



Reluctant Press presents:

Lessons In Transsexual Acceptance

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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“Lessons In Transsexual Acceptance”

An anthology by E.B. Stevenson

One “ART THOU IN LOVE, STEPHANIE?”

The time was August of 1989. A month earlier, I had interviewed the President of an Atlanta gender support group for a program I did on the government’s short-wave service. In return for the pleasure of doing the interview, she had invited me to one of their monthly meetings. A month before the interview took place, I had gotten a divorce from my wife of four years, due to her emotional and mental instability. As a result, I moved from St. Louis, my hometown, to Atlanta. When I got there, I temporarily moved in with my sister, Elizabeth. Five weeks had passed since the interview. Elizabeth and I had a talk about it before going to the nightclub. “Eric, you mean to say you interviewed a transvestite?” she asked me, rather shocked.

“As a matter of fact, Elizabeth, I did. The reason I interviewed this person was to educate people about the transgendered lifestyle here in the United States. This person, who calls herself Arlene, invited me to her group's monthly meeting. She has also asked me to be one of the judges in a sexy legs contest,” I replied.

“What's next? An appearance on one of those trash talk shows?” she asked me, sarcastically.

“I hope it doesn't come to that,” I replied, in an attempt to assure her.

I then got into a red golf shirt, a pair of khaki pants and brown loafers. Within twenty minutes, I was out the door, headed to the Midtown restaurant/bar where the meetings were held. I pulled into the parking lot, after a fifteen minute drive across Buckhead, where Elizabeth and I lived. When I got inside the building to pay my ten-dollar cover charge, a tall, blonde girl greeted me.

"Eric, it so nice to see you again. How are things, now that you've moved down here?" Arlene asked me.

"Things are going okay, although I haven't found a place of my own yet. I'm living with my sister, Elizabeth. She's somewhat skeptical of the transgendered lifestyle," I replied.

Arlene introduced me to six other girls. Each was dressed in a rather tight dress, except the one on the far right, who was wearing a red bridesmaid's dress. "This is Eric Vontz, the man who interviewed me on the radio last month. Eric, this is Suzanne, Alana, Laurel, Michele, Rachael and Mindy," she said to them by way of introduction.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, at last," Suzanne said while curtsying to me. "It's wonderful to meet a man who is understanding of our community," Alana added, flirting with me.

"How did you get into contact with us?" Laurel asked me.

"I wrote Arlene a letter, expressing my interest to interview a member of your organization," I replied.

"From what I hear, you treated the subject matter with love and understanding," Rachael added.

"As an objective journalist, I always have to keep an open mind to a subject as delicate as transgenderism," I told her.

"That's the advantage you have over those trash talk show hosts," Mindy added while adjusting the slip on her bridesmaid's dress. I sat down and ordered a cola for myself. While I was drinking my cola, I saw a beautiful woman walk in from outside. She was tall, with long, auburn hair, wearing a red dress with white stockings and red pumps. She looked no older than twenty-five. I had never seen a woman so beautiful in my life. After she paid her cover charge, I introduced myself to her.

"I must say, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life," I said to her, somewhat nervous.

"Why, thank you. You look handsome yourself," she said to me.

"I'm Eric Vontz," I told her.

"I'm Stephanie Rodgers," she said.

"What will you have, Stephanie?" I asked her.

"Diet cola," she replied.

We sat down at a table and started the process of knowing each other. "What brings you to Atlanta, Stephanie?" I asked.

"It's my job, Eric. I work as a computer technician for a telecommunications firm. I also work on the side as a fashion model and a clerk at a bridal shop. I moved here from New Orleans, my hometown. I've also lived in Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York and Chicago since I underwent my surgery twelve years ago," she replied candidly, before asking me what brought me to Atlanta.

"My job also brought me down here, as well as a change in marital status, Stephanie. I moved here from St. Louis and I work as a freelance broadcaster. I do a lot of feature work for the government's short-wave service and some engineering work here and there. I got divorced a month ago, after four years of being married to an emotionally unstable woman. I'm living with my sister, Elizabeth, while I'm looking for a place of my own," I replied.

"Are you attracted to transsexuals, Eric?" she then asked.

"Just as much as I'm attracted to genetic females. I consider myself to be heterosexual," I replied frankly, before asking her: "Would you like to tell me how you got to this point?"

"I'm thirty-three years old, and I've never been married. I left home in June of 1974 and took my dresses, many of which I inherited from my mother, with me to New York. It was there I began working as a female impersonator.

"In April of 1975, I started on female hormones and I was discovered by a modeling agency owner a month later. I was modeling mostly dresses and bridal fashions, first in New York, then in San Francisco, before undergoing sex reassignment surgery in March of 1977, just a day after I turned twenty-one.

"Since then, I went to college to obtain my bachelor's degree in computer science, while working as a lingerie model. I took a job as a programmer at a stock brokerage firm in Chicago in June of 1981, followed by a transfer to Los Angeles in May of 1982, then a transfer to New Orleans in March of 1984. I worked as a runway model on a part-time basis while I was in each city, modeling mostly bridal attire. I had dated off and on in each city, but I found a steady boyfriend in New Orleans. He was a very romantic young man.

"Unfortunately, a genetic female, one of his ex-girlfriends, grabbed his attention and we broke up in April of 1986, just after I lost my job in New Orleans. I found a good job here in Atlanta just a month later, and I've been here ever since. I haven't found a man to go out with since I came here," she explained.

She then asked me what brought me to this point in my life.

"Stephanie, I'm now twenty-nine years old. As you know, I went through a nasty divorce just two months ago. My ex-wife and I had almost everything. We had a nice home, a loving marriage and hopes for a great future. I was making close to one hundred thousand dollars a year as a freelance broadcaster, primarily off the commercials I did for local radio. A series of events sent my marriage downhill.

"The first thing that happened was that her mother filed for divorce from her father. Then, she told me that she had been abused by her father since she was a little girl. All the stories of abuse in her family came to light during her parents'

bitter divorce. The next thing I knew, she had a nervous breakdown and I just couldn't take it anymore. Two weeks after she had her breakdown, I filed for divorce. I didn't want to deal with an emotionally unstable, intolerant non-Christian woman anymore, so I thought it would be best that I end the marriage. Her parents' divorce became final just after my own divorce was finalized.

“As a result of the divorce, business dropped off dramatically, and I couldn't find anyone to even go out with in St. Louis. I sold my house, pulled all my equipment out and headed to Atlanta. I have most of my personal effects in storage while I'm living with Elizabeth,” I explained.

“What kind of a girl are you looking for?” she asked.

”I'm looking for a girl who is loving, kind, compassionate and very feminine. I would prefer one with a career of her own, emotionally mature, tolerant of my spirituality and my career. I would like to have a long-term relationship which will eventually lead to marriage and the adoption of children. I believe that a transsexual can still be a good Christian. To me, the girl's birth sex really doesn't matter,” I replied.

“Believe it or not, Eric, that's pretty much what I'm looking for in a man. I'd like for him to be understanding of the fact I was once male, and you seem to fit the bill. You're also more emotionally mature than most men I've met. When I tell a man I was once a man myself, they either run away from the situation, or they listen to what I have to say, like you. A lack of understanding of my transsexuality is a sign of emotional immaturity, in my opinion. I'm looking for a Christian man who believes that a transsexual can still be a good Christian, and I feel you fit that bill perfectly. I'm also looking for a long—term relationship that will eventually lead me to be a wife and mother. I'm not only loving, kind and compassionate, but I'm more feminine than most genetic females. I'm a romantic and sensual kind of person,” she added.

Before I had to take my place at the judge's table in the sexy legs contest, I gave Stephanie my telephone number, and she gave me hers. “Would you like to stick around for the contest?” I asked her.

“I'll be happy to, Eric,” she replied.

She sat right behind me as I judged the contest. Fifteen crossdressers strutted their stuff on the dance floor in front of us, wearing bodysuits and teddies. Two other judges, the wife of one of the crossdressers and the co-manager of the restaurant, helped me judge the contest. When we made our decision, Mindy won first prize, a one thousand-dollar gift certificate from a women's apparel shop. Alana won second prize, five hundred dollars' worth of rhinestone jewelry. Third prize went to Rachael, a two hundred and fifty-dollar gift certificate from a lingerie shop.

With my work done, Stephanie and I went out to the parking lot. “Do you have anything planned for tomorrow?” she asked me.

”I don't have a thing to do tomorrow. Elizabeth has to work from noon to eight o'clock in the evening,” I replied.

“Would you like for me to come over about twelve-thirty?” she then asked.

”I’ll be happy to have you over,” I replied. I gave her directions to my apartment. After giving her a smooch, I left for home. Elizabeth had returned to the apartment ten minutes earlier than I did.

“How did it go tonight?” she asked me.

”I had fun. As a matter of fact, I think I may be in love,” I replied. “With whom?” she asked.

“Her name is Stephanie, and she’s a wonderful woman. She’s a post—operative transsexual, works as a computer programmer and fashion model, and I feel she’s the girl I’ve been looking for all my life,” I replied.

”You’ve fallen in love with a girl who used to be a guy?” she asked me, with an element of shock.

“I have, Elizabeth,” I replied with an element of pride.

”I don’t know how to take this, Eric. I’ve heard a lot of negative things about transsexuals,” she added.

“I haven’t heard anything negative about Stephanie thus far,” I told her assuringly. I climbed into bed around one-thirty in the morning; I just couldn’t get Stephanie out of my mind. I had never wanted a woman this much. In fact, I wanted her more than I ever wanted my ex-wife. I felt mesmerized by her natural beauty, sexually attracted to her body, and spiritually attracted to the woman deep inside. I woke up around ten-thirty, just as Elizabeth was getting ready for work. At twelve-thirty, a knock came at the door. I had just finished getting two salads and two glasses of red wine ready for us. I slowly opened the door. Stephanie was there, with her seductive smile. She was dressed in a white bodysuit and pink Lycra miniskirt, with white stockings and a pink pair of pumps. Her hair had been tied back. She gave me a kiss when she walked in. “Hi, honey,” she whispered to me.

“Hello, sweetheart,” I whispered to her.

I showed her to the kitchen. “What a nice kitchen you have here!” she complimented.

”Most of the work was done by my sister,” I added.

“How does she feel about you dating a transsexual?” she asked me.

”As a matter of fact, she’s unsure about the idea. She still incorrectly associates transsexualism with things like prostitution,” I replied.

“Many transsexuals aren’t prostitutes at all. In my support group, I only know one girl who works for an escort service. Most of us are professionals and we come from all walks of life. One of the girls in my support group is a partner in a law firm downtown. She’s scheduled to undergo surgery next year. We’re a diverse group, when it comes right down to it,” she explained.

While we were eating lunch, thoughts of making love to her raced across my mind. After finishing lunch, I put our dirty dishes in the dishwasher and put the

bottle of wine back in the refrigerator. We decided to take a walk in the park across the street from the apartment, walking arm-in-arm the whole time. After walking around the perimeter of the park, we sat down on a bench under a tall tree. I held her tenderly as we were sitting.

"Darling?" I said before kissing her on the cheek.

"What is it, sweetie?" she asked me, rather seductively.

"While we were eating our lunch, I had a rather interesting thought cross my mind," I replied.

"What was that, my love?" she asked.

"I thought about making love to you, Stephanie. I haven't made love to a woman since long before my marriage ended. My ex-wife was sensuous in the early years of our marriage. Two years ago, she suddenly developed an aversion to sexual intercourse. She had a father who had a huge collection of pornographic magazines and videos. It's no wonder her parents got a divorce. I wanted to have children, but her aversion to sexual contact made that impossible. This was compounded by her mental and emotional problems. I've been wanting to make love to a woman for a long time, and I've thought of making love to you," I explained.

"Would you like to do that when we get back to your place?" she whispered.

"I'd love that, very much," I replied.

We kissed each other, starting out tenderly. The heat of passion increased as we continued kissing, touching each other's tongues in the process. We got up from our bench and began walking toward the apartment, exchanging an occasional kiss on the lips as we walked. When we got back to the apartment, we went straight to my bedroom. When we walked into the bedroom, we closed and locked the door behind us, then closed the curtain. I took off my clothes, except for my underwear. She softly caressed my shoulders, while I unzipped the back of her skirt. After that, I laid down on the bed, and watched her take off her skirt. She took off her stockings and her pumps, then proceeded to undo the crotch of her bodysuit.

She removed her bodysuit, which revealed a perfect, female body. Size 38C breasts, a slender figure and a pair of sexy legs to go with her sexy body. I took off my underwear and we began with a hotly passionate kiss. Our hands caressed each other's bodies, then I began to passionately neck her.

"That feels good, honeybaby," she moaned whisperingly.

"You know how much I want you, babydoll," I whispered in between passionate kisses on her neck.

"I want you so bad, honeybaby," she whispered erotically. After about five minutes of passionate necking, I worked down to her beautiful breasts. She felt as if she were in heaven.

"Honey, I feel so feminine!" she exclaimed ecstatically. After getting milk from each of her lovely breasts, she began to kiss and lick all over my hairy chest.

“Darling, I've never felt so good in my life,” I whispered to her. She worked down my body, all the way to my erect manhood, which she began massaging with her silky mouth and tongue.

”Baby, you make me feel so good,” I whispered to her.

Once she tasted my essence, she said to me: “Your essence is delicious, honey.” She then spread her legs and fingered her vagina. I began licking it with extreme passion.

“Honey, you make me feel so much like a woman!,” she moaned ecstatically. I inserted my manhood into her vagina, and began kissing her while my manhood was enveloped by her vagina. When we came to our climax, she and I kissed each other with passion and we fell asleep, still in the nude.

It was eight-thirty when Elizabeth got home. Stephanie and I were still in bed, both totally nude, listening to romantic music on my stereo.

”Is she home, darling?” Stephanie asked me.

“She is home, sexpot,” I replied.

“I'd better get my clothes on!,” she whispered, having just remembered that particular task.

”What are you doing this week, babe?” I asked her.

“I have to work at my computer job every day except Thursday. I will be modeling on Wednesday night at a bridal shop,” she replied.

”I'm going house hunting on Thursday afternoon,” I added, before asking her, “would you like to come along?”

“I'll be glad to come along,” she replied while I was putting on my clothes.

Elizabeth walked into my room, telling me she was home. I introduced my new girlfriend to my sister. Stephanie's six-foot frame towered over Elizabeth's five-foot-four.

”Elizabeth Vontz, this is my new girlfriend, Stephanie Rodgers. Stephanie, this is my sister, Elizabeth,” I said to both of them.

