

STEVENSON'S STORIES

By E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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STEVENSON'S STORIES

By E.B. Stevenson

TRANSITION TO A SCHOOLGIRL

High school is a rite of passage for everyone. But for me it was even more special. 1982-83 would be the first year I would be going to school as a girl. At five-foot-seven and a hundred and fifteen pounds, I would fit in just perfectly as a member of the female persuasion.

I never was happy as a boy. When I was five years old, I realized that I should have been born a girl. When I was born, my parents gave me the name Eric Lawrence Swanson. I had been taunted in school for my effeminate ways, but I had shrugged it off. When I got to the seventh grade, I couldn't take living as a boy anymore.

In 1980, I was diagnosed by a therapist as being a transsexual. That meant that I was a girl trapped in a boy's body. My therapist, however, decided against my living, dressing, and going to school as a girl until I entered high school, although I began hormone therapy in the eighth grade.

My sister Laura, headed for her senior year of high school, was very supportive of my desire to be a girl throughout the eighteen years I lived as a boy. I generally wound up with her hand-me-downs. My older brother, Edwin, was happily married to his beautiful wife, Mary Ellen, and both were also supportive of my desire to be a girl. My parents took a different tack at first, disapproving of my girlish ways. But, as they found out about my transsexualism, they were more supportive. My kid brother Elton was only eight at the time and a little young to understand the changes going on in my body and my life.

Before I began my junior year at Statesville South High School, I had my name legally changed to Eriza Leanne Swanson. During the summer of 1982, my parents, sister and I, along with my therapist, battled the Statesville Board of Education for my right to go to school as a girl. They finally relented just a month before school started.

Before school even began, my mother went out and bought all sorts of lingerie for me. When it came to choosing an outfit for the first day of school, I decided to go with a white blouse, red skirt, white pantyhose, and a pair of red high heels.

I would have my long hair styled in a feminine fashion, improved on my makeup application, and noticed that my body was taking on a more feminine shape by the time school started. I was ready to face my schoolmates for the first time as a girl.

The first day of school just crept up on me, and I was prepared. My friends Michelle and Cheryl greeted me at the bus stop. "Hi, Eriza, how was your summer?" Michelle asked me. "Tell me about it, Eriza," Cheryl added.

"My summer went pretty well. I spent it getting used to being a girl," I replied.

“Hardly anyone notices you at all, Eriza. They know only the boy you once were, but not the beautiful girl you've become. You've worked hard to look this pretty,” Cheryl added.

“I hear that some of the guys will hear a lecture about this from the principal later today. At this age, not many of them even know you can change your sex,” Michelle whispered in my ear.

“I'm not the only one who desires to become a girl, Michelle. There are several thousand other boys in this world whose dream it is to become a girl,” I whispered to her.

When I got on the bus, I sat down next to Michelle. “Are we expecting a media circus when we get to school?” she asked me.

“No, we won't. The press has been instructed to stay away from the school. The principal has scheduled a news conference for three-thirty this afternoon,” I replied.

When we arrived, the three of us got off the bus and walked inside like normal girls. Michelle and I would share a locker, so we walked to our locker first. We dropped off our folders for the other five hours of the day and held on to our first hour folders.

Michelle and I went to our first class, which was Business Education. My first day of school as a girl went off without a hitch, although there were a few sneers, which I ignored, as well as getting noticed by a few guys!

Laura and I walked home from the bus stop. “How was your day, Eriza?” she asked me.

“It went very well, Laura. I had only a few sneers directed at me, but I ignored them, like any lady would. Hardly anyone recognized me from the previous year, some of them referred to me as 'the new girl'. I also got some stares from a few guys, which I found quite flattering. My classes are pretty easy, to tell you the truth. The only homework I have is from my Algebra class,” I replied.

As soon as we got home, I went to my room and got going on my Algebra homework. It was done before supper, so that gave me time to change from my school clothes into a red bodysuit and a pair of blue jeans.

I went shopping with Laura that evening, buying some new dresses. When I got home, I changed from my bodysuit and jeans into fuchsia silk pajamas.

A month into the school year, I noticed a young, handsome man getting his books out of his locker before his fourth hour class. He was slightly overweight, six feet tall, a junior in high school, and, unlike the other guys, he wasn't surrounded by girls. I wore a white blouse and a red miniskirt that day.

I walked over to his locker, across the hall from mine. He turned around, and noticed me immediately. “What's your name, beautiful?” he asked.

