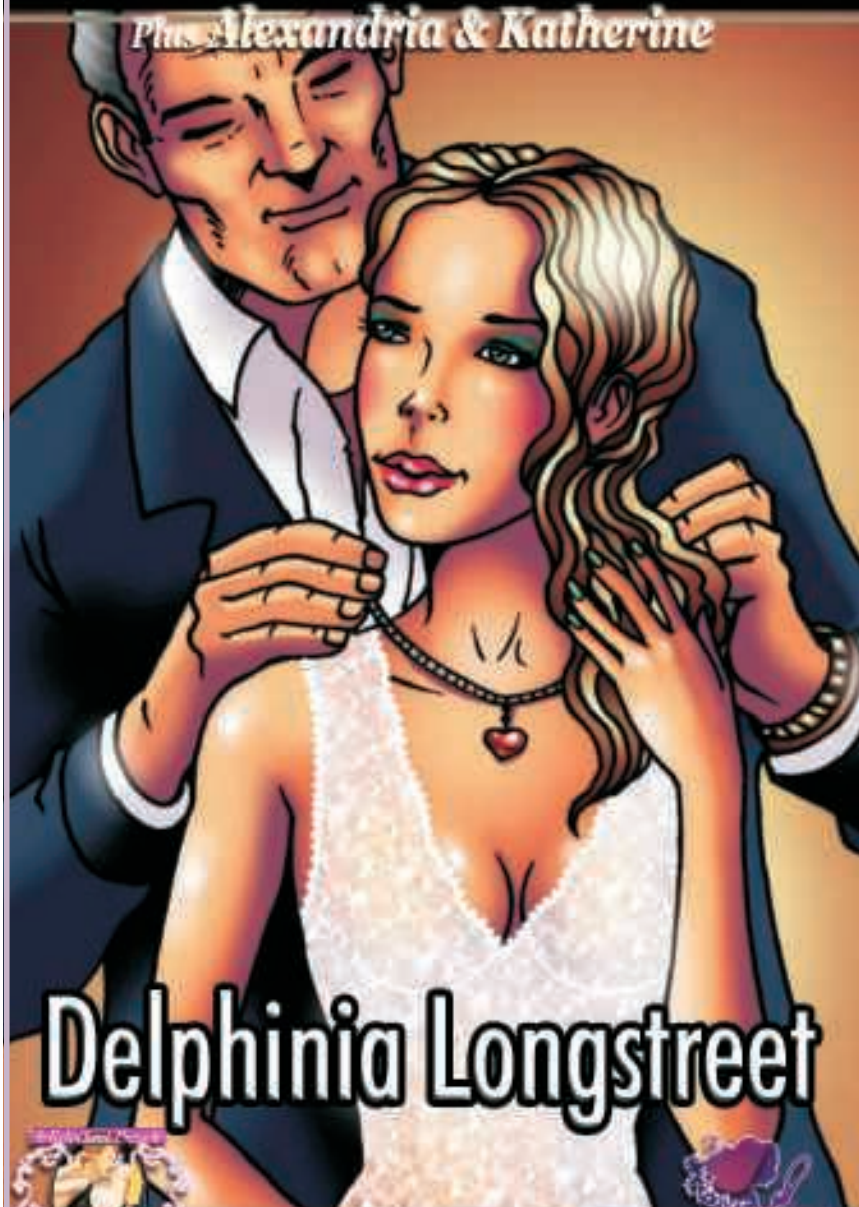


The Reluctant Bride

Plus Alexandria & Katherine



Delphinia Longstreet



A "Her Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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THE RELUCTANT BRIDE

By Delphinia Longstreet

ONE

I am standing here in a state of absolute shock. It seems like only yesterday, or perhaps the day before, certainly not more than a month ago, when I was a carefree University Freshman just starting out on life's journey. Now look at me!

I'm wearing a white satin, Empire wedding dress and listening to the strains of the Wedding March coming through the closed door between me and that long aisle with all those staring people on either side, all waiting for a glimpse of the blushing bride.