“A pleasure to meet you, Elizabeth,” Stephanie said to Elizabeth.

”The pleasure is mine, Stephanie,” Elizabeth said to her.

I walked Stephanie to the front door, and she asked me, “Will I see you Thursday, my love?”

“I'll see you Thursday, my beautiful one. That's a promise,” I replied with commitment. She and I exchanged a passionate kiss before she walked out the door.

After Stephanie left, Elizabeth came in to talk to me. ”Eric, may I have a word with you?” she asked me.

“What's on your mind, Elizabeth?” I asked her.

“I think Stephanie is a beautiful girl. She's got a lot going for her. I think she deserves a man like you. But, I don't know how the rest of the family is going to

feel about this. Mom and Dad aren't as sure of your dating a transsexual as I am now. Meeting her has changed my mind about your dating a girl who was born a boy. I really need to start reading books and pamphlets on transsexuals and transsexualism, like you did," she replied.

"What about Mom and Dad, and the rest of the family?" I asked her.

"Mom and Dad think the same way about transsexuals I used to think before I met your new girl. They associate transsexualism with homosexuality, which I believe is dead wrong. Our parents are a bit prudish about transsexuals. Our sister, Hayley, by contrast, is very supportive of the transsexual community. I don't know how our kid sister, Nancy, or our brothers, Sam and Frank, feel about what you've done.

"I know some of your friends abandoned you after your divorce, but I don't know how your remaining friends back home will feel when they find out you've taken up with a transsexual. I want to assure you that I now approve of your new-found love," she explained.

"Thank you for your support, Elizabeth. I hope our family will eventually be supportive," I added before giving her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"I see that your bed isn't made. Did you sleep with her?" she then asked.

"I not only slept with Stephanie, but I also made love to her," I replied.

"You mean, you had sex with her?" she asked me, rather shocked.

"I had sex with her, and she satisfied me like no other woman," I replied.

"I won't be surprised if you two even married one day," she added. Four days later, Stephanie met me at the apartment for our house hunting trip. We looked at several houses before finding the one we liked outside of Marietta. Stephanie was very impressed with all the closet space, since she didn't have enough closet space at her apartment for all of her outfits.

The selling point, for me, was the finished basement. There, I could set up my studio. The real estate agent who showed us the house asked me, "Mr. Vontz, will Miss Rodgers be living with you?"

"It's up to her," I replied.

I gently took Stephanie aside, and asked her if she would like to live with me. "I would like very much to live with you, honey. I accept your kind invitation," she replied.

"Well?" our real estate agent asked us.

"Miss Rodgers will be living with me permanently," I replied. Stephanie and I affixed our signatures to the contract to purchase the house immediately. We also put a down payment on the house. The deal closed a month later. When I returned to the apartment from my house-hunting trip, Elizabeth was waiting for me. She had to work the day shift.

"Did you find a house?" she asked me.

“Yes, I found one. It's a four—bedroom house, with an extra room over the garage, and a finished basement, where I can put my studio. There's also a fireplace, a back porch, a dining room and a huge kitchen,” I replied.

”Will Stephanie be living with you?” Elizabeth asked.

“She will be living with me. What sold her on the house was the closet space. She doesn't have enough space at her apartment for all her outfits,” I replied.

”Aren't you going a bit fast with her?” she asked, with a touch of concern.

“I don't think so. The last time I was involved in a relationship, I wound up marrying the girl six months after we met. I'm taking things a bit slower with Stephanie,” I replied, in an attempt to assure her.

Just before Stephanie and I moved into our house, she and I had a dinner date. By that time, Elizabeth was starting to like her. After ordering a steak dinner for two, I asked Stephanie: ”Have you ever lived with a man before?”

“I've never lived with a man in my life. Even when I was in New Orleans, I didn't live with my boyfriend. I usually lived alone or with a female roommate, usually a male-to-female transsexual. I lived with an understanding woman when I was in New Orleans. She was not only my best friend, but she was also my kid sister, Carolynne. About the same time I moved to Atlanta, she moved in with the man she eventually married. This will be the first time I'll be living with a man, especially the man I love,” she replied.

”That's another thing I have in common with you, sweetie. When I was single, I lived alone. The only two roommates I've ever had were my ex-wife and my sister. Both of them were very sweet, but Elizabeth is more understanding of my desires than my ex ever was. I didn't live with a man for another reason. When I was fourteen, I was at a Boy Scout camp and I was sexually assaulted by my tentmate. I told him that I was only attracted to those of the female persuasion, and he went on performing homosexual acts on me. My body had never been violated like that before. Since then, I haven't been able to trust a man with my living space. I've only been able to trust a woman,” I added.

“You poor, sweet baby,” she sympathetically cooed while gently holding my hand. Later that evening, we found ourselves at the park. We were sitting in her car, kissing each other tenderly.

”Darling?” I said, between kisses.

“What is it, my love?” she asked before kissing me again.

”How did your family react when you told them you were transsexual?” I then asked her.

“My parents took it hard, at first. They didn't approve of my dressing in female attire when I was a kid, and had incorrectly associated crossdressing with homosexuality. When I told them that I was diagnosed as a transsexual, they didn't know what the word really meant. I told them that I was about to prepare to have my sex changed. They asked what went wrong, and I told them that I felt wrong. I

was born with a male body, but a female brain. They thought I was telling them I was gay.

“I was their only son and, for a while, they had a hard time accepting the fact that they were going to have a fifth daughter. My older sister, Pamela, was very supportive of my desire to be a woman. She was dating a female impersonator at the time, and she knew about the transgendered community in New York, where she lived. I lived with her and her boyfriend, Bob, known in drag as Amanda, for my first six months in New York.

My big sister, Geni, didn't find out until Pamela told her about my transformation in a letter. Geni was living in Texas at the time. My younger sister, Erica, was sixteen at the time, and she had run across many articles on transsexualism in various magazines. My kid sister, Carolynne, was fourteen, and tried her best to understand my desire to be completely female.

“Erica began a modeling career after graduation, and she met a number of transsexuals at the agency she works for. Carolynne decided to become a therapist, working with the transgendered. My parents eventually accepted me as their daughter just a month before I had my surgery, and Geni would accept me as her sister on a visit to San Francisco just three months after I had my surgery,” she explained.

”Are any of your sisters married?” I asked.

“Geni married when she was very young. She was eighteen and fresh out of high school when she married Johnny, a businessman twelve years her senior. They now live in a Dallas suburb, where he owns a pizza parlor and she raises their four children. Pamela is now married to Bob/Amanda, the female impersonator she was involved with. I had the pleasure of being her maid of honor at both the regular wedding and the two-bride wedding. Pamela is now a dress designer, and her husband models her designs. They have two children now.

“Erica is engaged to be married; her fiancé is an actor. Carolynne is still single,” she replied. Stephanie drove me back to my place.

”Have you got all of your stuff all packed, baby?” she asked me.

“I still have to pack up a few things,” I replied. I then asked her, “What about you, sweetie?”

“I'm all packed and ready to move out, honey,” she replied.

”I'll see you tomorrow, babydoll,” I whispered before giving her a kiss.

“Good night, love,” she whispered once we finished with our kiss.

I walked into the apartment, and found Elizabeth sitting in the living room, watching television. “How did things go with Stephanie tonight?” she asked me.

“They went very well, Elizabeth,” I replied.

“I thought I would have a problem finding a roommate when you moved out. That problem has been solved. Hayley has separated from her husband, and has

filed for divorce. She's moving here from San Jose, and she'll be here by the weekend," she added.

"What happened?" I asked.

"It seems her husband had been messing around with a younger woman. Besides, he wouldn't come with her to Atlanta, where her job has just taken her. They have no children," she replied.

"Did Bobby take up with a genetic female or a transsexual?" I asked her.

"He took up with a genetic female, a college student named Sandy. She works in the mailroom at the same firm where he works as a loan arranger," she replied.

"How did she take the news that I am going to be living with a transsexual?" I asked.

"She's taking it very well. Her best friend in San Jose, Renee, is a transsexual. She had her surgery four years after Stephanie had hers. Renee was also transferred to Atlanta, as they both work for the same company," she then replied.

The next day, I left the back seats of the minivan in the garage of the house while I moved all of my personal effects out of the apartment. After I moved my stuff in, I took the thirty-minute drive to Stephanie's apartment, and loaded her stuff into my minivan. A moving truck took the furniture that was too big to be moved in the minivan. We had all of our stuff moved in by three o'clock. I decided to set up my studio first, since I hadn't done any production work at home since leaving St. Louis. While I was getting the audio mixer installed, Stephanie called me upstairs. I walked upstairs, where she met me in the kitchen.

"Which bed do you think we should put in the master bedroom?" she asked me.

"The canopy bed you have is just perfect, darling. I'll put my bed in the guest bedroom," I replied. We were settled in by nine o'clock, just in time to build a fire in the fireplace. The previous owners of the house left almost a whole cord of firewood. I brought in six pieces to build the fire. Stephanie and I spent the rest of the evening drinking wine and enjoying our new home.

Before going to bed, I asked her: "Art thou in love, Stephanie?"

"Yes, I am in love, Eric," she replied before we exchanged a kiss.

"I'm in love, too," I added before kissing her.

Two months later, we decided to have a special evening at home, just the two of us. It was raining heavily that evening, and I had brought in two dozen pieces of firewood for the evening. I started by preparing an Italian dinner for us. She came in around five o'clock, tired from a long day at work.

"What do I smell?" she asked me.

"Darling, I decided to make dinner for the two of us. I've prepared spaghetti and meatballs, garlic toast, and a Caesar salad for us. I also had a bottle of white wine chilled," I replied.

"You did all of this for me?" she then asked, rather surprised.

"I did it for you, my love," I replied before giving her a tender kiss. I pulled out her chair for her, and she promptly sat down, crossing her sexy legs. After I did that, I sat down and proposed a toast.

"To you, Stephanie, for giving me so much in the few short months we've known each other," I said whisperingly, my face expressing true love.

"To you, Eric, for giving me the love I've been looking for all my life," she said, with an amorous expression in her face. We clicked our glasses, sipped our wine, and began eating dinner. After eating, I told her that a surprise awaited her. She did not know that I stopped by a lingerie store to pick up a fuschia babydoll nightie on the way back from doing some business in Cedartown. I laid it out on the bed in our room before she got home from work. As soon as I finished putting the dishes in the dishwasher, I walked up to our bedroom.

"This is beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"I thought I'd surprise you, my love. I got this on the way back from Cedartown today," I whispered to her.

"I'll put it on right away," she added.

I went into the bathroom to change into a pair of red boxer shorts while she put on her nightgown. I also put on my bathrobe. While she was primping for our special evening, I went downstairs to get the bottle of wine and the two wine glasses we drank out of, and set it on the coffee table. I also started the fire in the fireplace, then closed the blinds, and closed all the doors to the living room. Stephanie came in a few minutes later, wearing her nightgown and a negligee that came with her fuschia babydoll nightie.

"You look fantastic, sweetheart," I complimented her.

"You look great yourself, honey," she said back. We laid down on the floor, drank wine, listened to romantic music, kissed and caressed each other most of the evening. Around nine-thirty, the extended foreplay reached a high point when I removed the cups of her nightgown, exposing her lovely breasts. I began fondling them with unbridled passion.

"Oh, honey, that feels magnificent!" she moaned. We got up from the floor after I finished fondling her breasts, where I was able to remove her nightgown, revealing a pair of fuschia lace panties. We continued to passionately kiss each other for a few minutes, before she began to kiss and nibble me all over my chest and stomach. She kneeled down on the floor, and took off my boxer shorts. She started to massage my manhood with a passion I had never felt from a woman before.

"That feels wonderful, sexy girl," I ecstatically whispered while stroking her beautiful hair. As soon as she tasted my essence, she stood up and gave me a passionate kiss. I kneeled down and took her panties off. I began to massage her vagina, using my tongue with heated passion.

"You know how to make a girl feel like she's in heaven, my love," she whispered, laboring for breath. With desire's perspiration all over our bodies, she laid

down on the floor after I finished massaging her vagina, and spread her sexy legs. She then fingered her vagina and I laid down, crawling to where I was able to insert my manhood into her vagina. We kissed and touched each other's tongues while my manhood was in her vagina. Once we reached a climax, we kissed and massaged each other in the nude until eleven o'clock, when it was time for us to go to bed.

We decided to host her parents for Thanksgiving. They flew in from New Orleans two days before the holiday, arriving on the early afternoon flight. She greeted them at the airport, both of her parents hugging her. She also kissed her father on the cheek. On the way to claim their baggage, her mother, Cathy, asked her: "Do you have someone new in your life?"

"I do, Mother. In fact, I live with him. His name is Eric Vontz, and we've been together now for three months. I've never been more in love with a man than I am with him. He's twenty-nine years old, has been living in the Atlanta area since last August, he's been divorced since last summer and we've been living together for the last couple of months," she replied.

"Is he understanding of the fact you were born a boy?" her father, Kevin, asked her.

"He is very understanding of the fact I was born a boy," she replied.

When they approached the baggage carousel, Cathy asked her: "Stephanie, do you hope to marry him one day?"

"I'm so much in love with him, marriage is one thing I haven't ruled out. He's such a sweet guy. You'll like him," she replied with a sense of love.

"Will he be home when we arrive?" Kevin asked her.

"He might not be home when we arrive. He's in Chattanooga this afternoon, taking care of business for a new oldies station that's about to come on the air," she replied. I pulled into the driveway around five o'clock, after finishing my business in Chattanooga. I walked in through the garage, and was greeted by the usual kiss from Stephanie.

"Honey, I have a surprise for you," she whispered to me. She and I held hands as we walked into the living room, where her parents were sitting on the couch.

"Kevin and Cathy Rodgers, this is my live-in boyfriend, Eric Vontz. Eric, these are my parents, Kevin and Cathy Rodgers," she said in an introductory manner.

"It's wonderful to meet a man who is so kind to our daughter," Cathy said in a mild Southern accent.

"Thank you, Cathy," I said.

"Nice to know you, Eric," Kevin said in a strong Cajun accent.

"You too, Kevin. Your Stephanie has been wonderful to me since we met," I added. I went into the kitchen to prepare a steak dinner while Stephanie was in the living room, talking to her parents.

"How did you two meet?" Cathy asked.