“Eriza,” I replied, then asked him his name.

“I'm Steven. I haven't seen a girl as beautiful as you in quite some time,” he then replied.

“I haven't seen a man as handsome as you in my entire life,” I added.

“Thank you, Eriza,” he whispered to me.

Since both of us had lunch at the same time, he asked me: "Would you like to meet me for lunch, Eriza?"

"That would be perfect, Steven," I replied, then asked him what classroom he was in at fourth hour.

"I'm in room 210," he replied, then asked me what room I was in at fourth hour.

"I'm in room 212," I replied.

Steven was waiting when I emerged for lunch. He and I walked to the cafeteria, got our lunches, and sat down at a table near the steps. "How have other girls responded to you, Steven?"

"To tell you the truth, Eriza, they have responded rather negatively to me. When I was in seventh grade, I had girls around me left and right. I started being surrounded by girls in the fourth grade, and it kept going up until I finished eighth grade. When I started ninth grade, the female attention dropped off dramatically. I was devastated by this, but it took my guidance counselor, Mrs. Jackson, to keep me from going off the deep end. I didn't worry too much about girls after that, preferring to keep up on my studies," he explained.

"Do you play any sports?"

"I played football until last year, but it wasn't giving me the kind of personal satisfaction I needed. I've been sticking to baseball, where I'm their starting catcher," he replied.

"What are you planning to do after high school?"

"I'm seriously giving thought to becoming a psychologist, working with people who are trapped in the body of the wrong sex. The lecture on the first day of school helped me in my decision," he then replied.

After we both finished eating our lunch, he asked me: "Would you like to go to the Homecoming Dance with me?"

"Sure, Steven! I'd love that very much," I replied excitedly.

"It's two weeks from tonight," he added.

Two weeks rolled by quickly. Laura gave me her lavender gown, which she wore to Homecoming when she was a freshman. She bought a baby blue gown for Homecoming, since she was selected to be on the Court. I was at the game with Steven when Laura was selected Homecoming Queen. Unfortunately, Statesville South lost to Statesville Central, fourteen to seven.

That evening, I put on the gown and it fit perfectly. I showed it to Laura. "You look so beautiful, Eriza!" she exclaimed with awe. "You look beautiful, yourself," I complimented. She and I went downstairs, where our parents were waiting.

"You two girls look so pretty!" our mother exclaimed with pride.

"I'm proud to have two beautiful daughters like Eriza and Laura," my father told her.

Laura's limousine picked her up around six-thirty, while Steven arrived around seven o'clock, driving his father's 1957 Chevrolet convertible. We held hands while we walked out to his car. Before he opened the passenger side door for me, he gave me a kiss on the lips.

I got into the car, feeling like a girl for the first time in my life.

We arrived at the Homecoming Dance around seven-thirty, and we danced until eleven. I danced with no one else but Steven, who was becoming very smitten with me. When we came back to my place, it was twelve-thirty. Steven wanted to talk before I went into the house for the night.

"Eriza, how would you feel if a guy said he was smitten with you?," he asked me.

"I would be flattered and honored to hear that from a guy," I replied.

"I don't know how to say this, but I'm attracted to you," he whispered to me.

"I'm starting to feel that I'm attracted to you, too," I whispered to him.

I moved my lips toward his, and we came together in a long, tender kiss. I felt like I was in heaven! I moved closer to him, sat on his lap, and kissed him even more. "You're such a passionate girl, Eriza," he whispered to me.

"I've never had such strong feelings for a guy in my life," I whispered to him before I resumed kissing him.

It was almost one o'clock when I finally gave him a goodnight kiss. He walked around to my side of the car, opened the door, and let me out, helping me with my gown in the process. "Steven, I don't know how to say this, but I am in love with you," I told him quietly.

"I'm in love with you too," he whispered before he kissed me on the lips.

"Would you call me tomorrow?," I asked him.

"I'll see what I can do," he whispered, then he asked me: "Laura's number, right?"

"Right," I replied.

I walked right into the house, and straight to my room. I changed from my gown into a lavender nightgown and went to sleep.

The rest of the year was rather uneventful, until the middle of May. I had to take a day off school to go to Vetersville with my parents for a noon appointment with Dr. Claire Smith, who performs sex-change operations. I decided to wear a floral print summer dress that day.

At age eighteen, I would be the youngest person she would consider for sex reassignment surgery.

