



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# The Groom Wore WHITE

Jamie



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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# THE GROOM WORE WHITE

By JAMIE

Ann and Jeff were juggling schedules, trying to establish a wedding date which would work for each of their families. They had been at it for about two hours and had nearly ruined two calendars, turning pages and comparing their families' schedules. They had discussed just eloping and saying "screw the wedding." Since they were the ones paying for this shindig, eloping would cover most of the cost of furniture for the unfinished apartment they had just signed a lease on.

The last Saturday in October was their best choice as far as relatives were concerned, and they had almost settled on that day, until Jeff realized it was also Halloween. Ann thought they had better stick with it, and go for a late afternoon affair, in case the relatives' kids wanted to go out trick-or-treating that evening.

Ann suggested that since they would be getting married on Halloween, in keeping with this special day, the groom should wear white. Ann would wear the tux, and Jeff the gown. It amused Ann to think that with her being three inches taller than Jeff, when they kissed, with Jeff in heels they would be evenly matched in height.

Three words came out of Jeff's mouth: "No way, Jose."

Ann just laughed and said, "Lets call the whole thing off. Let's just live in sin. To Hell with a damn wedding."

Jeff knew just what kind of static he would get from his Mom and Dad if they called off their wedding. He knew that they had to have some kind of ceremony in order to maintain relations with his side of the family. He asked Ann to reconsider their wedding plans.

Ann said "Why can't we enjoy Halloween while we make our commitments to each other? I enjoy dressing in costume. Why can't we make our wedding into a real costume affair and invite everyone to come in costume?"

"The kids won't mind us having our wedding in the evening if they get to dress up in costumes rather than in dresses and suits. Imagine the Maid of Honor being Count Dracula and the Best Man being Dolly Parton. The flower girl could be Frankenstein and the ring bearer, Marilyn Monroe."

Jeff frowned at her suggestion and said, "Let's just call the whole thing off."

Ann said, "Let's poll the participants. You select five of your relatives and I'll do the same. If we get more no's than yes's, we can scratch this idea. But if we get mostly positive answers, then you will be the bride and wear the gown."

Jeff thought she was nuts. He was sure all their relatives and friends would think this was a preposterous proposal and it would fall flat on its face. They each selected their five people, then swapped the lists, so that Jeff called her list and Ann called his. To Jeff's surprise, the response was eighty percent in favor of the costume wedding suggestion.

Now Jeff was really shaken. What was he getting himself into? Ann's next move was to call and order a tux in her size and a gown in Jeff's size. Then she turned to Jeff and said, "You had better start training in your three-inch heels, you have only two weeks to master that skill."

"Let your nails grow. We can rent you a wig from the costume shop in town. You won't need a purse, but you will need an outfit for when we leave the reception. Oh, I expect to lead on the dance floor, and be very graceful when you toss your bouquet, honey."

Jeff hoped that the gown was only available in Ann's size, also that the floor would open up and swallow him for the next three weeks or so. He asked, "Ann, why don't we just elope like I wanted to?"

Ann laughed and said, "Too late, Jeff. Our friends and family have spoken. You had better stock up on razor blades or buy an electric shaver."

The following Wednesday, the formal shop delivered a special package to Jeff's mother at the family home, addressed to Jeff Johnson. Another package was delivered to the home where Ann Brown lived.

In his package, Jeff found a bra and false breasts to help him eliminate the wrinkles in the front of his gown. Feeling trapped, he had no choice but to begin practicing with the three-inch heels also included in his bag of goodies. Ann informed him via phone that her tux was a perfect fit, and asked if he had tried on his gown yet.

Ann suggested that it was bad luck for the groom to see the bride in her gown before the wedding, but once he had his pantyhose and panties on, she would be there to assist him with the rest of his dressing and preparations. In fact, he had better come to her place to get ready for the wedding, because she had more of the things he would need. Her Mom could help her get Jeff into his bridal outfit. She had ordered a gown with a bustle instead of a train, and he would have to learn how to sit in an outfit with a bustle.