"It was just three months ago. Eric was asked to be the judge of a sexy legs contest for crossdressers. I arrived just after he did, and I fell in love with him from first sight. The next thing I knew, we were getting to know each other. At the time, he was living with his sister, Elizabeth. He knew that he was in love with me, and within twenty-four hours of first laying eyes on each other, we made love. Elizabeth was a bit skeptical of our relationship at first, but she is no longer. She's been very supportive of us, and so has their big sister, Hayley. His family is still rather doubtful about our relationship, but his parents are coming in next month for a visit," she explained.

"I hope their doubts are eliminated when they see the beautiful woman you are," Cathy added.

"I hope so, too, Mother," Stephanie answered.

That evening, in bed, Stephanie and I were talking about her parents. "Baby, I'm very impressed. I'm glad that you've got such supportive parents," I whispered to her.

"They're impressed with how understanding you are about the fact that I was born a boy. They haven't found that quality in any man I have been involved with before now. They're very happy I've found a loving boyfriend, and I feel very strongly about you, honey," she whispered.

The next day, Stephanie took her parents sightseeing while I had to be in Gainesville on business. She spent all day taking in the sights with her parents, while I only had to be in Gainesville until one o'clock. When I got home, around two-thirty, I started dinner. I prepared spaghetti and meat sauce with Caesar salad and a pitcher of iced tea. Stephanie and her parents were in by four o'clock. The next day, I helped Cathy and Stephanie with Thanksgiving dinner.

Just as I finished basting the turkey, Cathy asked me, "Eric, how do your parents feel about your living with a woman like Stephanie?"

"Like Stephanie may have told you, they're rather skeptical of my living with a transsexual. I know that she is a very beautiful woman, but they haven't met her yet. I hope their ideas on what a woman should be will change once they visit us next month," I replied.

"Sweetheart, who else are we expecting?" Stephanie then asked.

"Just my sisters, Elizabeth and Hayley," I replied.

Hayley and Elizabeth arrived around two-thirty. Hayley wore a red sweater and a blue denim skirt, while Elizabeth came in a blue sweater and a stonewashed denim skirt. Hayley wasn't much taller than Elizabeth. At five-foot-six, Stephanie still towered over her. "It's a pleasure to meet you at last, Stephanie," Hayley said to her.

"The pleasure is mine," Stephanie added.

While I was helping Cathy put the finishing touches on Thanksgiving dinner, Stephanie and Hayley sat down to have a chat. "I understand your best friend is also a transsexual," Stephanie said to her.

"Renee has been my best friend since 1985. Four years before we met, she had her sex surgically reassigned. I was sympathetic toward her condition, and I still am. She and I were transferred together to Atlanta just a couple of months ago. Elizabeth and I were able to share an apartment, while Renee moved in with her boyfriend, with whom she carried on a long—distance relationship for a year and a half," Hayley explained.

"Hayley, has she joined the local gender support group yet?" Stephanie asked her.

"She hasn't joined the group yet, Stephanie. She's been so busy, she just hasn't had the time to join a group, especially one that you're in," Hayley replied. Stephanie then walked up to our bedroom, and found some information on her gender support group. She came back downstairs, and gave it to Hayley.

"If Renee has any questions on the group I'm in, their phone number is on the card. Our phone number is on the back of this card," she explained. "I'll be seeing Renee this weekend. She and I are going Christmas shopping," Hayley added. We sat down to Thanksgiving dinner around three-thirty. I was given the duty of saying grace, since I was the man of the household.

"Heavenly Father, we thank you for the bountiful blessing we are about to receive, we are thankful that Hayley and Elizabeth was able to join us today, as well as Kevin and Cathy. I am especially thankful to you that Stephanie has come into my life, a very beautiful woman. I pray that she will give me a lifetime of love and happiness. In the beautiful name of Our Lord, we pray," I said in a prayerful manner. Everyone said in unison, "Amen".

Kevin and Cathy had to fly back to New Orleans the next day, since Cathy had to return to work the following Monday. The next month, my parents came calling. They arrived in Atlanta around two-thirty the Saturday afternoon before Christmas, escaping the subzero cold back in St. Louis. My father, Elwood, as stubborn as he was, didn't say a word all the way to the baggage carousel. On the other hand, my mother, Susan, kept an open mind. "I hope Stephanie is as beautiful as you described in your letter that came with your Christmas card. Your father and I aren't yet comfortable with you living with, let alone being romantically involved with, a male-to-female transsexual. I have a negative opinion about transsexuals from what I read in the papers and what I see on television. But, I might feel comfortable with you sharing a house with Stephanie. She sounds like a nice girl," Susan said with some reservation.

"I will assure you that Stephanie is not your stereotypical transsexual. She works eight hours a day in front of a computer, and when she comes home at night, she has the love of a man to keep her company. I've never met a woman quite like her in my entire life. Even the lowlife I was married to cannot compare to Stephanie," I assuringly said.

When we arrived at the baggage carousel, my father said: "I hope this trip will allow me to change my mind about transsexuals. For a long time, I've associated transsexualism with homosexuality and prostitution, but from what you've told

your mother, your girl is not like other transsexuals. Like your mother said, I hope she will change my mind about transsexuals”.

“How have my brothers and Nancy reacted to the news?” I asked them.

”Frank is very supportive of your new relationship with Stephanie. He shared an experience with me before leaving town. His best friend from high school, Howard, told everyone he knew that he was a transsexual. Frank perfectly understood this, as he's studying to be a psychotherapist. Howard now calls himself Heather, and has relocated to Los Angeles. Nancy is also supportive of your new relationship, as she's read books and pamphlets on transsexualism with Frank. On the other hand, Sam hasn't taken sides on this issue. He doesn't know if he supports or disapproves of your new relationship,” Susan explained.

“How supportive were they of my divorce?” I asked them.

”All of your siblings believe you had no right to live with a woman like your ex-wife. From what I hear, I hope Stephanie will be the exact opposite,” Susan replied. I helped them take their luggage to the car, and took the thirty—minute drive back to the house. When I got into the driveway with my parents, Stephanie hadn't arrived home yet. She took one day of her vacation to do a bridal shoot at an Atlanta photography studio. When we walked in, I showed them to their room, and they set their luggage down. I went downstairs to prepare a pot of coffee. When they got downstairs, my parents wanted to have a talk with me. I poured each of them a cup of coffee.

My mother explained, “When we heard from Elizabeth you had become romantically involved with a transsexual, we were very skeptical at first. At first, we thought you had become gay or started working as a pimp for some escort service. But, when Elizabeth told us about Stephanie, we felt that we had to meet her, and see for ourselves”.

“She's really looking forward to meeting you. In fact, I'm preparing a special dinner for us,” I added.

”What is it?” Elwood asked me.

“Prime rib,” I replied.

“It's no wonder I smell something delicious,” Susan added. Stephanie, wearing a blue sweater dress, walked in around five-thirty, just as I was setting the table.

”Hi, honey,” she whispered to me.

“Hello, gorgeous,” I whispered as we exchanged a smooch. My parents walked in a few moments later.

”So, this must be Stephanie,” Susan said to me.

“Stephanie Rodgers, these are my parents, Susan and Elwood Vontz. This is Stephanie Rodgers, the woman who has been living with me for the last few months,” I said in an introductory manner.

”It's a pleasure to meet you, at last,” Susan said, shaking her hand.

“Pleased to meet your acquaintance,” Elwood said, also shaking her hand. “I’m happy to meet you, too,” Stephanie said with pleasure. After dinner, Stephanie sat down with my parents while I was washing the dishes.

“How did you and Eric meet?” Elwood asked her.

”Eric and I met at a restaurant here in Atlanta about four months ago. I fell in love with him at first sight, and within a month after we met, he asked me to move in with him. We’ve been sharing this house for the last three months now, and we’ve never been happier. I’ve never met a man like him in my life,” Stephanie replied.

“What do you do for a living, Stephanie?” Susan asked her.

”I work as a computer programmer for a financial company here in Atlanta. In addition, I work part—time as a bridal fashion model. I had finished a shoot at a local photography studio today,” she replied.

“How long have you been a woman?” Elwood asked.

”It’s been almost thirteen years since I had my sex surgically reassigned. When I was born on January 9, 1956, my birth certificate said that I was male, and my name was Stephen Lamar Rodgers. From the time I was about four years old, I felt that I should have been born a girl. I secretly dressed in my mother’s clothing as much as possible.

“When I reached puberty, I realized that I was attracted to men exclusively, and I felt the most appropriate role for me to express my sexuality would be in the female role. I began living as a woman right out of high school. In order to transition, I left my native New Orleans for New York. I started on hormones and electrolysis in 1975.

“At first, I was a female impersonator, but I later became a fashion model, working under the professional name Stephanie Lamar. My job required me to relocate to San Francisco before I had my surgery in 1977. My birth certificate was amended shortly thereafter, legally changing my name to Stephanie Melinda Rodgers,” she explained.

“Do you have a college degree?” Susan asked her.

“I have a Bachelor’s degree in computer science,” Stephanie replied.

“How do you think people perceive women like you?” Susan then asked.

“Most people, I think, perceive us incorrectly. Some continue to perceive us as homosexual males, instead of the heterosexual females we really are. Some also continue to perceive us as call girls, while, in reality, we come from all walks of life. This is especially true of most men. When a girl reveals the fact that she was once a boy, they run out on us, never to return. Fortunately, Eric is not like that. Men like him, who make an honest attempt to understand us, are definitely a rare breed,” Stephanie bluntly replied.

I walked in with a glass of red wine for Stephanie. I kissed her before giving her the glass, and asked my parents if they wanted anything to drink.

"Iced tea is fine," Susan replied.

"A cup of coffee for me, son," Elwood added.

I came back with a glass of iced tea for my mother, a cup of coffee for my father, and a glass of white wine for me.

I sat down next to Stephanie, and my mother asked her: "How did your parents react when you told them you were going to undergo sexual reassignment?"

"They took it hard at first. They didn't even know what 'transsexual' meant, and when I explained to them what it meant, I told them that I went wrong. I was born with a female brain, but a male body. My family eventually accepted me as a woman," she replied.

For Christmas, I gave Stephanie plenty of nice gifts, including a red dress, a necklace with a gold pendant bearing her name, and a bottle of perfume. My parents also spoiled her with a blue dress, a gold bracelet, a pearl necklace with matching earrings, and a wooden heart, painted red, with the words "Eric Loves Stephanie," in white paint, written in it. Stephanie thanked me for the gifts with a kiss, while she hugged each of my parents for theirs. My parents left Atlanta for home the day after Christmas, since my father had to return to work the following day. I was happy they accepted Stephanie as the woman she is, and she was especially happy that they really liked her.

Six months later, in June of 1990, I had to make an important decision in my life. I had been flirting with the decision to ask Stephanie for her hand in marriage, and I felt the time to ask her was near. On the way back from a business trip to Dalton, I stopped at a jeweler and bought an engagement ring for her. On a breezy and warm Friday night, we sat down on the steps of our back porch, and finally made the decision.



“Stephanie, you and I have been together almost a year now, and it's been the best year of my life. We've come a long way in such a short space of time, and I can't visualize spending the rest of my life with any other woman but you. You've been nothing but a sweetheart to me, helping me deal with my feelings after my divorce, helping me resolve uncertainty with my parents over my being romantically involved with a transsexual, and returning a feeling of romance to my life. I will always love you for that,” I whispered to her.

”Eric, you've given me a feeling of love that I've never felt from a man before. I cannot begin to describe how much our love means to me. Ever since I met you, you've been nothing but understanding about my transsexuality, and you've given me everything a woman would ever want. I will always love you for that, my darling,” she whispered to me.

“I think now will be the best time to ask you this, my love,” I whispered back.

”What is that, honey?” she asked me whisperingly.

“Stephanie, will you be my wife?” I asked her.

She was taken aback for a moment, then flashed a loving smile. “Oh, honey, you know I will be your wife! I've always wanted you as my husband since we met!” she excitedly exclaimed.

We married in Atlanta three months later. She selected a Southern Belle—styled bridal gown, while her attendants, all but one of them transsexual, wore blue Southern Belle gowns. After a reception at a state park outside the city, we went to a hotel for our wedding night. That night, we were in the Bridal Suite of our hotel. Stephanie was in a white teddy, while I was in a blue pair of boxer shorts. It was ten o'clock when we toasted our union with champagne.

”Honey, I'm so happy to be married, at last. Even after I had sex reassignment surgery, I never thought a loving man would come along until you and I met. I'm now the happiest girl on earth, thanks to you. Stephanie Vontz...now that has a nice ring to it,” she whispered to me, in a loving sense.

“Darling, I didn't know that I would find another woman again, even after I split from my first wife. Now that you are Mrs. Eric Vontz, I hope that our union will go on forever and ever,” I whispered to her before giving her a passionate kiss.

”There's something we really should do,” she whispered after we finished our kiss.

“What's that, sexpot?” I asked her.

“Consummate our marriage. It's a custom that we make love on our wedding night,” she replied. We started with a hotly passionate kiss, then I moved to passionately neck her.

”Honey, that feels wonderful,” she whispered in a loving tone. After I finished necking her, she took off my boxer shorts, and caressed my bare buttocks.

“That feels good, sweetheart,” I whispered to her. I filed my fingers through her hair as I gave her another hotly passionate kiss. I then removed the straps of her

teddy, and caressed her shoulders. She removed the teddy down to her waist, exposing her breasts. I massaged each one with my mouth and tongue. I could see an expression of sexual pleasure light up her face.

"Babe, that feels terrific," she moaned. After finishing with her breasts, she took off her teddy, and began to massage my manhood with her mouth and tongue.

"You've just made me feel magnificent, my love," I whispered as I was beginning to labor for breath. After she tasted my essence, she laid down on the heart—shaped bed, and spread out her legs. She fingered her vagina, and I gave it a massage with my mouth and tongue.

"I beg you to take me," she moaned in ecstasy.

Once she said that, I inserted my manhood in her vagina. We had reached the high point of ecstasy, with desire's perspiration coming down our bodies. After climaxing in each other's love organs, she put her teddy back on, while I put my boxer shorts back on. We climbed into bed and talked until we fell asleep. A passionate woman like Stephanie comes along once in a lifetime. For a woman like Stephanie, an understanding man comes along once in a lifetime, too. We're both very happy this has happened, and it is our hope we live, as the old cliché goes, happily ever after.

Two “JENNIFER'S STORY”

It was June of 1988, just after Sarah and I celebrated our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. We were living in Los Angeles and were blessed with four children. Our twins, Carlton and Charles, were the oldest of our kids at twenty-four. Carlton, Carl for short, had just gotten married to a beautiful girl named Maria. Charles, or Chuck, had been dating her younger sister, Michelle, for three years. A girl came next, Caroline, Carry. Twenty-three, she was dating a man about nine years her senior.

