in a faux fur coat, a navy blue pantsuit with a white blouse and navy blue high heels; Kate, five-six with a slender build and shoulder-length blonde hair, was in a black leather jacket, mauve bodysuit, blue denim skirt and a pair of mauve pumps.

“Emily! Kate! What brings you to New York?” I asked them.

“I’m in town to work on some dress designs with a top fashion house,” Kate replied.

“I’m on vacation from my work,” Emily added.

“You’re looking so buxom and beautiful,” Kate complimented.

“I’m very happy to have a sister like you, Elissa,” Emily added.

“How’s everything with you both?” I asked them.

“I’m doing very well. I just finished a collection of dresses, skirt sets and pantsuits for a boutique in Beverly Hills. I have been dating a few guys, but I can’t seem to hold on to a guy for more than one or two dates. I just moved into a luxury town home in Hollywood with two other girls,” Kate replied.

“It’s been a busy season for me, too. Most of my clients are seeking my services now, before the start

of remodeling season in the spring. I've been dating a guy named Greg Johnston for the past few months; he's an attorney from the San Fernando Valley. One of his partners in his practice specializes in transgender law," added Emily.

"I'm living just a few blocks down from the studio, living in the apartment that used to be our summer apartment. I'm sharing my apartment with Lori Williams, another pre-op transsexual who works at her cousin's boutique in Manhattan. I've shown some interest in Eric Boyer, a fashion writer who lives in Greenwich Village," I then added.

"We got in from L.A. two hours ago; we decided to have a late lunch at the Empire State Building before coming here. We wanted to see you on the job, taking pictures of the beautiful people you work with," Kate said to us.

"I've read some of Eric's work in the fashion magazines. He's a good writer. You do such a good job with the models," Emily told me.

I stopped at my office so I could put the pictures I took on the computer, while my sisters picked up their suitcases and makeup cases. "Let me get these pictures on the external hard drive before we head to my place," I informed them. Emily and Kate watched as I transferred the pictures from the shoot from the camera to my computer and E-mailed a copy to Vanessa. It was nearly five o'clock when I left with my sisters to return to my apartment.

When we walked in, Emily asked me: "Which room do you want me and Kate to share?"

"There's still one bedroom with two beds; it's the first door on the right, I'll show you," I replied before showing them to the guest bedroom.

After my sisters crashed on the beds, I sat down to watch a bridal photo shoot video on my DVD player. I was nearly asleep when Lori came home from work. "How was your day, Elissa?" she asked me.

"It was a great day; I did a photo shoot with a teenage model and her boyfriend; my sisters surprised me at work. They're sleeping in the guest bedroom," I replied.

Lori sat down to watch the bridal photo shoot video while I went into the bathroom next to my bedroom to freshen up a bit before dinner. Lori placed a phone call to a nearby Chinese restaurant, ordering beef, chicken and pork fried rice along with fried wontons and a salad with Ranch dressing. I selected my pink lingerie, a pink sweatshirt and a blue denim skirt with pink flats before taking off my work clothes and taking a twenty-minute bubble bath. I smelled so feminine when I got out; I changed into the clothes I selected, and emerged from the bedroom to sit in the living room before dinner. Emily and Kate emerged from the visitor bedroom just as I was sitting down. Emily was in a red knit dress and a pair of red pumps, while Kate was in a red body suit, blue denim skirt and red flats.

"Who are these ladies?" Lori asked me.

"Lori Williams, these are my sisters, Emily and Kate Burton. Emily, Kate, this is my roommate, Lori Williams," I replied.

"I'm very pleased to meet you. Elissa has told me a lot about you," Kate added.

"You're a beautiful and feminine young woman," Emily complimented.

"Why, thank you, Emily," Lori said with a smile.

It was around six o'clock that dinner was delivered to our door. I set the table while Lori put the rice in three bowls, the fried wontons on a plate and the salad in another bowl. I helped Lori put the meal on the table. I called my sisters to the table for dinner. When we sat down, we reflected for a moment before starting our meal.

"How long have you been one of us?" Kate asked Lori.

"What do you mean, Kate?" Lori asked her.

"She meant to ask you how long you've been living as a woman," Emily added.

"I've been living full-time as a woman since July," Lori told Emily.

"Where are you from?" Emily then asked.

"Emily, I'm from Austin, Texas. My family is supportive of my transition from man to woman," Lori replied.

"Our family is also supportive of Elissa's transition from man to woman. Her older brothers, Eric and Kevin, have finally realized they're gaining a sister through this transition," Kate added.

"Lori and I were talking one night about when we would like to have our genders surgically re-assigned. We hope to have our operations at the same time," I told them.

"That's a goal worth shooting for," Emily said to us.

After we finished our dinner and put the dishes in the dishwasher, the four of us sat down in the living room to watch a couple of movies on the DVD player. After the first movie, Lori and I changed from our clothes into nightgowns; I changed into a baby

blue nightgown, while Lori changed into a black nightgown. Emily and Kate emerged from the guest bedroom in their lingerie. Emily wore a purple teddy, while Kate wore a black baby doll nightie. We engaged in girl talk and giggled at the cute guys that appeared in the movie. Finally, shortly after midnight, the four of us turned in for the night.

The next evening, I invited Eric to our apartment for dinner. He had already met Lori a couple of months before; that night he would be meeting my sisters. After dinner, Eric and I would be going to a movie and out for a walk. Lori would prepare a huge pot of chili for dinner. It was quarter to five that I changed from my T-shirt, which said "I'm Beautiful. Face It" and a pair of blue jeans into a blue bra, blue lace panties, blue garter belt, white half slip and white stockings before I put on my blue velvet dress and a pair of white pumps. Around five-thirty, the doorbell rang. I answered it, finding Eric at the door, wearing a pinstripe suit and navy blue tie. He was holding a bouquet of various color carnations.

"Are they for me?" I asked him, surprised at his gesture.

"They are for you, Elissa," he replied.

"This is the first time a man has given me flowers. Thank you!" I added before giving him a smooch.

"Who are these beautiful young ladies with you and Lori?" he asked.

"Eric Boyer, these two young ladies are my sisters, Emily and Kate. Emily and Kate Burton, this is Eric Boyer, my dear friend," I replied.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Eric," Emily told him with a smile.

“I’m happy to meet your acquaintance,” Kate added.

We sat down to dinner, where we had light conversation. “What do you ladies do for a living?” Eric asked my sisters.

“I’m an interior designer; I have my own business in Los Angeles,” Emily replied.

“I’m a fashion designer; I work with various clients throughout the country,” added Kate.

“I’m a fashion writer. I’m sure you’ve read some of my stuff in the leading fashion magazines,” he told them.

“I’ve read your articles; you write very well,” Kate complimented.

“How long have you and Elissa known each other?” Emily asked him.

“We met at a party hosted by her boss, Vanessa Astor, three months ago. We danced a few of the dances together; we’ve been seeing each other on various occasions ever since,” he replied.

“He treated me like the lady I am. We shared several dances; no man has ever made me feel more feminine than he did that night,” I added.

We also had a date planned that night; we went to a nearby movie theater to see a romantic comedy. We held each other close throughout the movie, even shared a few tender kisses. It was a cool night; we decided to go over to Central Park to sit on one of the benches. He wore a trench coat over his suit and tie; I wore my faux fur coat over my dress.

“Elissa, I was wondering; how would you feel if you were my girl?” he asked me.

“I don’t know how I would feel. My romantic feelings toward men are still new to me,” I replied.

“I have to be real honest with you, Elissa. You’re the only woman I’ve thought about over the past three months. Every time I think about a beautiful woman, I think of you. No woman has ever made me feel more masculine than you have. You’ve brought out the man in me; I feel that I’ve brought out the woman in you. I don’t know if you’re ready, but I’d really love to make you my steady girlfriend.”

“Eric, before we become a couple, there’s something I need to tell you.”

“No matter what it is, I’m all ears.”

“Eric, the woman you have in your arms right now is a big, beautiful woman who finds you a very handsome and attractive man. However, I have to tell you that I haven’t always been a woman. One year ago, I was a man known as Elton. Ever since I was a boy, I knew that I should have been a girl. Just six months ago, I began living full-time as Elissa, the woman I feel I should be. Ever since I began living full-time as a girl, I have been emotionally, physically, romantically and sexually attracted to men. I’ve always wanted to explore my most romantic feelings with a man. I haven’t had gender reassignment surgery yet, but I hope you accept me as the woman I’ve become. I feel that I’m attracted to you, Eric.”

“Elissa, I accept you as the woman you are now. I’ve dated women like you before. I understand your need to become a woman. I’ve never wanted a woman more than I want you. You’re the most beautiful woman in the world to me, and I want to be with you forever.”

“Eric, I would love to explore my most romantic feelings with you. I’m very happy and proud to become your girlfriend.”

“I am very proud to be your boyfriend,” he whispered before we took each other in our arms. The next thing we knew, we were engaging in a long, deep and tender kiss.

“I love you, Eric,” I cooed lovingly.

“I love you, too, Elissa,” he whispered before we shared another long, tender kiss.

We held hands as we walked home from Central Park; I had a glowing feeling deep in my soul. I landed a boyfriend. Eric also had a wide smile on his face, as he finally landed me as his new girlfriend. I felt like a woman in love. When we got back to the apartment, Lori, Emily and Kate were still up. Lori was in a fuchsia evening gown, while Emily was in her black baby doll nightie and Kate was in her pink teddy. It was around eleven-thirty when Eric and I walked through the door.

“How did it go?” Lori asked me.

“It went great, Lori,” I replied before she asked me: “Well?”

“You’re looking at a woman in love!” I exclaimed excitedly.

“Are you and Eric now a couple?” Emily asked me.

“He asked me to be his girl tonight. I was very honest about myself when I told him I am a transsexual; he accepted me as the woman I’ve become,” I replied, giddy as a schoolgirl.

“She’s just the perfect woman for me,” he added.

“Eric, Elissa is the perfect woman for you. She and I have something in common,” Lori told him.

“Let me guess...you were born a boy?” Eric asked her.

“I began life as a boy. I began living full-time as Lori when I came to New York. Elissa and I hope to have gender reassignment surgery at the same time,” Lori replied.