We arrived in Vetersville around eleven-thirty, and found Vetersville General Hospital easily. Dr. Smith was in the medical arts building across the street. My parents and I located her office in the building, and we took the elevator to the third floor.

When we walked in, my parents sat down while I walked to the window.

I pushed the button that sounded a buzzer. The nurse opened the window. "I'm Eriza Swanson, I have a noon appointment with Dr. Smith," I told her.

"I'll tell her you're here, Miss Swanson," the nurse said in a low-pitched, feminine voice.

My parents and I waited a few minutes, before a tall, African-American lady in her late thirties called me. "Eriza Swanson?" she asked me.

I got up and walked into her office. "Eriza, I'm Dr. Claire Smith," she said in an introductory manner. "A pleasure to meet you, Dr. Smith," I said to her.

I sat down in front of her desk, with my legs crossed in a feminine manner. "Eriza, your parents tell me you want to have sex reassignment surgery and become a girl. Is this true?"

"Ever since I was five years old, I've been living with the reality that I was born in the body of the wrong sex. Even though I was a boy, I had the feeling, deep inside, that I was really a girl. I dealt with the anguish of being a girl trapped in a boy's body until last year, when my therapist cleared me to start living, dressing and going to school as a girl. I had a somewhat difficult time trying to convince the school board in Statesville of my desire to go to school in the feminine role, but they finally relented just one month before the current school year started. Since last September, I've been living, dressing, and going to school as the girl you see now," I explained.

"My nurse, Kate Willis-Johnson, was once a man herself. She began working in my office just after graduating from nursing school. She was still a man when she started working for me. She began working as a woman just three months out of nursing school and had sex reassignment surgery two years ago, an operation I was proud to do. I was her matron of honor when she got married a year ago," Dr. Smith added.

"I've read Dr. McFerrin's report, and she's quite detailed with her report. It says that she diagnosed you as being a transsexual at age sixteen, began hormone treatments under the supervision of her husband, a psychiatrist and endocrinologist, and began living as a woman at age eighteen. What have you done since you started living as a woman?" she asked me.

"For one thing, I've taken a loving, understanding boyfriend, who loves me for the girl I am, and not the boy I used to be. I haven't told him about my transition just yet, but I have told a few girls in my school. I also get along very well at school, unlike most girls. My grades are very good for a girl who is going through a transitional period from one sex to the other. My parents and family are starting to become supportive of me as I go along the road from male to female. As a matter of fact, I'm getting along better than most women like me," I replied.

"I'd like to call your parents into the room at this time, so I can hear it from their perspective," Dr. Smith told me.

My parents walked into her office and sat down next to me. "Mr. and Mrs. Swanson, how do you think Eriza has progressed over the last eight months?"

"Eriza has progressed tremendously. She's now much closer to her sister than she's ever been, has fallen in love with a nice young man whom we've met, done well academically, and has handled the negative reactions of her peers in a positive manner. We've had a much easier time accepting her since her diagnosis a few years ago. Her older brother and his wife have accepted her as the girl she is, and her younger

brother, who's only eleven, is a little young to understand what's going on in Eriza's life," my father replied.

"I've also seen plenty of progress in her hormone therapy. Her breasts, for example, were a size 32 in an "A" cup when she began. Now, she's a size 36 in a "C" cup. Her body has taken on a more feminine shape, and she's remained a perfect size 12. She's now looking to have the last remnant of her former male life removed. She feels that the sooner it's done, the better she'll feel," my mother added.

"Miss Swanson, when do you feel would be the earliest time you would like to be operated on?" Dr. Smith asked me.

"I'm looking at possibly this time next year," I replied.

"You'll be nineteen by that time, and you would be the youngest person I've ever operated on," Dr. Smith added. "When do you think the school year will end?"

"June 7," my father replied.

"I have June 10 open. It's a Monday, so would it work for you, Eriza?"

"It will work fine for me," I replied.

When we left the medical arts building, we returned home, very relieved that I finally had a surgery date set. When I came in, I sat down on my bed, thinking about the changes I've been through and the changes I would continue to go through in the days leading up to the surgery.

I still had a little more than a year to go until the day I would shed the last remnant of my male life and become a complete girl.

I was in a pink babydoll nightie when Laura walked in the door of our room at three o'clock. "What's the verdict, Eriza?"

"I'm set for surgery on June 10, 1984" I replied.