Except that I am that blushing bride!

And I was born a male, for crissakes!

Dammit, I'm still a male under all this smooth satin, rubber, leather and lace!

Only to look at me, you'd never know it!

My body has been depilated to Hell and back! My skin is now creamy smooth, femininely cushioned and I get sexually excited when someone caresses it!

I have been fed female hormones by the ton with the result that I now have huge C-cup breasts with

long, easily excitable nipples. My soon-to-be husband just loves to caress and tug and kiss them while I writhe helplessly in his arms!

Yes, I did say *his* arms; until this very moment, I would never have thought, much less admitted, that I could have even one homosexual bone in my body!

Up until now, I had been a completely heterosexually-oriented male, in love with a beautiful woman and planning on proposing marriage to her. Obviously that will never happen given my present circumstances.

I was born male to a conventionally sexed mother and father, was christened Honoré (Hone-ray) de Choisen-Rôimy and grew up with that name.

My school days were rather uneventful which I will explain soon. I graduated high school at age sixteen and was barely seventeen that August when I started at the University. Classes were almost exactly like high school, except that if you wanted to skip a class, no one wrote you up or sent you to detention.

And I thrived.

So, why am I here?

It goes back four years or so. I was a brand new freshman when I first met my future husband, Professor Calvert Henri Herbert. He was my economics professor and my freshman advisor. Through him I met his daughter, Ginny, short for Virginia, and we (Ginny and I) started dating after I became a sophomore.

Ginny was a rather pushy girl. OK, she was dominating and over-bearing and a rabid feminist, seeming always on the prod for women's rights.

So, what did she see in me?

I'm short (for a man), measuring a mere five foot four inches in height and I weigh in at a light one hundred twelve pounds. At the time (my rebellious years) I was keeping my dark auburn hair long (it bounced atop my shoulders) (still does!) and it went with my emerald green eyes perfectly.

I was never any good at contact sports. I avoided them like the plague, much to my father's displeasure as he had been a football star when he was in University. I do believe that he thought I would do the same.

Nevah gonna hoppen, G.I.!

I went out for lawn tennis. I was never a champion, but I liked it.

Back to Ginny.

Because I was so obviously feminine, I appealed to her sense of propriety, a "normal" male/female relationship to circumvent those who thought of her as an outright lesbian. She was the first real girlfriend I had ever had and to put it quite bluntly, I was flattered to think she found me attractive enough to want to be in my company!

I soon became aware of Ginny's real motives in dating me, but since I was in no position (I thought) to refuse her, I went along with her subtle suggestions.

First she coaxed me into wearing girls' tight fitting jeans, you know, the ones with no pockets that zip closed either up the back or on the left side. This was not "new" to me as I had worn a girl's jeans before when I could not find any male jeans that would fit my narrow waist and flaring hips correctly.

Yes, even us feminine boys have fitting problems!

Then she got me to wearing silky blouses. I'm sure you know the kind I mean. They all buttoned the wrong way or fastened up in back. These had all kinds of sleeves, from caps, to none, to elbow-length, forearm-length, wrist-length, with elastic wrists, French cuffs, any kind you can imagine.

Whatever, I wore them with no resistance.

Why wouldn't I?

I was getting laid every night, well, actually sixty-nine style, but anything's better than nothing, right?

I rather liked kissing her hairless pussy, especially when I discovered that it could kiss me back! That she was always on top was of no concern to me.

Then one cool evening, she draped a fur stole around my shoulders. It was so soft and delightful that I wore it gladly! I liked the feelings of lust that arose in me without any effort on my part. And later, in bed, I was an even more avid lover than ever!

Which she loved, I could tell, by the way her bald pussy waxed my mustache!

After that night, the fur became an integral part of my wardrobe, so much so that when she suggested I wear a light shade of lipstick, "to emphasize your beautiful eyes," she told me, I did so without question.

It was just flattery but I drank it up like a hungry sponge! When she spritzed me with a light, girlish perfume, I giggled and let her do whatever she wished!

