



Reluctant Press

Stevenson's Stories III

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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STEVENSON'S STORIES

BOOK III

COMING HOME TO FIND LOVE AS A WOMAN

by **E.B. Stevenson**

I got a big surprise in the mail when I opened my mailbox on September 13, 1993. I received a letter from a girl named Kimberly Hennen in Florida. I did remember going to school with a Karl Hennen, but he only had an older sister named Kyra. I was twenty-six years old at the time; I had broken off my engagement to a genetic female only a week before.

Kim was twenty-five years old at the time. In her letter, she told me that she would be coming home permanently on September 20. She had just found a modeling job in St. Louis, and she wanted to know if I had extra space available at my place. Since I had just moved from a one-bedroom apartment to a four-bedroom house, I would have the extra space needed to take in a housemate.

It was the afternoon of September 20 that a red sports car pulled into my driveway, alongside my blue minivan. A beautiful, sexy girl with long blonde hair, close to six feet tall, wearing a tight, sleeveless white lycra dress and a pair of white high heels, stepped out of the car and sashayed toward my front door. I was getting lunch ready when the doorbell rang.

I ran to the door and answered it. "Is that you, Kimberly?"

"Of course, it's me, you silly goose," she giggled.

"Would you like to come in?" I asked her.

"I'd love it," she said with a seductive smile. She then stepped inside.

“Won't you have a seat, Kim?” I then asked her. She sat down and seductively crossed her beautiful legs. I went to the kitchen to prepare two glasses of iced tea, one for myself and one for Kim. I walked into the living room, gave her her glass and sat down next to her. “What's been going on with you in recent years?” she asked me.

“Do you remember Karen Klevman?” I asked her.

“Yes, I remember Karen.”

“Well, Karen and I were engaged to be married until two weeks ago. Her family was in total turmoil; her parents and her older sister were going through contentious divorces, her grandmother had passed away in her eighty-eighth year, her older brother was brutally murdered, and, to top it all off, she had been seeing another man on the side. It was too much for the both of us to deal with, so it was best that we broke off our engagement and end our relationship. I'm right now in the grieving stage,’ I added before I asked her what was going on in her life.

“Eric, the last time you saw me, I was still Karl. When I left town, I moved to Miami, where I began to live, work and dress full-time as a woman. While we were growing up, you always felt like one of the boys. I always felt like one of the girls. Playing sports and rough games just wasn't for me, I was more interested in feminine things. While we were growing up, I often imagined myself as a girl, with you as the love of my life. When I graduated from high school the year after you did, I left town for Georgia; I later moved to Florida. It wasn't until after I moved to Florida that I began to live my dream. I legally changed my name from Karl to Kimberly. I worked my way through school as a model and female impersonator, winning several titles in Florida in the process. After I got my degrees in business and fashion, I began to work for a local dress shop. Two years ago, I had the operation that completed my transformation into the beautiful girl you see now,’ she replied.

“Does your family know about what you went through?” I then asked her.

“Kyra knew from the start. She was supportive of my desire to become a woman. My parents were the harder sell. My mother approved of my desire begrudgingly at first, the same with my father. Once they read the report of my diagnosis as being transsexual, they were wholeheartedly supportive of me. They even helped pay for my moving expenses when I left for Florida,’ she then replied, before asking me: “Do you think I'm attractive now?”

“I think your absolutely beautiful and very sexy.” I replied.

“I think you're a very handsome and sexy man,” she added. I had the feeling that I was starting to fall in love with her.

I went into the kitchen to prepare two bowls of chicken noodle soup, which I made from my mother's recipe, and two grilled chicken sandwiches. Once I placed our lunch on the table, I reached to the counter for the matches to light the scented candles. Kimberly sashayed into the dining room, carrying our glasses of iced tea.

“I think this one is yours,” she said with a bit of a seductive tone in her voice before handing the glass to me. She was surprised to see what I had done. “You have gone out of your way to make me feel welcome in your home,” she excitedly complimented.

“For such a special occasion, I thought I would do just that,” I added.

