



Reluctant Press presents:

Eric Bunning, PhD



E. B. Stevenson

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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ERIC BUNNING, Ph. D

By E. B. Stevenson

One

To me, it's kind of a slang term to be called a "shrink". I've also heard the term "head shrink" being bandied about. I prefer to be called a psychologist, which I've called myself for the past twenty-five years.

I'm now in private practice, operating out of a small bungalow on my property in Wildwood; it's a short walk from the main residence. Both sit on a five-acre plot of land. I started in private practice in Richmond Heights, shortly after my oldest daughter, Katie, was born. She's now a senior in high school. My oldest son, Eric, is in college as a pre-med major. He hopes to be-

come a psychiatrist. My second son, Chuck, is a sophomore in high school. My twin daughters, Karen and Caroline, are seventh graders. My youngest son, Earl, is a fourth grader. Ten years ago, I moved my practice from Richmond Heights to the bungalow. For the past six months, I've been a widower; my wife of twenty-eight years and longtime office manager, Cathy, lost her battle with cancer. In my practice, I work primarily with people with autism spectrum and gender identity disorders.

It was nine-thirty in the morning on a cold Monday in January. I had just dropped Earl off at his elementary school. I had pulled my Jeep Cherokee into the driveway on my property. I walked over to the bungalow. My new office manager, Gina Summers, had already checked into work for the day. She started just a month after Cathy's passing. She's a middle-aged, blonde-haired woman of five-eight with an average build; she was wearing a navy blue dress, black stockings and navy blue pumps. Gina was going through the transition from man to woman; she was scheduled for her sex-change operation in five months.

"Good morning, Eric," she said with a smile.

"Good morning, Gina," I said as I was picking up a patient's file before getting started on the coffee.

"At least you make better coffee than I do," she added with a twist of sarcasm.

"That's what I hear my patients say," I said with a chuckle.

"How was your weekend?" she asked me.

"It was a great weekend. I went to the combined ceremony for Dr. Bernstein's twins; Isaac was having his Bar Mitzvah, while Shana was having her Bat

Mitzvah. The ceremony was beautiful; I overdid it a little on the knishes, though. Karen and Carrie also had a great time; they overdid it a little on the kosher hot dogs. Eric was home from college this weekend, so he took Katie, Chuck and Earl out for pizza," I replied.

"Did he bring his girl home?"

"Sadly, he didn't. Leah had a death in her family, so she had to return home to Sparta. The funeral is this morning."

I looked over my appointment book, and found that my first appointment was at ten o'clock. I went to the filing cabinet to search for her file. Once I found the file, the phone rang. I answered it.

"Dr. Eric Bunning," I answered.

I spent a few minutes on the phone with a mother whose teenage son was dealing with issues concerning his gender identity. I told her to come into the office at four-thirty the next day. When my watch chimed to indicate it was ten o'clock, the first patient of the day was waiting; a young woman named Gretchen. A red-haired girl, five-ten with a slender build, in her mid-twenties, she was wearing a pink pantsuit and a matching pair of high heels. She was dealing with a double whammy; she was not only dealing with a high-functioning autism spectrum disorder called Asperger's Syndrome, in which social learning is severely delayed, but she was also dealing with gender identity disorder. Gretchen had just started living full-time as a woman in October.

"What's new?" I asked her.

"I explored my sexual feelings with a man over New Year's," she replied.

"Would you tell me more about your experience?"

"I was with a friend of mine, Virgil, for New Year's Eve. He took me to a New Year's Eve party in another town. The deal also included a hotel room, where we spent the night. He bought me the black party dress, matching lingerie and high heels I wore; he was so attentive to me throughout the night. We danced to the slow, romantic songs and a few of the faster songs, too. We shared a bottle of champagne, which we slowly nursed until the New Year arrived. After the party wrapped up, we went to our hotel room."

"What happened there?"

"When he turned on the light in our room, he put on some romantic music on his portable compact disc player. The next thing I knew, he was in front of me, giving me a tender kiss. I told him that he was the sexiest man I ever met, and he whispered that I was the most beautiful girl he's met. I stepped into the bathroom, and changed from my dress into a romantic black baby doll nightie. When I emerged from the bathroom, he was already stripped down to his red satin boxers."

"Did he seduce you, or did you seduce him?"

"I seduced him. I sashayed toward him, wrapped my arms around him, and gave him a tender kiss. The next thing I knew, he gently wrapped his arms around me and gave me a passionate kiss. I had never felt so feminine in all my life. His passionate necking of me made me feel even more like a girl. We both got on the bed, where he gently removed the cups holding up my breasts. I asked him why he would bare my breasts, and he told me: 'Gretchen, I want to make you feel like a total woman.' I whispered to him; 'Virgil, you're already making me feel like a total woman.' He proceeded to gently take my left breast in his hands."