Over the next few weeks she brought me along easily, steadily, into femininity, and I never suspected a thing! God, I was so gullible!

Just shows to go yuh how addlepatated a guy can be with his first real love! He just loses all sense of rhyme or reason and does anything to please said girlfriend!

And so it was with me. I wanted to please her and be pleasing to her, so I followed each of her suggestions without hesitation. My only wish was to be with her, and if all it took was a few accommodations on my part, so be it.

It was my life and I could do what I wanted. Couldn't I?" Damn straight!

Soon, my few friends saw what was happening to me and they started to avoid Ginny and myself. Oh, nothing overt or obvious, but associations became fewer and fewer until they had ceased altogether!

She had wheedled me into wearing a training bra and silky panties under my girlish blouses and jeans,

much to my belated surprise. I had had too many tequila sunrises the night before and when I awoke in her bed with those panties and bra snuggled around my body, I did nothing at all.

Then she started telling me that I was anemic and should take special vitamins to offset the effects of “your tired blood,” her words.

It was months before I discovered that the “vitamins” were actually concentrated estrogen hormonal supplements usually meant for women going through menopause.

When my chest developed definite mounds with extremely sensitive nipples, I sought out Ginny’s doctor, the one who had prescribed the “vitamins” in the first place.

“Doctor,” I began. “I think there’s something odd about those vitamins. I seem to be growing breasts and my nipples get sore after rubbing against my clothing all day.”

“Why, yes, Honey (Ginny had renamed me “Honey” as she thought Honoré was too masculine, which it is.)” Dr. Rosen agreed. “You *are* growing breasts. That’s a side effect of your estrogen hormonal supplement capsules. Didn’t you know?”

I was stunned. “No, Dr. Rosen, I most certainly did *not* know! I merely followed your instructions to take two a day for the first month and then one a day after that, and that’s what I have been doing for almost two years now,” I explained.

She laughed heartily. “Then Ginny didn’t tell you?” she queried.

I shook my head negatively. “No, Ma’am.”

“Well, I wouldn’t worry about it,” she tried to calm me. “After all, you do want to have S.R.S. in another year or so, don’t you?”

“Have what?” I almost screamed.

“S.R.S.,” she explained patiently. “You know, Sexual Reassignment Surgery.”

“Why, no,” I was aghast. “I did *not* know!” I emphasized.

“Then I suggest you have a long talk with Ginny.” She stood and walked out.

But when I tried to nail Ginny down and get some sort of explanation from her, she just laughed it off, began tickling me and I quickly forgot all about what I wanted to talk to her about.

I was too much in love to object. I did not want to lose her and I felt (at the time) that nothing she requested was permanent and that once we married, it would all change and I could go back to being a man.

How gullible, dumb, stupid, unknowing, and even uncaring could one guy be?

Well, that was me, all of that and more, in spades!

And that was just the beginning!

TWO

Halloween of my junior year at University, Ginny wheedled me into going to a party dressed as a girl, a Parisienne street walker and she would go as my pimp. Just the idea was scintillating in the extreme and I fell for it, hook, line and sinker!

I was dressed in black net stockings, black slim skirt slit up to my upper thigh, an off-the-shoulder silk blouse with long sleeves and open to below my bra, thereby showing my “assets” to prospective customers.

Of course I was exposed. I was dressed as a prostitute, remember?

With careful coaching by several of Ginny’s “friends,” I became pretty much letter perfect with my call girl performance! And, yes, I was hit on by several guys who had no idea that this “lady of the evening” was actually a guy under it all!

I don’t think most of them would have cared one little bit, had they known!

That set the stage for her next foray into femininity. For me!

Since I had worn a skirt and had been so convincing, she talked me into wearing skirts and dresses around the apartment. Yes, we were living together and had been for over a year, so you see, she had brought me along slowly but steadily to this point.

But, a love-struck boy is easily brought to heel.

