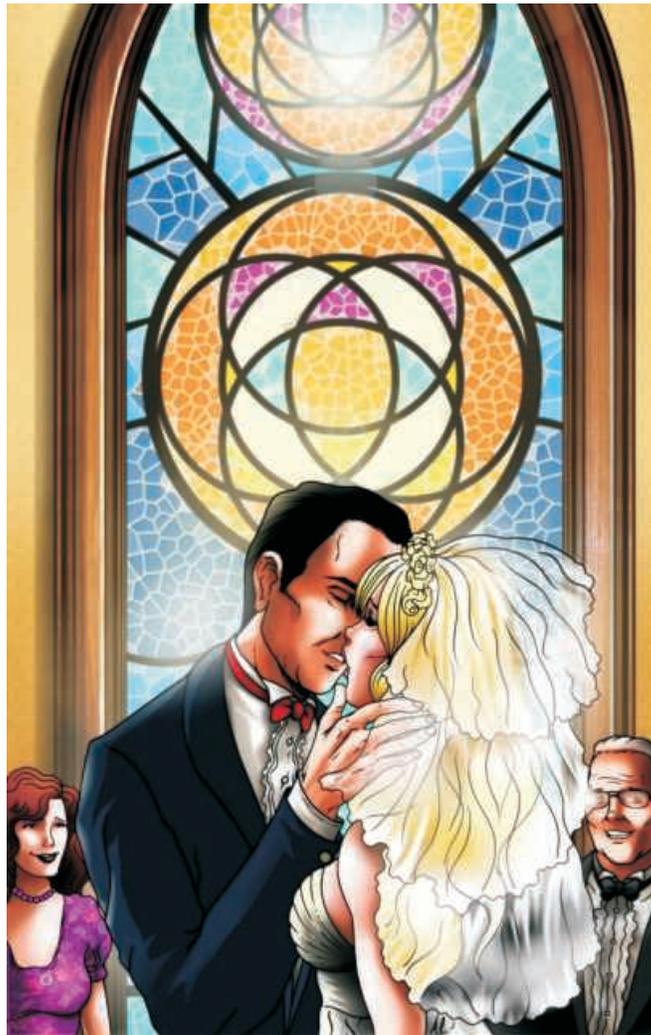




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# STEVENSON'S STORIES V

E. B. Stevenson



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# STEVENSON'S STORIES V:

## *Wedding Bells are Ringing!*

**by E.B. Stevenson**

### **One- THE DAY MIRANDA HAS DREAMED OF**

I met Miranda in September of 2002, while working on a photo shoot for a top fashion designer. I was thirty-six at the time; she was twenty-six. She was six feet tall, average build, with shoulder-length strawberry blonde hair. Only her closest friends knew that she was born a boy; she started her modeling career in 1996, when she was only living part-time as a girl. She had been a top female impersonator as well, winning several pageants and performing in an all-transgender rock band. She had started hormone therapy just before I met her. I was with her throughout her transition from man to woman, and when she had her sex-change operation in April of 2004. She was even there for me when my mother died in May of 2003 and when my father remarried a year later.

The summer after her operation, Miranda and I opened our own photography studio in suburban Chicago, where we not only did photography for weddings and portrait photography, but also on-location photography. We decided to be transgender-friendly as well. One of our photography assignments took us to New York, where we were shooting photos for some custom backgrounds we were planning for our studio. It was on a cool evening in October 2004 when I proposed to her; she accepted.

May 7, 2005 was the day we chose for our wedding; a picture-perfect day. We would hold the wedding in a transgender-friendly church near downtown Chicago. Miranda was in the bride's room at the church; it was without windows. She was in just a longline bra, G-string panties, lace-top stockings, garter belt and a crinoline, all in white, getting ready to put on her wedding gown. One of her transsexual friends, Samantha Martin, had al-

ready gotten into her pink bridesmaid's gown. Samantha was five-eleven with long, blonde hair. "Before you put your gown on, Miranda, may I confide in you?" she asked.

"Go ahead, Sam," Miranda replied.

"Today is the day you've dreamed of since before you started living full-time as a woman. When I met you, you and I were at the same stage in our transitional periods. We were already living full-time as women, with plans to undergo sex reassignment surgery at some point. You're lucky to have such a sweet, loving man like Eric in your life. I'm starting to feel the same way about my man."

"Do you mean you're in love with Johnny?" Miranda asked.

"Last night, at the rehearsal dinner, he confessed that he was in love with me. I didn't know what to think about his confession. He told me that I was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life. I confessed that he is the most handsome man I've ever met. It makes my life as a woman more meaningful," Samantha replied.

"Eric said the same about me when he confessed his love. I told him the feeling was mutual. I've been blessed to have such a sweet man like him; he loves me as the woman I am now. You're blessed to have such a loving, kind man like Johnny in your life. I hope you two can explore the possibilities of your relationship," added Miranda.

The door to the bride's room opened; a middle-aged woman of average height with a slender build, salt-and-pepper hair and wearing a grey pantsuit, walked in. "Miranda Riley?" she asked with a hint of a Southern accent.

"I'm Miranda Riley," Miranda informed her.

"I'm Phoebe Miller; I'm here to do your hair for your wedding," she announced before another bridesmaid arrived. She had long brunette hair, and was five-ten, slender build, wearing a gown identical to Samantha's.

"What held you up, Laura?" Miranda asked.

"The traffic on the expressway; there was an accident on the Eisenhower near the Tri-State," Laura replied.

"Laura Riley, this is Phoebe Miller; she's the hairstylist for the wedding. Phoebe, this is my younger sister, Laura," Miranda told her.

"It is my pleasure to meet you, Laura," Phoebe said to her.

"The feeling is mutual," Laura added.

"Laura, Samantha, would you help me get into my wedding gown?" she asked them.

"Sure thing, Miranda," Samantha replied.

"May I help you with your gown?" Phoebe asked her.

"Sure," Miranda replied.

It took about five minutes to get Miranda into her gown; she looked absolutely breathtaking. The gown was white with medium-length lace sleeves, a sweetheart neckline, lace-adorned bodice, lace-trimmed waistline with a bow in the back, heart-shaped lace designs all over the skirt, and a lace-trimmed hemline. A huge heart-shaped lace design adorned the chapel-length train.

"Eric will be in love when he sees you in your gown," Laura complimented.

"You look so beautiful and romantic," added Samantha.

Miranda then sat down to let Phoebe do her hair. "This is the first time I've done a transsexual's hair for her wedding day. I've done hair for several genetic female brides down in Georgia, where I live. I even run a makeover and photo service for transgenders out of my home. This is the first time I've been called out of town to do hairstyling for a wedding," Phoebe told Miranda and the bridesmaids.

"Laura is the only genetic female in the wedding; she hopes to find a good man to marry one day," Miranda told her.

"You'll find a good man when you least expect it, Laura. Miranda didn't expect to meet the groom, but it happened," Phoebe assured her.

When Phoebe was done, Miranda's hair had been done upward; a bridal tiara had been fastened, with a fingertip-length veil and blusher. Phoebe then went to work on the bridesmaids' hairstyles; both of them had their hair done upward in a bun style with tiaras fastened to them.

"You look absolutely breathtaking, Miranda!" Samantha said with pride.

"You are so beautiful; Eric will be in love with you forever," added Laura.

In the meantime, I was in an office at the church with Johnny Rowan, the best man, and my friend Kevin Smith. "What made you decide to marry a transsexual?" Kevin asked.

"When Miranda and I met, I did not know that she was a transsexual. I had dated women like her before; that was because I had so few genetic females to choose from. One thing about her that really made me feel comfortable was that she is very open-minded, and very feminine. When I introduced her to my father and stepmother, they were thrilled at her feminine beauty. Of course, they were rather skeptical as to my dating, let alone marrying, a post-op transsexual. She is everything I want in a woman," I replied.

"I've also dated women like Miranda before; I didn't know that I would be in love before I met her friend Samantha. She's incredibly open-minded, very feminine and, by far, the most romantic woman I've ever met. The feeling was mutual when I confessed to her that I was in love with her," added Johnny.

"Do you still consider yourselves straight, even after dating girls who used to be guys?" Kevin then asked.

"I consider myself to be straight. I have only dated girls," I replied.

"I'm only attracted to those of the female persuasion, regardless of whether they were born male or female," Johnny informed him.

Our pastor, Philip Wills, opened the door after we finished the discussion. "Are you ready to take your bride?" he asked me.

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be," I replied.

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Meanwhile, Miranda was awaiting the arrival of her uncle, Will Riley. He was in his late forties, six-four with salt-and-pepper hair and a heavy build; her Aunt Madeline was in her early thirties, six feet tall with a slender build and long blonde hair. Miranda's parents, Michael and Darlene, were both in nursing homes; Michael due to injuries received in a 2000 auto accident, Darlene due to a debilitating stroke she suffered in 1999. A knock came at the door of the bride's room around one o'clock.

"Are you ready, Miranda?" her uncle asked.

"I'm ready to get married, Uncle Will," she replied.

"You, Laura and Samantha look so radiant today," he complimented.

Samantha, Laura and Phoebe helped Miranda with the train of her gown as they were getting ready to walk down the aisle. James Riley, Will and Madeline's son, as the ring bearer, walked down the aisle first. He was followed by the flower girl, Samantha's niece Jenny Martin. The first bridesmaid down the aisle was Laura; she was met by Kevin. Following her was Samantha, who was met by her boyfriend Johnny. I was at the altar where I awaited Miranda's walk down the aisle. Needless to say, she was the most beautiful bride I had ever seen. When she arrived on the arm of her uncle, he lifted her blusher to give her a kiss before replacing it over her beautiful face before shaking my hand. "Congratulations, Eric; you are the best man for our beautiful Miranda," he whispered to me. She took me by the arm, and we walked up together to face our minister.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the eyes of the Almighty, to join Miranda Renee Riley and Eric Samuel Borland in the Most Sacred Bond of Holy Matrimony. It has been a long, hard road to get to this day, but they demonstrated that the love they share for each other has overcome many obstacles on the way. Today, they will publicly declare their love for each other by the exchange of vows of marriage. Now, if there are any reasons why these two should not be joined together, let that person say so now or forever hold his or her peace." A silence fell over the church as Phil took a brief break.

When the time came to recite our vows, Miranda went first. "I, Miranda, take you, Eric, as my wedded husband. I will love, honor, and cherish you through all the days of my life. You have shown me the kind of love that no other man has ever shown me. You have loved me unconditionally, regardless of my circumstances. I am grateful that I have been the most special woman in your life; you have been with me through thick and thin ever since the day we met. Today, I make a pledge to you; that I will love you and be with you throughout the remainder of our lives as your beloved wife."

I went next. "I, Eric, take you, Miranda, as my wedded wife; I will love, honor and cherish you through all the days of my life. You have shown me the kind of love no other woman has ever shown. You have loved me unconditionally, regardless of my circumstances. I am grateful that I have been the special man in your life; you have been with me through thick and thin since the day we met. Today, I make a pledge to you that I will love you and be with you through the remainder of our lives as your beloved husband."

We lit a candle symbolizing the joining of two people as one married couple, before we exchanged rings. James came up to the altar to hand Phil the pillow, to which our wedding bands were tied. Miranda took one of the bands, and held it in the index and middle fingers of her left hand, just barely slipping it on the ring finger of my left hand.

"Eric, with this ring, I thee wed," she said with an air of commitment before slipping the ring completely on the ring finger of my left hand. I did the same thing with Miranda. I recited, with love and commitment, "Miranda, with this ring, I thee wed." I slipped the wedding band on the ring finger of her left hand.

Toward the end of the ceremony, Phil asked Miranda, "Do you, Miranda Renee Riley, take this man, Eric Samuel Borland, as your wedded husband; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I do," Miranda replied with a wide smile and an air of commitment.

"Do you, Eric Samuel Borland, take this woman, Miranda Renee Riley, as your wedded wife; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I do," I replied with commitment.

"By the power vested in me by the State of Illinois and the City of Chicago, I now pronounce you husband and wife," he informed us. Miranda and I looked at each other lovingly for a moment, before Phil informed me: "Eric, you may now kiss your bride." I gently lifted the blusher off her face, and gave her a long, tender kiss and a warm embrace. "I love you, Eric," she whispered. "I love you too, Miranda," I whispered back before we turned to face our friends and relatives in attendance. The bridesmaids prepared the train of her gown for the walk back up the aisle as Phil announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Mr. and Mrs. Eric Borland."

We walked up the aisle to the front of the church, where we greeted our guests. While the guests waited outside, the wedding party and our families stayed in the church to pose for photos. When Miranda and I emerged from the church, our guests launched white balloons with postcards on them, asking the finder to send them to us at our place of residence.

I got into the limousine first, while Miranda got in after me; her bridesmaids helped her with the train. Once we left the church, Miranda and I kissed; after that, she lovingly whispered: "Eric, thanks for making me the happiest girl in the world."