It was our youngest son we were concerned about. Gerald, or Jerry, had just turned twenty-one and was still living with us. We knew he had been crossdressing off and on since he was seven years old, but he had begun working as a female impersonator when he turned eighteen. He didn't get as tall as most men his age; he grew to be only five-foot-seven. His build was slender, which would make him a prime candidate to pass as a woman. We thought that his crossdressing was an “experimental phase” he would get over. But it became part of his personality as he grew older. He had been keeping a secret from us, but we didn't know what it was.

It was the evening after he graduated from junior college with a degree in theatrical arts. He had just left for work, wearing a tight pink sequined dress. A little later in the evening, Carry was in his room, giving him some money she owed him. She found his closet stocked full of dresses and high heels, several drawers full of lingerie, a box filled with women's jewelry on his dresser and three bottles of female hormone pills on his nightstand. Carry came into our living room, while I was reading the paper and Sarah was reading her beauty magazines. She told us, “Something is going on with Jerry. He's got to tell us his secret sooner or later.”

“Carry, we're just as concerned about Jerry as you are,” an equally worried Sarah added.

“I went into his room to return thirty dollars I borrowed for my skiing trip with my singles group last January, and found his closet full of dresses and high heels, his drawers full of lingerie, a jewelry box on his dresser, and, to top it all off, I found three bottles of female hormones on his nightstand. I know he's been working as Jenny Gerald's for the last three years, but I suspect he's wanting to go further than just the female impersonation work,” Carry explained.

“I would guess he's making plans to become a woman,” I said to her.

Jerry walked in around two o'clock in the morning, after finishing his act for the evening. He came right into the living room, sat down and crossed his legs in a feminine fashion. “Mom, Dad?” he asked us.

“What is it, Jerry?” I asked him.

“You know that I've been working as a woman for the last three years. If you haven't been in my room lately, I've had my closet and drawers stocked with femi-

nine clothing. I feel more comfortable in the role of a woman than I ever did as a man. I know you disapproved of my feminine ways at first, but I would like to ask you to accept me the way I am now," he replied, rather nervously.

"What's happening in your life?" Sarah asked.

"I've been seeing this therapist for the last two and a half years. Last year she diagnosed me as being a transsexual. In a nutshell, I'm a woman who is unfairly trapped in a man's body. I've been on hormones for the last eleven months and I'm looking to having surgery sometime within the next two years," he replied, tossing his femininely-styled light brown hair.

"Why didn't you tell us this before?" I asked him.

"Because, I was afraid you wouldn't accept me as your new daughter," he replied.

"Jerry, it really doesn't matter if you are our son or our daughter. We love you just the same," Sarah said before embracing him.

"From now on, please call me Jennifer," he/she said.

From that point on, we felt it was proper to refer to our offspring as a woman. She walked to her room, while Sarah and I discussed the situation.

"Honey, there are more women like Jennifer than there were when we were growing up," Sarah said.

"That's right, dear. Transsexualism was unheard-of when we were younger. It was very rare to have a person go through a transition from one sex to another, and undergo surgery to have his or her bodily sex match their psychological sex. Nowadays, it's becoming very commonplace for men to become women through hormones and surgery. We've also discovered more women are taking the same route to become men. I didn't know it would happen in our family before Jennifer told us tonight. I don't know how the rest of our family will accept our new daughter, but I hope things will be positive," I explained.

"I noticed that she was wearing a dress that showed some cleavage. When I looked, I noticed that the female hormones were giving her a fair-sized bustline. The way her dress clinged to her body, I also noticed that her body was taking on a more feminine shape," Sarah added.

The next day, after dinner, we sat down with Carry before she got ready to go out with her boyfriend. "Carry, may we talk to you?" I asked her.

"What is it this time?" she replied.

"How do you feel about having a sister?" Sarah asked her.

"I'm comfortable with having a sister," Carry replied.

"Your younger brother, Jerry, is now your younger sister, Jennifer. Last night, she told us that she's a transsexual and is preparing to have her sex surgically re-assigned. Her hormone treatments have resulted in a fair-sized female bustline and I also noticed a more feminine shape to her body. She hopes to have her sur-

gery sometime in the next two years, and we feel that we should be behind her during her transition from man to woman,” I explained.

“I’ll be supportive of her in her desire to become the woman she really is. I really think she needs the support of a loving family,” Carry added before leaving the living room. She was headed to her room, getting ready for her date with her boyfriend.

Just a month after telling us about her transsexuality, Jennifer moved out of the house and into an apartment with Heather, one of her transsexual friends. Six feet tall, slender build, with a fair-sized bustline and fashion model looks, she had undergone sex reassignment just a year before.

“Jennifer, how does your family accept you?” Heather asked her.

“My immediate family has accepted me as a woman without reservations. I moved out so I can experience life away from home. My parents accepted me when I came out and told them. Carry, my only sister, has also accepted me as a woman, although it was hard for her to take the idea of her kid brother becoming a girl at first. My brothers haven’t seen me yet, but they are looking forward to seeing me as a woman. They’ve been told by my parents, and have accepted my transsexuality,” Jennifer replied.

“I have a couple of guys coming over tonight. My boyfriend is coming over, and he’s bringing a friend who wants to meet you,” Heather added.

“I’ll be looking forward to that,” Jennifer told her with anticipation.

Heather’s boyfriend, Stephen, was just as tall as she was. He was built like a catcher for a major league baseball club. “Hi, darling,” he whispered before giving her a smooch.

”Hi, sweet stuff,” she whispered before taking his jacket and baseball cap. His friend was a little taller, about six-foot-two, with a somewhat heavy build.

“Heather, this is my friend, Robbie. Robbie, this is my girlfriend, Heather,” he said in an introductory manner.

“Nice to meet you, Robbie,” Heather said with pleasure.

“The pleasure is mine, Heather,” Robbie quietly said to her.

Jennifer was in her bedroom, getting a tight black dress on. After she put on her high heels, she emerged from her bedroom. Robbie got a good look at her and asked Heather: “Who is this beautiful girl living with you?”

“That’s my roommate, Jennifer. You should watch her, she’s sort of a flirt,” she replied.

“She’s a beautiful girl,” Robbie added.

Jennifer sashayed toward Robbie. “Is this the friend you told me about earlier?” she asked Heather.

“Jennifer, this is Robbie, a friend of my boyfriend’s. Robbie, this is Jennifer,” Heather replied.

“It's a pleasure to meet a handsome man like you, Robbie,” cooed Jennifer.

“The pleasure is mine, Jennifer,” Robbie whispered while Jennifer wrapped her arms around him.

The two couples went on a double date, first going to dinner, then dancing, followed by a female impersonator show. They didn't get in until well past three o'clock in the morning.

Jennifer took Robbie to her bedroom, while Heather took Stephen to hers. It seemed that Robbie had started to fall in love with Jennifer. The two exchanged passionate kisses, then Robbie told her, “Jennifer, I would really like to make love to you”.

“Huh?” she asked him, shocked.

“You're a beautiful, sexy girl, Jennifer. I've always wondered what it would be like to make love to you,” he replied.

“Before we actually have sex with each other, there is something about me that you really should know,” she added.

“What is it?” he then asked her.

“Robbie, I'm a transsexual. I was born a boy, but I'm now living full-time as a woman. I haven't had my surgery yet, but I anticipate having it in about two years' time. I don't know if I'm ready to have my first sexual experience with a man quite yet,” she replied.

“May I give you your first taste of sex on the female side, Jennifer?” he asked.

“You may, Robbie,” she replied. She was, by that time, rather exhausted.

Both of them took off their shoes, followed by Robbie unzipping her dress. She seductively slipped her dress off her body, dropping it to the floor. A pair of black lace-topped stockings, matching garter belt, G-string panties and bra were revealed. She sat down on her bed and undid his shirt and pants. She started by kissing and licking all over his body, then giving him a passionate kiss. They started necking with extreme passion. “Oh, Robbie, that feels great!” she moaned ecstatically.

After that, he unhooked her bra, then passionately massaged her breasts with his mouth and tongue. A feeling of erotic ecstasy lined her face. She sat down on the bed and began to passionately massage his manhood with her mouth and tongue. “Jennifer, you really know how to make a man feel good,” he whispered, laboring for breath.

After she tasted his essence, she laid down on the bed, spread her legs and took off her panties. She then told him, “Robbie, imagine that this is my vagina”. He then massaged the only remaining vestige of her former male life with passion. After tasting her essence, she went into her bathroom and changed into something more comfortable. She emerged in a burgundy babydoll nightie. They fell asleep together and didn't wake until noon the next day.

Late that same afternoon, the phone rang at our place. Sarah answered the phone and talked to Jennifer for nearly an hour. I was out in the yard, mowing the lawn. When I came in from the yard, Sarah told me: "Honey, Jennifer just called. You wouldn't believe what she did last night!"

"What did she do?" I asked her.

"Jennifer went on her first date with a man last night. She went out with a man named Robbie. He's a friend of Stephen, Heather's boyfriend. They went out to dinner, dancing and a female impersonator show. When they got back, Robbie made love to her. It was her first sexual experience in her new role. She should have waited until after her surgery, but what she got was a taste of what she will expect, sexually, when she becomes a complete woman," Sarah replied.

"I hope Jennifer holds off on further sexual encounters until after she has her sex surgically reassigned," I added.

"I hope so, too, sweetheart," Sarah added.

She dated Robbie a few more times after their sexual adventure, however, none of their subsequent dates ended in sex. Robbie's parents, however, had something to say about his relationship with her. They unloaded about six months after he and Jennifer met.

"Robbie, I don't see why you're dating that half-man, half-woman when there are plenty of genetic females available for you to choose from. If you're dating a person with breasts but still has the male genitalia, we consider you a homosexual. I wish you would break up with Jennifer and find a real woman," his mother said to him.

"Mother, I've been having a whale of a problem finding a genetic female in this area, especially since I broke up with my last girl. Jennifer has something that other girls lack, a real feminine personality. Besides, she's not a gay male who dresses up as a woman. I consider her a heterosexual female. Real women have been a problem to find here in this part of Los Angeles, and you know that," he added.

"Robbie, you're supposed to be dating natural-born women, not she-males. You've been with Jennifer for six months now. I wish you would break this relationship off. I cannot see why you should continue in a relationship with someone who hasn't even had a sex-change operation yet. Either you break up with Jennifer, get out and find someone new, or you're out of the house within thirty days," his father demanded.

"Okay, if you insist," Robbie reluctantly said.

Robbie came over to the apartment the next day. Heather was at a photo shoot in Hollywood, modeling a line of swimsuits. Jennifer had the night off; she was planning to leave her female impersonator position to switch to modeling bridal fashions. She was wearing a blue denim skirt and a red bodysuit. Robbie sat down on the couch, and told her, "Jennifer, we need to have a talk".

"What is it, Robbie?" she asked him.

"I know I love you, Jennifer. However, my parents see our relationship differently. They think that I've just become a homosexual. They are very homophobic and they strongly believe you're a gay male who dresses as a woman to attract men, instead of the heterosexual female I strongly feel you are. The whole situation is really confusing me and I think something has to be done about it," he explained.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"They told me that if I don't break up with you within thirty days, they will throw me out of the house. I don't make enough money to live in an apartment on my own, so I'm afraid I'll have to break up with you. I'm sorry I have to do this, but I feel that it's necessary, so I can keep a roof over my head," he replied.

"How dare you cave into your parents like that! That's the ultimate in cowardice on your part! You take your big, fat body and get out of here right this minute! I don't ever want to see your ugly face again! Don't ever come around here again!" she yelled at the top of her lungs.

He walked out of the apartment, slamming the door as he went out. Jennifer ran to her room and cried. Heather walked in around six-thirty, tired after a ten-hour day. She could hear her cry, so she ran straight to her room.

"Jen, what happened?" Heather asked with concern.

"Robbie and I broke up two hours ago," Jennifer cried.

"How come?"

"His parents threatened to throw him out of the house if he didn't break up with me within thirty days. Since he couldn't afford to live on his own, he had to do it. I felt it was very cowardly on his part to leave me, just to appease his homophobic parents. I felt betrayed by him, so I threw him out of this apartment and told him to never come here again," Jennifer tearfully replied.

The phone rang, and Heather answered it. She talked for half an hour while Jennifer was still in bed, crying. Heather came back to her bed once she got off the phone.

"Who was that?" Jennifer asked, still tearful over her breakup.

"That was Stephen. Robbie is just as broken up over this as you are. But he made the choice because he had to keep a roof over his head. He's very angry at his parents for forcing him to do this, but Stephen is angry at him for caving in to his parents' demands. It's that old homophobia that did your relationship in. I hope you can find a man who will treat you much better than he did," Heather replied.

"I hope so, too," Jennifer added.

The phone rang about seven-thirty, and I picked it up. "Hello?" I inquired.

"Dad, this is Jennifer. Do you have a moment?" she asked me.

"Yes, Jennifer. What's going on?" I asked her with concern.

"I broke up with my boyfriend this afternoon," she replied.

“How come?”

“Today, Robbie came over to the apartment, not in the best of moods. He told me that his parents demanded that we break up. They're very homophobic and they think I'm a homosexual male who dresses as a woman to attract men instead of a heterosexual female. To put it in a nutshell, he caved in to his parents' demands, which I thought was a cowardly act. He said something about not making enough money to have his own apartment, and being thrown out of the house in thirty days if he didn't comply with his parents' demands,” she replied.

“So, you threw him out of the apartment?” I said to her.

“Not only did I throw him out of the apartment, but I told him never to come back,” she added.

“What's next?” I asked.

“I may not try to find a new boyfriend until after I have surgery. Heather has a boyfriend but she had surgery eighteen months ago. She wisely decided to wait until she had her surgery before finding one,” she replied.

“And what if you find a boyfriend before surgery?”

“I'll wait to make love to him until after surgery,” she replied, then she asked me, “where's Mother tonight?”

“She's out at the mall, shopping with Carry. One of her friends is getting married next month and they're looking for a gift for the bride and groom,” I replied.

“Give her my best, Dad,” she told me.

“I will, Jennifer. I'll talk to you later,” I said.

“I love you, Dad.”

“I love you, too, Jennifer,” I told her.

After we said our good-byes, I decided to take a walk in the neighborhood. I thought about what happened with Jennifer. When Sarah and Carry got home from shopping, I had just walked in the door from my walk.

