



*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.”