"I'm so happy for you! I'm also relieved that you will finally complete your journey into womanhood," Laura excitedly added before we embraced.

Laura had also brought home a list of my homework assignments. I changed into a white linen dress, sat down, and got my homework done. It was six o'clock when Laura and I were called down to dinner.

Laura graduated from high school the following month, and decided on social work as her major in college. She would go away to Vetersville State University, which had an excellent psychology program. Steven still had a year to go in high school, having been held back a child, and was dead set in favor of studying psychology in college.

We were still an item in school, and he asked me to Homecoming for the second year in a row. I would wear the pink gown Laura wore her sophomore year in high school.

Steven arrived around seven-thirty on Homecoming night, in early October. He gave me a beautiful corsage to wear on my wrist the whole evening. He and I danced only with each other, and it was apparent that we were falling even deeper in love with each other.

When we got home, I knew that it would be time to tell him.

“Steven?,” I asked him.

“What is it, Eriza?,” he then asked me.

“We've been going with each other for a year now, and every time I see you, I fall deeper and deeper in love with you. All the time you and I have been going out with each other, you've seen a girl, and a beautiful one, at that. What I am going to tell you may be shocking to you, but I hope you will accept it with loving kindness,” I briefly explained.

“Honey, what is it?”

“Darling, I haven't always been a girl. I used to be a boy. When I was four years old, my sister Laura played dress-up with me. She dressed me in one of her dresses, complete with her rhumba panties, tights, shoes, and a blonde wig she borrowed from my mother. I looked at myself and thought that I should have been born a girl. Eventually it got to the point where I couldn't live as a boy anymore. My parents took me to a psychologist, and I was diagnosed with transsexualism. In other words, I was a girl trapped in a boy's body. My parents and I fought the school board for the right to go to school as a girl, which we eventually won. I am scheduled to undergo a sex-change operation on June 10 of next year, which will complete my journey into womanhood,” I explained.

Steven was attentively listening to my story.

When I finished, he said: “I wish you would have told me this sooner. It really doesn't matter to me whether you were born a girl or transformed into a girl through hormones and surgery. All that matters to me is that I love you the way you are, Eriza, now and forever. Nothing will change that”.

“Spoken like a true gentleman,” I cooed before giving him a passionate kiss.

I went through the rest of the school year in fine shape. Toward the end, Cheryl invited me to try out for the cheerleading squad. It would be a first, since no transsexual had ever tried out for cheerleader.

Just a week before school ended, I was informed that I made the cheerleading squad. First practices would be at the end of August, so that would give me plenty of time to recover from my operation.

June 9, 1984 arrived faster than I had expected. Steven, having just graduated from high school, decided to accompany me to Vetersville. My parents would also come along, as well as my twelve-year-old brother, Elton. The operation was set for ten o'clock the following morning.

I woke up around ten-thirty, and took a shower. Once I got out of the shower, fifteen minutes later, I went to my drawer and selected an ivory half slip, white lace panties, and a strapless bra to wear underneath. I looked through my closet and selected a white sundress to wear.

I also selected a white pair of high heels to wear on the trip. I had packed the night before, only taking some lingerie, a pair of blue high heels, and the blue jumpsuit Steven gave me for my nineteenth birthday.

I sat down in the living room, waiting for my parents and Elton to get ready for the trip. Steven arrived around eleven-thirty, bearing flowers.

“For me?” I asked him.

“These beautiful flowers are for the most beautiful girl in the world,” he replied.

I took the flowers, gave him a kiss, and put the flowers in a vase, setting the vase on the kitchen table. My parents and Elton were all packed and ready to go by seven-thirty, so we got into my parents' station wagon and made the two hour drive west to Vetersville.

My parents and brother checked into a hotel down the street from Vetersville General Hospital, while Steven accompanied me to the hospital.

Around two-thirty, I was rolled into the admitting room at the hospital, with Steven pushing my wheelchair. My parents gave me the money I needed to pay for my surgery. After signing the necessary papers, I was taken to my room, where I changed from my outfit into a short, blue nightshirt.

I got into bed and took a nap, with Steven holding my hand.

After I ate dinner, I received two surprise visitors, both women. One was in a blue chiffon dress, while the other was in a red shirtdress. “Eriza Swanson?” the girl in blue asked me.

“I'm Eriza Swanson,” I said.

“I'm Debbie Hopewell, whom Dr. Smith operated on at this time last year,” the girl in blue said.