It would take hours to get him ready. On the other hand, all she would have to do to finish her dressing would be to slip into her tux jacket and flat shoes and she would be ready to go. Jeff was praying for an earthquake or a tidal wave.

The shoes were tight on his feet, and his Mom teasingly suggested that he remove his socks and wear pantyhose or knee highs. She offered three pair with slight runs for him to

practice and train with. She was pleased that Ann was going to make her son get all dolled up in a wedding gown; she was still trying to decide just what she and her husband would wear to this costume wedding. She wanted to convince him to let her rent an Elvis costume for him, and she would dress as one of the teeny boppers that flocked around that great performer. Her husband, John, was suggesting that he be a ghost, because they were invisible, and then he wouldn't have to go at all. "Jeff and Ann must be out of their minds" was his thought on the subject.

With all of the calls telling Ann what everyone was selecting for costumes, it looked like there would be people from all ages and walks of life, including outer space. The biggest problem would be to get Jeff trained in the wearing of girls clothing, especially in three-inch high-heeled shoes. With only two weeks to learn to walk gracefully in that type of footwear, Jeff should be practicing constantly. Ann needed to find a way to insure that he was doing so.

Ann went to his family home just after Jeff got home from work, hoping to find Jeff already practicing with those shoes. She found him watching the end of a baseball game. He was in his stocking feet, and they were propped up on a hassock.

She shut off the TV and began to lecture Jeff. Irritated, he left the room, only to quickly return with the wardrobe bag with all of the wedding gown components in it. Jeff handed the bag to her, then opened the door so she could leave.

He said, "Find a different groom, one who likes to wear girly outfits."

He stood there waiting for her to leave. She was shocked with his apparent lack of interest in helping to make their wedding something truly special.

"Jeff, please, we need to talk about this whole relationship. Can we reason this thing out?" Ann asked, afraid that her crazy idea had ruined her chance of marrying this wonderful man.

Jeff's mother happened to hear this exchange as she was descending the carpeted front stairs. She took the wardrobe bag from Jeff, took his hand off the open front door, and shut it, led Jeff to the dining room and seated him at the large table. She turned and guided Ann to a seat on the opposite side of that table. Then she took her seat at the head of the table after hanging the garment bag on the coat tree in the hall.

"It seems you two have a slight difference of opinion. I'd like to point out that you have your wedding clothes, your invitations are in the mail and most of your guests have already chosen costumes.

Also, the wedding clothes are already sized for each of you and you both agree that you are truly in love."

Ann answered, "I really love your son, and want us to spend our lives together. I want to marry this guy."

His mother turned to him and asked, "Jeff, be honest now, just what caused you to almost throw this lady out our front door?"

"It seems that I'm expected to make major sacrifices for this wedding. I must practice for weeks in order to appear really feminine in *my* wedding gown. Well, I don't want to

appear feminine. I'm a male, marrying a genuine female. This costume party wedding idea is really just to please everyone else. This is supposed to be *our* day."

"OK, Jeff, how do you suggest that we resolve this situation? Will you at least try to do your part since so many pieces of your wedding are already in place?"

"Well, I think this whole thing is crazy but I can see what I would be losing, and I certainly don't want to lose Ann." Jeff answered.

"Ann, what can you do to make this easier for Jeff to be the bride in this coming wedding? I am sure you have been teasing him about having to dress up and act as a bride. I know I just did that by teasing him about wearing pantyhose so the shoes wouldn't be so tight and uncomfortable."

Ann answered, "I can make sure that those shoes fit properly, and don't pinch and bind. They can be taken and stretched if need be. No one likes shoes which hurt their feet. We can try on his outfit and see if it will be comfortable for him to wear for several hours.

"I admit that I have been teasing him about having to pretend to be the bride, and badgering him about all of the feminine undergarments which have to go on under that emasculating white gown, about the high-heeled shoes. Jeff, I'm sorry. I will do my utmost to see you get all the help you need, and that you are relaxed and comfortable as my bride. I want this to be a celebration which we will remember for the rest of our lives."