“I’m very happy you’ve got yourself a boyfriend now,” Kate added.

Shortly afterward, Lori, Emily and Kate went to bed. Eric and I continued to share numerous kisses with each other until midnight. We held hands as I showed him to the door.

“When should we do this again, my love?” he asked me whisperingly.

“Any time your schedule allows, honey,” I replied lovingly.

“I have to be up early tomorrow morning to finish that article for a British fashion magazine. It’s due in the editor’s E-mail by midnight tomorrow,” he added.

“I love you, baby,” he whispered.

“I love you, too, sweet stuff,” I cooed before we shared a deep, passionate kiss.

When Eric left for his place, I went to my room to change from the outfit I was wearing into my virginal white baby doll nightie. I fell asleep that night, and dreamed of the day I would take him as my husband. That would have to wait until after I have my operation. Emily and Kate stayed a few more days before returning to Beverly Hills to spend Christmas and New Year’s with the rest of the fam-

ily. I would spend Christmas with Lori and several other transsexual women at our apartment; Eric would take me to a New Year's Eve party on Long Island. It would be our first social appearance as a couple. Lori spent that night with our transsexual friends at Vanessa's place.

Eight

Shortly after the first of the year, we would get another roommate. Lori asked another big, beautiful transsexual woman named Maggie McMillan to move in with us. Maggie, twenty-seven years old, is five-ten with her shoulder-length brunette hair styled in a bun. Her dress size is 26W; she wears size 12D shoes. Maggie grew up in the same town as Lori, but she lived in a middle-class part of Austin. She had been a performer and model in Cleveland before coming to New York to take a job as a bridal consultant at a bridal shop in Manhattan.

It was the first weekend of the New Year, shortly after Maggie moved in with us. The three of us were in the living room; Maggie was in a white shirt dress, while Lori was in a pair of red stirrup pants, a pair of white flats and a white T-shirt with a heart design; the words "More to Love" were inside the heart. I was in my blue dress, black stockings and blue pumps. It was shortly after midnight, after I got home from a date with Eric. "How was your date?" Lori asked me.

"It was terrific. Eric and I had dinner at one of the nicer restaurants in New York. He had a steak while I opted for chicken. After dinner, we took in a show on Broadway, before going to a club for a few

drinks and some dancing. I just walked in the door,” I replied.

“Is Eric your boyfriend?” Maggie then asked.

“Eric Boyer is my boyfriend. We’ve been a couple since just before Christmas. We met at a party that my boss hosted back in September,” I replied.

“I have a boyfriend, too. I moved to New York to be close to him. His name is Chris Alexander; he works as a financial advisor on Wall Street. I met him when I was working in Cleveland; he came to a bridal fashion show I was modeling in. His sister owns a bridal shop in Shaker Heights. I took a job at one of the top bridal shops in Manhattan,” Maggie added.

“I get asked out often by the guys in my work at my cousin’s boutique. I’m a salesgirl; the shop specializes in high-end fashions and accessories for today’s woman. I’ve been in New York for a little over two months now. I hope to land a boyfriend before I have my operation,” Lori then added.

“What does Eric do for a living?” Maggie asked me.

“He’s a fashion writer; he’s written freelance articles for many of the world’s top fashion magazines. He’s written on both men’s and women’s fashions,” I replied.

“When do you plan to have your operation?” Lori asked her.

“I plan to have my operation in the next few years,” Maggie replied.

“We’re looking toward that same goal,” I replied before asking my roommates: “Should we shoot for having our operations at the same time?”

“I think this is a good idea,” Lori replied.

“That way we can recover at the same time,” added Maggie.

“Do you have any brothers and sisters?” I then asked.

“I have three sisters. I’m the third of four children. When I was born, I was the only boy in the family; I was given the name Michael Andrew McMillan when I was born. I knew I was like my sisters from the time I was four years old. My older sisters, Michele and Jennifer, have been the most supportive of my transition from man to woman. They were the first to dress and make me up to look like a girl when I was four and a half years old.

“Four years after I was born, my parents were blessed with another baby girl named Joanna. Throughout my youth, I knew that, deep inside, I was a girl. My father, Martin James McMillan, is a private investigator with his office in Austin. My mother, Janet Marie, owns a bridal shop in Rollingwood. I knew I was attracted to men from the time I was thirteen years old; I kept a low profile while I was in high school. After I graduated from high school, I went to college to study fashion design and promotion. I also studied stage performance; I made my debut as a female impersonator after I graduated from college five years ago. I developed a deep interest in bridal fashions; I began modeling in bridal fashion shows after moving to Cleveland three years ago.

“A year and a half ago, I was diagnosed with gender identity disorder; I came out to my parents and sisters shortly thereafter. Michele, Jenny and Joanna were totally supportive; my parents were

surprisingly supportive. My name has been legally changed to Margaret Anne McMillan, but I like being called Maggie. My boyfriend is also supportive of my becoming a woman. I have yet to bring my boyfriend back to Austin so he could meet my family,” Maggie explained.

“I remember Marty McMillan; his work in gathering evidence helped send a man who tried to kill one of my transsexual friends to Huntsville,” Lori added.

“He’s sent so many people to prison, I can’t keep count,” Maggie told her.

“Has your mother seen you model in bridal fashion shows?” I then asked.

“She’s seen videos of my modeling work. She didn’t see me model until a few months ago in Cleveland. She was visiting her younger sister, who owns a bridal shop in Elyria. One afternoon, she took my Aunt Jacqueline to a bridal fashion show; they were thrilled to see me as one of the models. They were in awe at my beauty. She’ll be in New York later this month, when I model in a bridal fashion show at the Bridal Expo,” Maggie replied.

It was around one o’clock when the three of us finally decided to turn in for the night. I changed from my dress, pumps and lingerie into a royal blue nightgown. Maggie changed into a pink baby doll nightie, while Lori changed into her canary yellow chemise. Maggie and I sat on the couch, while Lori sat in the love seat, and we engaged in girl talk until two o’clock in the morning.

We dreamed our beautiful dreams; when we woke up around noon on a cold Sunday, I made sausage and eggs for me and my roommates. After brunch, I changed into a red blouse, white slacks

and a white jacket, while Lori changed into a pink pantsuit with a white blouse, while Maggie changed into a blue pantsuit and a white blouse. All three of us wore white pumps and white pantyhose. I had some pictures to look over from a photo shoot the previous Friday, so I took them to my work and showed them what I did for a living.

“Who is this girl modeling this gorgeous evening gown?” Maggie asked me.

“Her name is Jenny Chan. She’s a second generation Chinese-American; her grandparents came to the United States from Shanghai a quarter of a century ago. Her family runs a Chinese restaurant in Westchester County. She’s seventeen years old, a junior in high school. She was first runner-up for Miss Teen New York last fall. She carries a 4.0 grade point average, and hopes to attend the University of Connecticut when she graduates,” I replied.

“I wonder who this girl in the sexy prom dress is,” Lori said to me.

“This girl happens to be named Maggie. Her last name is Neal. She’s a senior in high school; born and raised on Long Island. Her family owns a number of businesses on Long Island and in Queens. She’s been accepted at Illinois; she plans to relocate to Champaign in the fall,” I replied.

I had Lori and Maggie look over my portfolio while I continued to look over the pictures I took. I had an idea of which pictures to use by the end of the day. Around four o’clock, I started the process of locking up the office. I found two transgender bridal calendars on my desk; I picked them up for Lori and Maggie.

“These are for you,” I told them.

“What’s this?” Lori asked.

“It’s a bridal calendar. All of the brides on this calendar are transgender; these pictures were taken before I arrived. The pictures I took last month will be on next year’s transgender bridal calendar,” I replied.

“This is breathtakingly beautiful!” Maggie exclaimed.

We decided to walk to a nearby restaurant for dinner. Once we sat down, I ordered a bottle of blush wine for myself and my roommates. After we ordered chicken dinners, Maggie asked us something.

“Have you ever heard of a bridal consultant named Stephanie Elizabeth Thomas?”

“I’ve actually seen her model in a bridal fashion show in Los Angeles two years ago,” I replied.

“I’ve heard of her; she’s one of the most successful transsexual women in the bridal industry,” Lori added.

“Mrs. Thomas came to one of the bridal fashion shows in Cleveland a year and a half ago. She began her career while she was transitioning from man to woman. After the show, we were introduced by a mutual friend in my dressing room. We talked for a while about the bridal industry, and she encouraged me to study to become a bridal consultant. I passed the exam on the first try, like she did over two decades ago,” Maggie explained.

“I’ve read the romance novels of E.S. Thomas,” I added.

“E.S. Thomas is her husband. They’ve been married six years now; they have a three-year-old

adopted son and just adopted a six-month-old daughter,” Maggie told us.

“I read their love story in one of the bridal magazines,” Lori then added.

After dinner, we walked over to a nearby transgender-friendly church for evening worship services. We arrived just as the service was beginning at six o’clock. The service ended at seven-fifteen; we were exhausted when we walked in our apartment around quarter to eight.

“What are you thinking about?” Maggie asked us.

“We’re thinking about changing into something more comfortable and relaxing for the rest of the night,” I replied.

“I’m thinking the exact same thing,” Lori added.

I decided to take a shower and change into my black nightgown. Lori also took a shower and changed into her lavender baby doll nightie. Maggie got into the shower after I finished my shower; she changed into a mauve nightgown. I sat down on the love seat, while Lori and Maggie sat down on the couch, watching old movies all evening. We finally turned in around eleven o’clock, getting ready for the start of the first work week of the New Year.

Nine

Shortly before Valentine’s Day, Emily announced her engagement. Greg Johnston had popped the question to her while they were watching the sunset at Malibu. I was getting ready for my date with Eric on Valentine’s Day when Emily called.

“Elissa, I have a favor to ask of you,” Emily said to me.

“What is it?” I asked her.

“What would you think if you were my maid of honor when I get married?” she then asked.

“I would love very much to be the maid of honor at your wedding,” I replied.

“I originally asked Kate and she declined the offer. She wanted to be a bridesmaid, however,” Emily added.