“And I'm Stacy Collingsworth. Dr. Smith had the pleasure of operating on me three years ago,” the girl in red then added.

“Debbie, Stacy, this is my boyfriend, Steven Wellon,” I said.

“Nice to meet you, Steven,” Stacy said while giving him a warm embrace.

“It's always a pleasure to meet a man who is understanding of transsexualism, like you,” Debbie added after Stacy embraced Steven. Debbie then embraced him.

“Do you two have boyfriends, like Eriza?” Steven then asked them.

“Steven, my boyfriend is also understanding of my condition. His name is David, and he's working on a psychology degree. I met him early in my transition, thanks to my twin brother, Danny. David and I fell in love at first sight, and he stood by me through my surgery. And today, we're still together, even after four years. I introduced Danny to his girlfriend, who's also a transsexual, three months after I was operated on,” Debbie replied.

“I met my boyfriend after I had my surgery. At twenty, I was the youngest person Dr. Smith had ever operated on up to this point. I met Marty at a friend's wedding after I finished my third year of college, and I thought he was the cutest guy I've ever seen. He asked me to dance with him, and soon thereafter I realized I was in love with him. When I told him that I was a transsexual, he took it calmly. He also told me about a cousin who also had sex reassignment surgery, and he was so levelheaded

about it. We went on to build a loving relationship, which has resulted in our engagement. We'll be getting married next month," Stacy added.

"Did you stay in school during your transition?" he then asked.

"I was lucky I waited until I got out of high school to begin my transition. I graduated from Vetersville High School in 1979, along with my twin brother. I began living as a woman the day after I graduated, and was able to take a job as a clerk and a model for my mother's bridal shop. At the beginning of 1980, my cousin, Tula Arms, hired me to work at her modeling agency. Since I had experience as a model as both a man and a woman, I was a natural for the job. I modeled everything from minidresses to bridal gowns before surgery, and since then, I've added pants and lingerie to my modeling repertoire. I'm also in an administrative position at the agency. Pretty good for a girl twenty-two years old," Debbie replied.

"Unlike you, I had to be home-schooled during my transition. Even though I was doing very well in all my subjects, the school board in Renton, my hometown, thought it would be best if I were removed from school. I began living and dressing as a girl before I started my sophomore year in high school, and did most of my work for my courses from home. When I turned sixteen, I was allowed to work as a waitress at a local restaurant. Just after I finished my junior year, I underwent sex reassignment surgery, and was allowed to return to school for my senior year. I had enough credits to graduate by the time I had the surgery, so I only went half a day. I graduated with my classmates, of which none of them noticed I was once a boy. I went on to Vetersville Community College from there, where I got an Associate of Arts degree in photography. I'm now working in a photography studio while I'm working on my Bachelor of Arts degree from Vetersville State," Stacy explained.

"How supportive have your families been during your transitional periods?" I asked them with the air of a reporter.

"My family has been very supportive of me since I began living, working, and dressing as a woman. At first, they were either discouraging me from, or being very nonchalant about, my dressing as a girl. I felt I really was a girl since I put on my first dress at age five. Later, as the word came out that I really was transsexual, they became very supportive of me. My mother, sisters, and I have always been close, and I've also been very close to my twin brother. My father, two other brothers, and I were fairly close, but my father was so busy with his dental practice, and my mother, even though she has the bridal shop, always took time out for her kids. I'll always be grateful to my family for standing behind me," Debbie explained.

"My father died when I was six years old, and I was raised by my mother along with my older brother. She worked as a clerk at a women's fashion store. When I first put on a dress at age seven, my mother was incensed. She gave me a spanking for it. My brother laughed at me for dressing up as a girl. My dressing as a girl got more frequent as I got older, and my mother was very concerned. When I was fourteen, she sent me to a psychologist, and once she was told that I was transsexual, she asked me what it was. When the psychologist explained that I was a girl trapped in a boy's body, she asked me: 'Why didn't you tell me this sooner?' When she told my brother, he asked the same question. I had expected them to reject me for this, but they accepted me

with open arms. They even helped me pay for my operation, and we've been close ever since," Stacy added.

We conversed for almost two hours, until visiting hours ended at nine-thirty. "I have to work tomorrow, Steven, but Debbie will be here for you and Eriza's family tomorrow. Marty and I will be praying for Eriza tomorrow as she becomes a complete woman," Stacy said to us before she departed the room.