"That proves to me that you both really want this wedding to take place. If you two will work together, it should be smooth sailing all the way to your marriage bed," Jeff's mother said, smiling.

Ann got up from her chair. Jeff met her at the other end of the table. They fell into each other's arms, hugged and kissed, and apologized for their spat. Then Jeff asked both of the ladies to help him with his shoes, and after that with his bra.

The gown fit like it had been tailored just for him. With the wig in place, still wearing his flat shoes and socks, he was actually quite comfortable and relaxed. The mirror reflected that feeling. They would get the cobbler to work on the shoes to achieve a comfortable fit.

Ann asked Jeff to stay dressed in the gown long enough to learn just how to sit, stand and how to handle the veil and that big back bustle. Jeff confessed that he had been scared because of all of the things he might do wrong. He knew that every female in attendance would be waiting for the 'bride' to screw up. He would have to act the part of a bride to perfection. That was going to take much training and practice.

The cobbler was able to reshape those pumps to give Jeff a quite comfortable fit. That made his learning how to walk in heels much easier, and his confidence grew by leaps and bounds. Jeff was normally a dare devil type but this was a challenge unlike any he had ever taken on before. There was ample reason for his wanting to call the whole thing off.

Taking a day off from work to work with the whole wedding ensemble, Jeff was beginning to feel some confidence in his ability to master the conversion from just plain Jeff to bride. At noon, after three hours of practice, he removed the gown and all of the associated lingerie, going back to the much coarser-feeling men's clothes. Despite his practice, those shoes were still giving him quite a bit of trouble; his feet hurt from the rather extreme

change in the angle of his ankle, and from supporting his total weight solely on the balls of his foot. Rigidity was beginning to develop in his elevated ankles, and his ability to retain his balance was vastly improved despite his discomfort. He still had the tendency to walk with his toes splayed out instead of straight. He had kept the pantyhose on and this thin material helped to relieve the pinch of the toe part of the shoes. The pantyhose he had on was one of the pairs his Mom had offered him with the visible runs. They still had enough nylon material to protect his feet from the chafing of the shoes, though.

At four p.m., Ann arrived. She brought with her a dress which would be appropriate for a lady to wear for a casual outing. She helped Jeff change to fresh pantyhose, then they added the bra, padding, a full slip, a dress, and the wig. They went to the mall for some clip-type earrings and stopped in at KFC shop for their dinner.

One of the people that she worked with stopped to talk, and Ann introduced Jeff as an old school chum doing a research project for her company in Oregon. Jeff whispered a hello, they shook hands, then the lady rushed off with her bucket of hot chicken parts, saying that she would see Ann the next morning.

Ann took Jeff into the ladies room, nearly scaring the wits out of him, but they survived with no adverse reactions from anyone. They went to a movie while in the mall. All this time Jeff was still breaking in those high-heeled shoes, and not screaming in pain. Home by eight-thirty, Jeff wanted to get completely out of all of that feminine clothing, including the shoes.

Ann helped Jeff to disrobe and slip into the long nylon nightgown his mother had loaned him. They fitted Ann's mule-type slippers on his bare feet after putting lotion on a couple of red chafed spots on his feet. They sat and snuggled and talked for about an hour, then Ann suggested that she go home so that Jeff could go to bed.

The next morning, Jeff was a little lame when getting out of bed. He was determined to win the battle with those shoes. Putting on a pair of knee-highs, he slipped into the shoes and wore them while getting his breakfast and getting ready for work. Then he switched to his shoes and socks. After returning from work, the switch was made to the heels again. This time they actually had begun to feel comfortable or at least more normal. After about an hour of working to prepare a report for one of his projects at work, he began to think about just how he had felt wearing all of that silky, slippery, lacy feminine clothing. He began to wonder just why men were always in rough clothing. Was there some unwritten law which demanded that men not be allowed such silky, sexy items as ladies wear? Why shouldn't men be allowed to feel that clinging and smooth nylon next to their skin?

