



Reluctant Press presents:

Stevenson's Stories IV

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. HAIGHT

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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IV

“DISCOVERING STEPHANIE”

By E.B. Stevenson

When November 1993 came around, we in the Macmillan family had been through some trying times. Our father, Eric Macmillan, passed away of a massive stroke that September at the age of seventy-one. He had served in the Marine Corps in World War II. Our mother, Susan, was fifty-seven at the time of his passing. Our parents married in 1955, when Mom was nineteen and Dad was thirty-three. They had a very successful marriage, despite the age gap. Somehow, my four siblings and I carried on after his death. Little did we know that another significant event was around the corner, an event that would try our strength once again.

At the time, I was thirty-three years old and based in Baltimore, working as a freelance writer and photographer. Three months earlier, I had taken a post-operative transsexual, Lisa, as my wife. She was thirty-five at the time, had been romantically involved with me

for two and a half years, and had undergone sex reassignment surgery a year into the relationship. Lisa also wrote for a living. We occasionally traveled the country, speaking to transgender support groups on various topics. Most often, we spoke on relationships involving transsexuals.

I am the second of Eric and Susan Macmillan's five children. The only sibling older than me was my sister, Sally. She was thirty-six years old, a full-time mother, married for fourteen years to Gilbert Myers, and the mother of two sons, Gil, age twelve, and Richard, age six, along with two daughters, Samantha, age ten, and Nancy, age three. They were living in Carbondale, where Gilbert was teaching history. My oldest brother, Eric, had just turned thirty-one years old, and took Beth, all of twenty-one, as his wife four months earlier. He had just bought a stereo shop in St. Louis, while she was planning a career as an elementary school teacher. My kid brother, Solomon, whom we always called Sol, was twenty-two years old and already in medical school in Los Angeles, studying to be a general practitioner. The sibling that we were concerned about was my second youngest brother, Stephen.

Robert Stephen Macmillan was twenty-six years old. Born on May 9, 1967. Everything seemed normal about him, in the eyes of our parents, until he was six years old. On that cool spring night in 1973, Sally was watching over us; our parents were at a candidates' forum that night, as my father was running for city council at the time. I was given the responsibility of putting two-year-old Sol to bed; he fell asleep once I tucked him in. Sally, Eric and I were playing a game of Monopoly on the dining room table. Stephen was in the den in the basement, finishing his homework. It was past nine o'clock when I came to look for Stephen, as I had to put him to bed. I was completely shocked to see what he was wearing.

His homework had already been done and neatly put away in preparation for the next day. Somehow, he had opened the storage closet, and got into one of my mother's old wigs, one of Sally's old dresses, and an old pair of her shoes. The wig he had on was the long platinum blonde wig; he also had Sally's pink satin dress on, and a pair of her pink shoes. I looked at him, and saw that he bore a striking resemblance to Sally when she was his age. I had to ask him: "Why are you wearing Sally's old dress, old shoes and Mom's blonde wig?"

"I wanted to see what it's like to wear girls' clothes," he replied.

"I'm shocked at you, Stephen. We expect you to be a boy, and here you are, dressed as a girl," I said, trying to control my anger. "Do you want to be a girl when you grow up?" I then asked.

"I don't know," he sheepishly replied.

I then grabbed his books, and took him up to face Sally. Eric had already gone to bed. I told him to stand behind me. When I was face to face with Sally, I asked her, "Guess who I saw wearing your pink dress?"

She was shocked to see Stephen in her old pink dress. "Why did you want to wear my old dress, my old shoes and Mom's blonde wig?" she asked him, attempting to control her disgust.

"I wanted to know what it would be like to wear a girl's clothes," he sheepishly replied.

"Larry, come with me, and bring Stephen with you," she added. We followed her to her bedroom. The first thing Sally did behind closed doors was to unzip the dress Stephen was wearing.

"Take that dress off," she angrily commanded him. Reluctantly obliging her, he removed the puffed sleeves on the dress, then took it off to reveal a crinoline, used to fill out the full skirt of the dress.

"Would you please remove that slip, Stephen?" she asked him, attempting to control her anger. He complied; only the shoes and a pair of pink panties remained. "Would you remove those shoes, Larry?" she asked me. I obliged by removing the shoes from his feet. I had his bathrobe with me; I put that on him as Sally grabbed our mother's blonde wig from his head, revealing his own brown hair.