"I'll be here about nine-thirty tomorrow morning, so I can be with Mr. and Mrs. Swanson. I have no shoots scheduled tomorrow," Debbie added.

After the girls left, the nurse came by and told him: "You may have the bed next to your girlfriend tonight. We consider you to be her spouse, and she really wants you to be there for her".

Steven came up to my bed, and took my hand. He kissed it gently and whispered to me: "Honey, this time has been a special time for the both of us. We've allowed our relationship to grow through your transition, and I hope it will grow after your surgery tomorrow".

"Baby, I also hope our relationship will continue to grow after my surgery. It's been a very special time for me, and you've made it even more special. I love you, Steven, now and forever," I whispered. He bent forward and gave me a long, tender kiss.

"I love you, too, Eriza, in this moment, and for the rest of our lives," he whispered before we kissed each other goodnight.

"Goodnight, my love," I whispered to him.

"Goodnight, sweetheart," he whispered to me before getting into his bed.

The next morning, Steven awoke around eight o'clock, had a quick shower and shave, and went straight to the waiting room, where my parents, Elton and Debbie were waiting. When I woke up, a nurse was in the room, shaving my genital hair for surgery. Steven returned around quarter to ten to give me a kiss. "Be my brave girl," he said to me.

"I will, honey," I said to him. I then gave him a passionate kiss before I was transferred to a gurney for the trip to the operating room. The last person I saw was Dr. Smith, asking me if I was ready for the final stage of the transformation.

I told her that I was ready. I was administered an anesthetic in my genital area, and it was the last thing I remember feeling for the next seven hours.

While I was in the operating room undergoing sex reassignment surgery, Steven was in the waiting room, with my parents, Elton and Miss Hopewell. Elton asked us: "Why is Eriza in the operating room right now?"

"To put it this way, Elton, she used to be your brother Eric. Two years ago, he began to live as Eriza. He was diagnosed as being transsexual when he was younger, and his body was altered by female hormones. Now, she's undergoing the surgery that will give her the body she's always wanted, a female body," Steven replied.

"Elton, what Eriza is going through is the exact same thing I went through last year. Like Eriza, I was diagnosed as being a transsexual, or one who is born of one

sex, but strongly identifies with the opposite sex. Eriza is a woman who was trapped in a male body, and is undergoing surgery to allow her body to conform to her mind. She was born with a male body, but her brain is that of a female. When her surgery is completed, she will have what she feels is the genitalia she should have had all along in place. She'll have to wait some time before engaging in sexual relations with a man, but she'll be happy with her new body," Debbie added.

"What do you do for a living, Miss Hopewell?" my mother asked her.

"I'm a fashion model," Debbie replied.

"Eriza has had some thoughts of becoming a model herself. She still has some more years of school to go through before she can consider it on a full-time basis. She might do it as a summer job, however," my father said to her.

"We always have jobs available for college boys and girls during the summer," Debbie added.

Around three-thirty, Dr. Smith came to the waiting room. "How's Eriza?" my father asked her.

"She's doing just fine, Mr. Swanson. What we did was remove her testicles and most of her penis and used the skin from the penis to line the new vagina. We also kept the deep glans to simulate a cervix at the vault of the new vagina. We also used the testicular skin to form the labia. In other words, we made her a picture-perfect vagina. She'll be here for a week to ten days," Dr. Smith briefly explained.

Steven was there when I woke up around five-thirty. I felt something new in my body, and I was sure it was my new vagina. I asked the nurse to bring a mirror into my room. I pulled up my hospital gown, and Steven looked at it.

"Dr. Smith did a great job on your vagina," he whispered to me.

When the mirror arrived, the nurse gave it to Steven. He held it up over my vagina. I looked down at the mirror, and sure enough, I saw my vagina for the first time. Even though it was a black and blue mess, I was glad that I finally completed my journey into womanhood.

"You're right, honey. She did do a good job," I whispered, half-groggy from the anesthesia.

I would spend the next ten days in the hospital, recovering from the surgery. Steven would be there the entire time I was recovering, like a real gentleman would. I came home from the hospital on June 20, but would have to return to Vetersville for regular visits to Dr. Smith thereafter.

Eight weeks later, I drove straight to Dr. Smith's office from cheerleading practice at school. I had a noon appointment on August 20, and I was healing nicely from surgery. The question in my mind was about when it would be safe to have sex with Steven. He had been waiting to have sex with me since we met.