"Thanks for making me the luckiest man in the world; I'm very happy to be married to a beautiful woman like you," I whispered to her.

"I love you, Eric, with all my heart, this day and in all the days to come."

"I love you, too, Miranda, with every ounce of my soul, now and forever," I whispered passionately before we engaged in a passionate kiss.

We were still kissing when we arrived at the hotel where our reception was being held.

"Miranda, Eric, would you kindly step out of the car?" Laura asked us.

"Laura, you scared us!" I exclaimed.

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The bridesmaids helped Miranda with her train; this time, she carried her train on her right arm, while carrying her bouquet in her left hand. We walked into the ballroom to a standing ovation. We walked over to the dais, where we stood before Johnny, who was holding up a glass of champagne. Miranda and I had our glasses poured before our arrival.

“Eric, you have been one of my best friends since we were children. I often wondered who would be sharing your journey through life. I didn’t know what to think when Miranda came into your life three years ago. I wasn’t sure how I would take my friend dating a woman who was born a boy. When you introduced me to Miranda not long after you two started dating, I thought only about the beautiful woman she had become. I somehow knew that you two were meant for each other.”

Johnny paused for a moment, before he continued with his speech. “Miranda, you have shown such grace and courage. You have been through a lot to get to this day. I never knew that such a beautiful woman would come into his lonely life before you came along. I’m glad I recognized the beautiful woman you have become, and that you have settled this man down. Take care of each other, and love each other throughout all the days of your lives. May you fill your new home in Evanston with happiness, love and kindness.” He paused another moment, before proclaiming: “Here’s to the bride and groom!” Everyone raised their glasses in a toast to our union.

After we ate a buffet dinner, Miranda and I had our first dance as husband and wife. “Do you remember the first time we met, honey?” she asked me.

“I remember the day we met if it were yesterday,” I replied.

“Even while I was modeling some of those curve-hugging dresses, I knew that you couldn’t take your eyes off of me. I couldn’t take my eyes off of you, either. Somehow, I had the feeling that we were meant for each other. When I told you that I was born a boy, you were very understanding. You were falling in love with the woman I had become. At the same time, I was falling in love with you. Even as I was undergoing my operation, you were there for me.”

“When I first laid eyes on you, I thought you were the sexiest and most beautiful girl I had ever seen in my life. I had never been so captivated by a woman until I met you. I had prepared for the day you told me you were born a boy; I had read a lot of literature on transsexuals in order to prepare for such a situation. When you told me, I was prepared. I was falling in love with the woman you had become; I knew, too, that you were falling in love with me. Today, I am the happiest man on earth; I’m very happy you became my wife today. I’m so glad that I will hold you forever.”

“You made me the happiest girl in the world today; I’m so glad you became my husband today. I feel so safe in your arms.”

We were gently holding each other, like two teenagers in love, as the first song ended. I kissed her on the forehead, and whispered: “I love you, Miranda.”

"Eric, I love you, too," she whispered before her uncle cut in and began dancing with her.

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After we danced with our guests for two hours, it was time for us to do our thing. "Will all the single ladies take your places behind the bride for the bouquet toss?" asked Kevin. Miranda had her back toward the single ladies, who were getting ready to catch the bouquet. The guests counted to three before Miranda tossed the bouquet behind her. I was quite surprised to see who caught it... my new sister-in-law Laura.

Then, it was my turn to toss my bride's garter to the single men. Miranda sat down on a chair, and began to slowly raise the skirt of her wedding gown, looking at me with her facial expression being that of sweetness and seduction. When she raised it to where I could see the garter, I got down on one knee and began to slowly slide it off her leg. It was a white garter with a pink bow around it. I slowly slid it off her leg while the DJ was playing "The Stripper." Once I got it past her knee, she crossed her legs in a feminine, seductive, fashion. I continued to slowly slide it down until I had it completely off. I then turned my back toward the single men, and tossed the garter. When I finally heard the cheers, I turned my back to see that Johnny had caught the garter. Samantha then walked up to kiss him. Kevin then borrowed the microphone from the DJ, and said: "Samantha, Johnny wants to say something to you."

Johnny took the microphone from Kevin's right hand, and said: "Sam, we have known each other for quite some time now. You have shown me the kind of love that no other woman has shown me. On the day that two of our best friends, Miranda and Eric, tied the knot, I have something to confess to you. I love you with all my heart. I have never loved a woman more than I love you." He then took a small white box from the right pocket of his tuxedo, and opened it; an engagement ring was inside. He then got down on his left knee, and asked her: "Samantha, will you marry me?"

She was surprised to hear that question coming out of his mouth; she began to shed tears of joy. "Johnny, I love you more than any other man in this world. I would be very happy to be your wife. I graciously accept your proposal of marriage," she replied before he slipped the ring on the ring finger of her left hand. After he got off his knee, he gave her a tender kiss.

Samantha then walked over to show off the ring to Miranda, while I walked over to give Johnny a glass of champagne. "Johnny, she's just the girl for you," I told him.

"She's a keeper, that's for sure," he added.

"I remember the time you and Samantha met. You had a few reservations about being introduced to a woman like her. I didn't have any reservations about dating, let alone getting into a relationship with or marrying, a male-to-female transsexual when I met

Miranda. When we got serious about our relationship, she showed me a few photos of her when she was Michael.”

“I did have reservations about being introduced to Samantha. I didn’t know what to think about dating a male-to-female transsexual. But, when I saw how beautiful and utterly feminine she had become, I wanted to know her better. When we started dating, she showed me photographs of her when she was Steve. I had fallen in love with the beautiful woman she had become. I’m glad I asked her to be my wife.”

“So, are you going to wait until after she has her operation?”

“Of course, we’re going to wait until after Samantha has her surgery. She has it scheduled for this July. I’ll be going with her to Colorado.”

“I was with Miranda when she went for her operation last year. She was grateful to have such a loving man with her when she made the final step into womanhood. I was wise to wait to propose to her until after the operation.”

As I was finishing that sentence, Samantha came up to Johnny, and gave him a kiss.

“Have you shown Eric your ring?” he asked her.

“No, I haven’t,” she replied before she raised her left hand to shoulder level, and allowed me to examine her engagement ring.

“It’s a beautiful ring, Samantha,” I complimented.

“Thank you, Eric. You gave Miranda a beautiful ring when you proposed to her,” she added.

“You did a great job of selecting a ring for her,” I said to Johnny.

“We don’t plan on getting married until after my sex-change operation,” added Samantha before Miranda approached me.

“Honey, your father and stepmother have a surprise for us,” she informed me.

“Thanks for telling me, darling,” I whispered before leaving Samantha and Johnny alone to talk about their future plans.

We held hands as we walked toward my father and stepmother. My stepmother was holding an envelope in her left hand. “Eric, Miranda, I didn’t know what to think when you two first met. Most of the things I found out about transsexuals came from the media. I didn’t know what I was in for when you brought Miranda home to meet us. I wish I wasn’t critical of you when you told your stepmother and I didn’t feel comfortable with the fact that you wanted to bring her home, but I’d like to apologize for what I said. I realize how beautiful of a woman Miranda is; she’s just perfect for you,” my father explained.

“Your father and I had a long talk about this, and felt that this was an appropriate wedding gift for you. I am proud to have you as my stepson, and equally proud to have Miranda as a member of our family. We love you, Miranda, for making Eric the loving man he is now,” my stepmother added.

“Thank you, Mark and Barbara,” Miranda added.

“What’s in this envelope?” I asked them before my stepmother gave me the envelope. I opened it, to find a very big surprise.

“What is it, sweetheart?” Miranda asked me.

“Hotel and rental car reservations for a tour of Europe,” I replied.

“Fourteen days and thirteen nights traveling Europe, starting in Manchester, England, and going throughout the English countryside, across the Channel Tunnel into France, a couple of days in Paris, and a nice drive through the French countryside, down to Nice, Monte Carlo and Cannes, then toward Biarritz, and back toward the English Channel, before departing from London,” Miranda added.

“Who’s going to mind the studio while we’re away?” I asked her.

“Johnny will be taking care of things while we’re on our honeymoon,” she replied.

When the reception finally wound down around midnight, Miranda and I checked into our suite. It was a beautiful night, with the lights of downtown Chicago outside our window, looking toward the lakefront. Miranda was still in her bridal gown, while I was still in my tux, although I took off the jacket. We were holding each other tenderly and looking out the window toward the lake. All of our dreams had come true.

“Eric, honey?” she asked me while gently rubbing my back with her fingers.

“Yes, Miranda, my dear,” I replied while gently holding her at the waist.

“I have dreamed of this night since I was younger. Never in my wildest dreams did I know that this night would come true. Tonight, you made me a very happy girl. Everything I’ve dreamed of has come true... finding a man who loves me as the woman I have become, being successful in a career and in business, and becoming a loving wife. Eric, you have made my dream come true. For that, I am forever grateful.”

“Darling, I’ve dreamed of this night since I was a little boy. Even when I was rejected by the girls when I was in high school, even when interest in me expressed by other women was on the decline after I broke off my engagement to a genetic female, I dreamed of being a happily married man. I dreamed of this day when we first met. Our first date, the first kiss we shared, the moment I asked you to be my girlfriend, your operation, the moment I asked you to marry me; I saw these as steps along the way to this moment in time. From the day we met, I knew that I wanted to share the rest of my days with you. Miranda, you have made me a very happy man; you love me as the man I am, and I will be forever grateful to you for making me your husband.”

Miranda then seductively removed her veil and headpiece; I set them on the top of the dresser in our suite. Facing the lakefront and the night lights of Chicago, we passionately kissed each other. After about three minutes of passionate kisses, she cooed, “Eric, make love to me. Make me your woman.”

She began to undo the bow tie, vest and shirt on my tux while I was unzipping her gown. After she finished undoing the shirt on my tux, I drew the curtains closed. Once the curtains were closed, I tenderly held the bodice of her gown as she slipped her arms out of the sleeves. After that, I reached into the gown to undo the drawstring on her crinoline. After her gown fell to the floor, her longline bra, G-string panties, garter belt, lace-top stockings and white satin flats were revealed. She then undid the pants, revealing a pair of boxer briefs. I swept her off her feet, and gently carried her to the bed, and began passion-

ately kissing each other. While I was kissing her, I undid the hooks of her bra, revealing two very beautiful breasts. I began to passionately neck her.

“Oh, Eric, you make me feel like a total woman!” she said with passion and love before I proceeded down to her breasts. “Baby, that feels wonderful,” she said lustfully. After I tasted the milk from each breast, I turned over on my back, where she took off my boxer briefs, and began to give my manhood attention with her mouth and tongue.

“Miranda, you know how to satisfy this man like no other woman. I’m very happy you’re now my beloved wife,” I whispered lovingly as she continued to give my manhood attention. When she tasted my essence, she got up to allow me to undo her garter belt.

When she took off her garter belt, she allowed me to slip off her panties. Getting back on the bed, she spread her sexy legs, and whispered lustfully, “Eric, my love, I want you inside me.” I inserted my manhood into her vagina; it was painful for her at first, making love for the first time as a woman and for the first time as my wife. “Give it to me, my love!” she exclaimed as I moved my manhood within her.

“I want your body, sexpot,” I whispered while I moved my manhood inside her. We reached a plane of passion we had never known before. It was indeed a beautiful sensation for us; we had never felt so in love as we did at this moment, on our wedding night. My love began to pool in her depths; it was at that point we consummated our marriage. “Eric, my Eric, you’ve made me a total woman,” she said, laboring for breath.

“Miranda, my love, you’ve made me feel like a complete man,” I whispered, also laboring for breath. When we finished consummating our marriage, I carried her to a heart-shaped bathtub, where I set her down gently in the water. I stepped in afterwards, and shared our first bath as husband and wife.

After finishing our bath, I got into a pair of red boxer shorts, while Miranda got into a white teddy and matching negligee. “What time do we leave tomorrow?” she asked me.

“Not until after 4:00,” I replied.

“You’re the most special man in the world, darling,” she whispered to me.

“You’re the most beautiful woman in the world, babe,” I whispered to her.

“Good night, Eric, my love.”

“Good night, Miranda. You are the love of my life,” I whispered before we shared a kiss and fell asleep.

Miranda and I had a great time in England and France; we even had a case of French wine shipped back home from Bordeaux. When we returned, Johnny helped us build a steady clientele of female impersonators and other transgendered people for our business.

Samantha had her sex-change operation three months after Miranda and I got married; when she and Johnny married the following spring, I was the best man and Miranda the matron of honor. At the beginning of 2007, Miranda and I decided it was time to adopt. Today, we have a successful business, a strong marriage, and two very beautiful adopted children; Eric, age five, and Melissa, age two. What more can a man and a woman ask for?