"Whose panties are those?" she asked him, attempting to control her outrage.

"Those belong to Mom," I replied. They fit rather loosely around his waist. I then took him to his bedroom, where he took off the panties, and got into boys' undergarments before he put on his pajamas. I took him to the bathroom to get the makeup wiped off his face. Before I tucked him in, I told him, "I hope you don't dress in girls' clothing again."

Fate was to prove otherwise. By the time he was eleven, he could get into my mother's wedding gown. My parents were outraged at his dressing as a girl. There were several photos of him dressed as a girl in a cigar box in a secret drawer of his dresser. It wasn't until he was sixteen that he admitted to an attraction to men. We thought he was gay. But, there was more to it.

Stephen graduated from high school in 1985; soon thereafter, he packed up his worldly goods and moved to Los Angeles to study fashion. He was able to get a job as a waiter at a restaurant serving a largely gay clientele; he would later learn bartending. After turning twenty-one, he was moved to the bar, where he could work some nights dressed as a woman. By that time, he was able to wear attire made for larger women, as he had a big build. He had also grown to be six feet tall, quite tall for a woman. It was there that Molly Ann Morton, a famous fashion model, discovered him in feminine attire, and thought of putting him to work part-time modeling fashions for the larger woman.

Fast-forward to November 3, 1993. Lisa and I had just finished talking to Stephen's transgender support group in Los Angeles. It was shortly after nine o'clock in the evening. Lisa was still in her bright red dress; I was still in my navy blue pinstripe suit.

We made a stop at Stephen's apartment in West Hollywood; an apartment he shared with a pre-operative transsexual named Vicki. He was wearing a purple dress with a pink lace overlay, a pair of purple pumps, purple stockings, diamond stud earrings and a faux pearl necklace. His shoulder-length brown hair was femininely styled. "Larry, may I have a word with you?" he asked.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"Do you remember the time you caught me wearing Sally's dress when I was six?" he asked me.

"As a matter of fact, I do," I replied.

"I told you that I wanted to see what it's like to wear girls' clothing at the time. But there was something more to it. For the first time in my life, I was who I felt I really should have been. As time went on, I wore Mom's or Sally's old clothes in secret at every opportunity. When I was sixteen, I revealed that I was attracted to guys. I thought I was gay, but I felt that it was not appropriate for me to pursue relationships with guys in the role of a guy. I wanted to do this only in the role of a girl.

"When I came out here eight years ago, I was free to pursue my life on my terms. I wanted to explore my feminine identity even more. I studied a field dominated by women, and worked in a gender-neutral job until I was twenty-one, before moving into a job which allowed me some flexibility as to whether I could dress as a guy or a girl.

"When Dad died, it was the last time I went to a family gathering dressed as a guy. Now, I want your understanding as I am about to tell you that I've made an important decision in my life," he explained.

"What have you decided to do?" I asked.

"I'm about to become a woman," he replied.

"I'd like a further explanation on that," I added, nonplussed.

"Six months ago, I confided something to Vicki, my roommate. I told her that I wanted to change my sex. She's also going through a sex change; she's been living full-time as a girl for the past two years. While I was growing up, I never really felt like one of the boys. I was always one of the girls. I never pursued sports or any other male pursuits; I had sought more feminine pursuits. I shared Sally's fashion magazines, showed an interest in fashion design, and even flirted with the guys when I was dressed as a girl.

"When I came out here, I wanted to further pursue becoming a girl. I had found acceptance as a girl in Los Angeles; I had never really been accepted as a guy. Last month, I went to the same doctor Vicki goes to for her hormones, and got my first injection of female hormones. I'm starting to show some changes in my body already; my breasts are becoming tender, and my hips and butt are starting to show a more feminine shape. My goal is to go all the way, and become a total woman. I am hoping to have a sex-change operation in the next few years," he explained.

"If that's what you want, I won't stand in the way," I added.

"Would you do me a favor, Larry?" he asked.

"What is it you want me to do?"

"Would you write Sally and our brothers?"

"Consider it done, Stephanie."

Lisa came in when I finished that conversation. "Darling, didn't you plan to call Allyson and set up that double-date?" she asked me.

"I'll call her now," I replied before Lisa sat down next to him.