“Sarah, I need to talk to you,” I said to her.

“What is it, darling?” she asked me.

“Jennifer broke up with her boyfriend this afternoon. She called me about an hour ago, and she told me about it.”

“Why would she break up with her boyfriend?”

“Sweetheart, it's called parental interference. We wouldn't interfere in any relationship Jennifer is in. Unfortunately, her boyfriend's parents interfered in his relationship with Jennifer. They told him that he would be kicked out of the house in thirty days if he didn't break up with her. They feel that she is a homosexual male who dresses as a woman to attract men, instead of the heterosexual female she really is. He came over to her apartment this afternoon and told her that they had to break up. She threw him out of his apartment and told him never to come over again,” I explained.

“I hope she can wait to find a man until she has her surgery,” Sarah said.

“That's exactly what she plans on doing,” I added.

Jennifer continued to do her female impersonator shows while starting a new career as a bridal fashion model. She held off on finding herself a new boyfriend while continuing to live full-time as a woman and making plans for surgery. On the day her first bridal spread was released in a national bridal magazine, Heather had good news of her own to tell her.

It was twelve-thirty on a warm August night when she came back to the apartment from a date with Stephen, with a big smile on her face. “Jennifer, are you ready for this?” she asked.

“What is it, Heather?”

“Look at my left hand,” she excitedly replied. Jennifer then looked at the ring finger of Heather's left hand and found an engagement ring there.

“Don't tell me...you and Stephen are getting married!,” Jennifer exclaimed with shock and surprise.

“You guessed right! Stephen and I are planning to tie the knot and we were wondering if you would like to be our maid of honor,” Heather added.

“I'd love to be your maid of honor. It's not often that a preoperative transsexual gets to be a bridesmaid,” Jennifer added.

“Stephen and I are looking at a house in Ventura County. We hope to move in very soon. I know one preoperative male-to-female transsexual that just came to L.A., and is looking for a place to live,” Heather told her.

“What's her name?” Jennifer asked.

“Her name is Sheila and she just came out here from Kansas City. She works as a model of contemporary female fashions. She's twenty-six years old, five-foot-seven, with a slender build and brunette hair. She has only been living as a woman for about five months,” Heather replied.

“What day are you looking at for the wedding?” Jennifer asked her.

“Sometime before Valentine's Day,” Heather replied.

A month later, Heather moved out of the apartment and into a house with Stephen. Sheila arrived the next afternoon, wearing a black and white checkered sundress and a pair of white flats.

“Are you Jennifer?” Sheila asked her.

“You must be Sheila, my new roommate,” Jennifer replied.

“May I come in?”

“Go ahead, and you can bring all of your boxes in, too,” Jennifer replied.

She brought in several boxes, including one full of her pageant gowns. “I see you've been working as a female impersonator, too,” Jennifer said.

“I worked as a female impersonator for six years before becoming a model last year. I've been modeling mostly dresses and women's business suits, but I do model an occasional evening gown or two,” Sheila briefly explained before pulling out a royal blue gown.

“This was the gown I wore in the last pageant I was entered in, Miss Southern California At Large, just fifteen months ago. Three months after the pageant, in which I was second runner-up, I began hormone treatments. I began living full-time as a woman five months ago, and I hope to have surgery in the next few years,” Sheila continued.

“I have been a female impersonator for four years now. I started right out of high school in June of '85, winning a number of titles before starting hormone treatments last year. I began to work as a bridal fashion model just six months ago, while continuing to work as a female impersonator. It seems that I like working as a model better, and I'm planning to finish my career as a female impersonator at year's end,” Jennifer added.

“Do you have a boyfriend?” Sheila asked her.

“I don't have one now. The last man I was involved with broke up with me last Christmas,” Jennifer replied.

“I don't have one yet, either. I only have been out here a short time, and with all the shoots I have, I don't have time to really get out and meet a lot of people, especially men. I hope there are a lot of men who are understanding of the fact I was born a boy out here in L.A., as I've heard from other transsexuals,” Sheila added.

“I know what you mean. The only time I really get to meet people is when I'm doing my female impersonator show,” Jennifer then added.

“How is your family taking the fact that you're changing sexes?”

“My family is okay about my transsexuality. They were very supportive of my desire for complete womanhood. My brothers, Carl and Chuck, and my sister-in-law, Maria, were also supportive of me. All of my aunts and uncles, as well as my maternal grandmother, whom you would think would be prudish, are behind me one hundred percent,” Jennifer replied.

“Who's Maria?” Sheila inquired.

“Maria is Carl's wife,” Jennifer replied.

“My family is a different story. Although my parents and kid sister, Susan, are supportive of me, many of my aunts and uncles are prudish. They don't really want anything to do with me because I chose to become a woman. The only aunt and uncle supportive of my desire to be female are my aunt Laura and uncle Andre. My paternal grandfather is my only living grandparent and he hasn't decided whether to be supportive of me or disown me,” Sheila added.

Just before Christmas, Jennifer received a call from the surgeon she had selected to perform her surgery. He told her that a date had been set for her surgery. The first person she told was her roommate, Sheila.

“What is it, Jen?” she asked her.

“I've got my sex reassignment surgery set,” Jennifer replied.

“When is it?”

“I'm scheduled for May 9, 1990. I'll have to travel to St. Louis for the surgery.”

“So, you're finally going to be the woman you feel you really are. I'm so happy for you,” Sheila added with happiness.

“I also got a call from Heather this afternoon. She told me that her wedding has been set for Valentine's Day. I've already been measured for my bridesmaid's dress, and I should be picking it up around January 15,” Jennifer told her.

“What's Stephen like?” Sheila asked.

“He's a really nice guy, really down to earth. He is very understanding of her transsexuality and loves her as the woman she is now. He really doesn't care if she was born a girl or a boy. She's the most beautiful woman in the world to him. His parents really like her, and they're okay with her transsexuality,” Jennifer replied.

“How old are they?” Sheila asked.

“Stephen is twenty-two, Heather is twenty-seven,” Jennifer replied.

As soon as Sheila settled in, Jennifer gave Sarah a call. I was out of the house this time, as I had a business meeting to attend that evening. “How are things with you, Jennifer?” Sarah asked her.

“Things are just fine, Mother. I have a new roommate, effective today. Her name is Sheila, and she's a preoperative transsexual, just like me. She just moved out here from Kansas City,” Jennifer replied.

“What does she do for a living?” Sarah then asked.

“She's a fashion model, but her emphasis is on contemporary female fashions,” Jennifer replied.

“She must be a beautiful woman,” Sarah added.

“She's a really beautiful girl. She's not due for sex reassignment for at least another year and a half,” Jennifer then added, before asking Sarah, “how are things at home?”

“Things are just fine. Carry has just moved out into an apartment with one of her friends. Your father is at a business meeting tonight. That's why he isn't home right now. Chuck and Michelle are now engaged to be married and Carl and Maria have just bought a house in Santa Clarita,” Sarah replied.

“When are Chuck and Michelle planning to get married?” Jennifer then asked.

“They're planning for next fall. You'll have your surgery done by then. They were trying to locate you, saying something about being a bridesmaid,” Sarah replied.

"I'm also going to be a bridesmaid on Valentine's Day, when Heather and Stephen tie the knot. She moved out just a few days ago, after they were able to move into a house in Ventura County," Jennifer added.

"I hope things will work out well for you when you have your surgery. I have my vacation scheduled around that time."

"I've got to run, Sheila needs some help with her dresses. I'll talk to you later, and give Dad my best," Jennifer added.

"I'll talk to you later, Jen."

After saying their good-byes, Jennifer went to Sheila's room, where she helped her sort out her dresses. She noticed a long bridal gown among Sheila's dresses. "What did you wear this for?" she asked her.

"I wore this during my days as a female impersonator, just after I began taking female hormones. There were several men in the show, and there was this one guy. He had light brown hair, built like a power hitter, and he was really handsome. Anyway, we did a duet on stage and I sang the female part. He looked so handsome in his tux with tails. I was in the gown you're holding. At the end of the number, we exchanged a passionate kiss, to the hoots and hollers of the audience. As it turned out, he was the only straight guy in the cast. He looked at me as a woman. That was one of my final shows, which is on videotape. Three months after he and I performed that number, I became a fashion model. He continues to E-mail me every once in a while," Sheila explained.

"It's so beautiful, Sheila!" Jennifer exclaimed, before asking her, "have you ever thought of modeling bridal attire, like I do?"

"I've never given much thought to it," she replied. "Which agency do you work at?"

"I work at the Phillips Modeling Agency," Jennifer replied.

"So do I," Sheila added, stunned at the coincidence.

"It's no wonder we didn't run into each other at the agency. You're in one studio all day, I'm in another, and we both have separate dressing rooms," Jennifer added.

I walked in the door around eleven-thirty that evening, as my meeting ran late.

A week later, we went to Jennifer's apartment for dinner. Her breasts had gotten even larger since the last time we saw her. She was in a blue denim skirt, yellow bodysuit and a pair of blue flats. Another girl was in the apartment, wearing a tight black dress and matching high heels.

"Mom, Dad, this is Sheila, my new roommate. Sheila, these are my parents, Roger and Sarah," Jennifer said.

"Nice to meet you both," Sheila added.

"You look very pretty, Sheila," Sarah added.

Sheila had prepared a pork roast and mashed potatoes for dinner. We sat down to eat our dinner. "I hear you're very supportive of Jennifer's desire to become completely female," Sheila said to us.

"We're very supportive of her. We knew that she had been wanting to become female since she was five years old. At first, we felt that it was a stage she was going through. But, as she got older, her desire to wear her sister's dresses got stronger. We didn't know what she was going through, but when she finally told us, we asked her why she didn't tell us this before. Her biggest fear was being rejected by her family, and we told her that we accepted her, even if she did stay a man," I explained.

"I'm going to accompany her to St. Louis when she has her surgery this coming summer," Sarah added.

"How do you, as parents, handle a change such as Jennifer is going through with love and dignity?" Sheila asked.

"It took a lot of reading various books and pamphlets on transsexuals and transsexualism for us to handle her transition. We couldn't figure out how to accept her as our new daughter until a friend of ours, Eric, who's married to a post-operative male-to-female transsexual, Angela, told us how he was able to understand his wife's condition.

"He gave us a very long list of books and pamphlets that he highly recommended, as they allowed him to fully understand what Angela went through to become the woman she really is. He had met her prior to her surgery, and they built a loving relationship in the months leading up to her surgery at age twenty. They married within a year of her sex reassignment surgery. They've been married for seven years now, and have just adopted an eight year-old boy and a five year-old girl. He credited this list of books for allowing him to be understanding of Angela," I explained.

"Could my parents have a copy of that list?" Sheila asked.

"They sure can, Sheila," I replied before getting a copy of the three-page list out of my briefcase.

"These titles are also highly recommended by Roger and myself," Sarah added.

We had an excellent evening with Jennifer and Sheila. As soon as we got home, Sarah uploaded a copy of our list to a friend of ours in Florida, who also was having a child go through the transition from man to woman. They were looking for recommended titles of books and pamphlets to read, so as to understand their new daughter's transition.

At Heather's wedding, two months later, Jennifer met a nice, young man. Stocky, six-foot-one, with light brown hair. She was taken with this young man from first sight. During the reception, he approached her and asked her to dance.

He held her hand as they walked to the dance floor. "I've been admiring you all night long," he whispered to her.

"I've also been admiring you all night," she whispered back.

“What's your name, gorgeous?” he asked her.

“Jennifer,” she replied. “What's your name, handsome?”

“Eric,” he replied.

“My parents have a friend by that name, and he's married to a postoperative transsexual,” she added.

“It's a small world, isn't it, Jennifer?” he added.

“It sure is, Eric,” she whispered to him.

The two started dating each other shortly thereafter. It was shortly before she was to leave town to have her surgery done that she told him.

“Eric, honey?” she asked him.

“What is it, my love?” he replied.

“I have something important to tell you,” she added.

“What is it?” he asked her.

“Eric, I'm a transsexual,” she replied.

“Please go on,” he added with patience.

“When I was five years old, I put on one of my sister's old dresses. I also put on a pair of my sister's panties and an old wig of my mother's. It was then that I realized I should have been a girl. My wearing of female clothing was occasional for a while, but it became more frequent as I got older. By the time I was out of high school, I had been wearing women's clothing most of the time at home. If someone was over, I wore female panties underneath my much-hated male clothing.

“When I got out of high school, I became a female impersonator. I worked exclusively as my female self. When I finally told my family I was a transsexual two years ago, they asked me why I didn't tell them this before that point in time. I told them that I feared being rejected by them, and they reassured me that they would accept me as a woman. I left the female impersonator gig at the end of last year, and concentrated my whole time on being a bridal fashion model.

“I was involved with a man for six months early on in my transition, but he broke up with me because his parents didn't want him involved with a transsexual. I wasn't involved with anyone until we met at Heather and Stephen's wedding. I'm set to have my sex surgically reassigned on May 9,” she explained.

“Jennifer, it doesn't really matter what sex you were born. All I care about is that I love you very dearly, and nothing will ever change my love for you, my darling,” he whispered before giving her a long, tender kiss.

“I hope your parents approve of your being involved with a transsexual,” she whispered.

“They will. I told them that I was just as attracted to male-to-female transsexuals as I was to genetic females,” he whispered back.

The next day, Eric made airplane and hotel reservations for St. Louis the same week Jennifer would have her surgery. He had a business conference to attend

there that week. He promised Jennifer that he would visit her at every opportunity while he was there.

Jennifer and Sarah arrived in St. Louis on May 8, just one day before her surgery. Eric had been in town for two days and had been in meetings most of the time during that period. He visited her the night before surgery.

He arrived at her room with a bouquet of flowers. "Hi, darling," he said before giving her a hug and a tender kiss.

"Hi, honey," she said after she kissed him.

"Darling, this is my mother, Sarah. Sarah, this is Eric, my boyfriend," Jennifer added.

"Nice to meet you, Sarah," he said with pleasure.

"The pleasure is mine, Eric. It's nice to finally meet a man who is understanding of our new daughter," Sarah said with pride.

He was holding Jennifer's hand the whole time he visited her in her hospital room. "Are you off tonight?" Sarah asked him.

"I don't have any meetings scheduled until nine-thirty tomorrow morning."

"What do you do for a living?" Sarah asked.

"I'm a program consultant. I consult several radio stations on which formats they need to be programming," he replied.