## Two-“TWO BRIDES ARE BETTER THAN ONE!”

My younger brother Timothy had just come back from his honeymoon with his gorgeous wife, Katrina. She knew about his feminine alter ego, Tiffany. Today would be the second ceremony; a double-gown ceremony for their transgendered friends. They had planned this extensively since they got engaged a year before. This couldn't have come at a better time, as I had lost my wife to heart disease four months previously, leaving me to raise our six-year-old daughter, Alison, alone. I left her with my parents as I attended their second ceremony. I would be giving Tiffany away.

It was a beautiful spring day for their double-gown ceremony. Katrina had selected a different wedding gown from the one she wore at their first ceremony. Instead of a tuxedo, Tim would be transformed into Tiffany, and wearing a bridal gown, too. It was twelve-thirty as I arrived back at my residence to get into my tux. My older sister Susan, younger sister Olivia, and Darlene, my new girlfriend, were helping transform Tim into Tiffany. Darlene and Tiffany met through their transgender support group; the difference between them was that Darlene was going through her transition from man to woman. It was Tiffany and Katrina who introduced me to Darlene. All of Tiffany's bridesmaids would be crossdressers; they were being transformed in another room with the help of Darlene's closest genetic female friend, Kate.

Darlene emerged from the room where Tiffany was being transformed, wearing a pink satin dress with a white lace overlay. "Hi babe," she cooed.

"Hello darling," I whispered before giving her a kiss.

"I'd like for you to meet Tiffany's bridesmaids; they are quite a fine group of girls. They would really like to meet you."

Darlene and I held hands as we walked to the next room, where the bridesmaids had just finished transforming. All three bridesmaids were in royal blue tea-length bridesmaid's dresses. Darlene pointed out the tall, blonde girl first. "Eric, this is Emily; she is Tiffany's maid of honor today." I gently took her hand, and kissed it. She then pointed out the brunette. "This is Heather." I took her hand, gently rubbed it with my thumb, and kissed it. She then pointed me to a red-haired girl. "This is Janelle." I gently took her hand, before she curtsied and I kissed her hand. Then, I noticed a flower girl wearing a pink dress. "This is Natalie; she is also a crossdresser, even though she's just six years old." She looked cute; nobody could tell that she was really a boy.

Two limousines awaited our emergence in front of my place of residence; one for the bridesmaids and flower girl, and one for Tiffany, Darlene, Susan, Olivia and I. The bridesmaids walked out of the house first, with Natalie not far behind. Darlene was first to arrive at the front door. "Honey, I'll meet you inside the limo," she whispered before we exchanged a kiss. Susan and Olivia were close behind, wearing identical dresses.

Then, Tiffany walked toward me, wearing a white bridal gown with a cathedral-length train and a heart-shaped lace design, puffed sleeves, a sweetheart neckline, a lace-adorned bodice, a skirt with heart-shaped designs in lace, a bow tie in back, topped with a tiara, from which a fingertip-length veil and blusher cascaded. "You look handsome, Eric," she complimented.

"You look quite breathtaking, Tiffany," I told her before we exchanged a smooch. I gently lowered the blusher over her face to prepare for the trip to a nearby park. She got in the limousine first; I helped her with the train of her gown.

Katrina was waiting in the bride's room of a nearby hotel. Her twin sister, Karen, was putting the final touches on her bridal ensemble. She was in a gown identical to Tiffany's. "When you met your spouse, I didn't know what to expect. You introduced me to Tim first. I thought he was a cute guy, wearing a suit and all. Then, you introduced me to his feminine alter ego, Tiffany. I thought she was beautiful. We both have learned to love both Tim and Tiffany in the two years you've known one another," Karen said.

"I've always loved a man who can dress as both sexes, and be attractive as both of them. There was something different about Tim when we first met. Most of the guys I dated up until I met him were absolute jerks. One of them nearly put me in the hospital. I thought I would never date a nice guy. That night when I went bar-hopping with my friends was when I first laid eyes on him. He was in a suit and tie, with his long hair tied back. I thought he was cute. When I introduced myself to him, we pretty much hit it off immediately. I was amazed to see how nice he really was. He bought me a drink. When we went out on our first date, I saw pictures of a girl at his place. I wondered who that girl was, and he told me that it was him. That's how I was introduced to Tiffany. Two weeks later, we went out on our first date dressed as girls. When he asked me to marry him, he was in a woman's pantsuit," added Katrina.

"Are you ready to go, Katrina?" asked Karen.

"Yes, I am," she replied.

When we arrived at the park, we were shown by Kathy,



Katrina's older sister, to a nearby room inside a huge greenhouse, which was set up for the ceremony. She was in a canary yellow dress with lace overlay, canary yellow satin pumps, with her light brown hair done in a bun. "You look terrific today, Tiffany," she told her.

"You look great as well, Kathy," Tiffany complimented.

"Who is this young man?" Kathy then asked.

"This is my older brother, Eric. The woman with him is his girlfriend, Darlene," Tiffany replied.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Kathy," I said while I gently shook her hand.

"Have you always been supportive of Tiffany?" she asked.

"I have always been supportive of Tiffany. When we were younger, I sometimes saw Tim wearing my sister Elaine's old dresses. The first time I saw him all made up to look like a girl, he was fifteen years old. He was wearing Elaine's pink prom gown and one of my mother's blonde wigs. I asked him what name he would give his feminine alter ego, and he said 'Tiffany.' From that point on, I encouraged Tim to be Tiffany whenever we could. I even took the first photos of Tim as Tiffany, back in his sophomore year of high school.

We attended the same university; I remember going to a Halloween party, and Tim dressed up as Tiffany, wearing a nurse's outfit. In my first year of graduate school, Tiffany and I went as a bride and groom. Elaine wasn't supportive of Tiffany at first, but became supportive as time went on. When she married ten years ago, she allowed Tiffany to be one of her bridesmaids. Our parents weren't supportive of Tiffany at first, either but allowed her to dress up on occasion as we got older. She's been on her own since graduating from college," I replied.

"When Katrina brought Tim home to meet us, he was wearing a suit and tie. We were in awe as to how handsome he was and how much of a nice guy he is. Three weeks after that, she wanted to introduce me to his alter ego, Tiffany. When we went out for a girls' night out, Tiffany was in a beautiful pink skirt, antique white blouse and pink jacket. It was then I knew that Tiffany is a beautiful girl, just as much as Tim is a handsome man."

"Where are your parents?" Darlene asked me.

"They're babysitting my daughter, Alison, today. They feel that they would be intruding in their double-gown ceremony. They did attend the ceremony two weeks ago. They've been having a tough time with the loss of my wife," I replied.

"Eric's wife, Sandi, died of an inflammatory heart virus four months ago. I was the best man when he married her eight years ago. She got very sick the day after they celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary. Her death was very hard on him and my niece," added Tiffany.

"Thank goodness Darlene came along when she did. She has been a big comfort to him over the past three months. Even the fact that she was born a boy didn't stop them from being together," added Kathy.

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Katrina arrived five minutes later. Her bridesmaids were all genetic females. Katrina's maid of honor was Renee, her best friend since childhood. The other two bridesmaids were her youngest sister, Kendra, and Holly, Heather's spouse. The flower girl was Holly and Heather's daughter, Michele. Only fifty guests, mostly from Tiffany's transgender support group, were in attendance.

The minister, Robert Jackson, knocked on the door. "Tiffany, Katrina's party has arrived," he informed us.

The flower girls walked down the aisle first; Michele and Natalie kissed each other when they approached the area where the minister was standing. The bridesmaids followed; Katrina's bridesmaids were in red bridesmaid's gowns. It was at the stroke of one o'clock that the bridal procession music started. I walked down the aisle with Tiffany on my arm; Katrina came down on the arm of her older brother, Carlton. Right on cue, I lifted the blusher of Tiffany's veil and gave her a smooch before replacing it over her face. Carlton did the same to Katrina before she took Tiffany's arm. I shook hands with Carlton before I sat down beside my girlfriend. Carlton took his place beside his pregnant wife, Genevieve.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the exchange of vows between Tiffany Melissa and Katrina Michelle. Before their friends and family, they have selected this day and place to exchange their vows of love for one another. They have demonstrated this love through their understanding of each other, their willingness to accept each other for what and who they are, and their commitment to each other," Robert announced to the gathering.

The ceremony was a short one; all it involved was a recital of vows. "Tiffany Melissa, do you take Katrina Michelle to be your wedded spouse, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," Tiffany replied with a smile and commitment.

"Katrina Michelle, do you take Tiffany Melissa to be your wedded spouse, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," Katrina replied with a wide smile.

"With God as our witness, I now pronounce that Tiffany and Katrina are spouses," Robert informed the gathering. He paused for a moment before saying, "You may now kiss your bride." Tiffany turned toward Emily; she lifted the blusher from her face. Katrina turned to Renee, who lifted the blusher from Katrina's face. The pair turned toward each other, and shared a long, tender kiss. They turned toward the guests and marched up the aisle toward the front of the huge greenhouse. After we greeted our guests, we had pictures taken before we went on to a nearby picnic pavilion for the reception.

We walked in ahead of the two brides; Darlene and I were holding hands. "I hope I can have a wedding as beautiful as this someday," she whispered.

"I hope so, too, darling," I whispered back before we stole a kiss.

Tiffany and Katrina arrived just as Darlene and I were sitting down at a table in front of the head table. "They're so beautiful; they make a gorgeous couple," she said admiringly.

"I think so, too," I whispered in her ear.

I was asked to make the first toast, since this was, after all, a double-gown wedding, and all the attendants were in gowns. "Tiffany, from the day you were born, you have been blessed with a warm personality, a sweet smile and a caring heart. I often wondered who would be sharing your life's journey with you. Katrina, you have shown such grace and dignity, and you've been nothing but a sweetheart to Tiffany." I paused for a moment, before raising my glass, and saying "To the brides!"

"To the brides!" proclaimed everyone in attendance.

We had a dinner featuring baked chicken, green beans, baked potatoes and a garden salad. Just after we ate, Tiffany and Katrina had the first dance; it was to their favorite song, "Woman."

"Those two look so breathtaking in their gowns," Darlene complimented.

"They are two beautiful brides. This is the day Tiffany has dreamed of since she first dressed in women's clothing," I added.

"I hope we get the chance to get married after I have my operation," she whispered amorously.

"Have you set up your surgery date yet?" I asked her.

"I'm planning to have it sometime this fall, darling," she replied.

"I hope to be there for you on the day of your operation, and during your hospital stay afterward," I added before we shared a tender kiss.

"I have a meeting with the gender identity team that's working on my case this coming Monday," she informed me.

"Would you like this dance?" I asked her.

"I would love it, my darling," she replied before we took our place on the floor, dancing to a slow, romantic tune.

When it came time to cut their wedding cake, Tiffany took a piece and lovingly fed it to Katrina. Everyone applauded as she took a bite Katrina lovingly fed a piece to Tiffany. They wiped each other's mouths with a napkin before they shared a tender kiss. "Tiffany, you're such a beautiful bride," Katrina complimented lovingly.

"You're a very beautiful bride, too," Tiffany added before they gave each other another tender kiss.

It was at that point that Emily caught up with Darlene. "May I join you and Eric?" she asked her.

"Sure thing, Emily," Darlene replied.

"Excuse me, honey, I have to go and talk to Tiffany and Katrina," I informed her.

"I'll be right here with Emily," she added before we shared a kiss.

"So, you and Eric are a couple now?" Emily asked her.

"We've been dating for the past three months now. He lost his wife, Sandi, four months ago. At the rehearsal dinner last night, he asked me to be his girl; I accepted his gracious offer."

"I'm seeing a girl named Danielle; she knows about Emily. We met six months ago at a singles mixer; I was awestruck by her long, strawberry blonde hair, the classy way she was dressed, and her loving personality. She was struck by my boyish looks and how nice I was. I was out that night as my male persona, Elton. When I told her about Emily, she thought I was just as beautiful a girl as I am a handsome man."

"Eric knows that I was born a boy; he is in love with the woman I've become. When Tiffany introduced us, Eric was hosting a prom-style party for the transgendered women and their friends in the region. He was going through a very tough time following his wife's sudden death, so I sat down with him and talked about it. While we were talking, we began to develop feelings for each other. Before the end of the night, he asked me out on a date. Since then, we've been together every weekend."

"Has he made love to you yet, Darlene?"

"No. We've decided to wait until after I have my sex-change operation."

"Danielle has made love to me a few times, once with me as Emily. We were in baby doll nighties; mine was baby blue and hers was red. We made passionate love as girls all night; we even slept as girls. Most of the time, though, Danielle and I go out on the town as girls; we hit some of the top transgender-friendly clubs in D.C. and Baltimore."

"Have you two thought of getting married one day?"

"Yes. Like Tiffany and Katrina, we'd like to have a traditional wedding ceremony, followed by a double-gown ceremony."