"I understand you want to go through a change," she said to him.

"As a matter of fact, I'm just starting to go through a sex change," he added.

"When I was growing up, I also felt as if I was one of the girls. I felt that my parents should have raised me as a girl. Every time my parents caught me in one of my mother's old dresses, I got a lot of heat over it. They tried to instill masculine behaviors in me. Deep inside, I really was a girl. But, I was forced to be a boy, to satisfy my parents and their expectations of me. I lived predominantly as a boy through high school and college, only cross-dressing in secret. When I graduated from college, I got my first job in the mailroom of an advertising agency in New York. I was able to afford my own place, and buy my own female wardrobe," she explained.

"When did you first put on an article of female clothing?" he asked.

"I was eight years old when I put a dress on for the first time. It wasn't just any ordinary dress; it was my mother's prom gown from high school. I also put on one of my mom's old wigs, and attempted to apply makeup. This was in secret, when my parents left my sister Lauren in charge of my younger brother, Tommy and me. Lauren was thirteen at the time; Tommy was just six. My older brother, Archie, was playing roller hockey at a friend's house that night.

"While Lauren was playing a board game with Tommy, I quietly went downstairs to the storage closet, and grabbed my mother's prom gown. I then reached for one of her wigs; a chestnut brown, shoulder-length wig, and a pair of Lauren's old high heels. I walked to the downstairs bathroom, and experimented with some of my mother's makeup. I was only slightly sloppy; I had steady hands for an eight-year-old.

"I emerged from the bathroom, and walked around the basement, finding a mirror to look in. I thought I made a very cute girl. I even took photos of myself with my father's camera, complete with remote control. When Lauren came downstairs, and saw me in that gown, she told me to take it off. I reluctantly complied. When I was in that gown, I really felt like my true self; I should have been a girl," she explained with feeling.

"I was six when I did it. I put on my older sister's pink satin dress, and paraded in that for a while before Larry caught me. He took me up to face Sally, and she was disgusted. I also had her old pink shoes and a platinum blonde wig of my mother's on. They told me to take off the dress and other female clothing I had on. Larry wrapped me up in my bathrobe, took me to the bathroom so he could remove the makeup I applied, then took me to my room, and tucked me into bed. It was then that I realized I should have been a girl. After that, I dressed in secret. I even had a few photos taken of me dressed as a girl as I got older; one of my sister's female friends took these for me," he added.

Lisa looked at the photos for a moment. "Who did the makeup job?" she asked him.

"Tonya did. She's one of my sister's female friends; she had a panache for turning little boys into little girls," he replied.

"Tonya...as in Tonya Reinking?" she asked.

"The very same," he replied.

"Tonya has been doing makeovers for transgender people for the past fifteen years. I had her do a makeover four years ago, when I started to live full-time as a girl," she added.

Stephen then got up to reach for a photo album, consisting entirely of photos of himself in feminine attire. He then sat down in a chair, and crossed his legs in a feminine manner.

"May I critique you about your deportment?" she asked him.

"You may," he replied.

"You walk in those pumps very well. I'm sure Vicki taught you how to do that," she added.

"Vicki taught me to walk in three-inch heels; I was taught to walk in pumps in modeling school," he told her.

"Do me a favor; stick with pumps and flats. Three-inch high heels will make you taller than most men. Besides, anything higher than three inches will make you look like a hooker," she informed him.

"That's the truth, Lisa," he assured her.

"The way you have your legs crossed is fine. Men love that. The dress you have on has a skirt long enough to extend down to your knees. When you wear those shorter, flowing skirts, you'll have to cover up when you have your legs crossed. The reason for this is that you don't want the guys staring at you to look up your skirt. If you show your panties, you'll be read instantly. We don't want the guys to believe that you're anything but a girl," she explained.

She then took a look at his feminine wardrobe. "You have an excellent taste in fashion. Most of your wardrobe consists of dresses, skirts and blouses that the typical woman would wear on a daily basis. You've made the right choice by not selecting curve-hugging, skin-tight dresses and skirts. Those kinds of dresses and skirts will result in you being read immediately. Besides, as a big girl, they aren't really appropriate for you. When I began to live full-time as a girl, that's exactly the kind of outfits I avoided. I wanted to present myself as a fashionable girl that men would like."

"It's no wonder you won my brother over, and married him," he told her.