He went to his computer and searched for "Nylon men's underwear" and came up with about fifteen local stores selling just such clothing. Ah, but look at the prices! Now he knew the answer to his question. Male demand for fashionable nylon garments was so low because of the prices. Now if every male suddenly began to purchase these type of products, competition would force the prices to tumble. Men would then be able to afford to wear high quality, sexy clothing.

He went and asked his Mom if he could borrow a complete outfit to wear until he could get to a thrift store to get one of his own. He was thinking that if he wore just ladies dresses and the proper underthings when he was at home, then by the middle of next

week he would find it natural to act as if he were a girl. Being dressed properly would force him to act accordingly.

Maybe this wedding might be a lot of fun after all, if he felt at home and relaxed in his wedding trousseau. It might not seem normal or natural to have those large bumps on his chest, but girls live with them all of the time, so why should he complain? Was it really that big a deal?

Eating dinner with his mother, wearing a full set of her clothes, actually felt quite normal. He certainly would hide if someone came to the door, but with Mom there to answer the door, he would have time to disappear.

He wondered if Ann would be upset if her husband dressed as a lady in their home. She could dress however she desired, why shouldn't he? Their state had no laws against males wearing ladies clothing. Hmm, maybe he could start a drive to convince men to dress as females if that's what they desire. Would it catch on? Would the world of fashion finally open up to men?

There's been a female candidate for president, and now have a man of color as president. How long would it be before we have men going to work in fashionable dresses and pant suits? And why shouldn't ladies wear three-piece suits if they so desire.

"Mom, as I sit eating this great meal, enjoying wearing this outfit of ladies wear, I thank you for intercepting that confrontation a few days ago. Without your intervention, it might have spelled doom to the marriage of Ann and myself. I'm glad she had the courage to buck tradition and force me to wear the wedding outfit at our marriage ceremony.

"I must interrupt my meal to call and tell her just that." He went to the phone and dialed. "Hello Ann, how are you tonight? I just want to tell you that I am wearing an outfit of my mother's, sitting with her at the dinner table. I want to thank you for making this gender swap take place at our wedding. I am relaxed I am enjoying one of Mom's great meals, and I have thanked her for calming that upset which might have ended our marriage.

"I have one question which I must ask now. Will I be able to select whatever clothes I wear after we are married, male or female?"

Ann responded with "Wow, Jeff you have really progressed in the last two days. Describe what you are wearing. No, better yet, hand the phone to your Mom and let her fill me in."

Mom began, "Jeff already had the pantyhose and wedding shoes on. So I gave him a pair of pastel pink panties and a matching bra to put on. I had to hook the bra in the inside set of eyes because his chest is slightly smaller than mine. With that bra and panty set, I have him in a matching full slip in nylon. With two bags of bird seed filling the bra cups, his slip fits like it was tailored. His dress is the one that I wore yesterday to the ladies' social circle, the one with the turtleneck top. It almost totally covers his Adams Apple. His wig is neatly combed, and his makeup and jewelry are well coordinated. Across from me sits a beautiful lady, cleaning her plate and anxiously awaiting an appreciative male admirer to come and take her out for an ice cream," Jeff's mom laughed.



Ann said, "I guess my twin brother had better get his fanny in gear, Tell Jessie to be ready and waiting at her door, Andy will be there as quick as a wink."

With Andy as her escort, 'Jessie' had little concern about being made as a crossdressed male. They rode along the quiet shore road; in October the houses and cabins were all but deserted. They had their ice cream treats in the car with the motor and heater running. They were gone so long that trips to the restrooms was called for. Andy could not go with her into "No Man's Land." Jessie was quite careful to do everything just as Jeff had been taught, and she returned to Ann's car quite proud of her successful visit.