“What would you think if I brought my boyfriend with me?” I asked her.

“We’d love to have him. Mom and Dad would like to meet him,” she replied.

“When will you and Greg plan on getting married?”

“Greg and I are looking to marry sometime this summer or fall.”

“When you decide on a color and a style for the bridesmaids, would you let Maggie McMillan at Brides by Brianna in New York know?”

“I certainly will, Elissa.”

After I finished my conversation with Emily, I went to my bedroom to lay out a red satin dress, a red strapless bra, red bikini panties, a red garter belt, white lace-top stockings and red-and-white pumps. I took a shower to freshen up. After drying my hair, I ran a brush through my hair, which had grown past my shoulders. After getting into my outfit, I put a pearl necklace around my neck. Just after I put on my necklace, I put a pair of heart-shaped earrings into my pierced ears; a red

floral hair clip on the left side of my hair completed the ensemble.

Eric arrived shortly after six o'clock, holding a box, featuring a dozen roses. "These are so beautiful!" I exclaimed when I took the roses from him. Lori had already set up a vase, filled half full of water, for my flowers.

"Have you got plans for Valentine's Day?" Eric asked my roommate.

"Maggie is working overtime at the bridal shop; she's going out with her boyfriend later. I'm spending the evening with a handsome guy named Vince Johnston," Lori replied.

"How did you meet him?" I asked her.

"We met last month at a fashion show on Long Island. He's an attorney specializing in intellectual property rights. He lives in this building, on the sixth floor," she replied.

Eric and I left the apartment a few minutes later, headed for a romantic restaurant in Manhattan. After we ordered a steak dinner for two, he asked me: "What's new in your world?"

"I got a call from my sister, Emily, today. She is planning to get married later this year; she asked me to be her maid of honor," I replied.

"That is quite an honor, especially for someone who is transitioning from man to woman," he added.

"I was wondering if you would be my date when she gets married."

"My work offers me a certain amount of flexibility. I'll be happy to be your date when your sister gets married."

“Eric, my parents would like to meet you. They’ve heard a lot about you from Emily and Kate. They especially would love to meet someone who loves me as the woman I am now.”

“I would love to meet your parents, Elissa.”

After we finished dinner, we took in a musical on Broadway before we walked around in Central Park. We were holding hands as I asked him: “Eric, did you ever think about getting married?”

“I’ve always wanted to marry. I’ve dreamed of taking a bride since I was a teenager. The tough part about making this dream come true is the lack of suitable women for potential marriage partners.”

“I’ve thought about getting married, too. Even as a little boy, I dreamed of being a beautiful, blushing bride taking a handsome man as my husband. Of course, I won’t be able to legally marry you until after I have my operation. It’ll be at least another year and a half before I have my gender surgically reassigned.”

“To me, it has never mattered whether the woman I will eventually marry was born a boy or a girl. As long as she’s a beautiful woman in my eyes, I will consider her as a potential marriage partner. When I was in elementary school, I first heard about women like you. As I got older, I felt that it would be best if I learned about the issues you and women like you have to deal with on a daily basis. You’re very fortunate that you have a supportive family and a circle of friends. When I first went out with a transsexual, my parents were very surprised. Now, they consider it a normal part of my life. They would even be supportive if I married one.”

“Of course, I won’t be able to bear children for you, but I would love to adopt. All of the pains, the cramps, the grouchiness that women who were actually born girls have; you wouldn’t anticipate that with me. There’s one thing that you can feel assured of with me: when you make love to me, the fear of making me pregnant is removed. That’s another advantage of being a transsexual woman.”

“At least you’re going to be a bridesmaid this year. Didn’t you dream of being a bridesmaid when you were younger?”

“I dreamed of being a bridesmaid when I was a little boy. I’m very happy and honored to have this dream come true when Emily marries.”

“While we’re on the subject of relationships, my parents would like to meet you, too. I wonder when we can take time out of our schedules to go over to their place and introduce you to them.”

“My next day off isn’t for another two weeks. I’m sure I’ll like them, just as much as I’m sure my parents will like you.”

“They live in Connecticut now; I’ll arrange a dinner date at their place. They really want to meet you.”

It was around ten o’clock when Eric and I arrived back at the apartment. Maggie was sitting on the couch with Chris, snuggling up to each other and watching a romantic movie. Maggie’s man checks in at six-three, with an average build and short red hair. He was wearing a khaki sport coat, a pair of khaki pants, a pair of burgundy dress shoes with khaki socks, and a red turtleneck shirt. Maggie was in her red sweater dress and a pair of white flats.

“You’re back a little early. I didn’t expect you two until after eleven,” Maggie said; her facial expression showed an element of surprise.

“We spent some time in Central Park having a talk,” Eric added.

“Where are Lori and Vince?” I asked her.

“They went over to his place after having dinner,” she replied before she suddenly remembered: “Oh, by the way, this is Chris, my boyfriend. Chris Alexander, this is my roommate, Elissa Burton, and her boyfriend, Eric Boyer.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Chris,” I said to him.

“The pleasure is mutual, Elissa,” he said with a smile.

“I’ve met Chris before. He helped me out with a lawsuit against a Canadian magazine two years ago,” Eric added.

“How did you meet this beauty, Eric?” Chris asked him.

“We attended a party at Vanessa Astor’s residence last fall. We became a couple just before Christmas,” Eric replied.

“You are a beautiful couple. I mean that sincerely,” Chris added.

“Why, thank you, Chris,” I returned, slightly blushing.

Lori and Vince returned around ten-thirty; they were kissing each other when they walked in the door. Vince is the tallest of our boyfriends at six-seven, with an average build, short blonde hair and wearing a pair of beige pants, a red turtleneck sweater, a pair of brown dress shoes and a pair of

brown socks. Lori was in her red blouse and white skirt with a pair of red flats.

“I see Lori has snagged herself a man,” Maggie said.

“He’s the most loving and understanding man I’ve met so far,” Lori said while looking amorously at Vince.

“She’s the most beautiful and most romantic woman I’ve met,” Vince said before he shared a kiss with her.

“Oh, by the way; Vincent Walton, these are my roommates, Elissa Burton and Maggie McMillan, and their boyfriends, Eric Boyer and Chris Alexander. I’d like you to meet Vince, my date for tonight,” Lori added.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Vince. I think Lori is the perfect girl for you,” I told him.

“He’s so handsome!” Maggie exclaimed in awe.

“Of course, we’re just as handsome,” Eric added.

“I concur with him,” Chris then added.

“After tonight, I think I will be seeing a lot more of him,” Lori said before sharing another kiss with Vince.

Eric and Chris left just before eleven o’clock; Vince didn’t leave until eleven-fifteen. I changed into my mauve nightgown, while Maggie changed into her pink night dress. It was around eleven-thirty that Lori sat down on the couch in the living room of our apartment, having just changed into a lavender baby doll nightie.

“I mean it. Vince is a keeper,” Maggie told her.

“Does he know you were born a boy?” I asked her.

“He doesn’t know yet that I am going through the transition, but he admitted to dating a few transsexual women when he was in law school. He looked on them as the young women they’ve become. He dated a couple of post-op transsexuals, but the rest of them were pre-op and well into their transitions to women,” Lori replied.

Ten

Emily and Greg decided to make the third Saturday in the month of September their wedding day. She had chosen lavender as the color for the bridesmaids’ and flower girl’s gowns. I was just finishing up a photo shoot during the middle of August, and getting prepared to leave for the bridal shop so that Maggie could finish the final fitting for my bridesmaid’s gown. I was wearing my baby blue sundress and a pair of sandals that day. Just as I was finished with taking the last picture, I got a phone call in the studio from the front desk.

“Miss Burton, you have a visitor. He’s waiting for you in the reception area,” Rachel told me.

“Who is it?” I asked her, expecting that person to be my boyfriend.

“It’s your kid brother, Keith Burton,” she replied.

“I’ll be out in a few minutes,” I told her before I went back to my office to put up my cameras for the day. I walked out to the reception area. Keith was already eighteen years old; he was six-five with

short black hair and an athletic build, wearing a blue T-shirt, a pair of blue shorts and a pair of white sneakers.

“Did I interrupt you in the middle of something?” he asked me.

“Not at all, Keith,” I replied before I gave him a hug and a smooch.

“How are you, Elissa?” he then asked.

“I’m doing fine, Keith,” I replied before I asked him what brought him to New York.

“I’m starting school in Connecticut next week. I’m going to pursue a business degree at Yale,” he replied.

“You’re the third Ivy Leaguer in our family. Dad went to Princeton, and Eric went to Harvard,” I added.

I walked out with Keith and took him over to my apartment. It was after five o’clock; Lori had just gotten home from work. “Who is this young man?” she asked me.

“Lori Williams, this is my youngest brother, Keith,” I replied.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Keith,” Lori added before asking him what he was doing in New York.

“I’m going to school nearby. I’m going to be a freshman at Yale,” he replied.

“You’re such a handsome young man. I’m sure you’re happy to have a pretty girl like Elissa as your sister,” Lori added.

“I am. I’ve always been supportive of her need to be a woman,” he added.

“You’ll be sleeping on the couch while you’re staying with me, Lori and Maggie,” I told him.

“I don’t mind. I’ve slept on the ground before,” he added.

I only had time to put a few touches on my makeup before I had to leave for the bridal shop. Keith was already on the phone to his favorite pizza shop, ordering a pie for him to split with Lori and Vince. It was a short walk from the apartment to Brides by Brianna. When I arrived, I was greeted by Maggie’s boss. Brianna has long, blonde hair, about five-seven with a slender build, wearing a pink pantsuit, white blouse, and white high heels. “May I help you?” she asked me.

“My name is Elissa Burton. I have a six o’clock appointment with Maggie for the final fitting for a bridesmaid’s gown,” I replied.

“Miss McMillan is with another bride-to-be. She’ll be with you in a few minutes,” Brianna added.

Shortly after six o’clock, Maggie walked toward me; I noticed the bride-to-be she was fitting. “Fancy meeting you here!” she exclaimed. It was Tammy from my transgender support group.

“Tammy! How are things?” I asked her.