"When you wear the kind of fashions I wear on a daily basis, men will notice you. They love a woman who is tastefully dressed. The kind of fashions you wear will also make you more presentable for marriage, if that's the direction you plan to go," she added.

"What kind of man would marry girls like us?" he asked inquisitively.

"It takes a special kind of man to marry girls like us. He needs to see past what we once were, and accept us for the girls we are now. That kind of man is very rare. Some of these men have had previous experiences dating transsexual girls. I thought I would never meet a good man when I met your brother. We dated for a while before I told him that I was transsexual. Instead of walking out on me, as other men have done in the past, he stayed with me and listened to what I had to say. When I finished telling him, he said that he loved me for the woman I am now. He was with me when I underwent sex reassignment surgery a year and a half ago. Three months ago, we got married. I know he's the one for me; I hope you can find such a man," she replied.

"I hope so, too, Lisa," he added.

"You seem to have the basics of feminine deportment down; it's great that you have a roommate who's going through what you're about to go through," she informed him, before asking: "May I look at your makeup?" Stephen consented.

She looked at his makeup for a minute before informing him: "We're going to have to go makeup shopping tomorrow. You have only one shade of blush, two shades of eye shadow, and only one lipstick. A girl like you should have a lot more makeup." Then, she took a look at Stephen's lingerie drawers.

"You definitely need more feminine sleepwear. You only have a few nightshirts; you really need to be in romantic lingerie, like baby dolls, teddies, nightgowns and chemises. You could use more in the way of bras and panties, and in assorted colors. Your lingerie seems to be focused on pink and white. Most girls I know have red, blue, fuchsia, green, yellow, and even black lingerie. We have some serious shopping to do," she told him.

"Should we go tomorrow?" he asked her.

"Yes, we should. Wear a decent dress, too," she replied.

I got back to Stephen's room from calling Allyson. "What did she say, babe?" Lisa cooed.

"She'll meet us here in a few minutes; Greg will be with her," I replied before giving her a kiss.

"Did you two have a long talk?" I asked her.

"Yes, we did. We're planning to go shopping tomorrow," she replied.

"We aren't scheduled to leave until tomorrow night," I added.

"Who are Allyson and Greg?" Stephen asked us.

"Allyson is a friend of mine; we go back several years. We met while I was in college. Back then she was Allan. After graduating, she moved to Los Angeles to transition; she had a sex-change operation in 1987. Greg is her fiancé; they're planning to marry next spring," I replied.

"By the way, have you selected a female name?" Lisa asked.

"I have applied to have my name legally changed to Stephanie Renee Macmillan," he replied.

"It'll take a while for all of us to get used to having a new sister in the family. I'll have to write every one of them personally," I added.

"I somehow knew that you would choose Stephanie as your female name," Lisa added. It was at that point we would refer to Stephanie as a woman.

"Stephanie, you're on your way to becoming the girl you feel you should be," I added before giving her a smooch.

"Larry, I love you," she said to me.

"No matter whether you're Stephen or Stephanie, I love you just the same," I added.

"I love you as well, Stephanie," Lisa then added.

Allyson and Greg met us at Stephanie and Vicki's apartment at ten o'clock; we went to Sparky's, a West Hollywood restaurant catering to a diverse clientele. After we were seated and ordered our drinks, Allyson asked us: "Larry, what were you and Lisa doing at Vicki's apartment?"

"My brother, Stephen, has been living with her for the last several months. Tonight, he came out of the closet, so to speak," I replied.

"Came out?" asked Greg, with a quizzical look on his face.

"Stephen is now Stephanie. His sister is preparing for a sex change. Six months ago, Stephen realized that he was really a woman, unfairly trapped in a man's body. Last month, Stephanie received her first hormone injections. I talked to her at length for half an hour, and told her some of my experience with transition and surgery, and how Larry and I met," Lisa added.

"When I realized that I was transsexual, I told one of my closest friends, Paula, about it. She went through the same thing several years before. My boss was very accommodating when I informed him I was transitioning from man to woman; I was able to transition on my job as a salesperson at a department store, although I transferred from the men's department to the women's department. When I had my surgery, I was given a month off from my job. I still work that job today," Allyson added.