All of her appendages shook from nerves as she sat on the toilet, but after a short while that trembling went away, and she was able to get her clothing back in place. After twice checking to be sure that her skirt and slip were safely down near her knees. Finally 100% sure that her bags of bird seed could not get loose, Jessie stepped confidently from the stall, went to a sink, washed her hands, dried them, touched up her lipstick. Without a glance back at this forbidden place, she walked smartly out to Ann's car, where Andy was graciously holding the door for her.

The chilly October evening managed to sneak easily and quickly into places where males don't normally feel it. Jessie now knew just why girls usually wore pants or slacks instead of skirts or dresses in this cool fall weather. She was chilled clear through from just the short walk from the ice cream parlor's front door to Ann's car. She reached up to pull her slip and dress skirt down as far as they would go. Her slip felt like a very smooth and soft sheet of ice, while her pantyhose-covered thighs felt much warmer.

While 'Andy' was driving 'Jessie' home, 'he' asked if Jessie was able to relax in that fully feminine outfit. Jessie stated that with the heater going, she was now quite warm and relaxed. With Ann disguised as Andy, Jessie was no longer nervous about being read as a male in a dress. They could consider acquiring a special car for Andy and Jessie when finances allowed, so their second identities could be preserved as well as possible.

'Andy' answered earlier Jeff's question about Jeff's choices of attire within their home, by saying that because of how pretty Jessie looked right now, she could park her slippers under Andy's bed anytime.

"How are you doing with your fancy high-heeled shoes? Are they giving you any problems?"

Jessie answered, "These heels limit my stride, but my Mom's dress hem is reaching its maximum expansion just as my shoes reach their limit. I feel like a prisoner restricted by ankle chains, but when you factor in the thrill of being able to experience this aspect of a female's world, there's no net negative to deal with.

"Out in the open air, I am invaded by cold drafts all of the way up to my panties. Inside this car or a building, that feeling quickly dissipates, and the pride of looking like a pretty lady warms me clear through. I know that at bed time I will have to force myself to undress, even though I will continue to wear the bra and the sexy pink nylon panties under my pink nylon nightgown, and slide into my bed with its pink satin sheets and lacy ruffled comforter. I expect to have pink dreams about my wonderful girlfriend, and wish that she could be with me in her lovely pink nightgown. I wish we were already married."

When Jessie awoke on Thursday morning, she slipped her feet into her wedding shoes. Still in her nightgown, she went to help Mom with breakfast preparations. Mom quickly went to get Jessie a robe to put over her night clothes. Their breakfast included questions and answers about the ice cream trip last evening. How did Jessie sleep last night? Did Jessie need any clothes for after Jeff returned from work late in the afternoon?

Jessie confessed to the need for an outfit, as Ann and Jeff wouldn't be going to the thrift shop until Saturday at the earliest. Mom said that Jessie was welcome to borrow any clothing which she desired; she should just return them laundered, folded or hung back on their hangers.

Ann called just before Jeff was to leave for work. She had found an ad seeking two ladies to manage a halfway house for late teen to thirty-five-year-old rehabilitating females. The salaries were far above what either Ann or Jeff was now earning. If Jeff could continue to train to be feminine, learn to speak like a lady, undergo electrolysis, and if they could hold these positions for at least two years, their total combined income would be in excess of \$200,000. They could almost retire with that amount in the bank.

Ann questioned Jeff to determine if he could tolerate living and working exclusively as a lady 24/7 for two years. Jeff stated that right now it was fun but he wondered if in six months he would still be desirous of posing as a lady. He asked Ann to give him at least the weekend in dresses to gather his thoughts and reactions.

Jeff went to work as usual, thought about his meager pay and heavy work load and dealt with the sensations of the nylon lingerie under his three-piece suit. He realized just how much he hated the tight grasp shirt and tie around his neck. He marveled a how much more comfortable the lingerie he was now wearing was than his usual coarse male underwear. Yes, those three-inch high-heeled shoes were hard to get used to, but they were much better after the cobbler had sized them to his feet. He thought about how much he hated to shave. If he could master the conversion to Jessie full-time, after two years Ann and Jeff could decide just what to do with their lives and their marriage.