“Things are going great. I’m fully recovered from my gender reassignment surgery and I’m here getting fitted for my wedding gown,” she replied.

“Things are great on my end, too, Tammy. I’m being fitted for my bridesmaid’s gown; I’m the maid of honor in my sister’s wedding,” I added.

“Elissa’s older sister, Emily, is getting married next month. She’s going through the transition, like I am,” Maggie added.

“When do you two plan to have your operations?” Tammy asked us.

“We hope to have our operations sometime next year,” Maggie replied.

“When do you plan to get married?” I asked Tammy.

“I should be getting married sometime before Christmas. Nick proposed to me just days before I left for Montreal for my operation. He loves the woman I’ve become,” she replied.

“I wish I could talk more with you but I have to do the final fitting for Elissa’s bridesmaid gown,” Maggie told her.

“I’ll see you later; I’m already late for my dinner date with Nick,” Tammy added, looking at her watch.

I followed Maggie to the fitting room, where my bridesmaid gown was waiting. It was a lavender sleeveless gown with an A-line skirt. I had to put the crinoline on before I put on the gown. I also put on the lavender satin pumps that go with the gown. I walked out to the mirror and was in awe at how I looked in the gown.

“Elissa, this gown is so beautiful! The gown fits around your breasts perfectly; it also accentuates your curves. Everyone will be looking at how beautiful you look before your sister walks down the aisle,” Maggie said to me.

“You’re right, Maggie! This gown does look beautiful on me!” I exclaimed in awe.

“Emily also requested that all of her bridesmaids wear tiaras. I have just the perfect one for you.”

Maggie then gave me a beautiful rhinestone tiara to put on my head. “I look like a princess!” I exclaimed.



“That’s the idea; all of the bridesmaids will look like princesses on your sister’s special day,” Maggie added.

I changed back from my bridesmaid gown into my sundress before I paid for my gown, lingerie, shoes and tiara with my credit card. When I got back to the apartment around eight o’clock, Keith was watching an old movie on television. I hung my gown in my closet and put the bag with my tiara, shoes and lingerie on the top shelf before I closed my closet door. When I came back into the living room, Keith still had his eyes glued to the television set.

“Where have you been, Elissa?” he asked me.

“I’ve been to the bridal shop; I had the final fitting done for my bridesmaid gown,” I replied.

“I’ve got to admit something to you. It took me a little while to get used to referring to you as my sister. I was on vacation with my friends in the Sierra Nevada when you told Mom and Dad you were becoming a girl. Eric and Kevin have also had a very difficult time getting used to you being Elissa instead of Elton. When Mom showed them a picture of you with your boyfriend when they visited last month, they were amazed to see how beautiful you’ve become. In fact, they’re looking forward to seeing you when Emily gets married. They’ve known about your dressing as a woman for a long time, but they didn’t know you were going to become a woman until Dad told them. They told him that it’s going to take some time to get used to having another sister in the family. I wasn’t told about your transition until I got home. While I accepted the fact that you’ve always felt like a girl, unfairly trapped in a male

body, I needed some time to let it sink in,” Keith explained.

“Keith, Emily and Kate have always wanted another sister. I began dressing as a girl to give them the next best thing. I knew, deep in my heart, that I was a girl. However, I had to deal with the anguish of being trapped in a male body. You probably saw me in one of Emily’s or Kate’s old dresses when you were a little boy. Unlike you, I hated being a boy with a passion. Inside Elton dwelt a very beautiful, very feminine girl named Elissa. I knew that, one day, I would be living full-time as Elissa. When I finally told Mom and Dad over a year ago, they were totally supportive of the idea of my becoming a woman. Now that I’m living full-time and working as a woman, and have a boyfriend, my dream is within reach,” I added.

“No matter what happens, I love you, Elissa,” Keith assured me.

“I love you, too, Keith,” I told him before I kissed him on the cheek. He returned to watching his movie while I went into my bedroom to select my black nightgown and matching G-string panties. I walked into the bathroom to start my bubble bath. I took off my clothes, and stepped into a nice, warm bath. When I came out, I dried myself off before putting on the panties and the nightgown. I turned on the television set in my bedroom and lay down on the bed to watch television.

Eleven

It was four days before Emily and Greg tied the knot. I had just finished packing that afternoon; I

was given a week's vacation from work. Eric was meeting me at the apartment at three-thirty; he would drive to Newark. Keith would meet us there at four-thirty. Our flight to Los Angeles wasn't scheduled to depart until after seven o'clock. I decided on a white floral print dress and a pair of white flats for the flight. At three-thirty, after I got into my pink floral print dress and pink flats, Eric knocked on my door.

"Are you ready to go, darling?" he asked me.

"I'm ready to go, honey," I replied. He took my suitcase, while I carried my makeup case to his car, a late model Volkswagen. Despite the fact we fought heavy traffic coming out of New York, we arrived at the airport in Newark at four-fifteen. Keith was waiting for us.

"You're early, Elissa!" he said with an element of surprise.

"Have you met my boyfriend?" I asked him.

"I don't think we've been properly introduced," he informed me.

"Eric Boyer, this is my kid brother, Keith Burton. Keith, this is my boyfriend, Eric Boyer," I said.

"Elissa has told me a lot about you," Eric told him.

"I've read your articles in the fashion magazines Emily and Kate leave at the house. You do great work," Keith complimented.

"Thank you, Keith," Eric added.

After passing through security and boarding the aircraft, we were on our way. Eric and I were seated

in First Class, while Keith took a seat in Coach. Five and a half hours later, around nine-thirty local time, our plane landed at LAX. My other sister, Kate, was waiting for me.

“Elissa, I’m glad you made it in safely,” she said before I gave her a hug.

“How are you, Kate?” I asked her.

“It’s been a hectic time; we’re ready for it to be over,” she replied.

“We had a smooth flight, although we hit some turbulence over Utah,” Keith added.

“It’s great to see you again, Kate,” Eric then added.

After we claimed our luggage, Kate took Keith back to the mansion, while we went on to her apartment in Hollywood. “My roommates are on vacation this week; Susan is on a modeling assignment in Thailand, while Kayla is on a photography assignment in New England,” she explained before showing me to Kayla’s bedroom. Eric was given a guest bedroom.

“What’s the schedule for the coming days?” I asked her.

“You and Eric can relax tomorrow. On Thursday, Emily is taking her bridesmaids to lunch. We meet her at the restaurant at eleven-thirty. The rehearsal and dinner are on Friday; we have to be at the mansion at seven o’clock for the rehearsal. The dinner is at the same restaurant where Emily will be taking the bridesmaids to lunch. The wedding ceremony is Saturday evening at six o’clock in the parlor of the mansion. All of the bridesmaids and the flower girl have to be at the mansion by three-thirty to help

Emily get into her wedding gown. Eric will be seated behind our parents at the ceremony. The reception is thirty minutes after the end of the ceremony on the back patio,” Kate explained.

I changed from my dress into a red nightgown and went to bed around ten-thirty. After we picked up a rental car early the next morning, Eric and I did some sightseeing; it was the first time I wore women’s blue jeans in public. I also wore my pink body suit and a pair of sandals. We had lunch at a restaurant near Marina del Rey.

After doing more sightseeing, we went to the beach at Malibu to watch the sunset together. That night, Eric and I were sitting at the kitchen table while Kate was out with her friends. We were talking about our dreams.

“Do you ever dream of getting married?” he asked me.

“I’ve always dreamed of getting married. Every girl dreams of her wedding day. I dream of putting on a long gown and veil, and taking a handsome man as my husband. Even when I was a boy, I have only seen myself as a bride. One day, I hope my bridal dreams will come true,” I replied.

“I have also dreamed of getting married, Elissa. It has never mattered to me whether my dream girl was thin or plump, tall or short, or born male or female. It’s a dream every man has. I could definitely see you as a beautiful bride one day. I might even be your groom one day,” he added.

“If we ever decide to get married, it will have to wait until after my operation which is still awaiting approval. While I live full-time as a woman, I still

have my male parts in place. Only when I have my operation, I will be able to legally marry a man.”

“This is changing even as we speak. There are some places where we can legally marry before you have your operation. Even though you’re living as a woman now, many states still consider a union between a man and a pre-op transsexual to be a same sex union. One day, unions between men and pre-operative, male-to-female transsexuals will be legal marriages. I don’t mind waiting until after your operation before we make such a life-changing decision.”

“I never thought I would meet such a loving, kind and understanding man until I met you. This time has been a very special time for me. I’m very glad you’re my man.”

“I’m very happy you’re my girl,” he whispered before we shared a tender kiss.

The next morning, Kate and I met Emily and the other bridesmaids for lunch. “I’m glad you’re here, Elissa,” Emily said before we shared a warm embrace.

“Do the bridesmaids know about Elissa?” Kate asked her.

“They know about Elissa’s transition. My junior bridesmaid, Bridget Smith, has a brother who’s a female-to-male transsexual. He’s now transitioning from Brenda to Brian, and attending the University of Southern California. They’re all supportive of having her as my maid of honor,” Emily replied.

We were shown to a table, where Bridget was waiting. She’s a fourteen-year-old model who Kate met at a fashion show last year. She has designed several dresses for her; her father is a heart sur-

geon, while her mother is a psychiatrist. Emily has done interior design work for her mother's office and the family home. "Who is this beautiful lady?" Bridget asked.

"Bridget, this is my sister, Elissa Burton. Bridget Smith, this is my sister, Elissa," Emily replied.

"I'm pleased to meet you. You're a pretty young girl," I complimented.

"You're quite a pretty woman, yourself," Bridget returned the compliment.

The other two bridesmaids, Olivia Richardson and Miranda Miller, arrived right at eleven-thirty. Emily has known Miranda since childhood; Olivia was their roommate in college. "You have a beautiful sister now," Olivia complimented.

"Thank you, Olivia. I'm very happy to have a sister like her," Emily returned the compliment.

"I remember when the maid of honor was Elton," added Miranda.

"It's great to see you both again," I then added.

"I mean it, Elissa. You're a beautiful girl now," Miranda complimented.

After we ordered our lunches, Olivia asked me: "How long have you been living full-time as a woman?"

