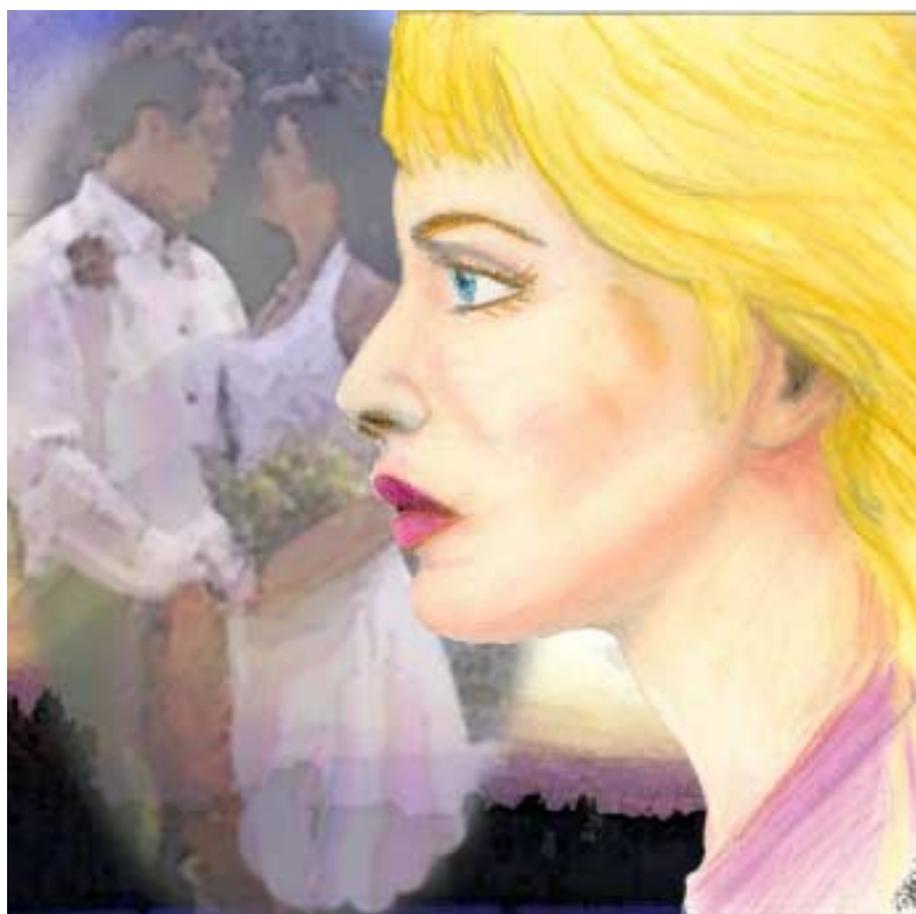




*Reluctant Press*

# Stevenson's Stories Book II

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

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**A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# STEVENSON'S STORIES BOOK II

**an anthology  
by E.B. Stevenson**

## A HUSBAND FOR SHARON

**By E. B. Stevenson**

Meeting Miss Right had been a hard task. Every time I tried to find the woman of my dreams, I always let her slip through my fingers. That was, until I met Sharon.

It was a cold February evening in 1995 when I met her. We ran across each other in a chat room on the Internet six months before. She told me she was single and looking for a man to share her life with. Coincidentally, I was looking for a woman to share my life with. I had just moved to Chicago from New Haven, while she had just arrived in Chicago from Tucson.

We set up a face-to-face meeting at a quiet restaurant in the suburbs. Before we met, we exchanged photos of each other on the Internet. One look at her photo, and I thought I was in love. Twenty-six years old, but looking seventeen, shoulder-length brunette hair, impeccable beauty, and a lovely body. For this twenty-nine-year-old man, she turned out to be everything I dreamed of in a woman. When I walked into the restaurant at eight o'clock on the night of Valentine's Day, I knew I was right. She was wearing a faux fur coat and a red sequined dress, with white stockings and red high heels, her sexy legs crossed in a feminine manner. Her personality was genuinely feminine, with a look of love in her eyes. I also looked sharp in my business suit and tie.

I was shown to the table by a sharply-dressed girl, who couldn't have been any older than twenty-one. I sat down, and looked straight into Sharon's lovely eyes. "Sharon?" I asked her.

"I'm Sharon Howard," she said with a low-pitched feminine voice.

"I'm Eric Martin, and I'm pleased to meet someone as beautiful as you," I added.

"Why, thank you!" she blushingly whispered.

"I have only seen photos of you that I have downloaded from the Internet, and I was awestruck by your beauty. I can now say that you're even more beautiful in person," I added before a waiter arrived.

"I also found that you were a handsome man, in the photos you sent me. Now, I can believe it," she cooed.

"Are you ready to order yet?" the waiter asked us.

"I'd like to start with a bottle of red wine," I replied.

"Two glasses?" our waiter then asked me.

"Correct," I replied.

We looked at the menu, and thought about what we wanted to eat. "The steak dinner for two sounds delicious," I said to her.

"What does it come with?" she asked me.

"Caesar salad, baked potatoes, rice pilaf, a loaf of Italian bread, a small tub of butter, and our choice of dessert," I replied.

"Sounds good to me, Eric," she added.

We went ahead and ordered the steak dinner for two, and began the process of getting to know each other even better.

"What brings you to Chicago?" Sharon asked me.

"My work brought me here. I have my own radio production business, and I work out of my home in Evanston. I also dabble into photography, having done a number of spreads of some of the country's most beautiful female impersonators. My business dropped off in New Haven after my main account decided to switch to a production company in New York for their ads. Most of the female impersonators I photographed drove in from Boston, New York, Hartford, Providence and other areas around New England. I've had some spreads published in various magazines. I also broke off my last relationship two years before, so I needed a change of scenery. I decided on Chicago because I really wanted to come back to the Midwest, since I am from Missouri. A number of factors also brought me to Chicago, one of which included a large number of female impersonators, crossdressers and transsexuals close to my home. I also have more radio production work here," I explained.

"My job brought me here, Eric. I work full-time for a law firm in downtown Chicago, doing data entry and filing work. I live on the North Side, with a nice young lady named Dana. I was working part-time for an electronics company in Tucson when my

boss recommended me for this job in Chicago. I'm being paid more here in Chicago than I did in Tucson," Sharon added.

As our dinner was being delivered, Sharon's cellular phone made a beeping sound. "Will you excuse me?" she asked me.

"Certainly," I replied.

Sharon spent about two minutes talking on her cellular phone. The expression on her face was that of concern. When she finished talking, I asked her: "What is it, Sharon?"

"That was my roommate, Dana, on the phone. There's been a water main break just two blocks from the apartment. They won't have it repaired until tomorrow morning at the earliest," she replied, then asked me: "May I stay with you tonight?"

"Considering that we've just met off-line, I don't have any problem with it," I replied.

After we ate our dinner, Sharon and I took in a play at a local community college, then stopped by her apartment for a fresh change of clothes. She was carrying a garment bag when she emerged from her room.

"Where's Dana staying tonight?" I asked her.

"She's staying with a couple of friends out in Downers Grove," she replied.

We drove straight to my house, where I showed her in. "You have such a lovely place here!" Sharon exclaimed in awe.

"I knew, somehow, you would like it," I added.

Sharon and I went to the living room, where I switched on some romantic music and started a small fire in the fireplace. "Have you always been a romantic person?" she asked me.

"I've always been a romantic man, Sharon. Ever since I was in high school, I've wanted to share that particular side of me with a beautiful woman. Speaking of beauty, you are definitely the most beautiful woman I've seen in long, long, long time," I replied.

"I've also been a romantic girl, Eric. To me, a man giving his heart and soul to show that he has a romantic side is very special. Sharing each other's feelings is a key to a relationship, in my honest opinion, as well as sharing each other's intimate secrets," she added.

"I don't know how to say this, Sharon, but I love you," I whispered lovingly.

"I love you, too, Eric," she lovingly whispered before we became liplocked, tenderly engaged in a long kiss.

After we finished kissing, Sharon whispered: "There's something I have to tell you".

"What is that, sweetheart?" I asked her.

"In our electronic mail correspondence, I told you that I am a transsexual, and you perfectly understood and felt comfortable with it, right?" she then asked me.

"I remember what you told me as if it were yesterday," I replied.