"I have also dreamed of getting married one day. I hope that it's to Eric; he's been a total sweetheart to me. I've been so much of a comfort to him and Alison during his time of mourning."

"Who's Alison?"

"She's his daughter; he had her with Sandi six years ago. She's also had a tough time dealing with her mother's death. His parents have also had a rough go of it."

"I'm sorry that he lost his wife. Was Tiffany there for him?"

"Yes, she was, both as Tiffany and as Tim. Katrina was there for him as well."

Everyone cheered as the photographer got a good picture of me with Tiffany and Katrina. I had just gotten kissed on both cheeks; Tiffany kissed me on the right cheek, while Katrina kissed me on the left cheek. "What was that about?" Darlene asked.

"Eric just got kissed by both brides," Emily replied.

"That's another tradition. I've been to a few of these double-gown ceremonies. In this case, both brides have to kiss the men who gave them away."

"So, that means that Carlton is in for the same treatment Eric got?"

"Janelle and Kendra are trying to pull him away from his wife now."

"I take it Genie is not feeling well."

"She looks like she's about to go into labor; she's eight and a half months pregnant."

The photographer got a picture of Carlton getting kissed on both cheeks; Katrina kissed him on the right cheek, while Tiffany kissed him on the left cheek. After the photos were taken, Carlton ran back to his wife's side. I went back to Darlene's side.

"What's with Carlton?" I asked her.

"His wife, Genie, is going into labor," she replied.

The throwing of the bouquets and garters had to wait for the arrival of an ambulance to take Genie to the hospital. Before he went to pose with Tiffany and Katrina, Carlton called the county fire dispatcher on his cell phone, asking them to send an ambulance.

Genie, still in her pink lace overlay maternity dress, lay down on the gurney as she was being taken to the hospital. Carlton followed close behind. Any word on whether the baby was a boy or a girl would wait.

The DJ they hired for the event began to call the single women, genetic and transgendered, over to a spot in front of his podium for the two bouquet tosses. Katrina and Tiffany discussed the situation, and determined that Tiffany would throw her bouquet first, and Katrina would throw Tiffany's garter first. To the tune of "Love Is All Around," Tiffany threw her bouquet first. Darlene caught Tiffany's bouquet. She sat down as Katrina threw her bouquet. Kendra caught her sister's bouquet. Each bouquet featured multi-colored roses with a mix of rhododendrons, lilies and daisies.

After the bouquet tosses were done, the single women sat down as the DJ called all the single men for the two garter tosses. Since I was a widower, I was qualified to take part in the garter toss. Katrina sat down on a chair, and began to hike the skirt of her wedding gown, to the tune of "The Stripper." She teased Tiffany with hiking the skirt; when her garter was finally revealed, Tiffany could see her G-string lace panties. Her garter was white lace with a pink ribbon around it; the ribbon tied in a bow. Tiffany turned her back as she threw the first garter; I was the one who caught my new sister-in-law's garter. I sat down at the table next to my beloved Darlene. Tiffany then sat down as Katrina was getting ready to throw Tiffany's garter. Tiffany began to hike the skirt of her bridal gown and teasing Katrina with it; Tiffany's garter was just below the garters that held up her bridal stockings; only a tiny bit of her lace bikini panties could be seen. Katrina seductively pulled the garter off Tiffany's left leg, turned her back toward the single men to throw the second garter, which was identical to Katrina's except that Tiffany's had a baby blue ribbon. Katrina threw the garter high in the air; her sixteen-year-old nephew, Tom, caught it. Tiffany got up and shared a kiss with Katrina.

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Just as the reception was ending, Katrina received a phone call from Carlton. She wrote down the details, and gave it to the DJ, who informed us, "Ladies and gentleman, we are not only celebrating the union of Katrina and Tiffany, but we're also celebrating new life. Twenty minutes ago, Carlton, the brother of Tiffany, and his wife, Genie, welcomed a baby boy into the world. He weighs eight pounds and one ounce, and will be named Carlton, after the father."

That night, Tiffany and Katrina were laying in their bed in the bridal suite of a nearby hotel; both of them were in white lingerie. Katrina was wearing a teddy; Tiffany was in a baby doll nightie. "It's been quite a day, honey...I not only had my dream come true, but my brother also became a father," Tiffany whispered.

"I'm so happy for Carlton and Genie, and so happy for us. This day has been extra special for the both of us," Katrina added.

"I must admit, a double-gown ceremony is what I always wanted. And I did it with a woman who loves me for the person I am.

"I'm also glad that I took part in a double-gown ceremony. I must admit, we made a very beautiful and breathtaking pair of brides. I'm glad I made your dream come true, Tiffany."

"I'm so glad I made your dream come true, Kat...not only once, but twice."

"Oh, Tiffany, I love you so much."

"I love you, too, Katrina," Tiffany whispered before they shared a passionate kiss.

### Three-“WEDDING ON STAGE”

Everyone in our family knew two secrets about my brother Will. First, he was attracted to men. Second, he was a female impersonator who had won six pageants prior to meeting his boyfriend, Michael. Like Will, he was in the same female impersonator revue, but in a male role. Will passed better as a woman, although he was six feet tall with a slender build. Michael was six-seven with an athletic build. Both of them started as female impersonators in 1997, but in different cities. Will started in Kansas City, while Michael started in Knoxville. Will performed under the stage name Kitty Williams; Michael switched to a male role when he got to Atlanta after starting out as Michelle Michaels.

In September of 2002, they joined the same female impersonator revue in Atlanta. They began dating shortly thereafter. They would split their time between dating as two men and dates where Will was dressed as a woman. It was on one of those man-woman occasions in June 2007 when Michael asked him an important question.

Will was dressed as Kitty, his shoulder-length blonde hair done in a feminine fashion, with a fair amount of makeup on his face to make him look more feminine. He was wearing a white bodysuit, a yellow floral print skirt that was hiked just an inch above the knee, and a pair of white high heels. Michael was in a pair of beige Bermuda shorts, a white golf shirt and a pair of brown loafers. They were sitting on a bench in a park not far from their Midtown Atlanta apartment. “Kitty, I have something to confess to you,” Michael whispered.

“What is it, honey?” asked Kitty.

“No matter whether you’re dressed as a man or a woman, I’ve always loved you since we first met. I have never met a person as beautiful and loving as you are. For that, I will always be grateful.”

“I will always be grateful for the understanding man you are. You have loved me, regardless of whether I dress as a man or a woman. I’ve been living more in the role of a woman lately. I’ve already started on hormones but I probably won’t be undergoing a sex-change operation.”

“Kitty, will you be my life partner?”

“Yes, Michael, I will be your life partner. Even if you allow me to live full-time as a woman and I will be the bride when we make it official.”

“You know I will support you in your desire to live full-time as Kitty.” She then fell into his arms, and he kissed her deeply.

I got word about Will’s plans to start living full-time as Kitty and join in Holy Union with Michael while I was on vacation in Canada with my wife, Jenny, our twelve-year-old son Eric, and nine-year-old daughter Janet. Our two-year-old quads, Eddie, Melissa, Elliot and Mary Jane, were back in St. Louis with my parents.

“Who was that on the phone?” asked Jenny.

“That’s my brother Will. His lover finally asked him to be his life partner. He will dress up as a bride, as he’s also decided to live full-time as a woman,” I replied.

“You mean he’s going to be wearing dresses full-time?”

"He's going to live as Kitty all the time. He's already planning to change his name from William Karl to Katherine Wilhelmina. His lover supports his wanting to live as a woman full-time."

"I've seen Will dressed as a woman in the show he does. I think he would make a more beautiful woman than he ever did a man. I'm supportive in his desire to be a woman, too."

"He doesn't plan to have a sex-change operation, that's for sure."

"Who is planning to give him, or should I say her away at the ceremony?"

"I am. I was asked to give the bride away."

"When is the ceremony?"

"It will likely be this fall. They're having it at the club they work at."

When Kitty went into work that night, she was wearing a red satin dress. One of her castmates, Betty Brown, approached her. She was in a blue evening gown. "How are you tonight, Kitty?" she asked.

"I'm doing swell, Betty. I've got some news for you and the other girls," Kitty replied.

"Let me take you backstage," Betty informed her before they walked together to the dressing room, where their cast mates Lisa Loren, Kelly Sage and Barbara DeWyre were doing their makeup for the show.

"Lisa, Kelly and Barbara, Kitty has some news for you!"

Kitty showed off the ring Michael gave her. "Michael and I have decided to become life partners," she informed them.

"When is the ceremony?" asked Barbara.

"We're planning to have it sometime in October or November in front of our fans at this club. I'm planning to be the bride," Kitty replied.

"Who's going to give you away?" Kelly asked her.

"I've asked my older brother, Eric, to give me away," she replied.

"If you're looking for bridesmaids, we'll be happy to be your bridesmaids," added Lisa.

"We've got to give you a gift, girl... we'll pay to have your wedding gown custom-designed. How does that sound?" asked Betty.

"That will be fine by me," Kitty replied before she got herself ready for the show.

After Jenny and I got back from our vacation with our two oldest kids, I got a call from Michael, Kitty's spouse-to-be. He had arrived in town for a performance with another female impersonator, and wanted to talk to me and Jenny. The night before his scheduled performance, he treated us to dinner. Michael was in a red polo shirt and a pair of khaki pants with brown loafers, while I went for my blue suit and Jenny opted for her floral print dress.

"Eric, Jenny, I've heard a lot about you from Kitty. You have been two of the most supportive members of her family since she first came out of the closet. I was wondering one thing. How did you deal with your sibling's revelation?" asked Michael.

"When Kitty was Will, I knew that he was different from the other boys. I used to get involved in an occasional scuffle; I played baseball, soccer and a little basketball when I was in high school. He pursued more gentle pleasures, like reading, acting and even dressing up, when he was younger. We tried to get him involved in more masculine pursuits, but he respectfully declined. As he got older, he was teased more and more for his effeminate ways. He was involved in drama club in high school, and took a lot of dance lessons. He majored in theatre and dance performance in college, and got his first female impersonator gig while still in college. Just after he did his first show as Kitty, I went back into the photo box at home, and found photos of Will in my mother's wedding gown, with makeup applied by our sister, Amanda. He was ten years old at the time.

"After he graduated, he told me that he was gay. I wasn't surprised at his admission. My wife and sister are supportive of his feminine ways, although it took my parents a while to get used to a son who wore dresses," I explained.

"Eric and I met just after Will came out of the closet. He was dealing with the complex issues and feelings that come with a sibling coming out and admitting his attraction to those of his own sex. I dealt with similar issues when my older brother John came out and admitted that he was gay. Unlike with his brother, John finally realized that he couldn't express his attraction to men as a man, so he went through the transition and surgery to transform him into my older sister Karen. She's now engaged to marry a man who loves her for the woman she has become," added Jenny.

"How long have you two been married?" Michael then asked.

"Jenny and I have been married fourteen years now. We have six kids; Eric is twelve years old and finishing the sixth grade, Janet is nine and finishing the third grade. We have a set of two-year-old quads, Eddie, Elliot, Melissa and Mary Jane," I replied.

We were impressed with Michael; he was a very nice, outgoing guy and very intelligent. As the night progressed, we got to know more about him, especially about when he came out and told his friends and family that he was bisexual, leaning more toward being gay. Since the girls weren't very attracted to him, he found a transgendered woman who would accept him for the man he is.

Four months later, Kitty was at the bridal shop, getting the final fitting done for her bridal gown. It was a curve-hugging, sleeveless mermaid-style gown which included a zipper on the side to allow her to show the garter when it came time for Michael to toss it. A veil and blusher was attached to one of the crowns she won in a pageant. Betty, Lisa, Kelly and Barbara were with her; they were having their final fittings done for their sleeveless sheath-styled red bridesmaid's gowns at the same time. Ilene, the owner of the shop, and her sister, Carol, the seamstress at the shop, helped Kitty with the final fitting. When they were finally done with getting Kitty into her bridal ensemble, she walked out to the sales floor of the bridal shop to model the gown for her friends.

"That is so breathtaking, girl!" Betty exclaimed in awe.

"That gown is you...breathtaking and sexy," Lisa complimented.

"Michael will love you in that gown!" exclaimed Kelly.

"You look *so* divine!" added Barbara.

"This gown was created especially for your friend. The gown accentuates her feminine curves and her breasts; her beauty and sex appeal comes out in this gown. The veil, blusher and tiara also compliment her feminine beauty," Ilene described to Kitty's friends before Carol showed them the zipper.

"This zipper was added in a manner that won't be seen by the guests when she goes down the aisle. There is one only on the left side of the dress. When it comes time for Michael to toss the garter, she can undo the zipper, and seductively tease him as he searches for the garter. The hem of the gown is surrounded by tiers of lace and tulle," Carol explained.