"Stephanie is working full-time as a girl now; she's modeling fashions for the larger woman for a modeling agency here in Los Angeles. She started working as a girl on a part-time basis; before she started modeling, she had a job where she could either work as a man or as a woman. It was on one of those nights she worked as a woman that she was discovered. I think she'll go far in modeling, even after she has her operation," I added.

The next afternoon, we returned to Stephanie's place; Lisa wanted to take her shopping. I decided to go with them; I also needed a few things. Lisa was smashing, as always, in her ivory blouse, red pleated skirt with a knee-high hem, and a pair of red flats. When we arrived, Stephanie was all ready to go. She was in a floral print dress that extended an inch below the knees, with white flats. We went to a nearby shopping center, where I left the girls on their own while I went shopping for a new suit.

The girls were walking toward a lingerie shop when two men took notice. One of them had a large build, of average height, with medium brown hair done in a flattop style, wearing a red T-shirt, a pair of blue jeans and a pair of blue athletic shoes. The second was a tall, athletic man with short red hair, wearing a white golf shirt, a pair of khaki slacks and a pair of tan loafers. Neither man suspected that the girls they were looking at were transsexuals. The shorter guy turned to his friend, and informed him: "Check out those two girls!"

"The big one has very sexy legs," the taller guy whispered to his friend.

"Forget about the thin one...she's married," the shorter guy whispered back.

"How can you tell?" the taller guy asked.

"She's wearing a big rock on the ring finger of her left hand," the shorter guy replied.

Stephanie took a glance at the two men, and gave them a sweet smile. "She's got a beautiful face, too," the shorter guy told him.

"You said it...I didn't," the taller guy added with a touch of sarcasm.

Stephanie and Lisa walked into the lingerie shop while the two men who noticed them went about their business. A tall woman with long blonde hair noticed them. "May I help you ladies?" she asked them.

"I'm looking for some romantic sleepwear and lingerie for myself," Stephanie replied.

"We have lingerie in all sizes. If you need anything, my name is Helen," the saleswoman added.

Stephanie and Lisa looked through the lingerie racks; she found numerous teddies, baby doll nighties, nightgowns, poet's shirts and chemises in her size. She even got several new bras and several new pairs of panties. "Those will look so sexy on you," Lisa complimented.

Lisa then grabbed a pink nightgown. "Do you think Larry would love to see me in this?" she asked her.

"He would go wild over you in that nightgown," Stephanie replied.

Lisa also selected two baby doll nighties; one in pink and one in baby blue. When Stephanie was finished with her lingerie shopping, she had four teddies, seven baby doll nighties, four nightgowns, six poet's shirts, five chemises, seven packages of bras, with five to a package, and seven packages of panties; again, five to a package. They paid for their orders with credit cards.

The next stop was the department store; Stephanie needed some new outfits, as well as more makeup. Another pair of men noticed them; this time, both were in pinstripe suits. One was tall, with a large build and a crew cut; the other was of average height and athletic.

"Damn! They're so tall!" the big, tall guy said.

"And look at those legs!" the athletic guy added.

"That big girl is so sexy!" the big, tall guy whispered.

"Don't look at the thin one; she's taken," the athletic guy whispered back.

"Oh yeah...I can tell by the ring on her left hand. She's married," the big, tall guy said, having just noticed Lisa's wedding and engagement rings.

Stephanie then flashed a big smile at them, and teased them a little bit with her facial expressions. "She's a girl, all right!" the athletic guy whispered.

Stephanie and Lisa then walked into the department store, and made a beeline for the plus-size women's apparel department, where she bought five suits with skirts, six blouses in assorted colors, three skirts in solid colors, three floral print skirts, three dresses in solid colors, three floral print dresses, and two party dresses. They walked over to the lingerie department, where Stephanie bought six new half-slips, two in white, two in antique white, and one each in red and pink. She paid for her purchases with her credit card. The girls then walked over to the cosmetics department, where Stephanie was looked over by a cosmetologist.

Stephanie consented to be made over, in which she was made up to look glamorous. She also bought various colors of eye shadow, along with different blushes, powders, and lipsticks in different shades of red and pink. Again, she paid with her credit card. The last department she went to was the jewelry department, where she bought several gold necklaces, different pendants, including a heart pendant, two faux pearl necklaces, seven pairs of dangling earrings, and six different bracelets. Once again, she paid with her credit card.