“Just three months before I came here to Chicago, I had the surgery that finally brought my body in sync with my mind. A week before I moved, my doctor cleared me to make love to a man,” she added.

“Sharon, I've never made love to a woman before,” I then added before kissing her again.

After finishing that particular kiss, she cooed; “Honey, how do you feel about making love on a first date?”

“I'm very open to the idea of making love on a first date,” I replied.

I then carried her to my bedroom, like a groom carries his bride. I gently set her down on my canopy bed, and proceeded to give her another long, tender kiss. “Darling, this bed is beautiful!” she whispered lovingly.

“This was handed down to me by my parents. They didn't have enough room for this at their new townhouse in West Palm Beach, so they handed it down to me when my mother retired,” I said to her.

“Is this your first time dating a transsexual?” she then asked.

“I've dated several other transsexuals before, all of them were in the preoperative stage of their transformations at the time I dated them. This is the first time I've dated a postoperative transsexual,” I replied.

She then got up, wrapped her arms around me, and kissed me on the lips. She then guided my hand to the back zipper of her dress, and I unzipped it. She was wearing a red teddy underneath, and when the dress slipped off, a heart design, outlined in white lace, appeared in the front of her teddy. I caressed her buttocks while passionately kissing her. She then began to undo my shirt and tie, and when my shirt was completely undone, she reached into my shirt, and gently caressed my hairy chest. I then took off my shirt and shoes, and sat down on the bed to take off my socks. Sharon then sat down on the bed, and seductively took off her stockings.

When I laid down on the bed next to her, I was only wearing my underwear and boxer shorts. “I have a surprise for you, my love,” she cooed before undoing the crotch of her teddy. She revealed her vagina, beautifully constructed.

“Your doctor did a wonderful job on your new vagina,” I whispered, in awe at her new female genitalia.

She then got up, and took off her teddy. I then got up, took off my blue boxer shorts and underwear, and laid back down. Sharon then reached out and touched my totally erect manhood. I then touched her vagina, and she would then proceed to massage my manhood with her red mouth and silky tongue. I filed my fingers through her luscious hair, and whispered; “Babes, that feels good”. At times, I could feel my manhood all the way down in her throat.

After she finished massaging my manhood, I went on to fondle her lovely breasts. “Honeybaby, that feels so good!,” she whispered, beginning to labor for breath. After tasting her delicious milk, I kissed her all over her sexy body, down to her genital area. She then fingered her vagina, and I licked it with hot passion. “Babe, I'm so hot!,” she cooed before I inserted my manhood into her vagina. We both moaned as we reached a

climax, telling each other how good we feel in the process. After climaxing, Sharon and I got into the shower together, kissing and touching each other.

After we showered and dried each other off, Sharon got a white nightgown out of her garment bag, while I grabbed a pair of red boxer shorts and a clean pair of underwear. She went into the bathroom to put on her nightgown, while I put on my boxers, and laid down on my side of the bed.

Sharon emerged a few minutes later, a vision in white. "That's so beautiful, darling!" I exclaimed.

"I'm glad you approve," she said sensually.

She laid down next to me, and kissed me on the heart. "What was that for, honey?" I asked her.

"To thank you for the most passionate night of my life, and because I love you," she replied, again in a sensual manner.

I kissed her on the heart, and whispered; "Thanks for the most memorable night of my life, and I'll never forget it as long as I live. One more thing. I love you, too, sexpot".

Sharon and I kissed each other goodnight, then fell asleep in each other's arms. She laid her head on my shoulders, with one hand on my chest. I wrapped my arm around her, and we slept for eight hours. The next morning, I went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for myself and my new beloved.

She was surprised when she came down, still in her white nightgown, but she put on a match?" she asked me.

"Blueberry muffins, hot cereal and orange juice, my sweet," I replied.

While eating breakfast, I asked her; "Do you have anything planned for tonight?"

"No, I don't," she replied.

"One of my models is flying up from Houston today, and she's planning to have a photo spread taken of her in bridal fashions. She's bringing up three bridal gowns, and she's requested some help on her makeup," I explained, then asked her; "Would you like to help her with her makeup?"

"It's a natural for me, since I volunteered for a theater group in Tucson, doing their makeup and hair," Sharon replied.

"The model's name is Kimberly, and she will be here about seven o'clock. Make sure you're here at six-thirty," I added.

Sharon arrived at my place at six-thirty, wearing an orange dress, beige stockings and a pair of white high heels. "Hi, honey," she whispered.

"Hi, babydoll," I whispered before kissing her. I showed her to the basement studio, where I had everything set up. I showed her to the dressing room, where she would do her work on Kimberly's face. The doorbell rang around seven o'clock. Kimberly had arrived, wearing a white blouse, red suit jacket and red skirt, carrying one of her bridal gowns. I showed her in the door, while she pointed the way to her rental car, where her two other gowns were stored. I went to the trunk of the car to pick up the two gowns, and bring them into the house.

Sharon did a little work on Kimberly's hair and makeup, while I made the final preparations for the shoot. I loaded my camera with film, and had two more rolls of film on a table next to my camera. Twenty minutes later, Kimberly came out, in a bridal gown with puffed sleeves, a bouffant skirt adorned with lace, a sweetheart neckline, lace-adorned bodice, cathedral-length train and a rhinestone tiara headpiece with a fingertip-length veil. Sharon spread out Kimberly's train, and walked near my camera when I started to line up my shots.

I shot twenty-four different poses of Kimberly in that particular bridal gown before she went back and changed into the second bridal gown. While changing, Kimberly and Sharon were engaged in a conversation.

"I hear Eric is very fond of bridal gowns," Sharon said to her.

"He's very fond of bridal gowns, Sharon. He considers bridal photography to be his best work," Kimberly added. She then asked her; "Sharon, how did you and Eric meet?"

"We met on the Internet. We were both in a romance-related chat room when I told the folks in the chat room that I was looking for someone to share my life with. That's when Eric told me he was interested in meeting me. We lived two thousand miles apart at the time we met. I was living in Arizona, while he was living in Connecticut. It so happened we moved to Chicago about the same time, and we finally had our first face-to-face meeting last night, over dinner. The next thing we both knew, we made love to each other, and I spent the night over here with him," Sharon replied.

"You mean you two had sex on your first date?" a surprised Kimberly asked her.

"We did have sex on our first date, and we satisfied each other as we never did in our lives," Sharon replied while she was putting another headpiece on Kimberly's head.

The two giggled as they came out of the dressing room. For the second set of photos, Kimberly was wearing a pink bridal gown, with a puffed sleeves, lace-adorned neckline and skirt, and a cathedral-length train. The headpiece on her was a floral spray headpiece with a fingertip-length veil and blusher. I took twenty-four different poses of Kimberly in this outfit, before she and Sharon went back to the dressing room.

While helping Kimberly change into her third gown, Sharon asked her; "Are you married?"

"I have a wonderful wife who accepts my crossdressing. She's helped me with my feminine image, and also helped me with the money to buy these gowns. We have no children as of yet," Kimberly replied, then asked her; "Sharon, would you consider marrying Eric if he asked you?"

"Yes, I would. He's the most understanding, loving, romantic and passionate man I've ever met. I don't think I would be able to marry anyone else, since he's one of the few men who understands my medical condition," Sharon replied while putting a bridal hat on Kimberly's head.

"He loves you as the woman you are, I would guess," Kimberly added.

“Yes, he does. I was born a boy, but went through the transition, and had sex reassignment surgery just three and a half months ago. He feels that I'm a beautiful woman, and he loves me for that,” Sharon said before walking out the dressing room door with Kimberly.

The next set of poses featured Kimberly in a Southern Belle-style bridal gown, with a skirt of several tiers of lace, a sweetheart neckline, puffed sleeves, lace all over the bodice, a pearl necklace, and a bridal hat with fingertip-length veil and blusher. I took twenty-four more of those poses. When the final pose was taken, it was almost ten o'clock.

After Kimberly left to return to her hotel room near O'Hare Airport, Sharon and I straightened up the studio before she went back to her apartment. Dana had been out with her new boyfriend, taking in a female impersonator show. Sharon got her purse from the dressing room, and proceeded to the door, where I was waiting to see her off. “Will I see you tomorrow?” I asked her.

“Certainly, sweetie,” she whispered. We exchanged a long, tender kiss before she walked out the door.

Sharon arrived at her apartment around eleven o'clock, and Dana was there, with her boyfriend. “How did it go with Eric?” Dana asked.