She and I had a good lunch, then I helped her bring her personal effects into the house. I gave her the room next to mine, which was decorated in a feminine fashion. I helped her unpack her stuff, too; she had plenty of sequined gowns in her trousseau. “I love your fashion sense, Kim” I complimented.

“Eric, I love you, period” she added before we wrapped our arms around each other.

“Have you ever felt this way about a man?” I asked her.

“Not this strongly, Eric. I had several boyfriends while I was in Florida, but I didn’t see much romantic adventure in them. When I told them about my transsexuality, they usually stormed out of the room. One guy went as far as to take a swing at me. Luckily, I ducked out of the way at the last split second,” she replied somewhat sheepishly.

“What happened to the guy?” I then asked.

“He broke his right wrist in the attempted scuffle; he also broke his left arm in nine places,” she replied.

“One thing I will promise right now, that will never happen. I accept you as the beautiful woman you’ve become, and will love you no matter what,” I added.

“Kiss me, baby,” she cooed. The next thing I knew, we were engaged in a long, tender kiss. It was at that moment that I knew, for sure, that I was in love with her.

After we finished our first kiss, I whispered; “I love you, Kimberly, my darling.”

“I love you too, Eric, honey” she whispered before going into her room to change into something more comfortable. I then went into the living room to put a romantic movie in the VCR.

She emerged a few minutes later, wearing a mauve bodysuit and a pair of beige shorts. “Are you ready for me, sweetie?” she asked me lovingly.

“Of course, I am,” I replied before she sashayed over to the couch. She sat down, then cuddled up to me while I started the movie with the remote. Every few minutes, I would give her a kiss on the forehead. After the movie ended, we decided to go out for dinner. I went to my room to change into a suit and tie, and called a nearby restaurant to reserve a table for two. Kim changed into a purple chiffon dress.

“You look smashing, darling,” I complimented her just as we were emerging from our bedrooms.

“You look handsome, too, dear,” she complimented before we exchanged a kiss. I decided to let Kim drive to the restaurant.

We got a table overlooking the river. As soon as we ordered dinner, she asked me: “Sweetie, does the fact I was born a boy threaten you in any way?”

“Darling, the fact that you were born a boy does not threaten me in any way, shape or form. I have always been attracted to women exclusively. The birth sex of the woman I’m dating is no object to me; it never has been, and it never will be. All I care about is that she’s a beautiful woman now, both on the outside and deep inside. I see

you, both on the outside and deep inside, as a very beautiful woman. In my eyes, you're the most beautiful woman in the world," I replied while gently taking her hand.

"I'm glad you think that way, honey," she added before I kissed her hand.

After dinner, we went to a park near the house, where we sat and watched the sunset. "Do you remember ever doing this with Karen?" she asked me.

"I only remember doing this once with her. This was a week before we broke off the engagement. Our relationship had not put her on good terms with her parents; they didn't like the idea of her marrying someone whose profession was not considered to be a steady profession. In fact, I just started my own business three months ago; I'm running my own photography studio in my basement," I replied.

"What kind of photography do you do?" she then asked.

"I mainly do portrait photography, but I also go out and do location photography. I'm the only photographer in the county that's transgender-friendly," I replied.

When we got home, I decided to relax in the hot tub, which was installed in the solarium. Kimberly decided to get into a pink, two-piece swimsuit. She came into the solarium carrying a towel. "May I join you, baby?" she asked in a seductive manner.

"Sure, babe," I replied. She stepped into the hot tub and sat down next to me, holding each other in our arms. We immediately began kissing each other tenderly, then it became more passionate. After five minutes of tasting each other's tongues, she asked me; "Eric, do you want to have sex with me?"

"Since we've only started living together today, I think we can do that after we get out of this hot tub," I whispered before giving her another kiss. We stayed in another five minutes before we got out and dried off.

After we dried off, I went into the bathroom in my bedroom to take off my wet bathing trunks. I then wrapped my towel around my waist, pulled down the window shade, and laid down on the bed, awaiting Kim's arrival. She came in a few minutes later, wearing a pink babydoll nightie.

"Baby, that's sexy!" I exclaimed in awe.