"Jennifer is scheduled to be going in for her surgery at nine o'clock," Sarah added.

Eric looked at his watch, and realized that visiting hours were nearly over. "I'll have to get back to my hotel. I still have to get in some time in the pool before it closes at ten-thirty. If I'm not there when you're taken into the operating room tomorrow, you have my wishes for a speedy recovery, my love," he said rather hurriedly.



"I'll see you later, honey," Jennifer whispered before giving him a passionate kiss.

"I love you, Jennifer," he whispered to her.

"I love you, too, Eric," she whispered back before giving him a smooch.

"I'll see you tomorrow night, babe."

The next afternoon, I stayed home to mow the lawn. Carry was with me, awaiting word on the success of Jennifer's operation. I got the call just as I was having lunch.

"Hello?" I asked the caller.

"Honey, this is Sarah," she replied.

"How did Jennifer's operation turn out?" I asked her.

"The doctor told me that the surgery went very well," Sarah replied.

"How long will she have to recover?"

"Jennifer should be out of the hospital in ten days. After that, she will have follow-up visits to her doctor in L.A. At the earliest, she can safely make love to a man in eight weeks, but it could be as long as six months," Sarah explained.

"Did she have any other visitors last night?"

"I finally got to meet her boyfriend last night. He's in town, consulting several radio stations on programming decisions. Eric is a really nice man and when it comes to women like Jennifer, he's very understanding," she replied.

Two months later, Jennifer went to see her doctor. He examined her new vagina and was impressed at how much it had healed in just two months. "Jennifer, I think I have good news for you," he said to her.

"What is it, Doctor?" she asked.

"You have shown so much progress in healing, that I will clear you to have sex with your boyfriend. You've been holding him off so long, it's time that your passions be unleashed. You may have sexual contact with him as soon as possible," he replied.

Jennifer set up a date with Eric the following Friday night. She wore her best summer dress that evening, while Eric wore a white button-down shirt and a pair of Bermuda shorts. They went out to dinner, and had salads and soup, then they returned to his place, where they passionately kissed each other. "Honey, I have a surprise for you," she whispered.

"What is it?" he asked her as she was unbuttoning his shirt.

"First, you should start undressing me," she replied.

He took off his shoes, then, he began to unzip her dress. As soon as he removed the dress, a white, strapless teddy was revealed. Jennifer then removed his shirt, revealing a hairy chest. She gently glided her hand across his chest, wrapped her arms around him, and gently cuddled next to him. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head. She proceeded to remove his

pants, then his underwear. They began to passionately kiss each other, before they landed on the bed. She spread her sexy legs and slowly unsnapped the crotch of her teddy, revealing her new vagina. She fingered it for a minute, so he could see the excellent job the surgeon did. Then she removed the teddy so he could start fondling her breasts.

“Darling, that feels wonderful,” she whispered in erotic ecstasy. “Honey, you make me feel so good all over,” she whispered, slightly laboring for breath. Then, he lay down on his back while she passionately massaged his manhood with her mouth and tongue.

“Baby, you sure know how to satisfy this man,” he whispered to her.

“Your essence tastes good, my love,” she whispered as she finished. She had a great feeling of ecstasy as he passionately licked her vagina. Then, he inserted his manhood into her vagina.

“Honeybaby, you make me feel so much like a complete woman!” she moaned in erotic ecstasy. After they climaxed, they kissed each other with the hottest passion. They would sleep the whole night in the nude.

A week after she had her first sexual encounter as a woman, Jennifer served as a bridesmaid at Chuck and Michelle's wedding. Eric came along, since he worked with Chuck many years before. Eric had a big surprise for her at the reception.

He took her to a secluded part of the banquet center where they were having the reception. “Jennifer?” he whispered.

“What is it, darling?” she asked.

“I have a surprise for you, and all it takes is an answer to the question I am about to ask you,” he explained.

“What is that question, Eric?” she asked, a little apprehensive.

“Jennifer, will you be my wife?” he asked her.

“You know I will,” she replied with love in her voice. Eric reached into the inner pocket of his jacket and pulled out an engagement ring. He slipped it on the ring finger of her left hand and give her a tender kiss.

After he kissed her, Eric explained, “Jennifer, this ring is a symbol of our love. It is also a reminder of the commitment I have made to you today. I hope that our love will last, through good days and bad, through times of poverty and wealth, and will be our strength, now and forever.”

Returning to the banquet room, Carry asked her if something big had happened. “Eric has asked me to marry him,” Jennifer excitedly said.

“That's wonderful, Jennifer!” Carry added, then asked her when the big day will be.

“We haven't decided, but when we do, we'll let you know,” she replied.

I was also excited that my youngest daughter was about to become a bride. Eric and Jennifer selected May 16, 1991 as their wedding date. They spent several months planning the whole thing. Eric's parents approved of their son joining in

marriage with a postoperative male-to-female transsexual. Sarah and I were so happy to see her dream come true.

Eric's parents were very understanding of the fact that he would be marrying a transsexual. A beautiful wedding was being planned, and we pulled it off perfectly. I was proud to be giving my youngest daughter away to the man who had fallen so much in love with her.

On their wedding night, they checked into a hotel suite in Hollywood. Eric carried his new bride over the threshold into the suite which had a heart-shaped bed and whirlpool bathtub. As soon as the bellhop left, he took off the jacket of his tux, undid his bow tie, and they exchanged a tender smooch.

"Honey?" Jennifer asked him lovingly.

"Yes, my love?"

"Did you expect you would be with the woman of your dreams on this night, the first night of our lives as husband and wife?"

"As a matter of fact, I didn't expect this until after I met you. When we met, I had just about given up on finding a girl I could really love. Not many of the women I had met between the time my fiancée left me and the time we met were interested in a long-term relationship. After we met, I knew that you and I were destined to be together. Now that we're married, you've made me a very happy man," he replied.

"Just as much as you've made me a very happy woman," she added while he began unzipping her bridal gown.

"I love you, now and forever, Jennifer," he whispered lovingly.

"I love you, too, Eric, now and always," she cooed before removing her headpiece.

After removing her headpiece, she unhooked her bridal slip and allowed her gown to fall to the floor. A white bustier, matching bikini panties, a white pair of lace-topped stockings and a pair of white flats were revealed. She stepped out of her gown, sashayed toward him and gave him a hotly passionate kiss. She removed the vest and shirt of his tux and began to gently rub his chest with her hand. "That feels great, honey," he whispered.

Eric took off his shoes and socks, while Jennifer sat down on the bed. She told him to come closer to her and when he did, she began to undo his pants. Once they fell to the floor, showing a pair of white underwear, he stepped out of his pants and gave her a long, tender kiss. She took off his underwear and began to gently massage his manhood with her mouth and tongue.

"Darling, that feels wonderful," he whispered to her. After tasting his essence, she took off her bustier, revealing her beautiful breasts. He began to massage each breast passionately with his mouth and tongue, until he could taste the milk coming from her breasts.

"How does my milk taste, honeybaby?"

“It's delicious, my love,” he replied.

He gave her a very passionate kiss. Then, she licked and nibbled all over his body. “You're so good to me, baby,” he lovingly whispered. Then he kissed her all over her sexy body.

“That feels good, my love,” she whispered ecstatically. She spread out her legs and fingered her vagina, which he licked with the hottest passion.

“Honey, I'm so hot!,” she moaned erotically. He inserted his manhood in her vagina.

“You know how to make me feel so feminine, sweet stuff,” she cooed, laboring for breath.

“Just as much as you know how to make me feel like a complete man, sexpot,” he whispered. They exchanged several passionate kisses. After climaxing, she told him that she had a surprise for him.

Eric hung up both his tux and her bridal gown, then got back into his underwear. Jennifer emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later, in a white see-through nightgown. “How do you like this, baby?” she cooed inquisitively.

“I love it, sweetheart,” he whispered before exchanging another passionate kiss.

Before turning out the lights, Jennifer was cuddling up next to Eric. “Honey-baby?” she asked him.

“Yes, darling?”

“Are you glad you married me?”

“I'm very happy that I'm married to you,” he replied lovingly.

Eric then turned out the lights. “Good night, babydoll,” he whispered.

“Good night, my love,” she then whispered before kissing him good night.

We went through quite a lot to see Jennifer go through the transition from man to woman, then become a faithful, loving wife. I feel especially proud that Jennifer became a beautiful woman, and I had always been thrilled with her feminine beauty. I hope things will be wonderful between her and Eric. Sarah and I hope that she and Eric will enjoy married life as much as we've enjoyed ours.

Three “A NEED TO KNOW, A NEED TO LOVE”

It was June of 1985. My mother had passed away six months before, a victim of cancer. The sad part was that she passed away on her fortieth birthday. I was eighteen years old, had just graduated from high school, and was planning to attend a junior college outside Chicago. My younger sister, Lisa, was only fifteen and preparing for her sophomore year in high school.

My father, Eddie, had been acting more effeminate lately. At age forty-one, he looked about ten years younger when dressed as a woman. He had a huge collection of dresses in the closet, most of them inherited from my mother. As it turned out, his dress size was the same as hers. He called me and Lisa into his study on a warm, late June afternoon. Only the material I had learned in my psychology class in high school would prepare for this.

He was wearing a blue chiffon dress, since he had a social to attend with his local gender support group. “Eric, Lisa, I called you down here for a simple reason,” he said to us, in a feminine tone of voice.

“What is it, Dad?” Lisa asked him.

“Ever since I was young, I felt I should have been born a girl. I put on my first dress when I was five, an old dress of my sister's. I've been seeing a therapist since before your mother's death, and what I'm about to tell you may shock you,” he replied.

“I can take it,” I added.

“Eric, Lisa, I've been diagnosed as being a transsexual,” he told us, rather nervously.

“What's that?” Lisa asked.

“A transsexual is a person who has a strong desire to be a member of the opposite sex, even to the point of undergoing sex reassignment surgery,” I replied.

“Even while I was married to your mother, I felt, deep inside, that I was really a woman. She understood my need to be feminine, even to the point of allowing me to wear her dresses. She was a size 14, the same size I wear now. But I stayed a man for the sake of our marriage. When she died, my feelings of femininity resurfaced, more intense than ever. I've been on female hormones for the last five months, and I've also been undergoing electrolysis to remove this beard for the last six months. I hope to have surgery sometime soon.”

“Shall we continue to call you 'Dad', or by your feminine name?” Lisa asked him.

“You may call me Laurie from now on,” he replied. It was from this point forward that we would refer to our surviving parent as a woman.

“Laurie, you have our support during your transition,” I assured her.

“You also have my support, Laurie,” Lisa added.

Laurie got up and embraced both of us. Around seven o'clock, she left the house, headed for her support group's social. While she was away, Lisa and I discussed the impact of our parent's decision.

"I don't know what's going to happen over the next few years, as she becomes more and more the woman she's always wanted to be. I just hope we don't run into a lot of ridicule at school because of our parent's sexuality. I hope the next few years aren't very trying," Lisa said with concern.

"The changes in her body will be nothing short of amazing. She will be developing breasts, which will be about the same size yours are now. Her body will also be taking on a more feminine shape. Her skin texture will soften, her eyes will glisten more and a lot of men will, undoubtedly, be attracted to the woman she is. Emotionally, she will also be going through a lot of changes. We must be very supportive of Laurie as she's going through the changes in her emotional and physical state," I added.

Around midnight, Laurie walked in the door with a tall, red-haired man who looked no older than thirty. She must have picked him up at the social. I was watching a science fiction movie in my room, while Lisa was fast asleep. I peeked out the door and she was giving him a tender kiss. She then took his hand and led him into the bedroom.

"Darren, what is it that you would like to do with me?" she asked him as she shut the door to the bedroom.

"Laurie, I want to make love to you," he replied.

"There's something about me that you should know," she added.

"What is it?"

"I haven't had my surgery yet. Even though you're seeing a woman in every other way, I still have my male genitals in place," she replied frankly.

"It really doesn't matter, baby. All I care about is that I love you at this moment, and I really want to have sex with you," he added.

She moved closer, and wrapped her arms around



him. "I've never made love to a man before," she whispered to him.

"I just want you to have your first taste of sex on the female side, Laurie," he whispered before giving her a passionate kiss. She undressed him and began massaging his manhood with her mouth and tongue.

"Oh, honey, you make me feel so good," he moaned whisperingly. She then got up and danced seductively while he was unzipping her dress. He gently caressed her buttocks while he was unzipping her dress, which really turned her on. She was nibbling at his hairy chest, then she licked his neck. Her dress fell to the floor. Underneath it, she was wearing a royal blue babydoll nightie, with black stockings and a royal blue garter belt.

He began removing the cups of her babydoll nightie and, with heated passion, fondled her budding breasts with his mouth and tongue. "Honey, that feels marvelous!" she cooed. He passionately necked her, before kissing her on the lips again. She took off the top of her nightie and allowed Darren to kiss and lick her all over her body. He kissed her genital area, before removing her panties and massaging the only remaining vestige of her former male life.

"Baby, that feels heavenly! You make me feel like a girl in love," she moaned ecstatically. After he tasted her juice, she put her nightie back on, took off her stockings and garter belt, and got into bed with a still-naked Darren. She cuddled up to him, and fell asleep rather quickly.

I heard some rumblings coming out of Laurie's room, but I didn't know what it was. She told me about her first taste of sex on the female side the next morning, while I was drinking coffee.

"Have you always wanted a man as a romantic and sexual partner?" I asked her.

"Even while I was married to your mother, I desired the companionship of a man," she replied.

"How was the social last night?" I asked.

"It was wonderful, Eric. I modeled some of the latest fashions, since I work part-time as a fashion model. Then I went and socialized with my friends, many of whom are women who went through, or are going through, the same transition I'm going through. Darren, who is an admirer of transsexuals, came to our social last night. His friend, Liza, is the group's president. He asked me if I wanted to bring him over and I consented. The next thing I knew, we were in my room, having sex. I don't know if I'm in love with him, but I do find him very handsome and sexy," she replied.

After I took a sip of coffee, I asked her: "Do you plan to go out with him again?"

"It's entirely up to him. At the social last night, I showed a photo of you to a friend of mine. Her name is Holly and she went through surgery two years ago. She's twenty-seven now, finds you attractive and is very interested in meeting you. I hope it can be a love match for you two," she replied.

“I would like to meet her, Laurie. The girls I've been seeing lately have been a drag. Most of them are only interested in one or two dates with me and they go on to the next guy. I haven't dated anyone on a regular basis in my entire life, and it's time I start doing so.”