"I've been living full-time as Elissa for fifteen months now," I replied.

"When do you plan to complete your transition?" Miranda asked.

"I hope to have it completed by this time next year," I replied.

We all thanked Emily for hosting us for lunch when we finally left the restaurant around two-thirty. When I went with Eric and Kate to the mansion the next night, my parents and brothers were looking forward to seeing me for the first time as a woman. I decided to wear my pink dress, white stockings and pink pumps for the rehearsal. We arrived around six o'clock. I knocked on the door; the longtime housekeeper, Lucia Hernandez, answered.

"Elissa, Kate; your parents are awaiting you in the drawing room," she told us with a thick Spanish accent.

"Lucia, this is my boyfriend, Eric Boyer. Eric, this is Lucia Hernandez, our housekeeper," I said in an introductory manner.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Lucia," Eric said with a smile.

"The pleasure is mine. I have read your articles; you write very good," Lucia added.

I held hands with Eric as we walked over to the drawing room, where our parents were waiting. "You're quite a beautiful young lady now," my mother complimented when I walked in the door.

"You're looking great, Mom," I returned the compliment.

"Who is the young man with you, Elissa?" my father asked me.

"This is my boyfriend, Eric Boyer, the fashion writer. Eric, these are my parents, Eric and Karen Burton," I replied.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Eric," my father said before shaking his hand.

“The feeling is mutual,” Eric added.

“Elissa has told us a lot about you through her letters,” my mother added.

“Our oldest son is also named Eric. He’s going to be here in a few minutes; he’s bringing his new girl,” my father told us.

“Does she know about Elissa?” my mother asked him.

“Yes, she knows about her. One of her closest friends is a transsexual; she’s in San Francisco right now, undergoing gender reassignment surgery,” my father added.

Kevin arrived a few minutes later. “I can’t believe how beautiful of a woman you’ve become!” he exclaimed when he took a good, hard look at me.

“You’re just as handsome as ever, Kevin,” I complimented.

“After over a year of living full-time as a woman, I knew you would become beautiful; I am thrilled as to how lovely you’ve become,” he added.

“Who is this young man?” Eric asked me.

“Eric Boyer, this is my brother, Kevin Burton. Kevin, this is Eric Boyer, my boyfriend,” I replied.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Kevin added.

“The pleasure is mutual,” Eric said to him.

My oldest brother, Eric, arrived with a tall, blonde beauty. Wearing high heels, she came in at six-two; my brother is six-three. In stocking feet, she’s five-eleven. They were holding hands as they approached us. “Elissa, it’s so good to see you again. You’ve become a gorgeous girl,” he complimented.

“You’re looking as good as ever, Eric,” I added.

“Who is this young man with you?” he then asked.

“Eric, this is my boyfriend, Eric Boyer. Eric Boyer, this is my brother, Eric Burton, Junior,” I added.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Eric,” my boyfriend told him.

“It’s my pleasure. I’m so pleased you’re in love with a beautiful woman like Elissa,” my brother added before introducing us to his girlfriend. “Elissa Burton, Eric Boyer, this is my girlfriend, Heather Lucas. Heather, this is my sister, Elissa, and her boyfriend, Eric Boyer.”

“I’m very pleased to meet you, Elissa,” Heather told me.

“You’re as beautiful as my brother described,” I complimented.

Emily and Greg arrived with their minister, the Reverend Sharon Greene, a few minutes later. Greg’s parents arrived shortly thereafter with his fifteen-year-old brother, Larry, his six-year-old nephew, John, and his five-year-old niece, Gabrielle. We rehearsed our places in the wedding before we went out for the rehearsal dinner. After dinner, Heather and I found a table outside, where we both drank coffee.

“I’d take it you used to be his brother Elton,” Heather said to me.

“I was once Elton Burton. I began living full-time as Elissa last summer,” I told her.

“Elissa, one of my closest friends is also a transsexual. Her name is Julie Jones.”

“I’ve heard of her, and so have my roommates in New York.”

“When I met Julie in the first grade, she was a boy named Justin Jones. From the time he was three years old, he knew he was in the wrong body. He came from a well-to-do family; his parents made their fortune in the portrait photography business. We became good friends as time went on; he usually hung out with me and the girls instead of the other boys. He was shorter and thinner than most boys our age; by the time we were both eleven years old, I was already five feet tall and 100 pounds; Justin was only four-nine and eighty-five pounds. We even dated a few times when we were in high school. He only grew to five feet, six inches tall. He went to college to study psychology; he became a social worker, working with transgender clients.

“Two years ago, after finishing his Master’s degree, he told me and several of his friends that he wanted to become a woman. His parents and two sisters, Jane and Sarah, were very supportive of his desire to become a woman. Shortly thereafter, his name was legally changed to Julie. She’s in San Francisco with her mother and Sarah; Julie had her gender reassignment surgery today. When she fully recovers, she’ll be working on her doctorate.”

“I haven’t been approved for my operation yet; I hope to have it sometime next year. I’m working as a photographer for a modeling agency in New York while I’m transitioning from man to woman.”

“How old are you?” Heather asked me.

“I’ll be twenty-six next month,” I replied.

“I just turned twenty-four last month,” Heather added.

“How did you meet my brother?” I then asked.

“We met at a support group for friends and relatives of transsexuals last spring. I must admit, Eric did have some misgivings about you becoming a woman. I told him about what I was going through with Julie. During her transition from man to woman, we became best friends. We shared our experiences about knowing a transsexual; the next thing we knew, he asked me out to dinner. Three months later, we both knew we were in love. I’ve been dating him for over a year,” she explained.

“I met my boyfriend at a party given by my boss last fall. He asked me to dance several times during the night. By the end of the year, we were a couple. Eric looks on me as the woman I’ve become; he doesn’t care about my past. As a fashion writer, he has met several women like me in his work. We haven’t collaborated on a project yet; I feel the time will come when we will,” I added.

“Where are you from originally?”

“I was born and raised here in Los Angeles, Heather. I live in New York now.”

“I’m originally from Kennett, Missouri; my parents came to Los Angeles when their business took off while I was in middle school.”

“Do you think you’ll marry my brother one day?”

“I’m anticipating the moment when Eric will pop the question. I don’t know when that will be, though.”

“You never know when he’s going to propose. I also anticipate the moment when my boyfriend pops

the question; I won't be surprised if he does it before my operation."

Eric and I returned to Kate's apartment around midnight. We had a good night's sleep, and woke up around noon. Eric had brought his best suit for the wedding. "When do I have to be at the mansion?" he asked me.

"You may come with me and Kate to the mansion. I have to be there at three-thirty to put my bridesmaid's gown on, and help Emily get into her wedding gown," I replied.

Eric took his sweet time getting ready; he was in the bathtub for almost an hour before he got dressed. When he emerged, he was in a maroon suit jacket, white button-down shirt, maroon tie, a pair of khaki slacks and a pair of deep burgundy dress shoes. "You look so handsome, honey," I complimented before giving him a kiss.

"I'm sure you'll look smashing when you walk down the aisle," he added.

When we arrived at the mansion at three-thirty, Eric was shown to Keith's room, where the early-arriving male guests were congregating. The groomsmen were in my brother Eric's old bedroom. Kate and I went upstairs to my parents' bedroom, where we were to help Emily get into her wedding gown. I took to the bathroom to quickly shower and get dressed. I put on a pair of lavender G-string panties first, followed by a matching long-line strapless bra, garter belt, a pair of white lace-top stockings, an A-line crinoline, and a pair of lavender satin flats. Kate would then help me get into my bridesmaid's gown. "Elissa, you are breathtakingly beautiful!" she exclaimed.

I then helped Kate get into her bridesmaid's gown. "You're so beautiful!" I excitedly complimented.

Bridget had arrived shortly after I finished helping Kate get into her bridesmaid's gown; she was already dressed in her gown. "You two look gorgeous!" she complimented.

"Thank you, Bridget," I returned.

"You're quite lovely yourself," Kate added.

Olivia and Miranda arrived ten minutes later; I helped Olivia get into her bridesmaid's gown, while Kate helped Miranda get into hers. As the maid of honor, I made sure that Emily's wedding gown, lingerie, veil and tiara were laid out before her arrival. One of Kate's best friends, Michele Day, made us over and styled our hair before Emily arrived. I must admit we were radiantly beautiful. Emily finally arrived around five-thirty, wearing just a lavender sundress and matching pumps. "You girls look so breathtaking!" Emily complimented, pleasantly surprised.

"Are you ready to get into your wedding gown?" I asked her.

"Let me change into my bridal lingerie first," she replied.

Five minutes later, Emily emerged, wearing a white bustier, matching G-string panties, lace-top stockings and white satin high heels. Emily's wedding gown was a sleeveless white satin gown with an A-line skirt and a short train. The veil was a fingertip-length veil and blusher; it would be topped with a rhinestone tiara somewhat larger than what the bridesmaids wore. Our father would arrive around

quarter to seven to prepare to walk her down the stairs into the parlor.

The processional music started just before seven o'clock. John and Gabrielle were holding hands as they walked down the aisle; he was holding the ring bearer's pillow in the other hand, while she was holding a basket of flower petals. Next in line was Bridget, the junior bridesmaid, followed by Olivia, Miranda and Kate. The next thing I knew, I was walking down the stairs; everyone took a good look at me as I walked down toward the altar, where I met my oldest brother, Eric, who was Greg's best man. It was another minute before Emily walked down the aisle, on the arm of our father.

We all shed a tear of joy as Emily and Greg exchanged their marriage vows. My boyfriend was looking on proudly as I witnessed their marriage ceremony. After the ceremony, we greeted our guests. Eric gave me a kiss when he came to the place where I was standing. After our guests were shown to the back patio, I stayed around to pose for wedding pictures with the bridal party; we also had a family portrait taken, in which my boyfriend and my brother's girlfriend joined us. When my sister and my new brother-in-law arrived at the reception, my brother and I each said something to the bride and groom.

"Greg, I've known you since we were in boarding school together. I often wondered who would be sharing your life's journey. I was pleased when I found out you would be sharing that journey with one of my beautiful sisters. Emily, you have shown a lot of grace and gratitude throughout your courtship. May the rest of your lives be filled with love," my brother, Eric, said to them.