“Is that when he began to fondle your budding breasts?”

“When he took my left breast in his hands, he moved his mouth toward the nipple, and began to suck and lick at it. I must tell you, I was in heaven!”



"He kept licking and sucking at my breast until he was drinking my milk. He told me that it was delicious. He moved his hands to my right breast, took it gently, and started to suck and lick the nipple of my right breast. I had never felt so good and feminine as Virgil made me feel at that moment."

"What were you thinking about next?"

"My entire being told me that I wanted to be entirely a woman, and I wanted to know the pleasure and feeling of being a woman, with a man I truly love. With a sense of urgency, I was feeling down to his boxers, and stuck my hand inside. I could feel his manhood being as hard as a rock! I put the cups of the top of my nightie over my breasts, and began to pull his boxers down. I then took his erect manhood in my hands, guided it to my mouth, and gave him some attention with my mouth and tongue. I began to realize that I was enjoying taking the female role in making love to my man. I kept at it until I could taste his essence. Believe it or not, he was delicious."

"He knows you haven't had the operation yet."

"But, when I am fully healed from having the operation, he'll be the first man I'll make love to in my new body."

"What you've said has also aroused me, although it has been a while since I made love to a woman."

"We didn't finish making love until almost two o'clock. He put his boxers back on, climbed into bed with me, and we kissed until we fell asleep in each other's arms. When we woke up around eleven o'clock in the morning, he was gently caressing my butt, still clad in my panties."

"When do you see him next?"

"I see him this weekend. We're both on vacation from our jobs; we're planning to spend a week in Hawaii."

When our session was finished, I helped her with her faux fur coat, and walked her to the door. "I'll see you when we get back," she informed me.

"I'll be looking forward to the details of your trip," I said.

When I closed the door, I walked back to the office. Gina had a few papers for me to sign; while I was pulling out the file on my next patient, she asked me: "Eric, I'm going to the office supply store. What do you need?"

"I'm going to need a whole bunch of pens. Katie, Chuck and the twins seem to be taking the pens I've had for their school work," I replied.

"Kids use a lot of pens and pencils in their school work," she added.

I saw my share of patients throughout the day; I didn't get my next transgender patient until three o'clock that afternoon. Before my next appointment, Katie walked in. "Dad, may I have a word with you before you see your next patient?" she asked me.

"You certainly may," I replied.

"I'm planning to be out of town this weekend to visit a college campus," she added.

"Will you be going with one of your friends?"

"I'm going with Kathy Higgins and her mother."

"I'm sorry I can't come with you; I'm on call this weekend."

My three o'clock appointment was with a post-op transsexual named Paula. She had been through the operation several years ago. She was dealing with the breakup of her latest relationship.

"Eric, I don't know what to do, now that Marty and I have broken up," she said with a sad look on her face and a tear in her eye.

"The best thing you can do is to lay low for a while," I assured her.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I've been laying low for a while now. You probably heard I lost my wife six months ago."

"I'm so sorry to hear that!"

"Cathy had been battling cancer for the better part of three years. She worked as long as her health could allow. Over the thirty-two years we had been together, twenty-eight of those years as a married couple, we endured so many breakups involving our two oldest children. It seemed that Eric was breaking up with a girlfriend more often than Katie was breaking up with a boyfriend."

"How many boyfriends have you had since you started living full-time as a woman?"

"I've had just three; Marty was my third boyfriend. I had one boyfriend while I was transitioning from man to woman; his name was John. The only reason why we had to split was that his employer transferred him out of the country. My second boyfriend was Phil; we met just before I received a final recommendation for gender reassignment surgery. He was the first man I had sex with after my operation. The only reason why I broke up with him was that he reconnected with his college sweetheart, who was actually born female.

Marty was so immature from the start; when I told him I was born a boy, he stormed into a rage, and walked out. We tried to work things out, but I just couldn't see myself having much of a future with him."

"Was it hard to tell him?"

"It was very difficult to tell him that I didn't want anything to do with him. I actually called him a 'transphobic liar', which accurately describes him. I couldn't see myself with a jerk like him. I often wonder to myself where the nice, understanding guys are."

"I often wondered the same thing about where the nice girls were."

"Come again?"

"Before I met Cathy, I also had difficulty getting a date. When I was in high school, I never could get a date. I wanted so much to go to the prom, but since I couldn't get a date, I wound up going to a ball game. The difficulty continued into my years as an undergraduate college student. I was in graduate school when I met Cathy. She was a freshman, majoring in accounting. We met while we were taking a history class together. Before long, we were going to lunch and dinner together. When she received her Bachelor's degree, I asked her to be my wife. She was my only girlfriend, and my soul mate."

"I just hope my next boyfriend is as nice as you are, Eric."