"You will be the sexiest and most beautiful bride on your special day, that's for sure," added Ilene.

She then had the bridesmaids get into their ensembles, while Kitty changed back into her floral print dress. She sat down on an ottoman in the bridal shop, crossed her legs in a feminine fashion, and drank a cup of hot tea as her bridesmaids modeled their gowns.

"They are absolutely beautiful... I couldn't have picked a better group of bridesmaids for my special day," Kitty complimented.

Jenny and I would travel to Atlanta for the ceremony. Instead of the usual dance music blaring out of the speakers, the disc jockey, a friend of mine who called himself DJ Jungle Jim, was playing wedding prelude music. I was in a navy blue tux, while Jenny was in a pink lace overlay dress that her mother wore on the day we got married.

Michael was already at the club with Lamar Jones, his best man, and the three grooms-men, Phil Paulsen, George Smith and his twin brother, John. He had spent the previous night at Lamar's place of residence in McDonough, while Kitty spent the night at the apartment she shared with Michael. Jenny and I arrived around eight o'clock to help Kitty and her bridesmaids get ready for the ceremony, which would take place at eleven o'clock. She emerged from the bedroom around ten-fifteen for the trip down to the club. Needless to say, Jenny and I were awed at how beautiful and sexy Kitty looked.

"You look breathtaking, Kitty," I complimented.

"Why, thank you, Eric. You look handsome yourself," she added.

"You're such a beautiful bride, Kitty," Jenny added.

"Shall we go?" I asked them.

"Let's go... we've got a wedding to go to," Betty replied.

The six of us got into a limousine; we didn't leave until ten-thirty. When we arrived around quarter to eleven, we were driven to the back door of the club, where Jenny got out. She went inside the club to check out the arrangements with Michael's sister Marianne, who would be standing in for their mother as mother of the groom. "This club is decorated beautifully for the event," she complimented.

"Thank you. My husband, Paul, helped us with the preparations. He works at a straight nightclub back home in Pittsburgh," Marianne added as Paul approached them.

"Who is this lady?" Paul asked her.

"Paul Houser, this is Jenny Brenner, Kitty's sister-in-law. Jenny, this is my husband, Paul," Marianne replied.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Paul. Eric, my husband, is outside with the bride," Jenny added.

At five minutes before eleven, the bridesmaids were given their cue to walk into the nightclub, and follow a carpeted white path to the stage, where Fiona Smith, their minister and a post-op transsexual, was waiting. She was wearing a lavender satin dress and matching high heels.

As each bridesmaid was walking down the aisle, the capacity crowd of their families and friends watched and admired their beauty. At the stroke of eleven, the bridal processional music started. Kitty was on my arm as I walked her down the path. When we got to the stage, I lifted her blusher to give her a smooch. When I put the blusher back over her face, I shook Michael's hand. He would take her arm to go up on stage to face Fiona.

Once they were at their designated place on stage, I sat down at a table next to Jenny.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the presence of friends, family and the Almighty, to join Katherine and Michael together as domestic partners. Today, they are making a major commitment, a commitment of the rest of their lives to each other; a public commitment to love, honor and cherish one another," Fiona told the gathering.

They wanted their wedding to be a simple one. When it came time for them to exchange the rings, Kitty recited the vows she and Michael wrote. "I, Katherine, take you, Michael, to be my domestic partner. We have been through so much together that I am ready to make this commitment to you. I promise to love, honor and cherish you with all my being from this day forward. Today, I give you a symbol of the commitment we have made today. Michael, with this ring, I am your domestic partner."

It was Michael's turn next. "I, Michael, take you, Katherine, to be my domestic partner. We have been through so much together that I am ready to make this commitment to you. I promise to love, honor and cherish you with all my being from this day forward. Today, I give you a symbol of the commitment we have made today. Katherine, with this ring, I am your domestic partner."

The final part was Fiona asking Kitty: "Do you, Katherine Wilhelmina Brenner, take Michael Thomas Hiller, as your domestic partner, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I do," Kitty lovingly replied.

"Do you, Michael Thomas Hiller, take Katherine Wilhelmina Brenner, as your domestic partner, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I do," Michael replied with commitment.

"With the power vested in me by our faith, I now pronounce you to domestic partners," Fiona proclaimed. She hesitated for a moment before informing Michael: "You may now kiss your bride." Kitty and Michael shared their first kiss as domestic partners; a long, tender and deep kiss. With their wedding party on stage, Kitty and Michael lip-synched to

a love song. When it was over, they kissed before the Wedding March came over the speakers. They were out greeting their guests before a catered dinner of salad, baked chicken and cake was delivered. Jenny and I were served at our table while the wedding party visited with their friends and relatives.

It was just after one o'clock that all of the single girls in the club, both genetic and transgendered, gathered around the stage to catch Kitty's bouquet. Her bridesmaids blindfolded her as she threw the bouquet. She tossed it high in the air toward the bar. Her bouquet landed in the hands of Laura Jones, Lamar's pre-op transsexual twin sister. Then, to "The Stripper," Kitty sat down on a chair, gave Michael a seductive look, and undid the zipper at the side of her wedding gown. She teased him as she slowly unzipped the side of her gown, up to about mid-thigh, revealing a garter of white lace with a pink ribbon around it. Michael kneeled down and pulled it off her shapely leg with his teeth. When he got the garter down to her ankle, he took both hands to finish pulling it off. He turned his back to the crowd of single men, and tossed the garter behind his back. His cousin, Robert Hiller, caught the garter, much to the delight of his glamorous fiancée, a tall genetic female named Lauren Joseph.

The festivities were finally over at two-thirty in the morning. Jenny and I headed straight for our hotel; we had a late afternoon flight home to catch. When they got back to their apartment around three-thirty, Kitty and Michael made passionate love to each other.

They were talking an hour later; Michael was only in a pair of white boxer shorts, while Kitty was in a white teddy with a see-through skirt attached.

"Honey, I'm glad you became my domestic partner," he whispered.

"I'm so glad you became my domestic partner, babe," she cooed.

"Through it all, I knew you were the person for me. No matter whether you're dressed as Will or Kitty, you're the most beautiful person in the world. No person, male or female, has satisfied me better than you have. For that, I am forever grateful."

"From the start, I knew you were the man for me. You were supportive when I decided to live full-time as a woman. You saw past the guy I was, to the heart of the woman inside me. No one has loved me and made me feel more feminine than you have. You have my eternal gratitude for making my dream of being a beautiful, blushing bride a reality."

"I have you to thank for making my dream of being a handsome groom a reality, my love."

"Michael, honey, I love you. I loved you when we met, I loved you when you asked me to be your partner, I love you on the day we joined together, and I will love you for all eternity."

"Kitty, darling, I love you. When we met, I fell in love with you. It was the best decision of my life to become your domestic partner. I love you today, and I will love you forever."

"I love you, Michael," she cooed seductively.

"I love you, too, Kitty," he whispered before they engaged in a deep, tender kiss. They fell asleep in each other's arms on the first night of their partnership.



## Four-“STEPHANIE’S BEAUTIFUL WEDDING”

I had been married and divorced twice in my former life as a man. When I was born on January 5, 1966, I was given the name Eric Sheldon Erickson. My parents named me after my uncle Eric Stephen Erickson, my father’s kid brother, and my uncle Sheldon Robert Will, my mother’s older brother. In 1986, I married my high school girlfriend, Suzy Franklin. That marriage lasted a year before I caught her with a champion bodybuilder. Our divorce was bitter; during that time, I had become involved with our maid, Kara Kilpatrick. We were married for four years before she left me for a pro wrestler in 1993.

Like the divorce from Suzy, the divorce from Kara was bitter. It was after that divorce I began to feel deep inside that I was a woman. In the spring of 1994, I came out to my parents, Edwin and Sarah, my brothers, Eddie and Brian and their spouses, Rachel and Mandy. I told them I was becoming a woman. They pledged their full support. I had built a tidy nest egg of my own by the time I began to live as a woman, working as an accountant at the family business. I began hormone replacement therapy soon thereafter, and left the family business that fall, even though I still would be able to receive a portion of the family fortune.

In December of 1994, I gave myself a Christmas gift when I bought a bridal shop in St. Louis’ trendy Central West End. My mother’s closest friend, Stephanie Kenton, was retiring. She let me keep the name Stephanie’s Brides and Belles as the name of the shop. It was at the beginning of 1995, when I officially took control of the shop, that I started to work full-time as a woman. My parents gave me \$2,000 for Christmas, so I could buy enough dresses, suits, pantsuits, casual attire and lingerie to allow me to give my male clothes to my Uncle Eric. I was big and tall for a woman; six feet tall, wearing a size 22W in women’s clothing. At the same time, I sold the house I shared with Kara in Chesterfield, and bought a condominium in the Central West End.

The big day came on January 3, 1996, just two days before I turned thirty. I had flown to California for my sex-change operation. My mother accompanied me there for my operation, which completed my transformation into a big, beautiful woman, wearing a size 44DD bra. I was there for three weeks before I returned home to begin my life as a complete woman.

During my transition, I began reading the novels of E.S. Thomas, who specialized in writing period pieces. The one novel I enjoyed the most was set during the immediate post-World War II period, about a man who finally came to terms with his sweetheart’s death during the Great Depression, with the help of his younger wife. In January of 2002, I was invited to a book signing for another one of his romance novels, this one set during the 1950s. I got to meet him and have my copy of the book signed; I also gave him my business card, while he gave me his. We got to know each other, and began dating soon thereafter. I found out that the E.S. stood for Eric Stephen; his real last name is Thomas.

Eric had not been very successful with women, despite the fact that he was a popular novelist. When I told him I used to be a man, and that my former name was also Eric, he confessed that he loved me for the beautiful woman I had become. We fell madly in love with each other; on the eleventh anniversary of my sex-change operation, he asked me to be his wife. I accepted his marriage proposal.

It was March 31, 2008. I was at my place of business, getting the final fitting done for my wedding gown. It was a long-sleeved white satin gown with lace designs on the sleeves, bodice, skirt and train with a sweetheart neckline. I was also given the final fitting for my headpiece and veil; it was a crown-style headpiece with a walking-length veil and blusher. Melissa Anne Horton, a transsexual I hired after my sex-change operation, was getting the fitting done for me, along with Patti McGillicuddy, who was going through the same thing that Melissa and I went through.

"Eric is going to see you, and realize how happy he is that a beautiful girl like you is going to be his wife," Melissa said.

"Yes, I'm sure of it. I will be so happy when I see him in his tux when I walk down the aisle next month," I added.

"I was just saying, Melissa, we still have to do the final fittings for our bridesmaid's gowns," Patti suddenly remembered.

"Stephanie has already set it up for next week," Melissa informed her.

"The gown is just perfect, Stephanie. What do you think?" Patti asked as I looked at myself in the mirror.

"It is absolutely beautiful, Patti!" I said with joy.

When my final fitting was done, I changed back into my white blouse, pink slacks and pink jacket. I walked back to my condominium, which I would be leasing out to Patti and Melissa after Eric and I tied the knot. I walked in, kicked off my pink pumps, changed into a nightgown, sat down and read the latest novel by my fiancé. The phone rang as I was finishing the third chapter.

"Hello?" I asked the caller. It was our minister, Meghan Cates.

"I'm calling to let you know that the April 26 date and 1:00 p.m. time has been confirmed for your wedding. I talked to Eric a few minutes ago," she informed me.

"Thanks for letting me know, Meghan," I said.

"Did you leave someone in charge of the bridal shop on the day of your wedding?" she asked me.

"Stephanie Kenton will be in charge on my wedding day. She returned to working part-time last year, after the death of her husband," I replied.

"I'll see you at the rehearsal at 7:00 p.m. on the 25<sup>th</sup>, Stephanie."

"I'll be looking forward to it, Meghan."

After we said our goodbyes, I went back to reading the latest novel written by my loving fiancé. I enjoyed a nice, quiet evening before turning in around ten-thirty, after I finished reading the fourth chapter. All my thoughts were of Eric as I went to sleep.

The day of my wedding came quickly. April 26 turned out to be a gorgeous day. Melissa and Patti, already in their red bridesmaid's gowns, arrived at my condominium around 11:00 a.m.; they brought my wedding gown over. Haleigh Jones, my closest genetic female friend, arrived just moments later. "Stephanie, this is your day. How does it feel to be a bride?" Haleigh asked.

"It feels so wonderful. I'm the happiest woman in the world today," I replied before going into my bedroom to take off my baby blue teddy. I changed into my white bustier and panties, slipped on my white lace-top stockings and matching satin pumps before putting on my crinoline. I then walked out into the living room, where my bridesmaids were helping me get into my wedding gown. When they finished getting me into my wedding gown, a knock came on the door. It was my sister-in-law Mandy, who was bringing my seven-year-old niece Kayleigh over. She was as cute as can be in a white flower girl's gown. "Well, you look cute today, Kayleigh!" I complimented.