And so it was with me. It was almost anticlimactic when two of her girl-friends dropped in one afternoon with no warning. There I was, in a flirty minidress, nylon stockings, high heels and full makeup.

They were delighted. Before I realized it, I was one of them and some of the topics that were discussed would have brought a blush to a nun's cheeks!

Conversation soon led into them discussing how to further feminize me. The first thing they did, much to my humiliation, was to strip me naked and coat my entire body with a stinging depilatory that they "just happened" to have available! Then I was forced to stand in the shower while that stuff went to work. It soon got too warm and started to itch like crazy, but they warned me not to scratch nor move until they said I could!

Could it get any more embarrassing than that?

Yes!

After the longest, I stood there while they rinsed me off. It felt good to be free of that burning itch! Then the tub was filled with hot water, bubble bath and body oils and I was immersed as three women bathed me, then dried my dripping body carefully.

I was now more naked than I had been since the day of my birth!

And they were just getting started!

In our bedroom, they dressed me in satin tights (my sex piece bent back between my thighs). They oohed and aahed over my budding breasts, my trai-

torous nipples erecting painfully under their not-so-tender manipulations! But, it did feel good!

Finally, a bra and I felt somewhat better, until they seated me at Ginny's vanity table and started on me in earnest. My brows were plucked, my lobes were pierced, twice in each! Studs and hoops and they still weren't satisfied.

Next came different styles of makeup with comments pro and con. When I got to look in the mirror, a beautiful young woman stared out at me! I shook my head and the woman did the same. My God, I realized, 'That's me!'

I stared with unabashed disbelief at this gorgeous apparition. I turned my head from side to side, up and down, and there was no mistake. It *was* me!

But this was no Parisienne tart, this was a Lady!

From her plump, red tinted lips, to her mascara loaded lashes, to her arched eyebrows, to her high cheekbones, to the flashing earrings, to the well-filled satin blouse, to her knee-length straight skirt to her nylon-encased legs to her feet in those black patent operas with the four-inch high heels, this woman spelled out *high class* in every way!

Involuntarily, my hand shot to cover my mouth and five red-tipped nails shocked me. When had they painted them? I wondered.

"Now there's a lady if I ever saw one!" one of Ginny's friends whispered in awe. She knelt before me, took my hand in hers, and asked, "Would Madame care to attend the Fall Ball as my date?"

Before I realized what was happening, I replied, "I'd be delighted!"

At a sharp slap from Ginny, I hastily reversed myself. "Oh, I am so sorry, I am booked solid for that night! Maybe another time?"

"Like Hell!" Ginny exclaimed angrily. "You're mine!" She glared at her friend, daring her to protest. The friend blushed and turned away.

“I thought not,” Ginny sneered.

To avoid a confrontation with Ginny, a confrontation I would surely lose, I did as she ordered. After that, I was never seen in public without wearing a dress or skirt of one sort or another, and heels. Ginny insisted I wear heels!

And you know, those in my classes accepted me in dresses without comment. Many persons freed from parental control emerge from their cocoons as quite different butterflies. It is so common on a college campus as to be unworthy of mention!

And so it was with me. Overnight I became “Honey Chosen,” my real name, Honoré de Choisen-Rôimy, falling discarded and forgotten by the wayside.

So, in spite of my upbringing, I had become a devoted transvestite, irrevocably hooked on femininity and determined to be the best girl possible. I must have been successful beyond my limited expectations because no matter where I went nor who I met or was with, my impersonation seemed to be perfect as no one “read” me.

Ever!

We lived together in harmony all through my senior year but she started to spend more and more time away, not coming home for days at a time!

I had been too successful because I noticed Ginny becoming cool towards me and I wondered why. As I still loved (adored really) her, I strove to win her affections back. To no avail. She continued to treat me as an embarrassment.

The final straw came one evening in February when we were at dinner with her father, my advisor, and something set her off. So much so that she left the house in a huff, the door slamming behind her retreating back.

I was humiliated beyond words and started crying helplessly.

Professor Herbert tried to soothe my hurt feelings and before I knew it, I was pouring out my story to him.