"Hell yes," Jeff thought as he ran his hand over his crotch and the nylon panties he was wearing, "I'm ready, willing, and able to become Jessie. I can't wait to live in lovely ladies wear, to share the bed with Ann, both of us in our nylon gowns on our bed with the satin sheets. I'm all for it!"

The halfway house should be ready in about three weeks. They would be married by then, they could break the lease on their unfurnished apartment, sell one of their cars, buy clothes for Jessie, get her whiskers removed, train her to speak with a lady's voice, and be ready to take charge of the halfway house.

That evening, Jeff called and told Ann his decision. He asked her to apply for the positions, and to see if they could avoid health exams for the jobs.

Ann assured Jeff that just simple statements of their health were required. The authorities did not want to deal with pregnancies or children. Both lady applicants must be heterosexual, and there would be time allotted for their social lives.

Ann suggested that they keep a sharp lookout for a business they could start where some of the female ex-cons could be productively employed. It should be a place where they would be encouraged to excel, to prove their worth to themselves, to gain confidence,

to have the chance to start a business of their own, and work toward their own success story.

Ann reported on Friday night that she and Jessie were the only applicants for the half-way house job. She felt that either that type of job was not desirable because of the attitudes of the charges, or being segregated from the general public as a condition of the job was not desirable. The problem certainly wasn't the \$70,000 salary and all of the perks.

Jeff went to work on Monday and submitted his resignation, effective immediately. He returned home, changed into one of Jessie's new outfits, and began to train his voice to sound feminine. Tuesday morning he was worked on by an expensive electrolysis, and a large portion of his face was cleared of its whiskers. Next Tuesday, after their wedding, that same technician would finish Round One of the hair removal. A third visit would be for the final cleaning up of stray whiskers. Then once a week for two months, he would return for touch-up treatments.

Ann reported on Monday evening that they had been hired and that a meeting was scheduled for them to receive instructions on how to operate the house and how to maintain order among their female charges. Jessie wore a knee-length skirt, a turtleneck jersey, and sneakers with socks. Ann wore one of her workday pant suits, pantyhose, and conservative height heels.

Ann quit her job two days before their wedding. She was concentrating on her plans to start a business. Jeff was concentrating on becoming Jessie.

On Saturday, their wedding day, they gathered all of the bridal clothes and props and went to Ann's house. Jeff was nearly drowned and suffocated in a perfumed bubble bath. His body was carefully shaved by Ann's mother. When she was through, the bikini panties were removed and the final portion of his body was soaked and scrubbed in that awful, smelly bath water. Perfumes were the one part of being female which would be difficult for Jeff.

Jeff managed to put on the white pantyhose and the white nylon panties by himself, then Ann's mother helped with the groom's donning of the rest of the bridal outfit. Once the bra with its large fake boobs was in position, the gown was lowered into place, the back zipper closed, the bustle anchored to the back of the gown. Then came the white wedding shoes, wig, jewelry, and what seemed like tons of makeup. The finishing touch was the fingernails. Jeff was ordered to sit perfectly still for ten minutes so that the nail polish could dry and harden.

Ann's Dad, under pressure from the two ladies of the house, had rented a limo and a chauffeurs uniform. He did the honors by transporting the bride and groom to the church for their wedding. Ann's Mom dressed in a tux and became the tux-clad groom's best man.

The church was filled to the rafters with some of the most unusual guests ever to grace its pews. Ann had secretly urged Jeff's younger brother Don to pose as the Maid of Honor. She had personally coached him in the fine art of being a lady in preparation for the Big Day. It took a moment before Jeff recognized the pretty woman in the pastel gown as his own brother, so good a job had Ann's mother done.