"You look pretty yourself, Aunt Stephanie," she added.

"I have to get to the church to join Brian, Eddie and Megan; they're waiting for me," Mandy informed me.

"I'll see you there," I informed her.

Kayleigh was attentively watching as Melissa fastened my headpiece, which held the veil and blusher, to my hair. Around 11:30 a.m., Eric's kid brother Paul, who we hired as the photographer for our wedding, arrived for some candid shots before he went to the church. It was just after 12:30 when the limousine arrived; my father knocked on the door just as Melissa was putting the blusher over my face.

"Are we ready, my princess?" he asked me.

"We're ready, Dad," I replied.

Melissa and Patti held the train of my bridal gown as I walked down to the limo on my father's arm. When we arrived, I stepped in first, with my bridesmaids helping me with the train. My father came in and sat down next to me, followed by my niece and the bridesmaids. It was a short drive to the church; we arrived around 12:50. I picked up the hem of my gown, while my bridesmaids were helping to carry the train. When we came into the church, our coordinator, Tanya Jones, led us to the bride's room. My father and I had a little talk before the ceremony began.

"Stephanie, I've been more supportive of your transformation than most fathers are when their sons decide to become their daughters. When you told me that you felt you should have been a woman, we accepted you. We must admit we were a bit nervous when you told us that you had found a boyfriend. When we met Eric, we realized how much of a nice man he really is. We had a feeling that you two were meant for each other, and we are supportive of your forthcoming marriage. He's very understanding of the woman you have become; he's a keeper," my father said.

"He has made me feel like a woman in love. I have never felt so safe, so wanted as I do with Eric. I'm very happy that I'm becoming his wife today," I added.

"I'm sure you'll be very happy as a married woman; you weren't that happy when you were married as a man. You're the princess I've dreamed of for a daughter, and I'm so proud to be your father."

"Dad, I am very proud to be your daughter, especially on the day of my wedding."

The time came for the ceremony to begin. The flower girl went down the aisle first, on the arm of the ring bearer. Then, the bridesmaids walked down the aisle. My father and I were holding just short of the door when the entrance song began playing. Everyone was

looking at me; they were in awe of my feminine beauty as I walked down the aisle on the arm of my father. When we got to where Eric was standing, my father lifted my blusher to give me a kiss, and placed it back over my face. He shook Eric's hand, before I took his arm and faced our minister.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the presence of God, to join this man, Eric, and this woman, Stephanie, in the sacred bond of Holy Matrimony. Stephanie and Eric have traveled a long road to get to this day, although Stephanie's path was more difficult than other brides I have met over the years. Today, we see these two join together as one," Meghan told the guests.

She paused for a moment, before she asked: "Is there anyone who has just cause to why this couple should not be joined together? Please say so now, or forever hold your peace." The place fell quiet for about fifteen seconds, before the ceremony continued.

"Most of us know that Stephanie is getting married for the first time as a woman. She was married twice before in her former life as a man. I met Stephanie in 1994, when she was beginning her journey from man to woman. She had just bought the bridal shop; I was looking for a gown for my coming out party. She was very helpful to me, and guided me through my own transformation from man to woman. When I graduated from seminary in 1995, she was at my graduation. She joined this church when I was called as its pastor just seven weeks after graduation. I provided spiritual comfort to her when she underwent her operation. When she brought Eric to this church for the first time, I had a feeling deep inside that this is the man God has called to be her husband. My feelings were realized when Eric told me that he asked Stephanie to be his wife. Today, I am very pleased to be uniting them in marriage."



Eric and I turned to face each other. He gave me a very wide smile; I also gave him a wide smile, which he could see through the blusher. I was asked to say my vows first.

"I, Stephanie Elizabeth, take thee, Eric Stephen, to be my wedded husband. From the day we met, I knew that you would be the man for me. I love you with all my heart, and I always will love you. You have made me the woman I am now. I promise to be with you from this day forward, through thick and thin. Eric, I love you very deeply."

Eric said his vows next. "I, Eric Stephen, take thee, Stephanie Elizabeth, to be my wedded wife. From the day we met, I knew that you would be the woman for me. I have always loved you with all my heart, and I always will love you. You have made me the man I am now. I promise to be with you from this day forward, through thick and thin. Stephanie, I love you very deeply."

After that, we lit the unity candle, which symbolizes two becoming one. We returned to face Meghan. The ring bearer, my eight-year-old nephew Daniel, came up to the altar. Meghan untied the ribbon that kept the rings on the pillow. I picked up Eric's ring, and put it about half way down the ring finger of his left hand. He looked at me very lovingly.

"Eric, with this ring, I thee wed," I said with commitment before slipping it completely on his finger.

Eric picked up the other ring, and put it halfway down the ring finger of my left hand. I looked at him lovingly while he said, with the same level of commitment: "Stephanie, with this ring, I thee wed."

Toward the end of the ceremony, Meghan asked me, "Stephanie Elizabeth Erickson, do you take this man, Eric Stephen Thomas, to be your lawful wedded husband; to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, for as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," I replied with a smile and commitment.

"Eric Stephen Thomas, do you take this woman, Stephanie Elizabeth Erickson, to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, for as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," he replied with a wide smile and the same level of commitment.

"By the power vested in me by the State of Missouri, I now pronounce you man and wife," Meghan said with pride.

Eric and I looked at each other for a moment, before she said: "Eric, you may now kiss your bride." I faced Melissa for a moment, so she could lift the blusher from my face. I then turned to Eric, and said: "I love you, Eric, now and forever."

"I love you, Stephanie, now and for all eternity," he said before we exchanged a long, tender kiss; our first as husband and wife.

We faced our guests, as Meghan made this announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, I now present to you Stephanie and Eric Thomas." We walked up the aisle to greet our guests. We stayed for photos with our families and the wedding party. We also had photos taken of us together before we left for the reception at his place of residence. Along the

way, Eric and I kissed each other tenderly. My dream had finally come true: I had become a married woman. The best was yet to come.

When we arrived at his place, we held hands as we walked into his spacious back yard. When we set foot on the lawn, we were met with a standing ovation. Brian, who was the best man, proposed the first toast. "Eric, I thought this day would never come. Even as you were becoming a success, the women were not knocking your door down. I couldn't get my finger on the reason why women weren't attracted to you. When you met my sister, I thought you had found the perfect girl. When she told us that she wanted to become a woman, I was totally supportive. You had fallen in love with the woman she had become. You have finally found the woman you have dreamed of."

He then turned toward me. "Stephanie, you have shown a lot of class during your courtship. You have been gracious, loving and kind; I'm glad that you have accepted him as the man he is. Very few women are as open-minded about a relationship with such a loving man than you are. I'm very happy that you've become his beautiful wife." He paused for a moment, before exclaiming: "To the bride and groom!" After Eric and I took a sip out of our glasses, we shared a kiss.

We had a buffet lunch of chicken, beef, pork, salad and various vegetables for our wedding reception. When it came time for our first dance, Eric and I held hands as we walked out to the gazebo in the middle of his back yard for our first dance as husband and wife. The DJ started a slow love song as we started to slow dance. "Remember the first time I asked you on a date?" Eric asked me.

"Yes, darling, I do," I replied lovingly.

"You were the first woman to accept a date with me in eight years. I did not know that by the end of that date, we would be in love. Even then, I thought you were the most beautiful woman I had ever met. When you told me about your sex change, I still thought that you were the most beautiful woman in the world. Every warm embrace, every tender kiss, every time we held each other, I will cherish. The moment I will cherish most about our courtship is the day I asked you to marry me. You're the most beautiful woman in the world now, and I'm very glad I married you."

"Not many women like me ever find a man like you. I somehow knew that I would be in love with you by the end of our first date. You've been so compassionate and understanding of the fact that I was born a boy. I cherish every embrace, every kiss and every moment you held me. I will always cherish the day you asked me to be your bride. You're the most handsome man in the world; I will be forever grateful to you for becoming my husband." I then got lost in his embrace; my right ear was hearing every beat of his heart. When the song ended, I whispered: "I love you, Eric my darling, now and forever."

"I love you, my sweet Stephanie, now and for all eternity," he whispered before we exchanged a tender kiss.

While the guests were dancing, Eric and I went inside his house to the living room, where we had more pictures taken. I also had some pictures taken of me in my wedding gown. After we finished our brief photo session, it was back outside so I could throw the bouquet. I was holding his hand as we came out of the house; all of the single women in attendance had gathered near the gazebo to try and catch the bouquet.

I walked up in front of the gazebo, while Eric stood inside with the groomsmen. I turned my back to the single women in attendance to toss the bouquet. I threw it with both hands; the bouquet flew into the rear of the group. I heard the cheers; I turned around to discover that my bouquet was caught by Eric's sixteen-year-old niece, Sara, the daughter of his brother Eddie and sister-in-law Valentina. I walked toward my husband, and he whispered: "I don't think Sara will be getting married for a while."

"She's only sixteen years old, honey. Besides, Eric won't let her date," I whispered in his ear.

"I know that Eddie won't let Sara date, darling."

"He was like you, baby. As you've told me many times, the girls in his age group didn't like him, either. Like me, he never went to homecoming or the prom. He's very protective of her, after what happened to one of her friends."

"I remember now. It was two years ago, when one of her best friends was raped and murdered by a teenage boy with a long criminal record. He was tried as an adult, convicted, and sent to prison for life."

"He didn't go very far to find the love of his life. His wife, Valentina, is the daughter of Russian immigrants. She came to the States with her parents when she was ten years old. Her parents were dissidents; they were critical of the Soviet Union; they were given permission to emigrate; they came to St. Louis. Eddie met her at a friend's wedding twenty years ago. They've been married for eighteen years; in addition to Sara, they have two sons, Edward and Alexander, and another daughter, Victoria. He co-owns a multi-ethnic restaurant in South City with his father-in-law, Vladimir."

I took his hand, while all the single men in attendance gathered in the yard, close to the gazebo. "Come here, honey," I cooed.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"There is another tradition to this day, sweetie," I replied before I sat down on a concrete bench, and began to raise the skirt of my gown. I had a seductive look on my face as he focused his attention on my left leg.

"Come on, baby... take this off," I whispered seductively, pointing toward the bridal garter. He kneeled on a half-folded towel, and began to slowly remove the garter from my left leg. It took two minutes; he toyed with it as he slowly slid the garter along my leg. Once he got it off, I gave him a tender kiss. He turned his back toward the single men while I watched with my bridesmaids. He threw it long and somewhat high; the cheers were loud when the garter was caught. It turned out to be his nephew, Edward. He was already seventeen years old. He ran toward Eric and I; he told us: "I won't be getting married for a while, Uncle Eric and Aunt Stephanie."

"Yes, it will be a while. You're only seventeen," added Eric.

"Do you have a girlfriend, Edward?" I asked him.

"Yes, I do. Her name is Catherine; I met her through my mother's connections in the Russian émigré community," he replied.

Catherine approached him, wearing a pink party dress. "Honey, what's that you have?" she asked.

"Aunt Stephanie's garter," he replied.

"Oh, by the way, Uncle Eric and Aunt Stephanie, this is my girlfriend, Catherine Kirchnoi. Catherine, this is my uncle, Eric Thomas and his lovely bride, Stephanie," he added.

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

"The pleasure is mutual, Stephanie," added Catherine.

Edward and Catherine walked off toward the gazebo, holding hands. Eric and I held hands as we went back to our guests. Some of our guests had copies of Eric's novels with them, so he took time to sign their copies while I was with the girls.

"Stephanie, you married a good man today. I often wonder why other girls let him get away," Melissa said with some wonderment.

"Not many girls liked him, even in high school. He wasn't considered attractive by their standards. They were looking for a hard body, not a good heart and mind. What attracted me to him were his good heart, his great and creative mind, and his understanding of the fact I was born a boy. He wanted so much to be a faithful husband. The trouble was not many women were faithful enough to be his wife. I was able to convince him that all women are not the same. He was looking for someone different, and he found someone different in more ways than one. I was taught to be a loving, nurturing woman, not as a woman who's judgmental and critical. Those were the main qualities he was looking for in a woman; not to mention that I am more feminine than most women."

"That's right. Some male-to-female transsexuals are more feminine than many women who were actually born female," added Patti.

When Eric finished autographing books for some of our guests, he came over to the table where Melissa, Patti and I were sitting. "Darling, your parents have a surprise for us," he whispered.

"Girls, will you excuse me? My parents have a surprise for me and the groom," I informed them.

He took my hand, while I got up, with Melissa and Patti helping me with the train. We walked toward my parents; my father was holding an envelope for us.