"I'm glad you like it, honey," she cooed before sashaying toward the bed. I then removed my towel before she laid down next to me. We would begin kissing each other with the hottest passion either one of us had ever experienced. The feeling of her lingerie-clad body against my nude body was a great feeling. I then gently caressed her lingerie-clad buttocks.

"Baby, make me feel like a woman," she cooed ecstatically before taking my manhood in her mouth. For the first time in a long, long, time, I was feeling like a man passionately in love.

"That feels great, sexpot," I whispered, laboring for breath.

She massaged my manhood with her silky tongue and rosy lips, looking up at me at times while she was doing so. She kept at it until I could feel my essence squirting out in her mouth. When she finally took my manhood out of her mouth, she cooed; "You taste delicious, baby".

She then turned around on her buttocks, removed the top of her nightie, and then laid down. I then passionately fondled her breasts. “Honeybabe, that feels good!” she cooed, laboring for breath. After each breast gave milk, I kissed and nibbled her all over her sexy body. “Would you like to see something?” she asked seductively.

“You know I would, sweetheart,” I replied.

She then let me take off her panties, revealing a beautifully constructed vagina. “The doctor did a great job with it,” I whispered. She then spread it out with her fingers, and allowed me to lick it. A feeling of ecstasy lined her face. “Baby, you make me so hot!” she moaned.

After I finished licking her vagina, I asked her: “Kim, is this the first time you’ve had sex with a man you’re in love with?”

“Yes Eric, my love. I’ve never been more in love with a man than I am with you right now,” she cooed before I inserted my manhood in her vagina.

We kissed while I had my manhood in her vagina. “Darling, you make me feel like a complete man,” I whispered. “Babydoll, you’ve made me feel like a complete woman for the first time in my life,” she cooed, laboring for breath. I didn’t stop until my essence moistened the inside of her vagina.

After we finished our first sexual encounter, I gave her a tender kiss. “I love you very much, Kim,” I whispered.

“I love you so much, Eric,” she cooed before we got up and hopped into the shower together. It was the first time I ever took a shower with a woman. We washed each other’s hair, then each other’s bodies. When we got out, I handed her one of the two towels hanging on the shower door, while I got the other.

“Darling, this has been a wonderful day,” I whispered.

“It certainly has, baby. I never expected to come back to my hometown and fall in love with a man I knew in my former male life. And now that I am a woman in love, I feel that I am closer to making my ultimate dream come true,” she said softly.

“What is your ultimate dream?” I asked her.

“To be a married woman, but I’m in no hurry to get married,” she replied.

Kim went and put her babydoll nightie back on. I decided to put on a pair of pajama bottoms and a tank top shirt. Instead of sleeping in her own bed, we decided to sleep together in my bed. We would face each other as we fell asleep.

The next afternoon, we went on a picnic. I prepared baked chicken for the picnic, while Kim selected a bottle of red wine I brought back from my last trip to Hermann. She was very beautiful in a white calico dress, white high heels and a white chapeau. I wore my khaki pants and a checkered button-down shirt.

“What time do you have to report for work tomorrow?” I asked her.

“I have to be there at nine o’clock for orientation. Afterwards, I may be doing a shoot for a local lingerie shop,” she replied.

“I hope I’m not sounding too forward, Kim, but would you like to be my steady girlfriend?” I asked her.

“So soon after breaking off your engagement?” she then asked, shocked at the timing.

“I’ve never been more in love with a woman than I am in love with you now,” I replied.

“In that case, it would be an honor for me to be your girlfriend,” she added before we sealed the deal with a long, tender kiss.

Kim would only use the room next to mine to store her wardrobe after that. We enjoyed sleeping in the same bed together, that we made it a permanent sleeping arrangement. She reported to work the next morning at nine o’clock, and after a short orientation, she would be modeling nighties for a lingerie shop’s catalogue.

During the next nine months, my business increased threefold. More transgendered women were seeking out my services; Kim started doing the makeovers for my transgendered customers when she wasn’t modeling. I also did a lot of photography on location in various spots around the world; one assignment took me to the Swiss Alps. On that trip, I would take her along.