After I finished the session with Paula, I helped Gina get caught up on some paperwork before I closed the office for the day. "What are you doing tonight?" she asked me.

"I'm going to prepare dinner for me and the kids, and maybe help them with their homework," I replied.

"I'm going on a date with a nice young man. He's taking me out for Lebanese cuisine."

"How much younger is he than you?"

"All I can say is that he's young enough to be my kid brother."

When Gina left for her date around five o'clock, I put on my coat, and took the short walk back to my residence. When I walked in the kitchen door, I saw that Katie was doing the cooking.

"What are you making?" I asked her.

"Spaghetti and meatballs," she replied.

"Have you, your brothers and sisters have any homework?"

"Earl is having some trouble in math; I'm helping him with his homework. Chuck got his homework done during study hall today. Karen and Carrie are working on a project for their science class."

Two

Valentine's Day would be hard on me, as it was the first one I had without Cathy. It would also be a full day, as I was dealing with a bunch of broken hearts. One case I dealt with was a man named Derek. He has been dealing with Asperger's Syndrome most of his life; he had been having trouble finding a girlfriend since his last relationship ended fifteen years ago. He was my eleven o'clock appointment that day.

"It's been so long since I have had someone in my life. I've forgotten what it's like to be in love, to hold a beautiful woman and to kiss her. I even forget that to-

day's Valentine's Day," he said with a touch of melancholy in his voice.

I asked him: "Have you ever considered the possibility that the woman of your dreams wasn't born a girl?"

"I never considered it. I never even knew a man could become a woman."

"Many of the patients I see are what we call transsexuals. They have an overwhelming desire to become the opposite sex; in many of the cases of the patients I see, they're seeking the operation that will complete their transformations from men to women. Even my office manager, Gina, is in the process of becoming a woman."

"Do they desire a man for a dating, romantic or marriage partner?"

"Many of them do. Some even start dating men while transitioning to women. There are a few, however, who still desire a woman even after she has her operation. I think that it would help your cause if you become more open to dating a transsexual woman."

"What if I don't become more open to dating such a woman?"

"Then, you will have fewer women to choose from for the purposes of dating, relationships and/or marriage."

"Then, I'm going to have to consider dating a woman who was born male."

"I think you will be well served by the consideration of transsexual women as dating partners. They're more feminine than most genetic females."

When I finished with Derek, Gina informed me that I had a visitor waiting in the waiting room. It was my sister-in-law, Darlene. Somewhat heavy set at five-nine with blonde hair, she worked at a nearby hospital; she was still in her green scrubs. She helped me immensely in the final three months of Cathy's life, and in the months since Cathy died. She had a bag of Chinese food with her. "How are you holding up, Eric?" she asked me.

"I'm none the worse for wear, Dar," I replied before I asked her how she was.

"It's been very hectic the past several days. I thought you could use some company," she replied.

We walked into the kitchen inside the bungalow, where I got out a couple of bowls. Darlene took the three orders of fried rice out of the bag, and set them on the table. One order was beef fried rice; the second was chicken, and the third pork. I also got out a pitcher of iced tea, and put ice in two glasses. Once I set the glasses down and poured iced tea into them, we both sat down.

"I'd take it you've been seeing a lot of broken-hearted people today," she said, making a guess at what I was doing.

"I've already seen more than my fair share," I replied.

"I knew you would on a day like today. I've heard the single nurses complaining about the kind of men they're meeting."

"I had one patient here this morning who was complaining about the same thing. The kind of suggestion I made is something I rarely make to a man in his situation."

“What was that suggestion?”

“He should consider the possibility that the girl of his dreams may have been born a boy.”

“That’s not often I hear that, even from a therapist.”

“How’s everything at home?”

“Greg is doing well; he’s been on a big job discrimination case the past few weeks. It is a class action suit involving a group of workers with various physical, learning and social challenges suing some of the nation’s biggest radio and television station groups over their denial of employment and/or dismissals. School has been great for the younger Greg; he was just named the school’s Athlete of the Month. He broke the hockey team’s record for most saves in a game, when he turned back all forty-two shots he faced in one game three weeks ago. His twin sister, Grace, has been added to the Who’s Who of High School Students for her fundraising efforts, including her recent trivia night to help a student whose father died of cancer. Dan is playing youth basketball right now; his team is in first place. He’s also an honor student at his middle school. Debbie is also an honor student at her elementary school.”

“Eric has made the Dean’s List for the fall semester; he also has a girlfriend. I met her once when I visited the campus; she’s a sweet, small town girl. Katie is going to visit another college with one of her friends this weekend. She should have that choice narrowed down by the time she goes to the prom. Chuck has made the baseball team at school; he’s going to be the catcher and designated hitter. Karen and Carrie got high marks for a science project they did; their science teacher entered it in a competition later this month. Earl had some problems with math as of late; Katie is helping

him. Everyone has pitched in to help with the work around the house since Cathy passed."