I sat on an examination table inside her office, waiting for her. I was still in my cheerleader's miniskirt in the school's colors, blue and white, but also wore a tee shirt that snug tightly against my bustline. She came in around ten after twelve.

"Hi, Eriza. How have you been?" Dr. Smith asked me.

"I've been doing fine, Dr. Smith. I'm surprised at how fast my vagina is healing," I complimented.

"I'm going to take a look at your vagina and see how much progress you have made in healing," she told me, before asking me to turn my skirt up and take off my blue bikini panties.

Dr. Smith examined me thoroughly, and while she was examining her handiwork, I told her: "Steven is very anxious to get into bed with me. He's never wanted a girl more than he wants me".

"Do you want him?" Dr. Smith asked me.

"Of course, I want him. Not only as a sexual partner, but I'd like to be his wife someday," I replied.

"Are you anxious to have sex with him?" she then asked.

"Of course, I'm anxious to have sex with him. It'll be a great feeling when he inserts his manhood in my vagina for the first time," I replied sensually.

After she finished her examination of my vagina, she told me: "Miss Swanson, I have good news for you!"

"What's that?," I asked.

"Your vagina has healed sufficiently to handle the pressure of genital sex. In other words, you're now healed enough so it can handle the pressure of your boyfriend's penis being inserted into the vaginal canal. You can arrange a sexual encounter as soon as you like," she replied.

"I knew it all along," I added while I was slipping my panties back on.

Steven and I had a date planned for August 24. His parents were out of town, spending a long weekend at the lake. Before they left, he got permission from them to have me spend the night with him.

I packed a black dress, along with a bra, panties, half slip, and stockings, since he invited me to his church, which is accepting of transsexuals unconditionally.

I wanted to wear my most romantic lingerie underneath the dress I would wear that evening, so I chose a red babydoll nightie, with a matching garter belt, half slip and lace-top stockings. I also chose my best pair of red high heels. He would be taking me out to a nice restaurant near Statesville's garment district.

After dinner, we walked around in the park across the street. When we stopped at the gazebo in the center of the park, Steven kissed me passionately on the lips. I softly placed my head, long blonde hair and all, on his chest. "Steven, I have a surprise for you!" I cooed.

"What is it, darling?" he asked me.

"Let's return to your house, and you'll find out," I then cooed with love.

We returned to his house around nine-thirty, and we walked into his room, arm-in-arm. "Remember when I told you I had a surprise for you?" I asked him.

“As a matter of fact, I do, honey,” he replied.

“Would you like to have sex with me, honeybaby?” I asked him, walking seductively closer to him.

“I would love that very much,” he replied while I was undoing his tie.

He wrapped his arms around me and began kissing me. While I was undoing his shirt, he began to unzip my dress. After undoing his shirt, I began to undo his pants. He then took off his shoes and socks, and once I had his pants undone, they fell to the floor. He stepped out of the pants, and he was only wearing a blue pair of bikini underwear.

He also caressed me on my shoulders, through the unzipped back of my dress. I then removed my arms from the sleeves of the dress, and the dress fell to the floor, revealing my lingerie. I continued to kiss him passionately, while he was massaging my buttocks, still clad in lingerie. He then necked me passionately, which was a great feeling.

“That feels good, honey,” I cooed in ecstasy. Then, I took off my high heels, and crawled onto his bed.

He took off his underwear and got into his bed. I got on top of him and kissed him with very heated passion. I then kissed him all over his sexy body, until I got to his manhood, completely erect. I then took his manhood into my mouth and massaged it with my lipstick-clad mouth and silky tongue.

“Eriza, that feels so good. You've made me feel like a man for the first time in my life,” he whispered, laboring for breath. It took about five minutes before he reached a climax in my mouth. His essence tasted delicious, like something sweet.

I then went ahead and took the top of my nightie off and laid down next to him. He then began fondling my right breast. “That feels good, my love,” I whispered erotically. I was surprised to see my breast give milk, which, to him, was very tasty. He went to my left breast as soon as he finished drinking the milk of my right breast. The left breast also gave milk.

“Honey, that's delicious,” he whispered to me. After he finished drinking the milk my left breast gave, he kissed and licked me all over. Then, I took off my slip and panties.

“Is it ready for sexual intercourse, babydoll?” he asked me.

“It is, my love,” I cooed.