One rainy day in June 1994 would solidify our relationship. Kim and I both had the day off from work. We had the curtains closed, and decided to spend the whole day making love to each other. We started out at nine o’clock in the morning making love in the shower. After we showered, I sliced up two oranges and put them in a bowl. I was just in a pair of pajama bottoms, while Kim was her sexiest in a pink nightgown. We fed each other the orange slices, then proceeded to make love in the living room. This time, I passionately necked her while she nibbled me all over my body. Then, I carried her down into the basement, where we took pictures of each other kissing passionately, gently caressing each other’s bodies and striking a number of intimate poses. Later, I would have photos taken of her nibbling on my body and my necking her. We had thought about taking photos of each other having sex, but we ran out of film before we could do so. The miracle of a remote control made our photos possible.

Around noon, we fed each other Caesar salad and red wine for lunch. After we ate our lunch, she turned on some romantic music and we went to one of the guest bedrooms, and had sex with each other. After two hours, we went to a second guest bedroom and did the same thing; we passionately kissed each other for over an hour in the third bedroom. For dinner, we had another salad and red wine, passionately nibbling on each other while we were eating our dinner. Later in the evening, it was out to the hot tub, where she was still nibbling at my body. She allowed me to massage her breasts with my mouth and tongue. “Baby, that feels heavenly!” she moaned ecstatically while the hot tub was still going. Around ten o’clock in the evening, we were in our bedroom, having sex for the third time in thirteen hours. It was one o’clock the next morning that we were finally exhausted from sixteen hours of making love.

We were laying down in our bed. Kim slipped into a pair of red G-string panties, and remained topless. I decided to get into a red pair of bikini underwear. This was a day we would long remember.

“Baby?” she asked.

“What’s on your mind, honey?” I then asked her.

“I don’t think I’ll ever forget this day as long as I live. I have never spent a longer amount of time making love to a man than I did with you today,” she said softly.

“I’ll always remember this day, babe. No other woman has ever made me feel this much in love as you have. If this long day of making love has done anything, I feel it has made our relationship stronger than ever before. I feel that we definitely have a future together, even after nine months of us living together,” I added.

“Eric, I’ll always love you, now and forever,” she whispered.

“I love you, Kim, now and for all eternity,” I whispered before we exchanged a long, tender kiss.

Later that summer, I was asked to do a shoot with one of Kim’s friends at the modeling agency. The model I was assigned to was an Asian-American genetic female named Torah. She was almost as tall as Kim; but was built like a marathon runner. She was modeling ladies’ business suits. Kim was in another studio, modeling lingerie for a local lingerie shop. Torah and I stopped for a few minutes in the middle of the afternoon, after over two hours of shooting.

“Someone told me that you’re Kim’s live-in boyfriend,” Torah said.

“Kim and I have been living together for nearly a year now. It was hard to believe that we fell in love within twenty-four hours of her moving in; we’re madly in love now. One thing we haven’t yet discussed is marriage, but we may do that at some point,” I added.

“Did you know her as a man?” she asked me.

“I went to school with her when she was a male. I was one of his closest friends before he began living as a woman. He didn’t have that many male friends; most of his friends were female. And he felt like one of the girls. When he moved down to Miami, he began to live as a woman; she had her sex-change operation three years ago. Last year, she took her modeling job at this agency, and moved in with me. I did not know that she would become my live-in girlfriend,” I replied.

“I think you two are a perfect couple,” she complimented.

“Thank you, Torah,” I said before we resumed the shoot.

The shoot continued until four-thirty, before I packed up my gear and took the rolls of film I shot to the darkroom for developing. Since they had a full-time photo development specialist on the premises, I met Kim outside the darkroom.

“How was your day, darling?” she asked me before we exchanged a kiss.

“It was a long day, but I got everything done, baby,” I replied.

We went home to have a romantic, candlelit dinner. We had steak, baked potatoes and salad for dinner. While we were eating, I asked Kim; “How do you feel about marriage?”

“I feel very strongly about marriage, sweetheart. Even after almost a year of living with you, I feel that I have found a very loving man in you. I feel we need to give it a little more time before we decide to make such a life-changing decision,” she replied.