The Maid of Honor wore low heels, beige pantyhose and a knee-length, strapless dress split up the side with what looked like tons of billowing lace ready to spill out at any moment. The bare shoulders and long sleeves had been a headache for the dressmaker as she was unaccustomed to designing a gown for a man's larger frame. It had a separate turtle-neck collar with material straps extending along the shoulder tops and anchoring to the outer side of the sleeve. The inner side of the sleeve was securely attached to the boned bodice of that exquisite garment. Don had designed the gown on his computer. Initially reluctant to participate in the ceremony wearing a dress, once he agreed to the idea, he discovered he had a talent for designing women's fashion. The further he got into the project, the more he enjoyed it in fact. To his surprise, he found that he was actually looking forward to being the Maid of Honor at his brother's wedding.

It was comical after the ceremony to see the fancy dressed bride and 'her' Maid of Honor cross the reception hall and enter the door labeled "Men." Jeff's gown was beautiful in its simplicity: knee-length, short-sleeved with a heart-shaped bodice. It was made from a very rich, satin finish material. Ann dressed in her tux with a very feminine curly hairdo, carefully made-up face and subdued bust was a challenge for those in attendance. Was 'he' a he or a she? Was 'he' really the bride?

The dancing and partying at the reception went on for over two hours, then Ann and Jeff would have to leave to catch their train into the city. They would be delivered to the station in the limo. Ann ushered Jeff in his gown into the ladies room. They shooed the few patrons out and had



the Maid of Honor guard the door. Jeff's gown was replaced by a very sexy lace-trimmed dress with a two-inch hem of white lace anchored to the bottom of a petticoat. It was carefully attached to the waistline of the dress to control the amount of lace to be exposed. The white pantyhose were exchanged for a beige set. The wedding shoes were traded for a pair of two-inch heels in pink to match the dress. The beautiful Maid of Honor Don watched, smiling, as his big brother changed out of his bridal outfit. He found himself wondering if he was as pretty as his sibling.

When it came time for the bride to toss her bouquet, single girls came from every part of the hall. Jessie tossed her bouquet high into the air. A girl came up from out of the crowd and captured that pretty prize. A moment later it was discovered that the 'young girl' was Ann's uncle. He was a man of about fifty with five teenaged kids, dressed reasonably convincingly as a teeny bopper with huge boobs. 'She' wore an extremely short skirt and skyscraper heels. He made a big show of presenting the flowers to his bride of over twenty years. She was dressed to look like Paul Bunyon, carrying a huge double-bladed axe.

Ann's Dad took the newly-married couple to the bus station. From there, they went into the city to a hotel suite for one night. Brother Don had agreed to pick them up the next afternoon for their return home.

The bridal suite with its king sized bed and satin sheets proved to be quite a fun place to play for this couple in the matching nylon nightgowns.

After about two hours of energetic rolling, hugging, kissing, they settled into each other's arms, and finally fell asleep. In the morning, the look-alike females had breakfast in bed and did some more mating. They finally arose, showered together, then got dressed for the ride back home.

Ann had selected matching dresses and shoes, and a wig to match her hair in color and style for Jeff to wear. The two lovely ladies climbed into the back of Brother Don's spacious Caddy. Don's first question was, "Well ladies, when is this costume party finally going to end? By the way, which one of you is my brother Jeff?"

Jeff in his male voice said, "The one on your left. To answer your first question, we hope with luck to stretch this phase out to at least two years."

Don asked, "So this wasn't just a fun idea for a unique wedding?"

The two took turns relating their plans for their next two years, telling Don about the huge salaries, about Jeff's need to become Jessie to make it work, about Jeff's beard removal. Jeff demonstrated Jessie's voice, then asked Don for his opinion.

"Well, Jeff, you certainly were a convincing bride. I liked your sexy pink going-away dress too. Your female voice is quite convincing." Don laughed and considered whether to continue. After a pause, he said, "If we weren't siblings and I just met you for the first time dressed like that, I would love to take you to bed."

"Your motives for living as a woman are very sensible and have much merit. But you better hope you don't get sick and need to go to the hospital, or change back to Jeff first and get treatment far away from where your job is. I don't know your long-term plans."