When we approached them, my mother said: "Stephanie, you've had a long, tough road to get to this day. Your father, your brothers and I were there when you finally realized you should have been a woman. We pledged our support as you went from the man you were to the beautiful woman you've become. I was there for you when you had your sex-change operation. We were very happy when you brought Eric home with you for the first time. We were elated when you accepted his marriage proposal. We loved you then, we love you now, and we will always love you. On the day of your wedding, your father and I have a special gift for you and Eric; one that will bring you more joy and more memories."

My father then gave Eric the envelope. "This is our gift to you, for making our daughter the happiest woman in the world today. May your lives be filled with love, kindness and happiness through all the days of your lives," he said while Eric opened the envelope.

"Darling, look at this!" he exclaimed to me.

I looked in the envelope to find two plane tickets to Europe, with hotel reservations in London and Venice, rental car reservations in London, and over two thousand dollars spending money, converted to Euros and Pounds Sterling. "They've given us a great honeymoon," I whispered to him. His parents then walked over to give us their wedding present.

"Eric, I didn't know what to think when you announced that you had fallen in love with Stephanie. Your mother and I had a long talk about it before you brought her over to meet us; she knew two friends from her circle who dealt with the same condition. One friend's son became her daughter, while another one of your mother's friends had a close friend go through what you've been through. When you brought her home, your mother and I were very thrilled with her beauty and her first-class personality; we couldn't believe that she was ever a man. Your mother and I are very happy that you've found your soul mate, after all these years of rejection by other girls. I must admit, I didn't like the other girls that were out there for you to take," his father explained.

"Stephanie, Eric made a great choice by marrying you today. I hope your lives will be filled with the happiness, joy and love that you both have shared for the last six years. You've finally put a smile on his face, after years of sorrow. I didn't like the kind of women that were out there; they were either after our fortune, or wanted a play toy of some kind. I'm very happy you became a woman; you've made his dreams come true," his mother added.

"Thank you, Eric and Rebecca," I added.

"There's one more thing, Eric. Your father and I wanted to give you this. It's the bride's dowry," Rebecca informed him. He gently took the envelope from his mother's hand, and opened it. We both had a look at what was inside; a check worth two million dollars.

"Your parents are very kind, honey," I whispered lovingly.

"Thank you, Mom and Dad. We'll put this in a safe place," he informed them.

The reception ended as the sun went down. It was after eight o'clock when we said farewell to our last guest. We were finally alone for the first time as husband and wife.

"Baby, I have a surprise for you," he whispered to me.

"I can't wait to see it, honey," I whispered back.

I took his hand and walked up the stairs to his bedroom, where he showed me my walk-in closet. All of my clothes were already hung up inside. "Melissa and Patti hung these up when we were chatting with our parents," he told me.

"There's one more thing we should do, my love," I whispered lovingly.

"What's that, babe?" he asked me.

"I want you to make love to me. Make me your woman. Let's consummate our marriage," I cooed while I began to undo his pants.

"I want to make love to you so badly, sexpot," he whispered as I undid his pants and pulled them down enough to allow me to pull down his underwear. Once I pulled it down to his knees, his erect manhood came out, bouncing like a tennis ball. I grabbed a hold of it, and began to give it attention with my lipstick-clad mouth and silky tongue. "Oh, Stephanie, you make this man feel so good!" he whispered passionately.

After I tasted his delicious essence, he kicked off his shoes, pulled off his socks and got up. I began to undo his shirt, while at the same time he began to unzip my gown. Once I got his shirt off, I could see a mass of hair all over his chest, which I began to gently caress with my hand before removing my arms from the sleeves of my wedding gown. It was at that point that memories of my marriages as a man faded away, as my thoughts were concentrated on my first sexual encounter with a man, my new husband. He reached into my gown, and undid the drawstring on my crinoline. When my gown dropped to the floor, my bustier, panties, stockings and pumps were revealed. I then undid the garters attached to my bustier, before I seductively whispered: "Give my breasts some attention, baby." I then undid my bustier, revealing my big breasts. He passionately nibbled and sucked at my nipples, drinking all the milk I could provide him. "Eric, my love, you make me feel so feminine!" I whispered amorously, while laboring for breath.

After he finished draining my breasts of its milk, I asked him: "Would you like to see something beautiful?"

"You bet I would, darling," he replied before I slipped off my panties. When I slipped them off, I reached down to finger my vagina. "Make me all woman, *your* woman, honey baby. I want to make you my man."

He took his manhood and placed it at the entrance to my vagina. I felt one hand touching my stomach, and the other guiding his manhood. It was painful at first, but became more pleasing as time went on. "Oh, Eric, you make me feel like a complete woman!" I said lustfully as he continued to work his manhood inside my vagina.

"Stephanie, you satisfy me like no other woman can," he whispered lustfully as he continued to move his manhood deep inside me. I was moaning with ecstasy as we moved toward a climax. I could feel his liquid message of love pool deep inside me.

When we finally were spent, I whispered seductively: "I love you, Eric, now and forever."

"I love you, Stephanie, now and for all eternity," he whispered with love.

He walked into the bathroom to start the bathtub. He had some candles placed in the bathroom to give it a romantic effect. I had a feeling of satisfaction and love deep in my soul after I had sex with him. We were both still in the nude as he took my hand, and walked me to the bathtub for our first bubble bath as husband and wife.

He was holding me tenderly; he had his arms around me below my breasts. "How do you like being a wife so far?" he asked me.

"A lot better than being a husband, that's for sure. When I was a man, I was the one receiving the romantic satisfaction. I always wanted to give a man the satisfaction he needed. Now, as a woman, I have satisfied you like no other woman could. I always

wanted to marry a kind, decent man; you're just that man for me. I'm glad you became my husband."

"I've always wanted to marry a beautiful woman. I thought I would never meet that woman until I met you. From the first time I met you, I thought you were the most beautiful woman I had ever met. I still think so, now that you're my wife. You're the sexiest woman in the world to me."

"Oh, Eric, you're the kindest man I know," I whispered before we shared a tender kiss.

"You're the nicest woman I know, my darling Stephanie," he whispered before we shared another kiss.

When we got out of the bathtub, Eric got into a pair of white boxer shorts, while I got into a white teddy which showed enough of my rear end and big breasts to turn him on.

"You look absolutely sexy, Stephanie," he complimented.

"You look sexy yourself, Eric," I returned.

I got into the bed, and lay down next to him. I nestled my head on his chest, with one hand across his chest. He had one hand across my back. "Good night, my handsome husband," I seductively whispered to him.

"Good night, my beautiful wife," he whispered before we kissed each other good night.

Every girl, regardless of whether she was born a boy or a girl, dreams of the day of her wedding. It took me two failed marriages as a man to realize that I should have been a woman. Grateful for a man to come into my life when he did, I am now the happiest woman in the world. I am glad he is now my husband, as much as he's glad I'm his wife.

Unfortunately, there aren't that many men in this world who have learned to see past the boy a transgendered woman was born as, and love her as the woman she has become.

Gentlemen, you need to start reading up on the issues that women like me deal with every day. If you fall in love with a girl, and she tells you she was born a boy, you should see her as the woman she has become, accept her and love her as a woman. If you do, you will have a very special and loving woman in your life. She'll love you for understanding her. Eric loves me as the woman I have become and I will love him forever for it.

## Five-“JENNY’S MOST SPECIAL DAY”

Jenny Charlevoix and I had known each other since we were children. However, there’s one thing that made Jenny different from the other girls I had known. She was born a boy on December 15, 1966, just two months and ten days after I was born. Her name at birth was Jerold Lamar Charlevoix. We all called him Jerry for short. We grew up in Van Nuys, California; as children, Jerry and I were the best of friends. We did a lot of things together; even played in the sandbox at our houses.

What I didn’t know was the secret he was hiding from all of us; he actually hated being a boy, and yearned to be a girl. He would dress in his older sister Michelle’s dresses; when he was eleven, he was able to get into his mother’s wedding gown. In November of 1979, he came out to me about his overwhelming desire to be a girl. As I spoke to him, he was in his sister’s long floral print skirt and a yellow tank top. He then told his parents, his big brother, John, and kid brother Mickey that he wanted to be a girl, and that I would be supportive of him in his desire to become the girl he felt he should have been.

We were still the best of friends as eighth grade started, although my best friend was now known as Jennifer Leanne Charlevoix; she insisted that we call her Jenny. I was by her side as she transitioned from boy to girl during eighth grade and our freshman year of high school. She was my date to the Homecoming dance in our freshman year. By the time Jenny had her sex-change operation in June of 1982, we had fallen in love. We were both fifteen years old at the time. We went steady as soon as she was healed from her operation; she became a cheerleader while I was the star first baseman for the baseball team. She would be my date to all the Homecoming dances in our four years of high school, as well as the Senior Prom. As soon as we graduated from high school in 1985, we decided to go to the same college. She was studying to be a psychologist, while I was majoring in history. I received my Bachelor’s degree in the spring of 1989 and my Master’s degree in the fall of 1991; Jenny received her degrees the same time I did.

It was December 15, 1996; Jenny’s thirtieth birthday. She was already a licensed clinical social worker; part of a group practice in Atlanta, where we moved after we received our Master’s degrees. She was the only one working with patients with gender identity disorders. I was teaching American history at a prestigious university there. We had been living in separate dwellings; I had a house in Marietta, while Jenny shared an apartment with one of her transsexual friends, Heather Miller, in midtown Atlanta. She was the catering manager for one of the downtown hotels. Heather and I, along with several of our friends, were taking Jenny out for dinner for her birthday. I celebrated my thirtieth birthday on October 5; Jenny took me out to dinner.

No one knew that I had bought an engagement ring for her. Jenny and I had discussed marriage since she became a licensed clinical social worker in 1994. If I were to ask her to marry me, it would be in front of our friends on her thirtieth birthday. We had seen our relationship evolve; from best friends as boys, to lovers when Jenny completed her transformation from boy to girl. I was ready to take that next step; making Jenny my wife.

Just after we ate dinner, and before her birthday cake was delivered to our table, I got up and made a speech. “Ladies and gentlemen, as you may know, I have known Jenny for a very long time. I’m the only one in here who knew her in her previous male life. We

were the best of friends when she was a boy. When Jenny became a girl, we became lovers. To this day, I couldn't think of a more beautiful woman to share my life with than with Jenny." I then got down on one knee, and asked her: "Jenny, will you marry me?"

She had a tear of joy in her eye as I showed her the ring. She smiled widely, and said: "Yes, Eric...I will marry you!" I slipped the ring on the ring finger of her left hand, and gave her a kiss.

"I love you, Jenny, now and forever," I whispered to her.

"I love you, Eric, now and for all eternity," she whispered before we shared another tender kiss.

Within a week of our engagement, we began making plans for our wedding. The next day, Jenny went out and bought several bridal magazines, and looked at them with her roommate. That night, she was looking at the magazines with Heather. "This is something I've wanted to do for a long time," Jenny told her.

"You're lucky that you have a loving and understanding man like Eric as your fiancé. A man who has made an honest effort to understand, let alone marry, women like us is very rare," Heather added.

"I'm sure you'll meet a man like mine one day, Heather. When I met Eric, I was still a boy. He was there for me through my transition, my sex-change operation and our high school and college years. He has always been near me; he loves me as the woman I've become."

"Jenny, you're one lucky girl. I didn't have my operation until I was twenty-four years old. My parents weren't as supportive of my transitioning to a girl until I was eighteen. You



were lucky you had your operation while you were still in high school, and that you've known your fiancé since before you became a woman. I've dated several guys since I began to live full-time as a woman, but none of them really wanted to get involved in a relationship with me."

"Eric has already asked his friend, Devin Willis, to be the best man. He's single, and doesn't care whether the woman he's dating was born male or female. He's a really nice guy; it's too bad that the girls haven't taken to him too well."

"Then, there's hope for me yet."

Jenny then asked Heather: "Would you like to be our maid of honor?"

"It would be an honor to be your maid of honor, Jenny," she replied.

After discussing the wedding with our families, we decided on a small wedding with family and several close friends in attendance. We finally decided on a July 17, 1997 wedding date. Heather worked with us to book a ballroom at the hotel where she works for our wedding ceremony and reception. I would arrange the transportation from Los Angeles to Atlanta for our parents. When my parents, Eric and Lauren Bowers, arrived in Atlanta, they were very relieved to hear that I was marrying my high school sweetheart.

"We've waited for this moment for a long time," Eric told me as we were headed for the baggage carousel.

"Jenny and I waited until we were established in our careers before I asked for her hand in marriage. She's always been the girl for me," I added.

"You were there for her through her transition and her operation; I think it's only fitting that she's chosen you to be her husband," Lauren then added.

Jenny's parents, John and Karen Charlevoix, arrived later that night. "Jenny, I'm glad that you and Eric will finally be married. He's always been the right man for you, even when you were a boy and really feeling like you should have been a girl," Karen told her.