"I agree. While your love has made me forget about Karen, for the most part, I still haven't quite recovered from the sting of breaking off the engagement with her. I'm not quite ready to give engagement another fling," I added.

"I'm sure she hurt you very deeply, babe," she cooed.

"You guessed right, darling," I whispered.

"I'm not quite ready to tie the knot, either. With all the verbal abuse the men I dated dished out toward me, it's been tough for me to recover as well. It took me several weeks for me to recover from the time one of my ex-boyfriends tried to physically attack me. Most of my other ex-boyfriends called me such things as 'whore', 'fag', 'shim' and 'gay bait', which I felt insulted me and my sense of femininity, and hurt me deeply. I've always felt attracted, in the emotional, physical, romantic and sexual sense, to men. However, I thought it was more appropriate for me to express these desires as a woman. I've always felt female. You seem to have no problem accepting me as the woman I've become," she explained from the heart.

"I have never had any problem accepting women like you," I whispered before kissing her tenderly.

It wasn't until October of 1995 that we were finally at the point of discussing matrimonial issues. Kim and I took a week off for a romantic getaway to Virginia. We were sitting in a hotel room in Williamsburg on a cool autumn night. Little did she know that I had packed her engagement ring in my suitcase. We had just returned from dinner at a nice restaurant in Richmond; she was still in her blue chiffon dress, while I was still in my suit and tie.

"Before I met you in my new life as a woman, Eric, I never thought I'd ever be this deeply in love with a man, especially one who has been so good to me. I thought I would never find you. When we met, all of that changed. You've given me a sense of romantic adventure I've never felt before from any man; you've made me feel so much in love, and made me feel so much like the woman I should have been in the first place. Baby, I feel so much like a complete woman because of you," she whispered.

"When I saw you as a woman for the first time, I never thought that you would be the girl I've always dreamed of. Your love has made the pain of my breakup with Karen a horrible memory. All I've been thinking of is the romantic times we've had together over the last two years. I never thought I would be this deeply in love with a woman again. Kim, you've made me realize that I could love again. For that, I will always be grateful," I said softly.

"Well, what do you think should be my reward?" she asked me.

She stood up, while I got down on one knee. I took her by the hand, and asked her: "Kimberly Marie Hennen, will you marry me?"

She was happily surprised. "Yes, my love! I will marry you, Eric Samuel Browning," she replied, crying for joy.

"I've got your surprise in my suitcase. Give me a moment, darling," I said to her.

I got her surprise out of my suitcase, and walked over to the bed. I sat down next to her, and showed her the surprise. "This ring is a symbol of the commitment we've

made to each other tonight, and the commitment we'll be making when we get married," I whispered. I removed the ring from its box, and placed it on the ring finger of her left hand. After slipping the ring on her finger, I then kissed her on the lips. "Kim, I love you, this moment, and for all eternity," I whispered after kissing her.

"Eric, I love you very much, now and forever," she cooed before giving me a more passionate kiss. We would celebrate by making passionate love for the rest of the night.

When we came home, the first person we told was her sister, Kyra. "It is not often that a woman like you can land a decent, loving man who loves you for the woman you are now. When you two were young, I never knew that one of you would become a woman and the two of you would become lovers. Now that you're getting married, I'm so excited for both of you!" Kyra excitedly told us.

"I feel honored to be his future bride," Kim said with pride.

"I wonder how your parents are going to feel about her marrying the man who was her best friend in her male life," I added.

"I think they will be pleasantly surprised," Kyra said before Kim and I stole a kiss.

"Did you tell your parents, babe?" Kim asked lovingly.

"I haven't told them yet. They're still on their second honeymoon in the Bahamas," I replied.

"Do they know you're living with a transsexual girlfriend?" Kyra then asked.

"Yes, they do. They've approved of my relationship with Kim from the start, even though I haven't introduced her to them yet," I then replied.

"I'm sure they will like her," Kyra added.

They returned from their second honeymoon three days later. I arranged a dinner date with my parents two days afterwards. I would bring Kim along.

When we sat down at the table, I got a cell phone call from my parents. I talked to them for a minute before I sat down next to her. "What is it, sweet stuff?" she asked me rather seductively.