“Oh, Professor Herbert,” I cried, “I am so ashamed!”

“Please, Honey, call me Cal,” he whispered as he wiped my streaming eyes with his pristine white handkerchief, smearing my mascara frightfully and ruining his once clean handkerchief completely.

By now I was leaning against his strong shoulder with his one hand at my waist while the other wiped my face.

“Go on, Honey, tell Daddy all,” he coaxed quietly.

“Oh, I am so ashamed!” I repeated.

“Shhh, none of that! We know who’s to blame here and it isn’t you!” he averred fervently. “I know my daughter too well!” he added softly.

“I didn’t want to do this,” I cried through my tears. “Ginny got me started and it just seemed to blossom, if you know what I mean,” I blubbered.

“I know exactly what you mean,” he answered quietly. “I have known all about Ginny since she was a child. She has always been a dominant personality and nothing pleases her more than to get someone under her thumb. I’d seen it so many times while she was growing up. She had very few male friends and those she did have kowtowed to her every whim. Likewise her girlfriends, all did as she wished or she cut them dead.

“That she liked girls more than boys was obvious from a tender age. I have to admit, I did nothing to discourage her.

“You see, I had lost her mother shortly after her birth and raising a little girl was far beyond my ken!

“Unknowingly, I let it all happen.” He paused as I cried silently, soaking the front of his shirt accidentally. “So, you see, this is just as much my fault as it is hers.”

“Oh, no, Sir!” I objected suddenly. “I went into the whole scene with my eyes wide open! I knew exactly what she was doing to me and I let her! Truth be known, I wanted her to feminize me! I have always been a passive, submissive sort and when she took me in hand, I went willingly!

“I let her coax me into girls’ jeans, then girls’ blouses, and it just snowballed from there. Before long, she had me wearing silky panties and padded bras to match. When she decided that we should go to the Halloween party as a Parisienne tart and her pimp, I did not object. Secretly I was overjoyed! What I was not particularly fond of was the guys who hit on me, especially when Ginny insisted I dance with them!

“I was so humiliated and yet, it was sexually exciting. I was turned on like gangbusters when she finally took me back to our apartment where she turned me every way but loose! Oh, Professor, I loved that!”

“Typical reaction for a normally sexed person, boy or girl!” he commented.

“Then when some of her girlfriends showed up one afternoon and remade me into a beautiful Lady, Ginny insisted that I wear dresses or skirts full time hence.

“Which I did without a whimper! I wanted to wear skirts or dresses and be a woman for her and I was! I started wearing full makeup and pretty clothes for her approval and I thought we were headed for an eternity of bliss as a married couple.

“Until last New Year’s party when she left shortly after midnight with someone else and I had to go home alone. When I confronted her about her desertion, she accused me of leading someone else on and she got angry. Before I realized it, she had yanked my panties down, had me stretched across her lap and spanked me!

“That was the beginning of the end, tonight, I mean. I thought a quiet dinner with her father to cel-

celebrate Valentine's Day would bring her back to my arms.

"You saw what happened!" I cried and burst into fresh tears.

His arms were around me, holding me tight against his hard muscled body while I sobbed my heart out. I must have cried for a good ten or fifteen minutes before I quieted and lay quiescently in his encircling arms.

He caressed my back soothingly, crooning softly into my ear. His warm breath excited me and I could feel the beginnings of arousal and that scared the crap out of me!

Abruptly, I sat up and straightened my hair, refreshed my lipstick and generally made myself presentable.

"Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are?" he asked quietly.

I stared at him in shock. "Are you hitting on me, Professor Herbert?"

He blushed and nodded. "Yes, Honey, I guess I am. Why, does it disturb you?"

"As a man, I should be, but as a woman, I am greatly flattered!" I admitted.

"Wait here just a minute, please?" he asked as he rose.

"Surely," I whispered.

He was gone for no more than a minute before reappearing holding a small box in his hand. "Oh, no, not that!" I thought with alarm.