"Eric's been nothing but a sweetheart since my transition. We stuck near each other as our careers took off. No one has made me feel more like a woman than Eric has. I love him with all my heart," Jenny added.

"You couldn't have picked a better man to be your husband than Eric," John assured her.

"John, Eric couldn't have picked a better woman to be his wife than our beautiful daughter," added Karen.

Jenny and I got together with our parents the next day and had dinner. While we were waiting for dinner, Eric told her: "Jenny, we're glad that you and Eric are finally going to tie the knot. Both of you have good hearts; you were there for each other. Eric was there for you when you transitioned from boy to girl; he was also there when you had your operation. When Eric was rejected by all those girls when he was in the eighth grade, you were there to give him a shoulder to cry on. We knew that you would be the woman for him when you two started to go steady. You took your time before you finally decided it was time to get married."

"I'm still getting used to calling you Mr. Bowers, since you have the same first name as my future husband. I'm glad he's been there for me through all these years," Jenny added.

"If it wasn't for Jenny, I probably wouldn't be here. I would still be the same unhappy guy I was before I fell in love with her," I added.

"Eric, if it weren't for you, I also wouldn't be here. I would be a woman craving for love. I'm so happy that you're in my life," she told me before we shared a kiss.

"We're happy that you will be with each other forever," Lauren added with pride.

The day before we got married, my friends and I got together to move most of Jenny's personal effects into my house. Heather and Jenny were helping her new roommate, Vicki Fox, move in. Vicki had just moved to Atlanta from St. Louis; she was beginning her transition from man to woman. She and Heather met when they were in a transgender support group in Chicago.

Jenny took a room at the hotel the night before our wedding; I stayed in my house. Jenny's clothes were already hanging up in our closet and neatly stored in the dresser we would share, except for those she packed for our honeymoon. When I woke up around eleven o'clock the next morning, I took a leisurely bath, shaved, and had a light lunch before Devin arrived to get me ready for the wedding. He was in a navy blue pinstripe tuxedo. My tuxedo was of the same color, but with tails.

"It's the day you've been waiting for," Devin said with excitement.

"I've been looking forward to this day since I was a teenager," I excitedly added.

"I want to make sure you look handsome for your special day. You should look handsome for your bride."

"I'm sure Jenny will be a vision of beauty when she walks down the aisle."

When I got into the shirt, shoes and socks, I put a pair of suspenders on my pants before putting them on. When I finished putting the suspenders over my shoulders and fastening them to the waist of my pants, I put on the bow tie. Devin helped me straighten it out. He held my tailcoat as he helped me put it on. I looked at myself in the mirror and laughed, "I look so handsome and debonair."

"You *are* handsome and debonair, Eric. Let's get to the hotel," Devin added.

The groomsmen were waiting in a limousine outside my house when Devin and I emerged. When I got in, the other two groomsmen, Jenny's brother Mickey Charlevoix and my kid brother Edwin were waiting inside. "Eric, you are *so* debonair," Mickey complimented.

"I want to look my best for your beautiful sister on the day of our wedding," I replied.

"Jenny is going to be proud to have you as the groom," added Edwin.

We arrived at the hotel around three-thirty; the wedding would be at four o'clock. We were in a side room next to the ballroom. Our minister, the Reverend Paula Wilton, was awaiting our arrival. I presented her with a check for \$300 to cover the fee. We waited until the wedding coordinator, my big sister Sarah Bowers-Kemp, called us to walk down to the ballroom to await the bride and bridesmaids.

When we got to the altar, Paula was waiting for us. At the stroke of four, the flower girl, Jenny's seven-year-old niece Suzanne Charlevoix, walked down the aisle. She was in a white flower girl's gown with a small tiara from which a fingertip-length veil cascaded. Her parents, Jenny's brother Johnny and his wife, Deanne, were very proud to see her walk down the aisle. She was on the arm of the ring bearer, my nine-year-old nephew Bobby Bowers. My older brother Elwood and his wife, Amanda, were proud to see him with a girl on his arm for a change, instead of punching the other boys out, as he normally did on weekends. They stole an innocent kiss as they came down toward Paula.

The first bridesmaid down the aisle was Jenny's best friend from childhood, Renee Johnson. She was in a pink ball-style bridesmaid's gown. Edwin took her arm, faced the minister for three seconds before taking their places in the wedding party. Next down the aisle was Jenny's older sister, Michelle, wearing the same style and color gown as Renee. She took Mickey's arm, faced Paula for the same three seconds before taking their places. Heather came down the aisle next; Devin was in awe with her beauty. She flashed a big smile, as if she was falling in love with him from first sight.

She took his arm; he whispered to her: "You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

Heather then whispered: "You're the most handsome man I have ever seen." They faced Paula for three seconds, before taking their places at the front of the ballroom. When the music started, Jenny walked down the aisle on the arm of her father.

She was a vision in white; her gown featured long lace sleeves, a lace-trimmed bodice, a sweetheart neckline, a bow at the waist in back, a skirt with a heart-shaped lace design, and a chapel-length train with three heart-shaped lace designs. Topping the ensemble was a rhinestone tiara, from which a fingertip-length veil and blusher cascaded. When they got near where I was standing, John lifted her blusher to give Jenny a smooch. When he put the blusher back over her face, he congratulated me on becoming her husband as I shook his hand. Jenny took my arm, and we faced our minister to exchange the most important vows of our lives.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the presence of God, to join this man and this woman in the most special and sacred bond of Holy Matrimony. Eric and Jennifer are sharing this day with their closest friends and relatives. They have spent a good part of their lives getting to know one another, loving each other and sharing their lives. Today, Eric and Jenny will be making their vows of marriage known."

As no one objected to our union, we continued on with our wedding ceremony. We lit a unity candle, symbolizing the union of two people into one family unit. Then, we exchanged the wedding vows that we wrote.

Jenny went first. "I, Jenny, take you, Eric, as my wedded husband. From the moment we met, we knew that we were right for each other. I promise to love, honor and cherish you, from this day forward, in good times and bad, for as long as we both shall live. I love you with all my heart and all my being."

I was next. "I, Eric, take you, Jenny, as my wedded wife. From the moment we met, we knew that we were right for each other. I promise to love, honor and cherish you from this

day forward, in good times and bad, for as long as we both shall live. I love you with all my heart and all my being."

The next part was the ring exchange. Jenny slipped my wedding band halfway on my finger, and said, with commitment, "Eric, with this ring, I thee wed." She then put the ring all the way on the ring finger of my left hand.

I took her wedding band and gently slipped it halfway down the ring finger of her left hand. I said, with the same level of commitment, "Jenny, with this ring, I thee wed." I put the ring all the way on the ring finger of her left hand; it was a perfect fit with her engagement ring.

Lastly, Paula asked Jenny, "Jennifer Leanne Charlevoix, do you take this man, Eric Sherman Bowers, to be your lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, until death do you part?"

"I do," Jenny replied with loving commitment.

"Eric Sherman Bowers, do you take this woman, Jennifer Leanne Charlevoix, to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, until death do you part?"

"I do," I replied with love and commitment.

"With the power vested in me by the State of Georgia and the City of Atlanta, I now pronounce you husband and wife," Paula pronounced. She paused for a moment before telling me: "Eric, you may now kiss your bride." Jenny and I shared a tender kiss and a warm embrace.

"Ladies and gentleman, I present to you Mr. and Mrs. Eric Bowers."

Jenny and I walked up the aisle to the front of the ballroom to greet our guests while they were setting up for the reception. Everyone congratulated us on our marriage. Neither of us dreamed, even before Jenny's transition, that this day would happen. Now that it had, we were the happiest couple in the world.

It was around five-thirty that we took our places at the dais, served our dinner of fried chicken, salad and chicken-flavored noodles. The champagne was also poured for us. Devin got up and proposed a toast to us.

"Eric, you are one of my best friends. We've known each other since junior high school. I often wondered how successful you would become, and who would share your life's journey."

He paused before continuing: "Jenny, you're very beautiful and gracious. Your personality shines through your smile, your personality and your love for your new husband. I also wondered how successful you would become and who would share the special journey with you." He raised his glass, and said, "Here's to the bride and groom!"

"To the bride and groom," everyone said in unison.

After we ate, Jenny and I shared our first dance as husband and wife. Our favorite song, "How Deep Is Your Love," was playing. Jenny and I held each other close as we danced.

Just after seven o'clock, we stuffed each other with the first slices of our wedding cake.

It wasn't until eight-thirty that Jenny was ready to toss her bouquet. All of the single women in attendance were gathered behind her. Jenny tossed the bouquet behind her; Heather, the maid of honor, caught her bouquet. Jenny was surprised to see that Heather caught her bouquet. After that, Jenny sat down on a chaise lounge. I stood in front of her as she began to tease me by hiking the skirt of her gown while the DJ played "The Stripper." Her high heels were revealed first; she hiked it past her knee; her garter was just below the lace top of her stocking on her left leg. It was a white lace garter with a baby blue ribbon around it. I slowly removed it from her leg with a gentle touch while all the single men gathered around. I turned my back to the single men and threw the garter behind my back. Devin caught the garter.

"This has been my lucky day," he told me.

"How so, Devin?" I asked him.

"I caught the garter, while Heather caught the bouquet," he replied.

"I knew you two would fall for each other," Jenny added.

"I've already asked her out to dinner Monday night; she has accepted," Devin informed us.

After the wedding reception, we made our way to the Bridal Suite of our hotel. I carried Jenny over the threshold into the suite; I gently set her down on the heart-shaped bed.

"Eric, it's hard to believe that my dreams have come true. I'm glad that I'm now a married woman," she said lovingly to me.

"From the time you told me you wanted to be a girl, I knew you would be the one for me. We've been through so much together, it's only fitting that we will be going through more as husband and wife," I whispered lovingly to her.

"Oh, Eric...I love you so much. Make love to me. Make me your woman!"

"I love you so much, Jenny, I will comply with your request, sweetheart," I whispered before she seductively removed her tiara. She would then undo my tie, tailcoat and shirt. I reached over to unzip the back of her wedding gown before reaching into her gown to undo the crinoline. When the gown fell to the floor, a white bustier, matching bikini panties, garters and lace-top stockings were revealed, along with a pair of white high-heeled sandals. Jenny sat down on the bed as I removed my suspenders, shoes and socks, and she began to reach into my pants to feel my manhood. She then unzipped my pants and removed my underwear and took my manhood in her mouth. "Jenny, you make me feel so good," I whispered as she gave my manhood plenty of attention with her mouth and tongue.

When I could feel my essence spreading in her mouth, she was able to swallow all of it.

"You taste so good, honey," she cooed.

I removed her bustier and garters, and began to give her beautiful breasts plenty of attention with my mouth and tongue. "Oh, Eric...make me feel like a woman!" she whispered erotically. I gently sucked and licked on the nipple of her right breast until I could taste her delicious milk...I did the same with her left breast. I then gave her a passionate

kiss while my fingers wandered to her buttocks, where I caressed them lovingly. I would then slip off her panties, giving her vagina attention with my mouth and tongue. "Oh, yes, Eric...I feel so much like a woman in love," she cooed erotically. She then lay down on the bed; with a very seductive smile and a loving look on her face, she fingered her vagina. I then took my manhood and inserted it in her vagina. "Oh, yes, Eric! Yes! You make me feel like a complete woman!" she moaned erotically. I moved with a gentle motion deep inside her. Within ten minutes, my juices filled her depths. We had consummated our marriage.

After we shared our first bath as husband and wife, Jenny had a sexy surprise for me. I got into a pair of white boxer shorts, while Jenny was changing into her surprise outfit. When she emerged from the bathroom, she was in a sexy white teddy. "How do you like it, honey baby?" she cooed lovingly.

"It's very sexy...you're the sexiest and most beautiful woman in the world."

"You're the most handsome man in the world. I'm so glad you're now my husband."

"I'm glad that you're now my wife, Jenny. I love you, tonight, tomorrow, and for all eternity."

"I love you, Eric, tonight, tomorrow and forever," she cooed before we exchanged a passionate kiss. We fell asleep in each other's arms. Our dream of being husband and wife had come true.

We adopted our first child, an infant boy we named Eric Bowers III, in November of 1998. Jenny would get her doctorate in May 1999; I got my doctorate that December. In May 2000, we adopted another child, an infant daughter we named Janelle Marie. For our fifth anniversary in July 2002, we adopted a set of twin infant girls named Elizabeth Jane and Erica Salome. We adopted another son in November 2005; an infant son we named James Robert.

We moved back to Los Angeles in time for our tenth wedding anniversary in July 2007; she joined Dr. Erica Bentley and her husband, Dr. Eric Bentley, in private practice. I took a teaching position at a prestigious university in the Los Angeles area.

Jenny and I never thought we could have this life we now share, even as she was transitioning from boy to girl as a teenager. It's a life that we love very dearly. I hope you, too, can have the kind of life we have enjoyed.

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