While they were shopping, I thought to myself: "How should I inform my siblings that Stephen is becoming Stephanie?" I knew that it wouldn't be easy to tell them in a short letter; it would have to be a long, thought-out one. The last time I wrote my siblings a long letter was when I became involved with Lisa. They were supportive of my marrying a male-to-female transsexual. What about a family member going through a sex change? I was hoping they would be as understanding about this as much as they were about my marrying Lisa.

I was sitting in the food court at the mall, having a cup of coffee when the girls returned. I had just finished a cell phone call to the airline, confirming that they switched us from a seven o'clock flight to the red-eye special, which departed for our next stop at midnight. They had more than they could handle with all the clothing Stephanie bought. "Could you help me with these dresses?" Stephanie asked me.

"Certainly," I replied.

"We bought so much for her, she's ready to sashay into the world as a full-time girl," Lisa added before we shared a kiss.

"Does she have plenty of shoes?" I asked her.

"Yes, I have plenty of shoes," Stephanie replied.

"Baby, did you check our flight reservations?" Lisa asked me.

"We had our reservations changed to the red-eye special because a couple with an urgent family matter needed the seats," I replied.

"Well then, we can go out to dinner tonight," she added.

We walked to the car, and loaded Stephanie's dresses into the trunk. We drove back to her apartment, where I took her dresses to her bedroom. It was just after four o'clock when we returned; Vicki was getting ready to go out on the town with her friends when we got back.

"Steph, is that you?" she asked her.

"It's me, Vicki," Stephanie replied.

"Who's the beautiful couple with you?" Vicki then asked.

"My brother, Larry and his wife, Lisa," Stephanie replied before Vicki walked toward us, wearing a pink blouse and a tight pink Lycra skirt that extended down to mid-calf.

"It's a pleasure to meet you two," Vicki said, smiling.

"The pleasure is mutual," I added.

"You and I have something in common," Lisa said to Vicki.

"What's that?" she asked.

"I'm also a transsexual; I've already been through my operation," Lisa replied.

Vicki turned toward me, and asked: "How can you be so patient and so understanding to marry such a beautiful woman?"

"It takes a lot of understanding for me to be married to a woman like Lisa. When we met, I didn't know that she was a transsexual. All I knew was that she was the most beautiful girl I had ever met. We met two and a half years ago at my therapist's office; she was receiving counseling for what I originally thought was a bad relationship, while I had been recovering from a bad relationship.

"When we started going steady, she told me that she was born a boy. I motioned her to sit down, and tell me her story. She went on for about forty-five minutes, telling me the story of how she was unhappy as a boy, and the growing desire she had to become female. She also informed me that she had not had her sex surgically reassigned. When she was finished, I told her that nothing, not even the fact she was born a boy, would change the fact that I had fallen in love with her.

"It was the woman in front of me that I had fallen in love with. I also promised that I would be with her through to, and beyond, her surgery date. I took time away from my work to be with her when she underwent her sex-change operation; we got married three months ago. She's given me the love and happiness that I've never known in any of my relationships with genetic women," I explained.

"I hope I can meet a guy like you someday," Vicki added.

"Lisa and I hope so, too," I assured her.

Stephanie emerged from her bedroom. "You look smashing, girl!" Vicki complimented her, with an element of surprise.

"I got a makeover this afternoon," Stephanie added.

"I'm sure you bought plenty of makeup and clothes," Vicki added.

"I helped her out with her selections, Vicki," Lisa informed her.

"You have great taste in clothes, that's for sure," Vicki complimented.

Vicki went back into the bedroom to get her high heels on; Lisa and I sat down on the couch. "Sweetheart, are you thinking about what to write your brothers and sister?" she asked me.

"I've been giving it a lot of thought all day. However, the laptop computer and the printer are still in the trunk of our rental car. We don't depart for Miami until midnight, so that will give me plenty of time to write that letter," I replied.

A knock came on the door around five o'clock; Stephanie answered. Two girls were at the door; one was a tall Hispanic woman with long, strawberry blonde hair and dressed in a pink Lycra dress, while the other was an African-American woman of average height with dark brown, shoulder-length hair and dressed in a white blouse and a brown leather skirt. "Is Vicki ready?" the tall girl asked.

"She'll be ready in a minute," Stephanie replied.

"Who's the gorgeous couple on the couch?" the other girl asked.