A month went by before Laurie brought her over. Holly was the most beautiful girl I had seen in my entire life. Five-foot-ten, slender build, with blonde hair and looks like a beautiful fashion model. I was in awe. She was wearing a white blouse, red skirt, matching jacket, white stockings and red pumps. She was at eye level with me, as I am six-foot-one.

“Holly, this is my son, Eric. Eric, this is Holly, a friend of mine from the support group,” Laurie said.

“Nice to meet your acquaintance, Holly,” I said to her.

“I'm very pleased to meet a handsome man like you,” Holly added.

“You're a very beautiful and sexy woman.”

“Why, thank you,” she said to me.

After drinking some coffee, I took Holly to my room, which I had straightened up earlier the same afternoon. Holly and I sat down on the loveseat in my room, and watched a romantic movie on my videocassette player. We were holding hands at first, then I put my arm around her as the movie progressed. She gently glided her hand along the calf of my left leg, then gently massaged my leg with her right foot. By the time the movie ended, I knew that we had fallen in love with each other. But, she wanted to talk about something else first.

“Eric?” she whispered to me.

“What is it, Holly?”

“How is your family taking Laurie's transition?” she asked.

“My mother is dead now, and she wouldn't have been too keen on her becoming female,” I replied.

“Sorry to hear that, dear,” she added.

“My sister, Lisa, is taking it quite well. She's out with some of her friends tonight. Many of my aunts and uncles are supportive of her becoming female, except for one aunt who's married to a minister. She says that changing sexes is an unpardonable sin, which I don't believe one bit. My grandmother and grandfather, whom you would think to be the most prudish members of the family, are taking her transition in stride. They're helping her in any way they can,” I explained.

“How did your family take the news you were transsexual?” I asked.

“Apart from my kid sister, Mary Jane, my family didn't really accept me as a woman. We lived in a small town in southern Missouri, and most people feel that someone who changes from man to woman has committed a sin against God. My parents kicked me out of the house when my therapist told them that I was diagnosed as transsexual. I packed up and left home for Chicago, where I first worked as a waitress at a nightclub, then I became a female impersonator. I cut off all

contact with my family, except for Mary Jane. She left home at eighteen, to study psychology at the University of California at Berkeley. My parents actually consider me dead, and my brother and sister think I've left home for good," she explained.

"When did you first realize you should have been born a girl?"

"I was five years old at the time, and my parents were away for the weekend. My grandmother was staying with us and it was just after Mary Jane was born. My big sister, Olivia, had a bride's costume that was too small for her. She decided to make me into a beautiful, blushing bride. So, she got one of my mother's old blonde wigs, a pair of her old panties, a pair of her old white flats, and her own makeup, and turned me from a little boy into a girl, about to marry her Prince Charming. My grandmother got a bouquet of silk flowers out of the closet in my parents' bedroom, and they began taking snapshots of me, all dressed in white. I felt very comfortable in that gown of white.

"When I got the opportunity, I put on one of Olivia's old dresses, grabbed one of my mother's old wigs and dressed up like a girl. When I hit puberty, I discovered that I was emotionally, physically, romantically and sexually attracted to men. I tried to keep my feminine feelings bottled up through high school. I went to college to study theatrical arts, but it was after I got my degree that I was diagnosed as transsexual. It was a very trying time for my parents but I feel that they betrayed me when they decided not to be supportive of my becoming a woman. I had enough money saved up from helping out at my mother's dress shop to help pay for my sex-change surgery, though."

"Holly, I've lived in Chicago all my life. I've gotten used to the variety that takes place in our society these days. I knew that Laurie had feminine tendencies all her life, especially during her male life, but she kept them back for as long as she could. I feel it's best to have a family behind you when you're going through such a delicate transition, and I'm happy to be behind my parent in her transition from male to female," I added.

"Eric, I'm attracted to you," she whispered.

"The feeling is mutual, Holly."

After kissing her, she got up and took off my shirt. I took off the rest of my clothes, except for my red boxer shorts. "Would you like for me to do a little strip act for you, honey?" she asked.

"I assure you that I'm old enough to see this," I replied.

She began by turning on a tape of dance mixes on the cassette deck, keeping the volume down. She closed the blinds, then turned toward me in a seductive manner. She took off her pumps, then continued to sashay toward the bed. When she got to my side of the bed, she took off her jacket, hung it on the coat rack next to my door. She licked her lips and blew me a kiss before taking off her skirt and hung it just below the jacket. After that, she took off her blouse. What was revealed underneath was a white babydoll nightie, with a matching garter belt. She then took off the garter belt, sat down on a chair and took off her stockings,

topped with lace. She then got up and turned off the music. "How did you like my act, darling?" she asked me.

"It was fantastic, sexpot," I replied, mesmerized at her dancing and stripping skill. She replaced the tape with one of romantic music, and started the tape deck again.

She walked toward the bed and took her place on the side of the bed opposite mine. "Am I the girl you've always dreamed about?" she cooed.

"You are the girl of my dreams, Holly. Let's make tonight extra special," I whispered to her.

"I love you, Eric."

"I love you, too, Holly," I whispered before giving her a passionate kiss.

The heat of passion increased as we continued kissing. We touched tongues before necking with heated passion. "Oh, honey, that feels great!" she whispered erotically. She got up for a moment, removed the top of her nightie, then laid back down. I began to kiss her shoulders, then proceeded to massage her breasts with my mouth and tongue. The passion grew hotter and hotter as I went on with each breast, until I could taste her delicious milk. I could see the expression of erotic ecstasy in her face.

I lay down on my back, and had her lay down on top of me and kiss me with passion. I was gently massaging her buttocks, still clad in the matching panties that came with the babydoll nightie. She gently filed her fingers through my hair as we kissed. We were both laboring for breath when she asked me to take off her panties. She laid down on her back, put her legs up in the air and I stood up. I gently slid the panties off her sexy body, and she spread her legs on the bed. She then fingered her vagina and asked me to lick it for her. She got into a sitting position and I knelt down on the floor to give her vagina a passionate massage with my mouth and tongue.

"Baby, that feels wonderful!" she moaned in sexual ecstasy. After that, she lay back down, spread her legs in a sexy way, and I was able to insert my manhood into her vagina. "Oh, Eric, baby, you make me feel like a complete woman!" she cooed seductively, laboring for breath. After climaxing, we shared a bath together, since I had a bathroom attached to my bedroom. After a romantic bubble bath, she got back into her babydoll nightie, I into my boxer shorts, and we went to bed together.

In the meantime, Laurie was able to sit down and watch television and enjoy a romantic movie with Darren. Darren had to go into work at six o'clock the next morning, so he left around ten o'clock, just as Holly and I were finishing our sexual adventure. Speaking of Holly and I, we had all weekend to get acquainted with each other. We went on a shopping trip the next day, and when I got in around six-thirty, I told her to call me. She gave me her number, and I gave her mine.

Laurie and Darren didn't go out with each other much longer. Darren had been transferred by his employer to San Francisco, where he had another girlfriend. Like Laurie, this girl was a transsexual. As for Holly and I, we continued to build

our relationship. Lisa, on the other hand, went out with a series of young men during her sophomore year in high school. One afternoon, late in February of 1986, Lisa came home, crying her heart out.

“What's the matter, Lisa?” I asked with loving concern.

“One of the freshman boys came to my locker this morning and called me a gay boy's sister. I ignored this, but when I got back to my locker after my French class, I found swastikas, crosses and anti-gay slogans painted all over my locker. My locker partner, Candi, reported this incident to the principal. I am so hurt by this,” she cried.

“I would be hurt, too, if I found such things on my locker. It shows how much people are uneducated on the subject of transsexualism. They should have known that the girl I am dating now is a woman in mind and body. She has female genitals, and that should really be the determining factor. I'll have to tell Laurie about this. She should go to the local gender group for help in this matter,” I added.

Laurie walked in around five-thirty, not having heard about what happened. I had a glum look on my face, while Lisa was alone in her room, crying her heart out. “What happened, Eric?” Laurie asked me.

“It's a long story, but someone called Lisa a demeaning name at school today. When she got back to her locker after sixth hour, she found swastikas, crosses and anti-gay slogans on her locker door. The name this idiot called her was a 'gay boy's sister,' even though I am completely heterosexual. This probably has to do with my relationship with Holly. I think the school needs to be educated on the subject of transsexualism,” I explained.

“I'll have to call the gender group and the school board. This incident will not go unnoticed by the community,” Laurie added with some anger.

The incident made the superintendent decide that educating the student body on transsexualism would be mandatory at the school. In a move that was bold for 1986, the board of education voted unanimously to have a speaker come to the school and address each of the four classes on transsexualism. They would do it in four separate assemblies.

They selected me to speak, as I was a relative of a preoperative transsexual and the brother of the affected student. Holly would speak from the postoperative transsexual's viewpoint, while Maria, a preoperative transsexual, was also invited to speak. The assemblies took place three weeks after the incident. The freshman class went first, followed by the senior, sophomore and junior classes.

I went first. “Ladies and gentlemen. As you are aware, three weeks ago, an incident took place at this school that has been met with outrage by the majority of the student body. A girl, namely my younger sister, was called a derogatory name by a classmate of yours. After her final class was done for the day, she found swastikas, crosses and demeaning slogans all over her locker door. I am very angry that this incident ever occurred, and I am very concerned for her well-being.

As far as I know, this student faces expulsion for defacing school property and directing insensitive remarks at my sister. He is considered a threat by other stu-

dents because of his previous record for misbehavior. In any case, the comments were as a result of my loving relationship with Holly, who is seated in the middle. She is a postoperative male-to-female transsexual. In addition, my sister and I have a parent who is a preoperative male-to-female transsexual. Since our parent couldn't make it today, we've asked Maria to take her place," I explained.

"I would now like to turn the floor over to Holly, my girlfriend," I added.

I received applause when I sat down and Holly stood up to take the podium. She was at her best in a navy blue suit, white blouse and a matching pair of slacks. "Thank you, darling. My name is Holly, and I'm a postoperative transsexual living in the Chicago area. I'm very proud to have Eric as my boyfriend," she said, then continued. "You may ask yourself, 'what is a transsexual?' I'll be happy to tell you. A transsexual, as the dictionary defines it, is a person who identifies very strongly with the opposite sex, even to the point of desiring sex—change surgery. Most transsexuals are male—to—female, although there is an increasing number of female-to-male transsexuals.

"When I was five years old, my older sister dressed me up as a bride. It was then that I realized I should have been born a girl. Growing up in a small town in Missouri, I kept my dressing in women's clothing a secret. All through high school and college, I kept my feminine feelings bottled up inside. When I was twenty-two years old, I was diagnosed by a psychologist as transsexual. Once I told my parents that, I was immediately disowned by my family, except for my kid sister, Mary Jane.

"Once I moved out, I began my transition from man to woman. During the three-year transitional period, I worked as a waitress in a St. Louis nightclub, as a runway model for a high-end fashion store, and I managed a bookstore there. Two years ago, a surgeon made me into the woman you see now. Since then, I've enjoyed life as much as possible, and now that a man has come into my life, I've been able to enjoy it even more. I'm happy now that I'm the woman I should be," Holly explained.

"My friend, Maria, hasn't had her surgery yet. But, when you look at her, she's a woman in every other way. She will speak to you next," she said before turning the podium over to Maria.

Maria was a brunette-haired girl in her middle twenties, five-foot-seven, slender build, noticeable breasts, wearing a rather tight blue dress. "Thank you, Holly. My name is Maria. I'm Holly's roommate and I've been living as a woman for the last three years. I work as a part-time fashion model and a clerk at a downtown Chicago women's clothing store. I've always had the emotions of a woman since I was younger, but I wasn't able to express them until just a few years ago.

"When I was seven years old, I first knew I should have been born a girl. My older sister, Molly, who was nine years old at the time, wanted to play dress-up with me. All she had was female attire. When I walked into my room, I saw a white flower girl's dress she couldn't fit into anymore, a pair of white panties and one of my mother's brunette wigs on my bed. She left a note on my bed, telling me to take off my male clothing and put on the clothes she had laid out on my bed. I put

on the female clothing and my mother's wig and I walked to my sister's room to be made up to look like a girl.

“She not only did that, but she also put on a pair of her shoes. We went outside where she had a camera at the ready. She had learned to work the remote on my father's camera and we shot a whole roll of film. After finishing the whole roll, my sister allowed me to wear the dress until dinner. It was then that I first realized I should have been a girl. During my adolescence, I dressed in my sister's clothing as much as I could and I was called every name in the book because of it. I graduated from high school and studied fashion design and promotion in college. After I graduated from college, my therapist diagnosed me as transsexual. I've been living, working and dressing full-time since then,” Maria explained.

After the principal announced he was taking questions from the audience, a well-dressed male student asked: “How long do you have to live as a woman before you have your sex-change operation?”

“Most people recommend at least one year of living, dressing and working, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, as a woman. In my case, I lived, worked and dressed as a woman for three years before I had my sex surgically re-assigned two years ago,” Holly replied.

“I've lived as a woman for three years now, and I'm planning to have surgery sometime next year. When you live, work and dress as a woman full-time, you have to wear women's clothing to work. Instead of a suit and tie, for instance, we have to switch to wearing dresses. I had to get rid of my remaining male clothing, giving it to charity. I bought a lot of dresses, lingerie and high heels, and went to a beauty shop to have my hair styled. Before I began to live as a woman, I was a very unhappy person. Now that I'm living as the woman I feel I should be, I'm happier than I've ever been in my life,” added Maria.

A rather shabbily-dressed girl got up next. “Holly, I know you're in a relationship with Eric, but are you in a relationship, Maria?” she asked.

“I'm not ready for one yet. Some preoperative transsexuals, like a girl I know from my support group, choose to find boyfriends before surgery, believing that having a relationship with a man will enhance their feelings of femininity. I think that I should wait until after I have my operation before finding my Prince Charming. Waiting until after surgery to find the man of my dreams is a wise idea for anyone going through the change from man to woman,” Maria replied.

The same girl asked me: “Are you attracted to Holly as a woman, and would you be attracted to Maria as a woman?”

“To tell you the honest truth, I look upon both Holly and Maria as women. I've never considered myself to be neither homosexual nor bisexual. I am attracted to Holly as a woman. If she were still a man, I would be crazy. I would be attracted to Maria only as a woman, never as a man. I am studying for a degree in psychology and I have accepted them as the women they feel they are. Unfortunately, there aren't many men out in this world that are as understanding of transsexualism as I am. My attractions, in a physical, emotional, romantic and sexual sense, have

always been female-directed, regardless of what sex the girl was born as,” I explained.