"That new office manager you have, Gina? She's had that office organized so well since you hired her."

"I must admit, I did leave it a bit of a mess in the months leading up to, and in the month after, Cathy's death."

"Is it true she's going through the transition from man to woman?"

"She's been living full-time as a woman for the past two years. She's scheduled for her sex-change operation in June. Katie has helped out in the Guidance department offices at school; she's agreed to fill in while Gina has her operation."

"She's so classy and beautiful; not even I would believe she was ever a guy!"

"She dresses very professionally. She's not one for very high skirts or very suggestive dresses, even during her off hours."

"That's a good thing. Greg Junior always complains about the girls who dress suggestively. Some of the kids think he's a prude!"

"Eric had that same complaint when he was in high school."

After finishing my lunch break with Darlene, I drove out to the cemetery to place a dozen roses on Cathy's grave before returning to the broken hearts. My three o'clock appointment was with a young transsexual woman named Laurie. She had been living full-time as a woman since graduating from college the previous summer.

“What’s bothering me is that not many guys ask me out. I’m taller than many of the guys I meet. Most of the guys I meet hover around six feet tall, but I’m six-three. I’ve had a few guys who are my height or taller ask me out, but they’re not that wild about commitment,” she said with a sense of frustration.

“Has the fact that you were born a boy been a factor in their fear of commitment?”

“I don’t think it’s figured into the problem at all. I’ve only been living as a woman for nine months now; it takes time for me to get acclimated with the female role in dating and relationships.”

“Have you got a group of girls you regularly hang out with?”

“I’ve been hanging out with the same group of girls since college. They’ve accepted me as the girl I’ve become. There are a few of us who love teasing and flirting with the guys; I’ve even teased and flirted with the guys on a few occasions.”

“Do you dream of someday meeting the man of your dreams?”

“I’m not counting on it. So many guys feel threatened by a girl like me. I’ve heard the stories of guys running away when the girl reveals she was once a guy herself. There are, sadly, so few guys who would accept us as the girls we’ve become. For girls like me, finding our Prince Charming is, at best, a dream.”

“I’d have to admit that it does take a bit of attitude adjustment before a man even considers a transsexual woman for a dating partner, let alone a marriage partner. I had a patient earlier today who never considered a transsexual woman as a dating partner; in fact, he didn’t know that one could change sexes. I suggested

that he open his mind to the possibility that he should consider adding transsexual women to his pool of potential dating partners. He asked me what would happen if he didn't open his mind to the possibility of dating a transsexual, I told him that his pool of potential dating partners would be much smaller."

"Hmmm...he sounds like my kind of guy."

"He does have one advantage; he's six-four."

"I hope I can meet a guy just like him. They seem to be rare."

At the end of the day, I came home to find that Chuck, Katie, Karen and Carrie had prepared a feast for dinner. "All of this for me?" I asked them.

"It's all for you. We love you, Dad," Karen said with a tear of joy running down her face.

"I don't know what to say. Thanks for doing all of this," I added.

Three

The week Eric was on Spring Break from college, he came back home, this time with Leah in tow. They both had their last classes on a cool Thursday morning in early March. I had to leave town that Thursday evening for a transgender conference in Philadelphia. Eric arrived home around two-thirty; my plane for Philadelphia departed at six o'clock.

"Do you have any requests?" Eric asked me.

"Keep a close eye on your brothers and sisters while I'm out of town. Earl can get to be a little operator," I replied.

“Do you have emergency contact numbers?” Leah asked.

“The numbers are near every phone in the house. I’ll have my cell phone with me,” I replied.

It was nine-thirty when my plane touched down in Philadelphia. After clearing security and claiming my bags, I went to the hotel where the conference was being held. There were quite a few transgender women at the bar, getting a few drinks and engaging in girl talk. I went right to my room on the fourteenth floor, and set my bags down. I thought about turning in for the night, but decided to stay in the suit I was wearing, and go down to the bar and join the girls. I adjusted my tie, and took the elevator downstairs to the bar. I was met by a friend I met at a transgender conference the previous fall. This time, she was in a pink chiffon dress. She was in her early twenties, had shoulder-length black hair, five-nine with a slender build.

“Dr. Bunning, it’s great to see you again,” she said as I came into the bar.

“How’s life treating you, Tatiana?” I asked her.

“I’ve been very busy with graduate school; I’m scheduled to finish this spring. The best news is that I’ve been cleared for my Real Life Test,” she replied.

“So, when do you start RLT?” I then asked.

“I’ll start when I graduate in mid-May; I’m also relocating to the St. Louis area to join a group practice,” she informed me.

“We really need people in our area that works with the transgender population. It seems that I’m one of the few offering such services in that area.”

“Do you still have six kids at home?”