“Emily, we grew up together, along with Eric. From the time you two began dating, you have shown your love for one another; we have supported your relationship all the way. You have made us realize how precious love really is. I’m very proud of you, as my sister, and very pleased to be your maid of honor on your most special and romantic day. You have also shown your support as I go through the biggest change in my life,” I added before raising my glass of champagne in a toast to the bride and groom.

Eric raised his shortly thereafter, and said: “To the bride and groom!”

I returned to Kate’s apartment with my boyfriend shortly after midnight. We were on the midday flight back to Newark; we had to be at the airport at ten o’clock in the morning. When we arrived at the gate, I got a pleasant surprise: Lori and Maggie were waiting for the same flight.

“I didn’t expect to see you here!” I exclaimed with surprise.

“Lori and I were in Los Angeles for two fashion shows,” Maggie told me.

“Maggie was my guest for a fashion show on Friday; I was her guest for a bridal fashion show on Saturday,” Lori added.

“How was your sister’s wedding?” Maggie asked.

“It was absolutely beautiful; I was proud to be Emily’s maid of honor,” I replied.

I showed them the pictures I took at my sister’s wedding which I had taken with my pocket camera. Eric was kind enough to buy cups of coffee for the four of us while we were waiting for our flight to

board. All four of us would be sitting in First Class for the flight back to Newark. We departed from LAX around twelve-thirty; we were back home in New York by nine o'clock that evening.

Twelve

Emily's wedding still seemed like yesterday when the Fall arrived. Lori, Maggie, and I got some good news when October began. The three of us were approved for gender reassignment surgery in the same week. We were scheduled for our operations the following Spring. We would have our operations on three consecutive days. I got my approval for a Monday, Maggie was approved for a Wednesday and Lori was approved for her operation on a Thursday.

That Friday, the three of us were in the living room of our apartment. All three of us were in our baby doll nighties; mine was black, Lori's was baby blue and Maggie's was mauve. We were talking about what our lives would be like after our operations. The subject of our first sexual encounters as women came up.

"I have a great idea," I told my roommates.

"What is the idea you have?" Maggie asked me.

"Since the three of us will have our operations on consecutive days, what would you think if we made love to our boyfriends on the same night?" I then asked.

"I think that's a wonderful idea. The three of us being made love to in our new bodies for the first time on the same night would be a memorable event," Lori added.

“Granted we’ve never seen our men in the nude,” Maggie then added.

“They’re only attracted to the women we’ve become. They’ve never seen us in the nude, either. Therefore, when they see us in the buff for the first time, we will be 100% women,” I said.

“Who will be accompanying us when we have our operations?” Lori asked us.

“My mother and my sister, Kate, will be joining me,” I replied.

“My mother will be coming up for my operation,” Maggie added.

“I will be joined by my mother, too,” Lori then said.

“What will our men be doing while we are recovering from our operations?” Maggie asked us.

“I’m sure Eric will be on another assignment,” I replied.

“This is the big season for Chris; he has to get his clients’ taxes prepared,” Maggie added.

“I’m sure Vince will be handling another case,” Lori told us.

“How would you like it if our mothers met somewhere halfway before our operations?” I asked them.

“Both of our mothers live in Austin; they’ve known each other since we began exploring our femininity. It would be nice if your mom and sister would meet them in another city,” Maggie replied.

“How about our mothers meet your mom and sister in Houston?” Lori asked us.

“That would be a great idea!” I replied excitedly.

“I agree with Lori. It’s only a short hop from Austin to Houston; your mother and sister can meet our mothers in Houston. I know that one of the flights from Los Angeles gets in just a few minutes after one of the flights from Austin,” Maggie added.

“I’ll give you both my mother’s phone number and E-mail address; you may be able to contact her and your mothers. That way, they can coordinate their travel plans accordingly,” I informed them.

“Have we notified our boyfriends?” Lori asked.

“I’ve already told Eric when we’ll be in Montreal,” I replied.

“I’ve also told my man,” Maggie added.

“I’ve told Vince about my plans,” Lori informed us.

It was the Thursday before our operations that our mothers and Kate would be meeting in Houston. My mother and Kate took the early morning flight from Los Angeles to Hobby Airport; Janet and Cathy would be flying in from Austin. Their flight arrived from Austin at twelve-thirty; my mother and Kate arrived thirty-five minutes later. Janet and Cathy were waiting for them at the gate.

“Karen Burton?” Janet asked her.

“I’m Karen Burton,” she replied.

“I’m Janet MacMillan, Maggie’s mother,” Janet added.

“I’m Cathy Williams, Lori’s mother,” Cathy then added.

“This young lady is my daughter, Kate, Elissa’s older sister,” Karen informed them.

“I’m very pleased to meet you ladies,” Kate added.

The four ladies had an hour and fifteen minutes between flights so they went to a coffeehouse inside the terminal to have a cup of coffee. When they sat down, Janet asked: “When did you first notice that your sons dressed up as girls?”

“We first noticed it when Elton was four years old. I did not know he had been dressing in secret for several months prior to that. When I came home from work one evening, I found one of Emily’s dresses in his bedroom. I thought that it was a phase that he would soon outgrow. As it turned out, he dressed as a girl as much as he could; he outgrew Emily’s and Kate’s dresses by the time he was sixteen years old. We let him buy a few dresses and select lingerie, as long as he didn’t dress as a girl in our presence. We finally realized that he wanted to become a girl when we saw the pictures of him modeling women’s fashions. He wanted to come to New York to start a new life as Elissa. I last saw her when Emily got married last summer; she’s become quite a beautiful young woman,” Karen explained.

“I first noticed when Eddie was five years old. I didn’t know that his older sister Gwen was dressing him in her old dresses. By the time his romantic and sexual interests awakened in puberty, he was attracted to other boys. But he felt that it wasn’t best for him to express this as a boy. Eddie could just as easily fit into Gwen’s old dresses; at the age of sixteen, Gwen was a size 18W. When she went to the prom, her dress size was a 20W. When Eddie was sixteen, he could also fit into a size 18W dress and a size 20W at the age of eighteen. It didn’t come as a surprise to us that he was diagnosed with gen-

der identity disorder; we've been very supportive of Lori's transition to a woman," Cathy then explained.

"I noticed it when Michael was five years old. I did not know he had been dressing as a girl for over a year before I found out. It was when I found Michele's white flower girl's gown on the floor in his bedroom. Jennifer helped him dress as a girl; she's the one who's plump. When Jennifer was sixteen years old, she was already wearing a size 14 dress. By the time she graduated, she was a size 18W. We finally realized that we had a fourth daughter when he told us that he was becoming a girl after he finished college. We've also been supportive of her transition to Maggie," Janet told us.

"Emily and I have been most supportive of Elissa's transition from man to woman. We were closer to her, even as a male, than our brothers, Eric, Kevin and Keith. I'm very happy I'll have another sister to do girl things with," added Kate.

Their flight left Hobby Airport at twenty minutes after two o'clock. Lori, Maggie and I were already on leave from our jobs to prepare for our operations; we were looking forward to seeing our mothers and my sister. The three of us decided on wearing dresses to meet their flight at Newark; I decided on a pink dress, light-colored pantyhose and a pair of pink pumps. Maggie went for her fuchsia dress, white pantyhose and fuchsia flats, while Lori went for her jade green dress, light-colored pantyhose and white pumps. We arrived at Newark at four-thirty, two hours before their flight arrived.

Our mothers and Kate immediately noticed us when they stepped off the plane. "How are you girls doing?" Cathy asked us.

"We're doing quite well and can't wait for our operations," I replied.

"Aren't you going to introduce us?" my mother then asked.

"Maggie MacMillan and Lori Williams, you remember my sister, Kate. This is our mother, Karen Burton," I replied.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Karen," Lori replied.

"I'm glad to meet your acquaintance," added Maggie.

"You both are very beautiful young women," my mother complimented.

"Elissa Burton, this is my mother, Cathy Williams," Lori introduced.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Cathy," I said.

"You're a beautiful girl," Cathy complimented.

"Why, thank you," I returned, slightly blushing.

"Elissa, this is my mother, Janet MacMillan," Maggie said to me.

"It's my pleasure to meet you, Elissa. You're a beautiful young woman," Janet said to me with a smile.

"You're quite a lovely lady yourself," I complimented.

"Why, thank you, Elissa," Janet added.

I drove my mother and sister to a hotel in midtown Manhattan, while Maggie drove Janet and Cathy to another hotel in Manhattan. We would have dinner together at a nice restaurant in lower Manhattan on Friday night; we had to be on the train to Montreal Saturday morning. When we arrived in Montreal, we checked into a nice hotel near the railroad station. The next day, we checked into the hospital. After paying for our operations, hospitalization, and accommodations at a guest house not far from town, the three of us settled in for the night. Our mothers and my sister would continue to stay at the hotel.

At seven o'clock the next morning, I was being prepared for my operation. Maggie and Lori watched as my genital hair was shaven. Shortly after eight o'clock, I was lifted from my hospital bed onto a gurney to be taken to the operating room. As I was waiting to be put to sleep for my operation, my mother came into the room.

"Elissa, I will be there for you as you have your operation. I haven't seen gender reassignment surgery performed before, but you will be a gorgeous young woman when the surgeon finishes with you. Kate will join us after your operation. I haven't admitted this to you before but I love you as my daughter more than I did when you were my son. I'm so proud to have you as my daughter," she told me.

"Thank you for your support, Mother," I said to her before holding her hand. The next thing I knew, my legs were being put onto stirrups, and a local anesthetic was applied to my genital area. The last thing I remember was the surgeon telling me: "When you wake up, you will be the woman you've always

wanted to be.” I was asleep within a few minutes after I was put under general anesthesia.

It was six o'clock in the evening when I woke up. I felt something different in my genital area. The first person I noticed was Kate. “How are you, Elissa?” she asked me.

“I'm in moderate pain; otherwise, I'm doing fine. I'm glad I'm finally a woman,” I replied.

“The operation was a success, Elissa. You have the rest of your life ahead of you,” my mother added.