“Things went very well with him tonight. I did a great job on making up his model for the shoot tonight, and we had a lot of fun at the shoot,” Sharon replied.

“What about last night, Sharon?” she then asked her.

“Eric and I went out for a romantic steak dinner, and we later took in a play at one of the community colleges. After the play ended, we came back here so I could get a few things, and stay the night at his house in Evanston. Believe it or not, Eric and I made love to each other before going to bed last night,” she replied.

“You and Eric had sex last night?” Dana asked with an element of surprise in her voice and facial expression.

“Eric and I made very passionate love in his canopy bed, before we took a shower together, and climbed into his bed to go to sleep. It was the first time I made love to a man in my new body, and I felt very satisfied.” Sharon reply was filled with a sense of love.

“I think he may be marriage material for you, Sharon,” Dana added.

“I would consider any proposal of marriage I may get from him, when we're good and ready,” Sharon then added.

Six months later, she was, at least, good and ready to start living with me. It was over a hundred degrees the day she moved in with me. She didn't have much, a few mementos, her necessities, and a huge dress collection. She wanted to share my bedroom, and I agreed to share not only my bedroom, but my own bed, with her.

That night, we were in the backyard swimming pool, spending a romantic moment in the warm water on an unusually warm evening. She had her legs around my waist while I carried her around the shallow part of the pool.

“Honey?” she asked me.

“What is it, baby?” I asked her.

“Would you consider spending the rest of your life with me?” she then asked.

“Of course I would, Sharon. I've met a lot of women in my lifetime, but I've never met anyone as beautiful as you. Ever since you came into my life, I've never been happier. I hope this will continue through the rest of our lives,” I replied, then asked her; “Darling, how would you feel about adopting children?”

“I would love to adopt children. I don't care if it's one child or a house full of children, I feel I would make just as good of a mother as would any other woman,” she replied.

“It really doesn't matter how many we adopt, just as long as we can give them a loving home,” I then added. She then caressed my face, then gave me a long, tender kiss. We held it for about two minutes, before she whispered; “I love you very much, Eric. I love you now and forever”.

“Sharon, I've never loved a woman as much as I love you. I will always love you, now and for all eternity,” I whispered back.

We went back into the house, and took a shower together. When we got out, I changed into my underwear, while Sharon changed into a white babydoll nightie. That night, with the air conditioner running full blast, we were restless.

“Darling?” I asked her.

“What is it, my love?” she asked me.

“Do you feel that I am more romantic than any other man I ever you've ever met?” I then asked her.

“I think you're the most romantic man I've ever met,” Sharon whispered, then asked me; “Do you think I'm more romantic than any other woman you've ever met?”

“Sharon, you're the most romantic woman I've ever met,” I replied, before she kissed me on the heart.

Another year and four months went by before I finally decided to do something about my relationship with Sharon. It was close to Christmas, and we were planning a week-long getaway to Las Vegas. We were just getting ready to go to O'Hare Airport when the decision was made.

“Sharon?” I asked her.

“What is it, baby?” she then asked me.

“We've been going together for nearly two years, much of that time we've spent living together in this house. I've thought about this for a while, and I thought now would be the best time to ask you the most important question of our lives,” I replied.

“What's the question?” she said inquisitively, with a look of anticipation in her lovely face.

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

“Yes, yes my love! I'll marry you,” she whispered, with a tear running down her eye. I then slipped an engagement ring on the ring finger of her left hand.

“When do you want to get married?” I asked her.

“I don't know,” she replied.

“I was thinking of tying the knot on our trip to Las Vegas,” I added.

“Sounds like a plan,” she said before we walked out the door.

On the plane to Las Vegas, Sharon and I were drinking our glasses of red wine. She snuggled up to me, I tenderly took her left hand, and put it on my right shoulder, at the point where the diamond in her engagement ring sparkled in the reading light above us. She asked whisper, “I explained.

“Before I met you, I didn't know that there were men out there who understood the fact that I was born a boy. I didn't even know it before doctors turned me from a dull man into the beautiful, sexy girl you're going to marry. I've never been this much in love with a man before, and I'm glad that man is you, sweetie,” she added before we shared a tender kiss.

When we landed in Las Vegas, we got our baggage and went to the car rental counter. We had reserved a midsize car, but the agency ran out of midsize cars before we arrived. As a consequence, we were given a luxury car instead. After picking up our rental car, we went on to our hotel, on the famous Las Vegas Strip. We were given the Bridal Suite, since a wedding was in our plans for our stay there. Once we got inside, we called around to various wedding chapels, and finally found one that had a space open on Christmas Day. So, we made our reservation for ten o'clock in the morning on Christmas Day, leaving us three days to get fitted for our wedding outfits.

Two of our friends also were in Las Vegas that week. Eric Barnett, a friend from my college days, and his transsexual wife, Cynthia, whom Sharon knew from a modeling assignment she did several years back, were in Las Vegas, celebrating their second wedding anniversary. I wasn't surprised to see Eric marry an older woman, but Cynthia looked a lot younger than her forty-one years. They left their adopted children, nine-year-old Rick and six-year-old Carrie, back in Sausalito with their aunt Jennifer. The four of us hooked up for dinner after I got fitted for a tuxedo, and Sharon for her bridal gown.

“You mean to say that you and Sharon are getting married?” Cynthia asked, with a look of surprise in her face.

“Yes, we are,” I replied.

“When do you two plan to tie the knot?” Eric then asked us.

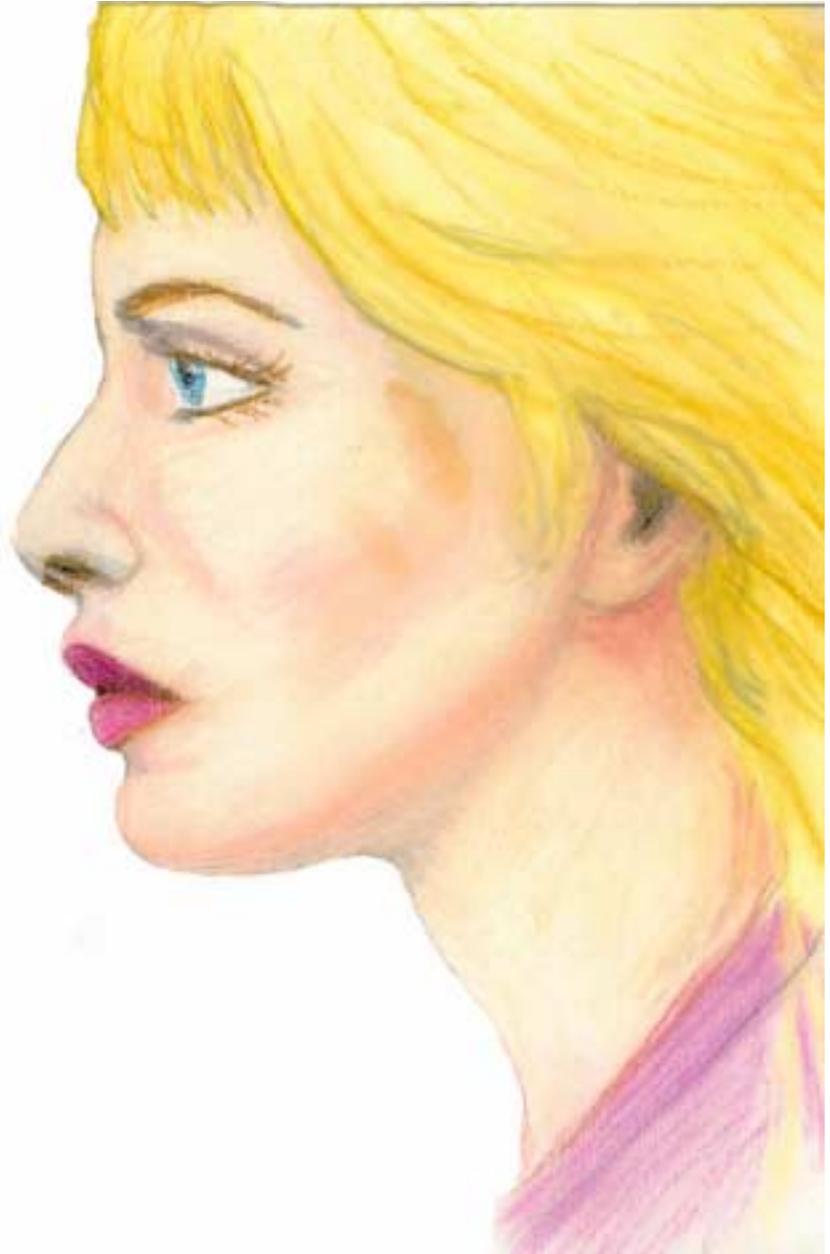
“Christmas Day, at ten o'clock in the morning,” Sharon replied.