"My parents called, baby. They're stuck in traffic right now; they will be a few minutes late," I replied.

My parents arrived fifteen minutes later. By that time, the waiter already delivered a bottle of cabernet. "Eric, it's so good to see you again," my father said quietly.

"How was your trip?" I asked them.

"It was just grand," my mother said excitedly.

Then, it was time for the big moment. "Kimberly Hennen, I would like for you to meet my parents, Darrell and Yvonne Browning. Mom, Dad, this is my fiancée, Kimberly Hennen," I said in an introductory manner.

"I'm so pleased to meet you at last," Kim said with pride.

"May we call you Kim?" my mother asked her.

“Certainly,” she replied.

We looked at the pictures from my parents’ second honeymoon in the Bahamas. Then, I showed them the photos from our courtship. “I think you two make a perfect couple,” my father said with pride.

“We remember that Eric ran around quite a bit with a Karl Hennen when he was younger,” my mother added, then asked Kim if she knew him.

“I used to be Karl Hennen before I became a woman,” she replied.

“Kim, you’ve gone through an amazing transformation. I remember you as a cute boy, but you’re such a beautiful young woman now. I don’t think my son picked a better woman to be his wife than you,” my mother complimented.

“Thank you, Yvonne,” she said with a smile.

“I agree, Yvonne. Kim is the best woman for our son,” my father added.

After dinner, we went over to my parents’ place. We saw more of the family photos. Kim pointed to one that was taken on Halloween when I was eight years old. “I’m the one on the right,” Kim said to my mother. “Oh, yes, you were an Army doctor that year,” my mother added. “Eric is on the left; he was dressed as James Bond. Kyra is in the middle, dressed as Scarlett O’Hara,” my father added. “I remember you and Kyra stole a kiss at the end of the night,” Kim giggled.

“I actually French-kissed her, like James Bond did to every woman in sight. Not a common sight for an eight-year-old boy to French-kiss a nine-year-old girl,” I said lightheartedly.

“I heard you two were the butt of everyone’s jokes for several days after that,” Kim said rather amorously.

“Little did I know that I would be getting ready to marry her younger sister,” I added before we stole a kiss. “By the way, how is Kyra doing?” my mother asked.

“Kyra is doing just fine. She’s working on a doctorate in psychiatric medicine, and is still looking for her Prince Charming,” Kim replied.

“I’d take it she’s twenty-nine now,” my father added.

“She’ll be twenty-nine next month,” Kim informed him.

When we returned from my parents’ place, the phone rang. I answered it; Kim’s mother was on the other end of the line.

“Kim, your mother’s on the phone!” I called out.

She walked as fast as she could to the phone. I handed the receiver to her. “Mother, how are you doing?” she asked her.

She talked to her mother for fifteen minutes, telling her that she was getting married. I went into the kitchen to prepare two glasses of white wine. When I got back into the family room, she had just hung up the phone.

I gave the other glass to Kim. “What did your mother ask you?” I asked her.

“Mother asked if you would like for the two of us to go out to dinner with her and Dad this weekend,” Kim replied.

“Darling, I would love for us to go out to dinner with your parents. I haven’t seen them in years,” I added.

“Honey, they’ll be pleased to see you after all these years, especially after winning my hand in marriage,” she said with a romantic aura.

I raised my wine glass; likewise with Kim. “To us, my darling,” I said before we clicked our glasses and took a sip.

We raised each other’s glasses again. “To you, Eric, for making my dreams come true,” she whispered before we clicked our glasses again and took another sip. We then set our glasses down on the coffee table, and looked lovingly at each other. The next thing we knew, we were engaged in a long, tender kiss.

The following Saturday night, Kim and I went to dinner with her parents. Kim was smashing, as usual, in a purple satin dress. I was sharp in my maroon suit and navy blue tie. Her parents were late for our dinner date; they got stuck in construction traffic on the way. They finally arrived around six-fifteen.

Kim greeted them at the table. She gave each parent a hug; her father kissed her on the cheek. She then reintroduced me to her parents.

“Kenneth and Nathalie Hennen, you may remember Eric Browning,” she said as if she were refreshing their memories.