The next day, Lori had her operation. Hers took five hours; the anesthesia didn't wear off until almost seven o'clock in the evening. Maggie had hers the day after that; the anesthesia wore off for her around six-thirty. The three of us remained in the hospital for a week; we were transferred to the guest house a week after Maggie's operation, where we would stay for another three weeks.

Halfway through our stay, we talked in Maggie's room. Our mothers went to a nearby coffeehouse; Kate went home five days before to return to work. “Now that we're women, what do you most look forward to?” Maggie asked.

“Wearing a bathing suit or a teddy without anything protruding,” Lori replied.

“Making love to a man,” I added.

“How will our men accept us as complete women?” Lori then asked.

“Remember, they've never seen us in the buff. I'm sure they will accept us and love us as the women we've become, like they have since before our operations,” I replied.

“All they’ll see is the vaginas the doctor created for us,” Maggie added.

It was already the beginning of May when we came back to New York from Montreal. All three of us went back to work on the first Monday of May, a month after our operations. Our mothers went back home a week after we returned to New York; they were very happy to have new daughters. We were very happy to finally be the women we were meant to be in the first place.

Thirteen

It was relatively hot when Lori, Maggie, and I went to see Dr. Felton, the physician in New York who works with Dr. Decker’s transgender patients. It was the last week of August, nearly five months after our operations. He gave us great news; we were healed sufficiently enough from our operations to have sexual relations with our boyfriends. When we got back to our apartment, we called our boyfriends on our cell phones. We would have a triple date on the last Saturday in August. We would have to dress to hold the attention of our men.

The men decided on a romantic restaurant in Manhattan for our dinner, followed by a play on Broadway and some dancing before we took them back to our apartment. I chose my pink satin dress and pink lingerie for the occasion; Lori chose her baby blue cocktail dress and white lingerie, while Maggie selected her black party dress and black lingerie. All three of us would be wearing pumps that matched our dresses. Our men arrived at our apartment around six o’clock; Eric drove us to the restau-

rant for steak and salad. The play Chris selected was a romantic comedy, while Vince took us to see a female impersonator show after the play.

We arrived back at our apartment around midnight. We each lured our boyfriends into our bedrooms. I had a look of sensual anticipation in my eyes when I took Eric into my bedroom, and locked the door behind me.

“Elissa, what do you have in mind?” he asked me.

“Eric, you know that I had my operation nearly four months ago. I’ve anticipated this moment since before I began my life as a woman. You’re the sexiest man I’ve ever met;

I’ve always felt safe in your warm embrace ever since we met. Every time we kiss, I feel so wanted, so feminine,” I cooed seductively.

“I’ve never met a woman as sexy and beautiful as you, Elissa. Every time I hold you, I feel complete. Every time I kiss you, I feel so much like a man. You bring out the man in me, just as much as I bring out the woman in you,” he whispered.

I began to undo his necktie as I lustfully cooed: “Eric, make me a complete woman. Make love to me.” The next thing I knew, we engaged in a deep kiss before I began to undo his shirt, then his pants. He was only in his royal blue boxers when I asked him: “Would you like to see something beautiful?”

“I certainly would,” he replied before I began to erotically strip my dress off. Within five minutes, I was only in my pink teddy. I sashayed toward the bed, sat down next to him, and gave him a passionate kiss. When we finished our kiss, he complimented: “You have a very beautiful body.”



“Would you like to see it without the teddy?” I lustfully asked him.

“You bet I would,” he replied before he reached for the straps of my teddy. At the same time, I was reaching for his boxers. When we were both nude,

he was very much in awe at my new body. “You have a sexy body,” he whispered.

“You have a very sexy body, too,” I whispered before he took hold of my right breast. I cupped it as if I was offering it to him; he began to lick and suck it passionately. I would have a feeling of bliss I never felt before as he gave my right breast some attention. He would taste my milk.

“Your milk is delicious, sexpot,” he whispered before I cupped my left breast and he began giving it his attention. After he tasted the milk coming from my left breast, I took one look at his manhood. It was the most beautiful man-sized penis I had ever seen. I began to suck at it with my mouth and tongue until I could taste his essence.

“You taste so good, baby,” I cooed seductively before I turned on my back, grabbed his manhood, and guided it to the entrance of my vagina. It was painful at first, but became more pleasing as time went on.

“Oh, Eric, you make me feel like a total woman!” I moaned erotically as he pounded his manhood inside me. He kept pounding inside me until I could feel my juices mix with his. We were in each other’s arms as we finally finished our first sexual adventure. He had just made me feel like a complete woman. We took a shower together before I put on a pink baby doll nightie. We shared a kiss before going to bed. I knew one thing for sure: it strengthened my love for him.

In the meantime, Lori locked the door behind her as Vince sat on her bed. She sashayed toward him and cooed seductively: “Vince, this is the moment

I've been waiting for. Every girl anticipates this moment, even if she has not lived her whole life as a girl. You know I had my sex change four months ago. Baby, I want to have sex with you."

"I want to make you a complete woman," he whispered erotically before he reached for the zipper of her dress. A white long line bra, matching G-string panties, garter belt and stockings were revealed when her dress fell to the floor. She undid his shirt, took off his shoes and undid his pants, reaching for his manhood. They shared a hotly passionate kiss before she sat down on her bed and pulled down his red briefs to reveal his manhood. She immediately took it in her mouth and began to give it some attention.

It didn't take her long to taste his essence. "You taste so good, baby," she cooed as she finished licking his manhood. He sat down on the bed next to her, took off her bra and gave her breasts some attention with his mouth and tongue. Her feeling of love was like nothing she had experienced before.

"Oh, Vince, you make me feel whole. I'm a complete woman," she cooed lustfully as he tasted the milk of her right breast. After he finished licking the milk from her right breast, she cupped her left breast as if she offered it to him; he drank the milk of her left breast.

"Your milk is luscious, sexy," he whispered when he finished licking the last drop of her milk.

"I want you inside me," Lori lustfully cooed as she took off her panties. Vince helped her take off her panties; he guided his manhood to the entrance of her vagina and began a rhythmic motion inside her. She moaned lustfully as he continued to pound

his manhood inside her. She had a wide smile on her face as he climaxed inside her vagina.

“Baby, you have made me a complete man,” he whispered.

“I’m now all woman; you have made it so,” she whispered. They took a shower together after making love; he put his boxers back on, while Lori put on a sexy black teddy.

While Lori and I were having sex with our boyfriends, Maggie wanted to give Chris a night he wouldn’t forget. At the same time that Lori and I shut the door to our bedrooms behind us, Maggie shut the door to her bedroom. “Chris, honey, I’ve anticipated this moment since I began my life as a woman,” she cooed.

“I’ve also anticipated this moment since we first met,” he whispered before they shared a tender kiss.

“Chris, my love, make me a complete woman. Make love to me,” she whispered seductively before giving him a deep kiss. While they were kissing, he found the zipper to her dress. He unzipped her dress with one hand, while caressing her buttocks with the other. They broke their kiss long enough for Maggie to get her arms out of the sleeves of her dress, allowing the dress to fall to the floor. What was revealed was a black bustier, matching bikini panties and lace-top stockings. She sat down on the bed so she could undo his pants. Once his pants were undone, she reached into his boxers to feel his manhood. He undid his shirt and tie and tossed it on the floor, on top of Maggie’s dress. She lowered his boxers and started giving his manhood some attention with her mouth and tongue.

“Maggie, baby, you make me feel so masculine,” he whispered while she had his manhood in her mouth. Once he climaxed, she swallowed every last drop of his essence. Once she was done, she got up to give him a tender kiss before lying down on the bed and undoing the garters on her bustier.

She seductively took off her stockings and got up to give Chris another reassuring kiss. He then undid the hooks on her bustier, releasing her huge breasts from their bondage before he took off his shoes and pants. “Do you want to see something beautiful and sexy, babe?” Maggie asked, whisperingly and seductively.

“Of course I would, sexy,” Chris replied before she lay back down on the bed, invited Chris to sit down next to her, and motioned his hand to her panties. What he saw took his breath away. “The doctor did a beautiful job on your vagina,” he complimented before he threw her panties on the floor on top of their clothes and began giving her breasts some attention with his mouth and tongue.

“I’ve never felt this feminine before,” she cooed lustfully as he passionately sucked and licked her right breast until he could taste her milk.

“This is delicious, honey,” he whispered before giving her left breast some attention. Once he tasted the milk from that breast, he raised himself up enough so Maggie could spread her legs. He guided his manhood to the entrance to her vagina.

“I’ve never felt this before,” she cooed seductively.

When Chris began his motion inside her vagina, Maggie had a wide smile on her face as their passion became very heated. Every so often, Chris and Maggie shared a kiss while he continued pounding his

manhood inside her. “Oh, Chris, you make me feel so feminine,” she whispered, laboring for breath.

“You make me feel so much like a man, Maggie,” he whispered.

The heat of their passion reached a peak as he climaxed inside of her. They had smiles of contentment when they finished their first sexual adventure together; her first as a woman. “Chris, thank you for making me a complete woman,” she whispered before giving him a kiss.

“You’ve just made me a complete man, Maggie,” he whispered before he took her hand and led her to the bathroom so they could take a bath together. Once they finished their bath, he put his boxers back on, while Maggie put on a red see-through nightgown. They fell asleep in each other’s arms.

Fourteen

The first Christmas the three of us were complete women was be a memorable one for us. Lori and Maggie took their boyfriends to Austin for Christmas; their families made their men feel at home. I went with Eric to Los Angeles to attend the wedding of my oldest brother, Eric, and his longtime girlfriend, Heather, the day after Christmas. They wouldn’t be very far away after they got back from their honeymoon in Cabo San Lucas; my parents’ wedding gift to them was a ski resort in Vermont. They bought it for them from a close friend of my father’s, who had bought a yacht club in Key Largo.

The day after Eric and Heather tied the knot, Emily and Greg presented my parents with their first grandchild, a girl they named Gabrielle Elissa Johnston. I returned to New York with Eric the day before New Year's Eve; Lori and Maggie didn't return with their boyfriends until New Year's Day. While we were away, we sub-leased our apartment to two models visiting from Europe; one from England and the other from Poland. They were in town to do a photo shoot for a modeling portfolio at the agency where I work; they would be finished by the time I returned from California.