“Thank goodness I didn't forget my bridesmaid's gown, and Eric didn't forget his tuxedo,” Cynthia added.

“Ironically, babe, the day Eric and Sharon get married is also our second wedding anniversary,” Eric then whispered to Cynthia.

“How did you meet her?” Cynthia asked me.

“We met on the Internet, about the same time you and Eric got married. She and I were in a chat room, looking for companionship. At the time, she was living in Arizona and I was living in Connecticut. Six months after we met online, we both moved to Chicago. My business took me there, while Sharon took a full-time office job. Shortly after we arrived in Chicago, we met in person. We fell in love with each other, and even made love to each other on our first date. She moved in with me six months later, and we've been very happy living together. Just before we left for Las Vegas, I asked her to marry me, and she accepted. I was the one that suggested that we get married Christmas morning, and she kindly accepted,” I explained.



“He's been nothing but a sweetheart since the time we met,” Sharon said lovingly, before sharing a smooch with me.

“My Eric has been sweet ever since we met, especially since the time we got married,” Cynthia added before giving him a smooch.

“Would you like to come with us to our wedding?” Sharon asked them.

“We'd be more than happy to. Eric and I would be honored to see a lovely couple get married,” Cynthia replied.

“Cynthia and I love weddings,” Eric added before tenderly kissing her.

“How did you two meet?” Sharon asked them.

“We also met on the Internet. We carried on an online friendship for over a year before he lost his job in the small Missouri town he grew up in. I was looking for someone to help me with data entry, and I thought of him. So, he packed up his bags, and moved out to the San Francisco Bay Area to take the job I offered him. He moved in with me, and we fell deeply in love. He would buy into my graphic arts business before

we became engaged. About this time two years ago, we came to Las Vegas to get married. Since then, we've been able to adopt two beautiful children, and we're on a list to adopt at least two more. We've never been happier, letting our love bridge an eleven-year age gap," Cynthia explained.

"She's been nothing but a babe to me," Eric added before kissing her on the cheek.

"That's sweet of you to say that," Cynthia cooed before planting a kiss on his lips.

"Eric, Cynthia, I feel the same way about Sharon," I added.

"Baby, you're so sweet," Sharon cooed before planting a kiss on my lips.

Sharon picked up her bridal gown just two days before Christmas, and asked Cynthia to look after it. I picked up my tuxedo the same day, and had Eric look after it until Christmas morning. The night before the wedding, Sharon and I were talking in our heart-shaped bed. She cuddled up to me, as always.

"Honey?" she asked me.

"What's on your mind, my love?" I asked her.

"How would our parents feel about our getting married?" she then asked me.

"To tell you the truth, darling, my parents don't mind me marrying a transsexual. Just before I met you, I told them that I was equally attracted to genetic females and male-to-female transsexuals. At first, they were rather nonchalant about it, but they began to accept the fact as time went on. I talked to them a couple of weeks ago on the cellular phone, while I was working on a project for a station in Michigan City, and they've given their blessing to our union. They are also looking forward to meeting you on our next vacation," I replied.

"My parents were slow in accepting me as their new daughter. When I told them that I was transsexual, they were rather shocked. I gave them enough time to think about it. Six months later, they finally accepted me as their new daughter, and helped me all they could. They're very happy that I've finally found a man to marry, and have given their blessing to the marriage. In fact, they would love to meet you," she added.

"I'll see about getting them to Chicago in the not-too-distant future," I then added.

"It's hard to believe we're getting married tomorrow," she whispered in my ear.

"How time flies, my love," I added before giving her a tender kiss.

"I love you, Eric," she cooed.

"I love you, too, Sharon," I whispered. We kissed each other on the lips, and went to sleep.

We woke up around seven o'clock the next morning, and had a continental breakfast in our suite. Just as she was getting finished with her glass of orange juice, she looked at her watch. "My goodness, it's seven-thirty! I have to be at Eric and Cynthia's hotel room in fifteen minutes!," she exclaimed rather hurriedly.

"I'm expecting Eric here any minute now," I said as she quickly finished her orange juice. Once Sharon was out the door, I guzzled what was left of my cup of Earl Grey

tea, and finished the cinnamon roll I was eating. Once I finished my cinnamon roll, Eric knocked on the door, already dressed in his tux.

“I just saw Sharon running for a taxicab,” Eric said, slightly startled.

“She was late for her meeting with Cynthia. She's got her bridal gown in storage at your hotel,” I added before he handed over my tux.

A few minutes later, Sharon knocked on the door of Cynthia's hotel room. She was already in her pink bridesmaid's gown, and getting Sharon's bridal gown ready. Cynthia had Sharon's gown ready when she answered the door.

“Did you have breakfast already?” Cynthia asked her.

“Eric and I had a continental breakfast this morning, which was delicious,” Sharon replied, and then asked her; “Is my gown ready, Cynthia?”

“It's laid out on the bed, and if you need help with anything, let me know,” Cynthia replied.

Sharon got into her bridal gown with no problem, but she needed some help with zipping it up, which Cynthia helped her do. Then, Cynthia helped her with her head-piece. Once all of that was done, Cynthia complimented; “You're so beautiful, Sharon! Eric will be in awe over the way you look today”.

I had no problem getting into my tuxedo, so Eric and I talked for two hours. Just before leaving for the wedding chapel, he asked me; “I'm not surprised that you are tying the knot with a transsexual, but we all have our reasons why we're attracted to women like Sharon and Cynthia. When did you come out with the fact that you were equally attracted to genetic females and male-to-female transsexuals, and why?”

“Eric, it's like this. I broke up with a genetic female a year and a half before I met Sharon. Back in high school, I had a lot of problems attracting a genetic female. When I was sixteen, there was this girl I really liked. She was thirteen months older than I am, but two years ahead of me in school. One day, when I tried to reconcile our differences, her boyfriend threatened to kill me next time he saw me anywhere near her. The trauma of that particular event affected me for many years afterwards. It was at that time that I had become fascinated with male-to-female transsexuals. Even though I went with this genetic female for eight and a half years, I still had wanted to meet a transsexual. While I was in college, I read every book, pamphlet and magazine article available to me on transsexualism, in an effort to better understand their issues. It was through educating myself on transsexuals and transsexualism that I was able to understand many of the issues they face. When the fact of transsexualism is revealed to me, I feel that it is a more mature response to talk about it than to storm out of the room. Most men haven't yet made this effort. Those who do are better prepared for this reality, like we are. Three years ago, I came out to my friends and family that I was just as attracted to male-to-female transsexuals as I am to genetic females. Many of my friends, both on and off the Internet, have been very supportive of my decision. Most of my family have been that way, too, although it took my parents some time to accept it. They're now looking forward to having Sharon as a member of the family,” I explained.

“I was basically the same way, except that I didn't get traumatized by some girl's boyfriend at sixteen. I lived in a small town, and I didn't care that much for dating in high school. I didn't tell my family that I was equally attracted to male-to-female transsexuals and genetic females until I wrote them two months after I moved in with Cynthia. They had some reservations at first, but soon accepted this fact. I took Cynthia to meet my parents after we got married, and they really like her. I met her mother this past summer, and she likes me,” Eric added.

After our conversation ended, Eric put a boutonniere into a buttonhole on the lapel of my tuxedo. It was nine-thirty when we left for the wedding chapel. Eric and I got into the luxury car I rented, and proceeded there. We arrived around quarter to ten, and were approached by the owner, Tom Allen, a retired justice of the peace, and his wife, Ilene. “You must be Eric Martin,” Tom said to me.

I shook his hand, and said; “I'm Mr. Martin, the soon-to-be Mrs. Martin should be here momentarily, with her friend, Cynthia Barnett”.

“Who is the other young man in the tux?” Ilene asked me.

“That's Eric Barnett, a friend of mine from college. He's also Cynthia's husband,” I replied.

“I remember now! I married him and Cynthia two years ago!,” Tom exclaimed, suddenly remembering that particular time.