“I haven’t seen you in a while, Eric. How have things been going with you?” asked Nathalie in a light Swedish accent.

“Things weren’t going too well for me for a while, Nathalie. Just two weeks before I became reacquainted with Kim, I had to dump Karen Klevman,” I replied somewhat wistfully.

“Good God! What happened?” Kenneth asked me.

“Too many things were happening in her family. Her parents and one of her sisters were in the middle of ugly divorces. Piled on top of that were the murder of her brother and the death of her grandmother. The worst part of it was that she had cheated on me with another man. So, it was best that I broke off the engagement. The sad part about it was that we were nearing a decision on a wedding date when all of this happened,” I replied rather sheepishly.

“Has she been able to establish a relationship with this man?” Nathalie asked.

“She and the other guy broke up six months after Eric broke off the engagement. She tried to get him to take her back, but he was already involved romantically with me. She has since moved away from St. Louis; she now lives in Las Vegas, where she’s a stripper,” Kim replied.

“Did you tell him who you once were?” Kenneth asked Kim.

“Yes, I did, Daddy. He’s in love with the woman I’ve become,” she replied.

“Dear, I was pleasantly surprised when Kim told me she and Eric were getting married. Ever since she was younger, she often dreamed of falling madly in love with, and marrying him. It took a stroke of bad luck on his part to make her dream come true,” Nathalie added.

"I remember how difficult it was to accept Kim as our daughter. Before Kim had her sex change, Kyra was our only daughter. We still have two sons; Kenny is now thirty-nine, married to his Mexican-born wife Renata for eighteen years, and the father of four boys and three girls. He also became supportive of Kim's change. Keith is now thirty-three and newly married; his wife Jennifer is a beautiful twenty-three-year-old woman. I hadn't expected Kim to be the first of our daughters to marry, though," Kenneth explained.

"Not many women like me find the right man so soon after surgery," Kim added.

"She's lucky she found me at the right time," I then added.

After we ate dinner, her parents took us to the symphony. After we got home from the concert, Kim and I were dead tired. Kim changed into a romantic red nightgown, while I changed into a pair of red pajama bottoms. We immediately went to sleep.

Just before Christmas, we decided to set our wedding for May 11, 1996. We decided on a rather intimate wedding, with only fifty of our closest friends and family in attendance. We decided on just two groomsmen and two bridesmaids for our wedding. I selected my younger brother Rob as my best man, while my friend Chuck Low was one of the groomsmen. Kim selected Kyra as her maid of honor; the other bridesmaid was Amanda Williams, a preoperative transsexual and a close friend of Kim's who had just relocated to St. Louis from Miami. They knew each other from working together at the same dress shop.

The day of our wedding was a warm afternoon; we chose to get married at her parents' new house in Wildwood. It was a big, spacious backyard with a gazebo in the middle. The aisle went between two sections of chairs; each having five rows, five chairs across. An arch filled with flowers was off in another corner of the yard, where ten round tables were set up for the guests, along with three oblong tables; one for the wedding party, one for the wedding cake, and one for the buffet dinner.

The minister who would be performing the wedding turned out to be Reverend Hal Whitaker, an old Navy buddy of her father's. This would be the first wedding he would perform involving a transsexual bride in three years. I was sitting in my limousine with Rob and Chuck when he knocked on the door.

"Eric, are you ready to get married?" he asked me.

"Reverend Whitaker, I was born ready," I replied.

We followed him to the gazebo. We were asked by his wife, the wedding coordinator, to stand at the entrance to the gazebo to wait for the bride and her bridesmaids. The flower girl and ring bearer were Kenny and Renata's six-year-old twins, Ricky and Renee; they came down the aisle first. They innocently stole a smooch when they came to the edge of the gazebo. Amanda came down the aisle next, in a lavender ball gown with puffed sleeves, a rosette on the front of her lace-overlay skirt. Lace also trimmed the waistline. Amanda was a five-foot, eleven-inch blonde. She was the same height, with high heels, as Chuck. Then, Kyra would come down the aisle in an identical gown. Then, a hush fell over the yard for a moment, before the music started. Kim would walk down the aisle, on her father's arm.