"I got this for Ginny as a Valentine's bid for reconciliation and a burying of the hatchet, so to speak. But I guess that's out of the question now," he explained.

He paused, cleared his throat, then, "Miss Honey, will you accept this token of my undying friendship



and admiration?” And when he opened the box, I saw a beautiful heart suspended from a platinum and diamond chain, lying in the satin, twinkling at me!

“Oh, Professor, Cal!” I gasped. “Surely you don’t want to give such an expensive necklace to me!” I whispered, my eyes drinking in the sight hopelessly.

Without a word, he removed the necklace, moved behind me, whispered, “Please hold your hair out of the way!” And when I obeyed, he fastened that gorgeous bauble around my neck, the heart falling between my breasts.

“Oh, Cal!” I whispered, my fingers touching the heart reverently. “You shouldn’t!”

“A beautiful necklace for a beautiful girl!” he replied with a glad smile.

“Oh, Cal, thank you so much. It’s beautiful! Oh, I have never received anything so beautiful in my entire life!” I averred throatily.

“I’m glad I was the first!” he whispered as he sat beside me.

Then, without ever knowing how or why, I was in his arms and I was being kissed by a real man. I mean, I was kissed! His hard, demanding lips crushed mine and I liked it, returning him kiss for kiss! My heart was beating wildly in my chest when we finally came back to earth, my head lying on his shoulder.

“Honey?” he whispered.

“Yes, Cal?” I answered languidly.

“I know I’m a poor substitute after Ginny, but would you consider dating me? I mean a regular man and woman date with no strings attached,” he asked quietly.

“Oh, Cal, this is so sudden!” I replied uncertainly.

“Think about it,” he replied, the disappointment in his voice obvious.

“Just dates?” I asked. “No sex nor anything like that?” I added.

Hope leaped back into his eyes. “Yes, Honey, exactly! Nothing without your specific approval! I’ll be a perfect gentleman with you!”

A stab of devilry sprang from my lips inadvertently. “Oh, God, I surely hope not!” My eyes twinkled merrily at him.

He smiled. “You’re a terrible tease,” he accused playfully.

“You bet’chum, Red Ryder!” I snapped.

“I haven’t heard that phrase in forty years or more, since I got my first BB gun, a Daisy Air Rifle. I must have shot a million Apaches with that gun!” he reminisced, then smiled at me. “Does that mean I can kiss you from time to time?”

“Try *not* kissing me and see what it gets you!” I threatened, my lips wreathed in a broad smile that belied my words!

And that was the beginning. When I got back to the apartment, Ginny was gone. I mean, everything Ginny was gone, clothes, personal effects, makeup, books, pictures, everything! I was not surprised nor was I upset in the least. I was relieved, if you must know. I had dreaded a major confrontation with her. This saved a lot of harsh words, hurt feelings and all that went with that sort of scene.

No, I did not move in with my Professor, although he wanted me to. He even offered me a private room and bath away from his own quarters, but I turned him down, flat!

“No, siree, Buster, this is one cow who won’t give her milk away free! I’ve learned that lesson too well! You want my milk, you have to work for it!”

And he did.

He dated me assiduously.

I was taken to movies, concerts, night clubs (both gay and straight), stage shows, restaurants, museums, art galleries, you name it.

And presents?

Flowers at least once a week.

Boxes of candy.

Baubles.

The list went on and on, and I took every one of them.

For some, he got to kiss me.

For others I allowed him a quick feel of my breast.

For some I even let him caress my flared bottom!

He liked that the best.

I do have a nice ass, if I do say so myself.

Which I do.

Have a nice ass.

And I do say so myself!

THREE

Then it was graduation and my hard earned degree was bestowed upon me, but I was not looking forward to life after University.

I mean, the whole country was in a deep recession and any jobs for a graduating senior with a degree in philosophy were few and far between.

Cal to the rescue!

Miraculously (or so it had seemed to me) I received a registered letter from the University Provost's office offering me a job as assistant to the new Provost.

Who else?