Around five minutes of ten, Cynthia pulled up, in her and Eric's minivan. The train and skirt on Sharon's bridal gown was so big, that Eric and Cynthia had to leave the middle seat at home in Sausalito. Ilene held the door open for them, and once they were in, she walked over to her mixing console. Cynthia walked down the aisle first, since she was the matron of honor. She looked beautiful in a white dress with pink lace. Then, as the music began, the doors opened with a touch of the deejay's button.

I had never saw Sharon more radiant and beautiful in my entire life. She was wearing a lovely gown, with a bouffant skirt adorned with lace designs, ruffled lace hem and a large number of sequins, cathedral-length train, a lace-adorned bodice, a bow in the back at the waistline, puffed sleeves, sweetheart neckline, and a ruffled lace-trimmed waistline. She also wore a beautiful pearl necklace and matching earrings, and topped with a lovely headpiece adorned with pearls and a floral spray. “I'm happy I'm marrying this beautiful girl,” I thought to myself.

Once Sharon arrived at the altar, she took her hand in my arm, and we faced Tom. “Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the presence of God, to join this man, Eric, and this woman, Sharon, in the bond of Holy Matrimony. It is an institution more beautiful than any other, and it is a special thing that they chose the day of the birth of Our Lord to join together in wedlock,” Tom said to us.

After all the traditional customs and the exchange of rings, he asked her; “Sharon Nicole Howard, do you take this man, Eric Jackson Martin, to be thy wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” Sharon replied with a sense of commitment.



“Eric Jackson Martin, do you take this woman, Sharon Nicole Howard, to be thy wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” I replied with the same sense of commitment.

“With the power invested in me by the State of Nevada and the City of Las Vegas, I now pronounce you husband and wife,” Tom said with pride. He paused a moment, before telling me; “Eric, you may now kiss your bride”.

Sharon and I shared a very long, tender kiss for our first kiss as husband and wife. “Eric and Cynthia, I now present to you, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Martin,” Tom said with pride. After Sharon and I finished kissing, we walked over to a lectern, set on a table with the two candles we used to light a third, representing two people joining as one, and signed our marriage license. Eric and Cynthia had to sign, too, since they were witnesses at our wedding. Sharon and I got into our luxury car, and were

driven back to our hotel suite, where Eric and Cynthia had a surprise for us.

When we got into our hotel suite, we had a small ham, sweet potatoes, garden salad, a big pitcher of iced tea and a small wedding cake waiting for us. We spent much of the afternoon eating our meal, before we cut our cake. Sharon and I each got a little frosting on our faces, and after eating our cake, Eric and Cynthia had another surprise for us.

We were shown to a ballroom, where at least a hundred single women, including showgirls, were waiting to try and catch Sharon's bouquet. When Sharon tossed the

bouquet behind her back, it went several feet before landing in the hands of a show-girl, dressed only in a red se," I replied whisperingly.

Sharon took a strawberry from the fruit basket sent to us by her parents, and put it between her lips. I took a gentle bite of the strawberry in her mouth, and chewed it thoroughly. She also chewed her half thoroughly, before kissing each other tenderly.

"Babe, do you know something?" she asked me.

"What's that, darling?" I then asked her.

"On our wedding night, we're supposed to be making love to each other. It's an act known as consummation," she replied, before asking me; "Would you like to do so before going to bed?"

"Certainly, babydoll," I replied.

She then proceeded to take my boxer shorts off, rendering me totally nude, and began massaging my manhood with her lipstick-clad mouth and silky tongue. "Honey, that feels fantastic," I whispered as she continued to massage my manhood. After she tasted my essence, she then removed her poet's shirt, revealing her lovely breasts, which I began to massage with my tongue. "Baby, that feels wonderful," she moaned ecstatically, feeling as if she had gone to Heaven. After getting milk out of each of her beautiful breasts, I rapidly kissed her all over her body, then took off her panties. She then fingered her vagina, then I put my hands on both sides of her love organ, while massaging it with my tongue. "You make me feel so loved, honey," she whispered, with desire's perspiration dripping slowly down her body. After I finished licking her vagina, I inserted my manhood into that same love organ, and climaxed together in a heavenly feeling of marital ecstasy. After we consummated our marriage, we gave each other a kiss, and headed for the heart-shaped bathtub.

Once we got out of the bathtub, she put her poet's shirt and bikini panties back on, while I put my boxer shorts back on. Later, in our bed, she asked me; "Honey, aren't you glad you married me?"

"Babe, I'm very happy I married you. Tonight, I can safely say that I am married to the most beautiful woman in the world," I replied.

"I love you, sweet stuff," she cooed in my ear.

"I love you, too, my darling," I whispered before giving her a long, tender kiss. Thus, the beginning of a wonderful marriage.

# ERIC AND SAMANTHA & TOM AND VALERIE

**By E. B. Stevenson**

Samantha and I had waited for this day for a long time. Ever since we met, I knew that she was a transsexual, and I was very understanding about it. We met through my sister Valerie's transgender support group, just three months after Samantha had her sex surgically reassigned. We fell in love instantaneously. We even made love on our first date. Almost a year ago, I asked her to marry me.

The day we set for our wedding was June 8, 1996. I was waiting in my limousine for the one o'clock hour to come around. We had reserved a beautiful flower garden some six months in advance. In fact, it was the garden where I proposed to her. I was given my cue from the judge to come toward the altar at about five minutes of one.

I had never met a woman like her in my life. Five-foot-nine, with long, dark brown hair, slender build, and a warm personality, I couldn't find all of that in a genetic female. She was everything I wanted in a woman. It didn't really matter to me if she was born a girl or transformed into the beauty I was about to marry, it was her beauty, femininity and warm personality that won me over. She had been working as an interior designer and decorator since she started living as a woman in 1991. She looked a lot younger than her forty-one years; I also looked a bit youthful for someone of thirty-four.

My sister, still in the preoperative stage at the time, was one of her two bridesmaids. Her maid of honor was Jenni, a young postoperative transsexual. Samantha came down the aisle on the arm of her stepfather. She was a vision in white; beautiful sleeveless bridal gown, with sequins all over the bodice, a skirt adorned with lace designs and sequins, lace trim along the hem of the skirt, and a cathedral-length train. A breathtaking headpiece with a fingertip-length veil and blusher topped her romantic ensemble. When they got near the altar, her stepfather lifted her veil, gave her a smooch, then put the veil back down over her face. He then shook my hand, and took his seat while Samantha took my arm.

The minister was a gray-haired man in his mid sixties, and ours would be the last wedding he would perform prior to retiring. “Dearly beloved, we are gathered here, in the presence of the Almighty, to join Eric and Samantha in the bonds of wedlock. If there is anyone here who should show just cause why they should not be joined together, please say so now or forever hold your peace”.

A hush fell over the place before the ceremony continued. We exchanged our vows and our rings, then the minister asked her: “Samantha Nicole Willis, do you take this man, Eric Thomas Garrett, to be your wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in times of sickness and health, now and forever?”

“I do,” she replied committingly.

“Eric, do you take Samantha to be your wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in times of sickness and health, now and forever?”

“I do,” I replied with the same air of commitment.

“With the power vested in me by this community, I now pronounce you husband and wife”. The minister paused for a moment before telling me: “You may now kiss your bride”. Samantha and I shared a long, tender kiss and a warm, tender hug.

After the ceremony, we had a reception at a local banquet hall. While Samantha was with her friends, Valerie wanted to talk to me in private.

“Eric?” she asked me.

“What is it, Val?” I then asked her.

“You know that I haven't had my sex change yet. Yet, I feel a longing to be held. Held by a handsome man like you. I long to be hugged, kissed, romanced, and made love to by a man who understands the fact that I was, myself, once a man. Samantha is a lucky girl, finding you so soon after her surgery. I hope I am as lucky as you and Samantha,” she replied longingly.

“Hmmm...Samantha and I know a few men who are still looking for a woman like you. Personally, I don't know how these things would work out with you, but it doesn't hurt to date around before your surgery,” I added.

“How soon would you two be able to play matchmaker for me?” she then asked.

“Not until we get back from our honeymoon,” I replied.

Samantha and I were dancing to our favorite song, “A Summer Place”. After a few minutes of dancing, in which she also danced with her brother and I danced with her younger sister, we sat down at our assigned places. “What did Valerie have to say to you?” she asked me.