A well—dressed girl asked the next question. “How do your families feel about your changing sexes?”

“Except for my kid sister, who loves me very much, my family has basically disowned me. I grew up in a small town in southern Missouri, where old-fashioned beliefs are still the rule. My parents, who are arch-conservative, would not have anything to do with me if I decided to live the rest of my life as a woman. When I was twenty-two, I found out that I was a woman trapped in a man's body. My parents told me to get out of their house and I took off for St. Louis, where I was able to make the transition from man to woman. I came to Chicago after I had surgery, and I've been very happy,” Holly replied.

“My family has taken this in stride. They're very supportive of me. I also have a younger sister; she and I are best friends. My parents and many of my relatives have gone out and bought dresses, jewelry and assorted other stuff for me. They're happy if I'm happy, and I'm finally happy. When I told them I was a transsexual, my mother asked me why I didn't tell them this before. I told them that I feared being rejected by them because of what I was about to go through. They said that they would be supportive of my becoming a woman,” Maria added.

“My sister and I are also supportive of our parent's becoming a woman. She told us that she was becoming female just after our mother passed away. She was once our father, but we refer to her now as our parent. My sister and I don't know if the rest of our family is supportive of her transition from male to female,” I added.

A male student asked, “Do you have to wait until you're an adult before you have a sex change, or can you be able to do it in adolescence?”

“Generally, most people who specialize in treating transsexualism would prefer that a person wait until at least the age of eighteen before undertaking such a dramatic change. Some patients do start transitioning while in school and some patients even undergo sex reassignment surgery while they're still in high school. Most people, however, make the transition from man to woman and undergo sex reassignment after finishing high school or college,” Holly replied frankly.

“One of my friends in the support group Holly and I are in transitioned while she was in middle school and had sex reassignment at age fourteen, just before entering high school. In a few instances, you will have a classmate who goes to school in male clothing one year and when the new school year comes, that same person could be going to school in female attire.

“If you, or someone you know, is going through a sex change, be prepared to deal with the administration of the school and even the school board. You have to be very considerate of that person's feelings. Even one person who is inconsiderate of the feelings of the person going through such a change, or, in this case, the daughter of a person going through a sex change whose brother is also in love with a transsexual, can cause a lot of hurt feelings. That's why we're here, to edu-

cate you on what Holly went through, and what I am going through, to become the women we feel we are,” Maria explained.

The final question was asked by a casually-dressed girl. “How do you select your feminine names?”

“I was given the name Martin when I was born. When I was a male, I was called Marty and I didn't like the name much. I could have continued to be called Marty while changing my name to Martina. I thought Maria was much more feminine, so I decided to adopt Maria as my feminine name when I started transitioning,” Maria replied.

“It was a bit more complicated for me. I was given the name Bernard when I was born, or Bernie for short. When it came to adopting a feminine name, even when I was in female clothing, it was hard to decide. I didn't like the names Bernice or Bernadette too much, so I looked through a book of baby names when I started transitioning. I came to the names starting with the letter 'H', and finally came across one that fit my feminine personality more than anything, which was Holly. I legally changed my name soon thereafter,” Holly added.

“It was the same for my parent, who was born Edward. He didn't like the feminine forms of his male name, like Edith or Edwina. His male middle name was Lawrence, so he looked at the various feminine forms of his middle name and finally settled on Laurie just before beginning her transition,” I added.

Two years later, Lisa found herself in college, studying psychology. I attended classes with her, as I was also studying psychology. Holly and I were engaged to be married by that time, having fallen so deeply in love that we wanted to be together for a lifetime. As for Laurie, she finally had her date set for sex reassignment surgery.

It was June 23, 1987. Laurie, Lisa, Holly and I arrived in a small Wisconsin town, getting ready for the day Laurie had waited so long for. We had to get two rooms in a nearby hotel, a two-bed room for Laurie and Lisa, and a single-bed room for Holly and I. Around eight o'clock the next morning, we arrived at the hospital. Laurie wore a floral print summer dress, while Lisa wore a yellow summer dress. I was in a T-shirt and a pair of cutoff shorts, while Holly wore a fuschia bodysuit and a blue denim miniskirt.

The doctor performing the surgery, a tall, African-American woman, approached us. “Laurie, it's nice to meet you,” she said.

“You must be covering for the regular doctor this week,” Laurie added.

“I'm Dr. Claire Smith. The regular doctor had a death in the family, so he asked me to take his patients while he's tending to family business. I've performed numerous surgeries in the past,” Dr. Smith added.

“Dr. Smith, this is my son, Eric, my daughter, Lisa, and Eric's fiancée, Holly,” Laurie said.

“Nice to meet you all.”

“My pleasure,” I added.

“Nice to meet you, Doctor,” Lisa said.

“You operated on me two years ago, Doctor,” Holly added.

“Now I know why the face is so familiar,” Dr. Smith added, before asking Holly, “when are you and Eric getting married?”

“We haven't decided that yet,” Holly replied.

After signing a host of documents and paying for her surgery at the admissions desk, Laurie was taken to the operating room, where she would be for the next four hours. I was holding Holly's hand all this time, kissing her every few minutes, while Lisa prayed for a successful operation for our parent. When the operation was finished, Dr. Smith came into the waiting room.

“Eric, Lisa and Holly, Laurie's operation was a success. We removed all of her remaining male organs, and constructed a vagina and labia. The skin from her penis was used to line the new vagina, and the glans was used to simulate a cervix at the vault of her new vagina. She's now in the recovery room, and she will be moved to a private room shortly,” Dr. Smith assured us.

“I'll be here to be of any assistance to her I can while she's recovering from the surgery,” Lisa said.

“Thank goodness at least one of us will be here. Holly and I have commitments back home, so we're going to have to leave. I'm sure her recovery will be a quick one,” I said to them.

“Laurie is expected to have a speedy recovery from her operation,” Dr. Smith said with assurance.

She woke up a few hours later. Even though Laurie was still feeling groggy from the anesthesia, she was also feeling some sort of stinging sensation in her genital area. When she woke up, she immediately noticed Lisa. “Is that you, Lisa?” she asked.

“It's me, Laurie. The nurse left you a mirror, so if you want to look at your new vagina, you may do so at any time,” Lisa replied.

Lisa placed the mirror above Laurie's newly-constructed vagina, and had her look at it. “I'm sure it will look better when it heals,” Laurie added.

“It will, Laurie,” Lisa added.

“Where's Eric and Holly?” Laurie asked.

“They have commitments to take care of back home. They left after your surgery was completed. They had a modeling shoot to attend. He's modeling a tux, while she's modeling a bridal gown. He's also working on a paper for his English Literature class, which is due next week,” Lisa replied.

Holly and I returned to pick them up from the hospital ten days later. Laurie would have to rest for another two weeks before she was able to return to work. Another month and a half would go by before she visited her doctor. At that time she was cleared to have sexual intercourse with a man.

Holly was able to pair Laurie up with a man she knew from the modeling agency. Charlie was a muscle-bound man in his late thirties, with short, red hair, about six-foot-one. He modeled athletic-cut suits and male undergarments for a living. It was early October of 1987 when they had their first date.

Holly and I had a date that same evening, during which we were planning to select a final date for our wedding. Just as soon as Holly and I left the house, Laurie had finished dressing. She had selected a blue chiffon dress with a tiered skirt for her first date since surgery. A knock came on the door around seven o'clock.

As soon as she put on her blue high heels, she walked to the front door. A man was standing there, holding something behind his back. "Laurie?" Charlie asked her.

"You must be Charlie," Laurie replied.

"I am," he said before coming in the door, revealing the bouquet of flowers behind his back.

She was speechless for a moment, then said with joy, "They're beautiful, Charlie! Let me find a vase for them before we leave".

Laurie and Charlie went out to a romantic dinner at a downtown restaurant, then took in a movie afterwards. Both were feeling as if they were falling in love with each other. She asked him, "Have you been married before, Charlie?"

"I haven't been married before, Laurie. However, I was once engaged to a lovely woman. She had everything going for her, a good job, her own car, and she thought that a loving man would complete the mix for her. In a period of just six months during 1983, one calamity after another happened. In May of that year, her mother and father got a divorce. Then, in August, her parents tried to interfere in our relationship. The worst part came in October, when she couldn't stand anymore and took an overdose of sleeping pills. Her suicide really hurt me for about two years. I began to feel as if I couldn't love a woman anymore. I think you may be changing all of that, Laurie," he replied, then he asked her if she had been married before.

"I was married once before, for about twenty years. I was married to a wonderful woman, and she gave me two children, Eric and Lisa. Eric is the one who's engaged to marry Holly. She understood my desire to be a woman, but I stayed a man for the sake of our marriage. When she died two years ago, I began to live as a woman. You see, Charlie, I am a transsexual and I underwent my operation three months ago. I have never been happier in my life and I think I'm falling in love for the first time as a woman," she replied.

Holly and I got back to our apartment around ten o'clock, after setting the wedding date and having dinner at an Italian restaurant. I tried calling over to the house, but Laurie wasn't home. "I wonder if she's having her first sexual encounter as a woman," I quietly said to Holly.

"It could very well be," she added.

Laurie and Charlie arrived back at the house around ten-thirty. "Would you like to come to bed with me, Charlie?" she seductively asked him as soon as they got in the house.

"I would like that very much, Laurie," he whispered.

She led him into her room, where she put a disc of romantic classical music into her compact disc player. She kicked off her high heels and moved seductively towards him. She wrapped her arms around him and gave him a series of tender kisses. He started unzipping her dress, passionately kissing her while doing so. Her dress fell to the floor, revealing a blue bustier, black garter belt, blue bikini panties and a pair of black lace-topped stockings. He then gave her a series of passionate kisses and licks all over her chest area.

"Honey, that feels fantastic!" she cooed ecstatically. After necking her, he kicked off his shoes and took off his socks, while she was giving his back a gentle massage. As soon as he finished taking off his socks, he stood up while she undid his shirt, revealing a hairy chest. After a passionate kiss, she undid his pants, revealing a pair of white boxer shorts. She took them off, revealing his large manhood. She then took it down into her mouth, as deep as it would go, and massaged it with her tongue, while she massaged his buttocks with her hands.

"Baby, you sure know how to satisfy this man," he lovingly whispered. After tasting his essence, he asked her how it tasted.

"Your essence tastes delicious, my love," she whispered. She lay down on the bed, while he walked over to the other side of the bed, and lay down next to her. She removed her bustier, revealing her breasts.

"You have lovely breasts, darling," he whispered in her ear.

"Thank you, honeybaby," she whispered back. He then gave each breast a loving massage with his mouth and tongue. "Babe, that feels wonderful," she moaned ecstatically. After each breast produced milk, which Charlie admitted to liking, Laurie then took off her panties, to reveal her new vagina. She fingered it for him, he gave it a passionate massage with his tongue, then inserted his manhood into her vagina. "I've never felt so much like a woman before!" she moaned, laboring for breath. Once they climaxed, she had another surprise for him.

She went to her dresser, and grabbed some lingerie out of her top drawer. She went into the bathroom, while he got his boxer shorts back on. She emerged a few moments later, in a baby blue teddy. "How do you like this, honeybaby?" she cooed.

"You look absolutely sexy in that teddy, my love," he whispered.

She laid down next to him, and they exchanged long, tender kisses until they fell asleep. She cuddled up to him, and whispered: "Good night, sweetheart".

"Good night, sexpot," he whispered before giving her a kiss, turning off the lamp, and going to sleep.

Holly and I decided to tie the knot on Christmas Eve, 1987. Laurie would serve as our maid of honor, while Lisa served as a bridesmaid. Johnny, a friend of mine

from high school, served as best man, while Charlie, who had become Laurie's steady boyfriend, served as a groomsman. We only had our family and friends at the wedding, which took place in the living room of the house Laurie shared with Lisa.

Holly decided to wear a beautiful bridal gown, with long sleeves, puffed at the shoulders, sweetheart neckline, long skirt, cathedral—length train, topped with a beautiful floral spray headpiece. The bridesmaids were beautiful in their red bridesmaid's gowns, and the groomsmen and I were handsome in our tuxedos with green bow ties.

That evening, Holly and I were in our hotel suite, overlooking the lake. We were still in our wedding clothes, looking out the window, at the lake. She had her head on my shoulder. “Honey?” she asked me.

“What is it, my love?”

“Do you think we should consummate our marriage?”

“I'm in that kind of mood,” I replied.

We closed the curtains to our window, then walked over to the bed, where we began to passionately kiss each other. While we kissed, I began to unzip her bridal gown. She slipped her arms out of the sleeves of the gown, revealing a lacy white bustier with garters. I undid her bridal slip, which created the romantic look filling out her gown. When the gown fell to the floor, a pair of lacy G-string panties and a pair of lace-topped stockings, all in white, were revealed. We took a break from kissing, long enough for me to take off my jacket, shoes and socks, while she seductively took off her headpiece. She sat down on the bed and undid my pants, shirt and tie, revealing my hairy chest and a pair of white underwear. She lay down on her side of the bed, while I tiptoed over to my side of the bed, and laid down next to her.

She then took off my underwear and began to massage my manhood with her mouth and tongue. “Honey, that feels great!,” I whispered to her. When she tasted my essence, she began to remove the garters holding up her stockings, and seductively take her stockings off. I removed her bustier and begin to massage her breasts very passionately with my mouth and tongue.

”Baby, I'm happy you made me your wife!,” she moaned in ecstasy. After that, she passionately nibbled me all over my body. Then she took off her panties, revealing her vagina. She stood up on her knees, I slid my head between her sexy legs, and passionately massaged her vagina with my tongue.

“Eric, you make me feel like a woman in love,” she moaned, laboring for breath. She lay back down next to me, fingered her vagina and I inserted my manhood into her waiting womanhood.

”Holly, I'm glad you made me your husband,” I whispered before having genital sex with her. Once we finished our first sexual adventure as husband and wife, Holly put her wedding gown into a box for preservation, while I hung up my tuxedo, preparing to have it returned.

After a two-week Caribbean cruise, we returned to Chicago the second week of January, 1988. Laurie married Charlie two years later, after Holly and I adopted two kids, a nine-year-old boy and his four-year-old sister. I got my doctorate in 1993, at the same time Lisa received her master's degree in psychology. Lisa got her doctorate two years later, and finally married two months after. It was a part of my life that I will never forget.

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