While I was the first of the three of us to have gender reassignment surgery and the first one to relocate to New York to begin my new life as a woman, I wasn't going to be the first one to get married. That distinction fell to Lori.

On Valentine's night, Vince had a special date planned with Lori. We didn't know what surprise he would have in store for her. As a matter of fact, neither did Lori. Maggie was spending Valentine's evening with Chris at his house on Long Island. Eric and I decided to spend a romantic evening at the apartment. He was in a T-shirt, blue jeans and loafers; I was wearing a blue sweater dress.

"What could Vince be up to?" I asked him.

"I won't be surprised if he proposes to her tonight," he replied.

"Are you serious, Eric?" I then asked, very surprised.

"Vince has been talking about asking Lori to be his wife since the first of the year. We were talking about this yesterday at the gym. He's bought a ring for her; he wants it to be a surprise," he replied.

“Maggie told me that Chris has been considering the same thing since he came back from Austin. He hasn’t bought a ring yet,” I added.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if I’m asked to be a groomsman when Vince and/or Chris get married. I am seriously considering it, Elissa,” he told me.

“Take your own sweet time, honey,” I whispered before we shared a kiss.

Just after ten o’clock, Lori came home with a wide smile on her face. Vince also had a wide smile. “What’s the story?” I asked her before she showed me her left hand. She was sporting an engagement ring.

“He asked you?” Eric asked her.

“Yes, he asked me to be his wife. I accepted his proposal,” Lori replied.

“We’d like to have a small, intimate wedding; just our immediate families and close friends,” Vince added.

“Let us be the first to congratulate you on your forthcoming marriage,” I said with a smile.

“Most of Lori’s family lives in and around Austin; while my parents live in Stamford, my brothers and sisters are spread throughout New England. We can have a wedding within a month or two,” Vince added.

“Eric and I have always wanted a church wedding,” I told them.

“We’ve talked about this frequently since we came back from Eric and Heather’s wedding,” Eric added.

Maggie came back with Chris around eleven o'clock. "What happened with Lori and Vince tonight?" she asked me.

"He popped the question. She accepted his marriage proposal," I replied.

"Well, I've got news for you, too. Chris asked me to be his wife tonight," she informed me.

"Well, what did you say?" Lori asked her.

"I said 'yes!'" Maggie excitedly replied.

"When are you and Chris planning to tie the knot?" I asked her.

"Sometime this summer; we're planning an outdoor wedding," Maggie replied.

Lori and Vince decided to marry two months later at City Hall. I would be her maid of honor; Maggie the other bridesmaid. Chris would be the best man; Eric, one of the groomsmen. Lori decided on lavender for the bridesmaid's gowns; I kept mine from Emily's wedding. Maggie was fitted for a similar gown; she looked so beautiful when the final fitting was done. It was a beautiful spring day when we went to City Hall to witness the union of Lori Williams and Vincent Walton.

Lori's family flew in from Austin for the occasion. Vince's parents made the short drive from Stamford while one brother came in from Providence, another brother from Boston, and his three sisters from Worcester. It was noon when Maggie and I arrived with our boyfriends; Lori would be arriving in one car with her father, while Vince was waiting in a room adjacent to the judge's chamber. He had arrived in a separate car five minutes before. Eric and

Chris joined him, while Maggie and I sat down on a bench in the judge's chambers.

It was noon when the judge came in, directing Vince and the groomsmen to the podium. Maggie and I took our places at the podium, waiting for Lori to walk down the aisle on the arm of her father. She was a beauty to behold; wearing a white tea-length wedding dress and a fingertip-length veil and blusher, holding a bridal bouquet of pink carnations. When they came to the podium, Wes lifted her blusher to give his transsexual daughter a kiss before replacing it over her face, shook Vince's hand and took his place on the bride's side of the room.

The judge gave the couple some sage advice before Lori and Vince exchanged wedding rings. Toward the end of the twenty-minute ceremony, Lori was asked: "Lori Elizabeth Williams, will you have this man, Vincent Thomas Walton, to be your wedded husband; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I will," Lori replied with commitment.

"Vincent Thomas Walton, do you take this woman, Lori Elizabeth Williams, to be your wedded wife; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I do," Vince replied with the same air of commitment.

"With the power vested in me by the State of New York, the County of Manhattan, and the City of New York, I now pronounce you man and wife," the judge told us. Vince lifted the blusher from Lori's face; they shared a kiss before facing their families. "La-

dies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Vince Walton," the judge informed us before they walked up to the front door of the chamber.

The weekend after Lori and Vince married, Eric and I went out to dinner at a nice, quiet restaurant on Long Island. After having a romantic dinner, we drove back to Central Park, and sat on the same bench where he asked me to become his girlfriend. He asked me to stand up while he sat down.

"This is the bench we sat down on when I asked you to be my girl. It's hard to believe it's been nearly a year and a half since we became a couple. It's been a very special time for me," he said lovingly.

"I remember when you asked me to be your girl. It was a special moment in my life. I've been very happy to be your girl and will always be your woman. At that moment, I realized that I was in love with you. I hope the special times we share will last forever," I said with love.

Eric got down on one knee, opened a small box, revealing an engagement ring, and asked: "Elissa, will you marry me?"

I was in awe at the beauty of the ring he was giving me. I shed a tear of joy, gave him a wide smile, and said: "Yes. I will make a loving, faithful wife for you." He slipped the ring on the ring finger of my left hand, and got up to give me a kiss.

"I love you, Elissa, now and forever," he whispered to me.

"I love you, too, Eric; in this moment and for all eternity," I whispered to my fiancé.

Lori moved into Vince's apartment on the sixth floor when they got back from their honeymoon in Jamaica. It would be another two months before Maggie and Chris got married in Central Park. Maggie selected an antique white tea-length wedding dress and a fingertip-length veil and blusher for her wedding day. I was her maid of honor; Lori was the other bridesmaid. We wore red tea-length bridesmaid's dresses on her and Chris' most romantic day. Maggie would move in with her husband at a house they bought on Long Island. I converted Lori's bedroom to a guest bedroom that would also be used for intimate fashion photo shoots; Maggie's bedroom would be converted to an office which Eric and I would share.

The following October, a year and a half after my operation and two weeks before my twenty-seventh birthday, the day I had always dreamed of had arrived. Eric and I had been attending the same transgender-friendly church together since we became a couple fifteen months before I completed my transformation from man to woman. My sister Kate, was the maid of honor; Lori and Maggie were my two other bridesmaids. I chose pink as the color for the bridesmaid's gowns. Eric's younger brother, Trent, would be his best man; Vince and Chris would be the other groomsmen.

As it turned out, I chose a very elaborate wedding gown for my special day: a sleeveless white gown with a sequin-adorned bodice, white lace designs on the skirt front, a

cathedral-length train with a heart design in white lace, and a lace-trimmed hem around the skirt and train. I also decided on a lace-trimmed fingertip-length veil and blusher and a rhinestone ti-

ara. After my bridesmaids helped me get into my wedding gown, my father came to the bride's room.

"Elissa, you've dreamed of this day even before you became a woman. When you transitioned from Elton to Elissa, I often wondered whether you would meet a man who would share your life's journey. Not many women like you meet someone, man or woman, who would share your special journey. I was very happy when you met that man. You have shared so much of your lives with each other over the past couple of years. As much as I've supported your becoming a woman, I'm very happy to be supportive of your union with Eric," he explained.

"Dad, thanks for being supportive," I said before giving him a smooch.

It was five o'clock in the evening when the wedding coordinator gave us the signal to begin the procession. The bridesmaids came down the aisle first, meeting the groomsmen at the altar. Our pastor, the Reverend Meghan Daniels, was beaming with pride as the bridesmaids walked down the aisle. I was at the door of the sanctuary with my father when "Here Comes the Bride" began playing on the organ.

Everyone was looking at me as I walked down the aisle on the arm of my father. When we approached the altar, my father lifted my blusher to give me another smooch; he shook Eric's hand, and said: "My daughter is in your good hands."

I took Eric's arm; we walked toward our pastor, and faced her. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the presence of God, to join Elissa and Eric in the most sacred bond of Holy Matrimony. They have been preparing for the past several months to enter the next chapter of their lives together. They

have shared a very special love for quite some time,” she said to the gathering. Since there were no objections to our union, she went on with the ceremony.

Toward the end of the ceremony, she asked me: “Do you, Elissa June Burton, take this man, Eric Sidney Boyer, as your wedded husband; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” I said with commitment.

“Eric Sidney Boyer, do you take this woman, Elissa June Burton, as your wedded wife; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” he replied with the same level of commitment.

“With the power vested in me by the State of New York, I now pronounce you husband and wife,” Meghan informed us. Eric lifted the blusher from my face and gave me a tender kiss, followed by a warm embrace. We turned toward our families and friends as Megan declared: “Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce to you, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Boyer.” We then walked up the aisle to greet our guests, then had a photo shoot with our families and the bridal party before going to the reception at one of New York’s top restaurants.

After we returned from our honeymoon in Hawaii, Eric moved into my apartment. The name Elissa June Boyer has a very nice ring to it. It isn't often that a woman like me finds the man of her dreams. Not only did I find the man of my dreams while I was in my transitional period, but my roommates also found the love of their lives. Now that my most romantic dream has become a reality, I truly feel like a complete woman.

I was very happy to share my transition with two big, beautiful transsexual women. I was there for them as all three of us had our operations and all three of us took husbands. Lori, Maggie and I still work in New York. We still make time to triple-date, like we did the night we made love to our men for the first time after our operations. It is a time of my life I won't soon forget, especially since Eric and I are now talking about adopting a child.

Things are starting to change, as far as attitudes toward men in relationships, let alone marriages, where transsexual women are concerned. However, we still have a long way to go. I hope that one day, more men will feel comfortable about dating, let alone being in a relationship or marriage with, a transsexual woman. I'm grateful for my husband for the loving and understanding man he is; a man who accepts me as the woman I have become.

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