“She asked us to play matchmaker for her,” I replied.

“Did you tell her that she would have to wait until we got back from her honeymoon before we could do it?” she then asked me.

“I did, darling,” I replied.

Little did we know that a young man, who couldn't be any more than twenty-five, had his eyes on Valerie all night. He had medium brown hair, about six-four, rather muscular build. How he would be after a five-foot, ten-inch, thirty-two-year-old woman with an average build and platinum blonde hair was only a guess, as far as Samantha and I were concerned. We had mixed feelings about what would happen next. He came up to her just as Samantha and I were drinking our champagne.

“Would you like to dance with me, gorgeous?” he asked Valerie.

“I would be very honored,” she replied.

Just as the song started, they began dancing. “What's your name, handsome?” she asked him.

“I'm Tom Hilliard,” he replied; then, he asked: “What's yours, beautiful?”

“Valerie Garrett. I'm the groom's sister,” she replied.

Samantha and I were watching Valerie and Tom dancing to a rather romantic tune. We stole a kiss while they were dancing. Soon, I would see Valerie's head rest against his chest. Somehow, we knew that it would be love at first sight.

While the song was still playing, he whispered: “Valerie, I didn't know you were that romantic!”

“That's because we just met, Tom,” she replied whisperingly.

When the song was over, Tom kissed her on her forehead. “I know that it's first sight, but I am enchanted by you,” he whispered.

“After just a few short minutes, the feeling is mutual,” she added before kissing him on the lips. She took him by the hand, and walked toward us.

I had known Tom from my days as the host of a talk show on the local access channel on cable TV. I remember him with long dreadlocks and wearing his brother's hand-me-downs; he was now wearing a crew cut and dressed in an Italian-designed suit. One thing I also knew about Tom before he set his eyes on Valerie; his older brother was also married to a transsexual woman.

“I haven't seen you in a while, Tom. How are things these days?” I asked him.

“Professionally, things have been going better for me. I have become the floor director for the eleven o'clock news since I left the cable company. I also have floor director duties for a weekly public affairs program. Romantically, I had just been dumped by another girl six months ago; it's been tough recovering from it,” he replied before asking what I had been doing.

“I've just purchased a small television station in town. While it has a clear signal for a seventy-mile radius around town, it has lacked an owner with some creative ideas. The corporation I bought it from had spurned an offer from a major conglomerate, who sought to further decimate the amount of local programming aired. They took my offer because I was committed to adding local programming; my first priority is to add a news operation,” I told him.

“How long ago did you meet Samantha?” he then asked.

“We met just three months after you left the cable company for your present assignment. Valerie introduced us. On our first date, I took her to a nice restaurant, followed by a romantic movie and some dancing afterwards. When we got back to my place, we were so madly in love with each other, that she spent the night with me,” I replied.

“So much in love, that you two got married today,” he added.

Suddenly, Valerie approached him with two glasses of wine. “Did you forget something, Tom?” she asked him.

“Come to think of it, I forgot my glass of wine. Thanks for bringing it to me, Valerie,” he replied.

“No problem,” she added, before asking me; “How do you know him?”

“Tom and I worked at the cable company several years ago,” I replied before Samantha returned from gossiping with Jenni.

“What were you and Valerie talking about, honey?” Samantha asked as she sat down next to me.

“She asked me how I knew Tom,” I replied.

“The man she was dancing with?” she then asked.

“Yes, my love,” I then replied.

“What did you tell her, sweet stuff?” she asked seductively.

“I told her that Tom and I knew each other from our cable access show days,” I whispered.

Later that evening, Samantha and I were in the bridal suite at our hotel. We had only been in the room for five minutes when Samantha asked me: “Baby, isn’t it time we consummate our marriage?”

“Come to think of it, it is,” I replied before I caressed her. We then shared a long, tender kiss; I was undoing the zipper of her bridal gown in the process. After I unzipped her bridal gown, we took a break from kissing. She seductively took off her headpiece, and gently set it on the dresser before we resumed kissing.

While we were kissing, she removed the straps of her gown from her shoulders. She guided my hands down to her bridal slip, and I was able to undo it. As the gown fell to the floor, a pair of white lace-topped stockings, a matching strapless longline bra, garter belt, bikini panties and flats were revealed. She stepped out of the gown, and that’s when I began to passionately neck her.

“That feels so good, honeybaby,” she whispered in ecstasy.

She then undressed me down to my underwear. Then, she softly caressed me along my lower back, before reaching inside my underpants to feel for my manhood. I then obliged her by taking them off. When I stood erect again, she was taking my erect manhood in her mouth, giving it some attention from her mouth and tongue. “Baby, you make me feel like a man in love,” I whispered.

After tasting my essence, she got up and sashayed closer to me. I then undid her longline bra, revealing a pair of small, but pert, breasts. I then proceeded to passion-

ately fondle each one. "Darling, you make me feel so much like a woman in love!" she whispered in an ecstatic manner.

When I got done fondling her breasts, I got up and began to caress her buttocks, still clad in her bikini panties. "Are you ready to complete the consummation of our marriage, sweet stuff?" she cooed inquisitively.

"I am, sexpot," I replied before removing her panties. She then laid down on her bed, and spread out her vagina for me to nibble and lick. She was definitely in heaven when my tongue and mouth touched it. Then, I would insert my erect manhood into her vagina. We were both in heaven!

Once we were done, I decided to get into a white pair of boxer shorts. Samantha had a surprise for me. "Wait until you see this, my love," she cooed before giving me a kiss.

A few minutes later, she sa-shayed from the bathroom in a white lace poet's shirt and matching panties. "Darling, that's so sexy!" I exclaimed in awe.

"I'm glad you approve, baby," she cooed before we exchanged a passionate kiss.

After we returned from our honeymoon to Palma de Mallorca, Samantha and I found a message from Valerie on our answering machine. She was telling us that she and Tom had a date set up for the night we returned from our honeymoon. Since Samantha and I were very tired from the long eleven-hour trip, which included a connection in London, we decided to rest up and wait for Valerie to tell us.

Tom showed up at Valerie's apartment around six-fifteen on the evening of June 20. He wore his best suit that evening, for he would be taking her to an expensive restaurant. He had a dozen roses for her. Tom knocked on the door; Valerie promptly answered, wearing a red satin dress. She was certainly surprised.

"For me, Tom?" she asked him.



“These roses are for you, Valerie,” he replied.

Valerie went to get a vase to put the roses in. She then read the note, which said: “To Valerie, the most beautiful woman in the world. I hope we can find what we’re looking for together. Love, Tom.”

“How thoughtful of you, Tom,” she said before taking his hand.

They walked out of her apartment, holding hands. Once they got to his sports car, he opened the passenger side door for her. She stepped right in, with Tom lightly holding her hand. They went to the most expensive restaurant in town for dinner. Both of them would have steaks and salads for dinner. Afterwards, they went to a nearby lake to watch the sunset.

At the lake, Valerie started the conversation. “Tom?” she asked him.

“What is it, Val?”

“Be honest now. What do you think of me so far?” she then asked.

“I think you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever met. Your personality, your impeccable beauty, and your strong sense of femininity have won me over so far. So far, you’ve been nothing but a sweetheart to me,” he replied.

“There’s also something you should know, Tom,” she said with a touch of concern.

“What is that?” he asked.

“I’ll be honest and up front about this. I’m a transsexual,” she replied.

“Go on,” he said calmly.

“Anyway, I was born a boy. Ever since I was four years old, I’ve had the feeling that I should have been a girl. I was taunted about my feminine ways early on, but my classmates at school kept their distance after I beat one guy up in the third grade. When I became a teenager, I started to realize that I was emotionally, physically and romantically attracted to men. I thought for the longest time I was gay, but I felt it wasn’t appropriate to express these desires in the male role. After I graduated from college, I started to plan my transition; I received my first hormone shots soon afterward. Within a year, I was working as a man, but living the rest of the time as a woman. Three years ago, I began to live, work and dress full-time as a woman. The only thing I have left is to have the operation that will complete my transformation from man to woman. I still don’t have a date set for my sex-change operation; I hope to hear from my doctor soon. The sooner I have the operation, the better off I’ll be,” she explained.

“To be honest with you, Valerie, I don’t really care whether you were born a boy or a girl. All I see is the beautiful woman sitting next to me. I must confess, I am falling in love with that woman,” he added.

“As much as I am falling in love with the man sitting next to me,” she whispered seductively. Both of them moved their lips closer, hesitated for a moment, then engaged in a long, tender kiss.

After they finished kissing, she cooed: “I love you, Tom.”

“I love you, too, Valerie,” he whispered.

After reflecting on their first kiss, he asked her; "What would you think if I helped you pay for your sex change?"

"The whole operation will cost me thirteen thousand dollars; I've already got eight thousand dollars saved up for it," she replied.

"I've got over fifteen thousand dollars saved up for emergencies. I'll be glad to cover the balance, once you get a surgery date," he added.

"Thank you, baby," she cooed before kissing him again.

The next day, Valerie called me at the office to tell me what had happened. When I got home that night, Samantha greeted me with the usual kiss. She had prepared baked chicken for dinner. Once we sat down to dinner, we began to talk about Valerie's date with Tom.

"Darling, would you believe that Valerie is a woman in love today?" I asked her.

"Do you mean that she's in love with Tom?" she then asked, rather surprised.

"Yes, she's in love with Tom. He bought her a dozen roses, took her to a nice restaurant, and went to the lake to see the sunset. She then revealed the fact that she is a transsexual to him; he told her that he was in love with the woman she had become. The next thing they knew, they were kissing each other. It was then they realized they were madly in love," I explained.

"Did he say anything about the operation?" she asked me inquisitively.

"She said something about his willingness to cough up some of the money for her surgery," I replied.

"How much of the cost of surgery is he willing to cover?" she then asked.

"He has over fifteen thousand dollars saved up for emergencies, from what Valerie has told me. She said he would be willing to cover any shortfalls she may have in the cost of her surgery," I explained before taking a drink of iced tea.

Tom and Valerie would spend the next several months building their relationship. The more of a feminine shape she assumed, the more they were in love. Samantha and I, in the meantime, were preparing for the possibility of adopting a child. Just before our first wedding anniversary, we had a double dose of good news.

On June 1, 1997, Valerie stopped by the house for a visit. "Eric, Samantha, are you sitting down?" she asked us, about to burst with something.

Samantha and I were both sitting down on the loveseat, looking over our bank accounts. "What's the big news?" Samantha asked her.

"I have a date set for my surgery," Valerie replied with a sense of excitement.

"When is your surgery date?" I asked her.

"I'll be having the surgery on September 8," she replied.

"We have a bit of good news, too," Samantha added.

"What, pray tell, is that?" Valerie asked, anticipating a reply.

“Samantha and I have been approved to adopt a child. We’re going down to the adoption agency on Monday to have a look at the child the agency selected for us,” I replied.

“So, I’m going to be an aunt,” Valerie added.

“You’re going to be an aunt, for sure,” Samantha added with excitement.

On June 10, 1997, two days after our first wedding anniversary, Samantha and I went down to the adoption agency. The child they selected for us turned out to be a two-year-old blonde-haired girl named Brittany. The social worker at the agency, a young genetic female named Denise, told us her background.

“This little girl was removed from an abusive situation. Her mother was a drug addict and a prostitute; her father worked as a writer for one of the local newspapers. Anyway, her mother abused her father, who kept urging her to get treatment for her drug problem and get a straight job. Every time he did this, her mother slapped and punched him relentlessly. Both of their parents had long since passed away; his sister initiated an investigation. When we found out about it, we decided it was best to remove her from such an unhealthy situation. Her father and her aunt didn’t have time to raise her, so they decided to give her up for adoption,” Denise explained.

Samantha had a room femininely decorated for Brittany. When we came home around three o’clock, we showed her to her new room. I set her suitcase down while she climbed into bed and fell asleep. “Isn’t she an angel?” Samantha asked me whisperingly.

“She’s a darling little girl,” I replied.

Just two days before Valerie had her sex-change operation, Samantha and I were told that our request to officially adopt Brittany was approved. We were able to legally change her name to Brittany Samantha Garrett.

Tom had planned to be with Valerie when she had her sex-change operation. But, Tom was suddenly called away to an assignment in the jungles of El Salvador three days before her surgery. So, I decided to join her in Portland instead.

It was eight o’clock on the morning of September 8 that I took Valerie to the hospital. She was in a red summer dress and matching flats. She had a check in her hand from Tom for four thousand dollars. Valerie had saved up the other nine thousand for her operation. I took Valerie to the admitting ward; once she had finished the paperwork, I was approached by Dr. Terry Muller.

“Valerie Garrett?” he asked.

“I’m Eric Garrett, her older brother,” I replied.

“Eric, I’m Dr. Muller. I’ll be performing your sister’s operation today,” he added.

I then wheeled Valerie to face the doctor. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, at last, Dr. Muller,” she said.

“Would you like to follow me, Mr. Garrett?” he requested. I then followed him down the corridor toward a room where she would be prepared for surgery.

“Do you remember Samantha Willis?” I asked him.

"Yes, I do. Her surgery was very successful," he replied.

"I'm married to her now," I added.

"How long have you and Samantha been married?" he then asked.

"We've been married for fifteen months now; we have just adopted a two-year-old girl named Brittany," I replied.

When we arrived in the pre-op ward, Valerie had to change into a hospital gown and be laid on a gurney. When I saw her before the surgery, I told her; "Val, be a brave girl."

"I will, Eric," she whispered.

She was in the operating room for four hours. During that time, I called into work. Everything was going smoothly. Around noon, I got a call from Tom. He was still in the jungles of El Salvador, helping a news crew with a special report. "How's Valerie doing?" he asked.

"Valerie is in surgery right now; she's been in for almost two hours now," I replied.

"I'll be coming straight to Portland from here. I'll be on the plane later tonight," he added.

"When will you finally arrive here?" I then asked.

"I'll be in Portland before midnight. I'm taking a flight from San Salvador to Houston, then connect onto another flight for Portland," he replied.

"When you arrive, Valerie will be a complete woman," I added.

Around one o'clock, Dr. Muller emerged from the operating room. "How's she doing?" I asked.

"Valerie is doing fine. The operation was a success; she's now a total woman," he replied.

"When may I see her?" I then asked.

"You may see her in a few minutes," he replied.

Valerie was still groggy from the anesthesia when she woke up around five o'clock. "Eric?" she asked me.

"I'm here, Val," I replied.

"I feel something new in my body," she whispered, somewhat in a stupor from the anesthesia.

"The operation was a success. You're now a complete female," I whispered.

Tom arrived around midnight; he took a room in a hotel near the hospital. He also had a surprise for Valerie in his suitcase; he picked it up before he left home. The next morning, he arrived at the hospital with flowers for Valerie.

"Good morning, babe," he whispered before kissing her on the cheek.

"Hi honey," she whispered with a blissful smile before he set the flowers on a stand next to her bed. After setting the flowers down, he gave her a tender kiss on the lips.

“I heard the surgery was a success, darling,” he whispered to her.

“It was a complete success, baby,” she cooed before kissing him on the lips.

I flew home that afternoon, heartened with the success of Valerie’s surgery. When I got home around seven-thirty in the evening, Samantha was carrying Brittany in her arms. Our daughter was nearly asleep.

“Hi babe,” I whispered before giving Samantha a kiss on the lips.

“Hello darling,” I whispered before kissing Brittany on the cheek. I then asked Samantha: “How’s our little angel?”

“She was quiet today. We played in the backyard this morning, then I took her with me to the grocery store. For being so good, I got her a bag of cheese puffs. Then, she was in her room all afternoon, learning to read. For a two-year-old, she knows how to keep herself occupied,” she explained.

“It’s no wonder she’s so tired,” I whispered while helping Samantha put Brittany to bed for the night.

After we both kissed our daughter goodnight, Samantha and I went into the living room. We sat on the loveseat, holding each other in our arms. “How did Valerie’s operation turn out?” she asked.

“Valerie’s operation was a success. She will be needing to recover at our place for two weeks after she comes home from the hospital,” I replied.

“Doesn’t Tom have room for her at his place?” she then asked.

“He’ll be working all this time; he’ll only have time to visit her,” I would then reply.

On September 17, Valerie was discharged from the hospital. She would arrive at our place that evening. We set up a spare bedroom for her during the rest of her recovery. We also received instructions from the doctor on how to care for her while recovering from a sex-change operation. Since Samantha had been through the surgery herself, she would be a source of support for her during her recovery period.

It wouldn’t be until after Thanksgiving that she was able to go on a date with Tom again. He had been at our house twice daily since Valerie came home from the hospital. On December 1, they were able to set up that date. He wore a suit and tie, while she wore a pink cocktail dress. They went out to an expensive restaurant, like he had always done with her since they first started dating. This time, he would ask her a very important question.

After they ordered their dinners, Tom gathered his thoughts. “Valerie?” he asked her.

“What is it, dear?” she then asked.

“Remember when we first met?” he asked in a reminiscent manner.

“Yes, I do, babe,” she cooed with an air of sentimentality.

“That night, I somehow had the feeling that I had found the perfect girl for me. When we first laid eyes on each other, we didn’t know that we would eventually fall madly in love with each other. That night was also special for your brother, as he took

Samantha as his wife. I want you to know that I have never loved a woman as much as I love you, Valerie. Nothing will change that," he explained.

"I also felt that I had found the perfect man for me on the evening of Eric and Samantha's wedding. When I first laid my eyes on you, I thought you were the most handsome man I ever met. Little did I know that I would fall madly in love with you. I somehow knew you would be understanding of the fact I was born a boy. Now, as the beautiful woman I've become, I'd like to let you know that I've never loved anyone as much as I love you, Tom. You will always be the love of my life," she added.

"What I am about to ask you will change our lives," he said with commitment.

"What is that, I wonder?" she asked whisperingly.

Tom then got up from his seat at the table, and got down on his knees. "Valerie, will you marry me?" he asked her.

For a moment, Valerie thought about how she would answer him. She smiled blissfully, and replied: "Yes, Tom. I will marry you!"

After sharing a kiss, he slipped an engagement ring on the ring finger of her left hand. "After all we've been through together, darling, I felt it would be a great time to propose. This ring is a reminder of the commitment we've made tonight," he whispered lovingly before giving her a kiss on the lips.

When she got home, Brittany was already in bed. Samantha and I were watching the local news. Valerie walked into the living room, still looking fresh in her cocktail dress. She waited until a commercial break before asking us; "Eric, Samantha, are you ready for this?"

"What, pray tell, is the latest?" I asked her.

"Have a look at my left hand," she replied before showing off her engagement ring.

"Valerie, that's beautiful!" Samantha exclaimed.

"I'd take it Tom asked you to marry him," I added.

"Yes, he popped the question tonight. I was more than gracious to accept," she added with pride.

Samantha left the room for a minute to prepare a bowl of popcorn. Since both of our parents had passed away, Valerie asked me: "Would you like to give me away on the day of my wedding?"

"Sure, I will. Anything for my beautiful sister," I replied.

I then got up to prepare a pitcher of lemonade for the three of us. While I was preparing the lemonade, Valerie asked Samantha if she would stand in as the mother of the bride.

"Even though I'm your sister-in-law, I would be honored," she replied.

They set June 11, 1998 as their wedding date; three days after our second wedding anniversary and the day after the first anniversary of our adoption of Brittany. Tom and Valerie decided on the same flower garden that Samantha and I exchanged our wedding vows in as the site for their wedding.

Samantha was resplendent in a pink lace-overlay dress, while we picked out a matching dress for Brittany, who was already three years old. She walked down the aisle to take her seat, while she set Brittany down in the seat next to her. Tom's parents came down the aisle; his mother was just as radiant in a red gown.

Valerie was in the bride's room, with her flower girl, bridesmaids and me. Both of her bridesmaids wore lavender gowns with pick-up skirts revealing tiers of lavender lace. Her maid of honor was Jessica McGillicuddy, a young preoperative transsexual. The second bridesmaid was her best friend, Lauren Love, a genetic female about her age. The flower girl was Tom's five-year-old niece, Tara Hilliard. She was dressed in a white flower girl's gown. Valerie was just smashing in an antique white gown with short sleeves, a pick-up skirt revealing tiers of lace, a bow tie in the back at the waistline, a sweetheart neckline, and topped with a pearl-adorned bridal headpiece, from which a fingertip-length veil and blusher cascaded. When the two o'clock hour came, I asked her; "Are you ready, Val?"

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be," said Valerie before she put the blusher down over her face.

After the blusher was straightened out by Jessica, Tara walked down the aisle first. She spread flower petals across the aisle. She was followed by Lauren, who was greeted by her husband, Jake; he was Tom's neighbor in his youth. Then, Jessica followed Lauren down the aisle; she was greeted by her boyfriend, Gene Farley. Gene was Tom's best friend from childhood; he was understanding of Jessica's transsexuality. Then, a hush fell over before the music started again. I then walked Valerie down the aisle. Everyone was raving over her bridal gown. When I got to the altar, I gave her a smooch. Afterwards, I turned to Tom and shook his hand to congratulate him. Valerie then let go of my arm, and took hold of his. I then sat down next to Samantha.

The minister was a young man named Xavier Davidson, fresh out of the seminary. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the sight of God, to join this man, Thomas, and this woman, Valerie, in the sacred bond of Holy Matrimony. It is such a beautiful expression of love; the expression of marital love. However, if there is anyone who can show just cause why these two cannot lawfully share in that expression, let that person speak now or forever hold his or her peace," explained Reverend Davidson. A hush fell over the garden, before he proceeded.

They only took thirty minutes to exchange their marriage vows. Near the end of the ceremony, he asked Valerie: "Will you, Valerie Renee Garrett, take this man, Thomas Zachary Hilliard, as your wedded husband; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in times of sickness and health, and in times of poverty and wealth, for as long as you both shall live?"

"I will," Valerie replied.

"Will you, Thomas Zachary Hilliard, take this woman, Valerie Renee Garrett, as your wedded wife; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in times of sickness and health, and in times of poverty and wealth, for as long as you both shall live?"

"I will," Tom replied.

“With the power vested in me by this community, I now pronounce you husband and wife,” Reverend Davidson said with pride. Tom then turned toward Valerie, lifted the blusher from her face. They would exchange a long, tender kiss and a warm embrace. “I love you, Tom,” she whispered.

“I love you, too, Valerie,” he whispered back.

They turned toward the small gathering, while Reverend Davidson proclaimed; “Ladies and gentlemen, I now present to you Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hilliard.”

That night, they were in the Bridal Suite of a nearby hotel. Valerie was now only in an antique white bustier with matching panties and detachable garters, while Tom was only in a pair of white bikini briefs. “Are you ready to consummate our marriage, babe?” she cooed.

“You know I am, darling,” he replied before passionately kissing her.

Valerie then proceeded to slip off Tom’s briefs; when they dropped to the floor, he stepped out of them. She would take his erect manhood and slide it into her mouth, working it with her mouth and tongue. “That feels good, baby,” he whispered. While she was fondling his manhood, he undid her bustier; it fell on her lap when the last clasp was undone; he then reached for the clasps of her garters, and undid them. Several minutes later, he tasted his essence. “You taste sweet, my love,” she whispered after taking his manhood out of her mouth.

She then moved over to the other side of the bed, where her breasts were in plain sight. He then began to fondle them with the same unbridled passion. “Baby, that feels great,” she cooed whisperingly. After he finished fondling her breasts, he would kiss her all over her body. “I’ve got something to show you, dear,” she whispered seductively, preparing to pull off her panties.

“Go ahead and show me, sexpot,” he whispered in her ear. She slid off her panties, revealing her vagina. He proceeded to nibble and lick it, then inserted his manhood inside her. Both of them were at an ecstatic high they had never known. “Baby, you make me feel like a complete woman,” she moaned in ecstasy. “You make me feel like a complete man, sexy,” he whispered, laboring for breath. When they climaxed in each other’s love organs, he carried her to the shower, where they took their first shower as husband and wife. After they got out, Tom slipped on a white pair of pajama bottoms, while Valerie took her sweet time putting on her white teddy. They fell asleep soon after they climbed into bed.

That night, Samantha and I were reflecting on the day’s events. “I’m glad Valerie has found her prince. There aren’t that many men out there like myself and Tom, who make an honest effort to understand transsexual women. Women like you and Valerie, who have found their true love, are very rare in our society,” I explained.

“I think so, too, darling. It is very rare for a transsexual woman to date a man, let alone find her true love,” Samantha added.

“I’m glad I found you, Samantha,” I whispered blissfully.

“I’m especially glad I found you, too, Eric,” she cooed before we kissed each other goodnight.

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The best is yet to come! ...More to come next month....