I spread my vagina with my fingers so he could lick it with his tongue. “Honey, that feels so good!”

After he tasted my essence, he inserted his manhood into my vagina, and we were both in heaven!

“Baby, you've made me feel like a woman for the first time in my life,” I whispered, laboring for breath. When we both climaxed in each other's love organs, he kissed me all over my body.

Our first lovemaking session ended with a passionate kiss. When we were finally through, I cooed, "I love you, Steven."

"I love you, too, Eriza," he whispered to me.

I took off my stockings and garter belt before getting back into my babydoll nightie, and I climbed into bed. Steven had put his bikini underwear back on, and climbed in a few seconds later. I laid my head down on his shoulders, had one hand on his hairy chest, while the other arm was around his shoulders. He wrapped his arm around me, and we kissed each other goodnight.

"Goodnight, honey," I whispered to him.

"Goodnight, my love," he whispered to me.

The next morning, I took my time getting ready for our morning out. I smoothed my stockings over my legs and wondered how I ever could have lived as a boy. Maybe I was just in a good mood after our lovemaking the other night, but I thought my legs had never looked so slender and sexy.

We went to ten o'clock worship at his church, and he dropped me off at my place around noon, after Sunday brunch. He told me that he would be attending Statesville Community College this coming fall so he could be near me. He also talked about us living together, which I wasn't ready to do yet, since I still had another two years of college left.

During the last two years of school, I continued to do very well socially and academically, and my classmates had very much accepted me as a girl. I did very well as a member of the cheerleading squad, and had been retained for my last year.

In 1985, I was named Queen of the Ball, the first transsexual I knew of to be given the honor. That night, wearing my peach-colored gown, I was the center of attention. Everyone I knew was very supportive of having a transsexual as their Queen.

When I graduated college in June of 1986, Tula Arms offered me a job as a model at her agency. That also worked for Steven, since he was going to Vetersville State University that fall. I commuted from Statesville for the first two months of my new job, but when Steven started school, we moved into an apartment together.

It was June of 1988 when Steven received his Bachelor's degree in psychology. He took a job at the Hopewell Institute in Vetersville while he was studying for his Master



of Science degree. We sat down in a park across from our apartment, and he had a surprise for me.

“Eriza, it's hard to believe we've been together nearly six years. Through it all, I've seen our relationship grow stronger, and I see nothing but growth throughout the remainder of our lives,” he whispered to me.

“I've also seen our relationship grow in the time we've been together. When we met, I was still in the early stage of my transition. You were there for me when I had my operation, and I was there for you when you were going through junior college. Through it all, we've been there for each other, and I hope we'll be there for each other through the remainder of our lives,” I whispered to him.

Then, he asked me: “Eriza, will you marry me?”

I had to give it some thought before giving him my answer. I fought back tears of joy before joyfully answering: “Yes, Steven! I'll be your wife, and forever your girl!”

He then slipped an engagement ring on the ring finger of my left hand. “This ring symbolizes the commitment we've made to each other at this moment,” he whispered before we shared a long, tender kiss.

We decided on a small, intimate wedding. Just our families and friends would be at the chapel on the V.S.U. campus on the afternoon of November 19 to celebrate the special occasion. We would have a judge marry us, and have just two bridesmaids and two groomsmen.

I chose my sister, Laura, and Tina Novan, my best friend at the agency and a pre-operative transsexual, to be my bridesmaids. Steven chose his brother, Larry, and his friend, Oscar Novan, Tina's older brother, to be groomsmen. We only invited fifty guests to the wedding.

The bridesmaids selected pink for their dresses, while the groomsmen selected blue for their bow ties. The night before the wedding would be the last night Steven and I would spend apart for quite a long time.

I shared a room with Laura the night before the wedding. We woke up around ten o'clock, with a light breakfast waiting at the front door. At eleven-thirty, I got into my bridal gown, which I bought from Bridals by Karanne in Vetersville. It was white, with a lace-adorned bodice, puffed sleeves, a sweetheart neckline, lace-trimmed waistline, a sequined bow tie in the back at the waistline, a pickup skirt revealing tiers of ruffles, a cathedral-length train with numbers of lace designs on both the train and the skirt, topped off with a bridal wreath with a fingertip-length veil and blusher.

I wore a pearl necklace around my neck, pearl drop earrings, and a pearl bracelet. I decided to wear white flats, with a bridal slip, a strapless bustier, G-string panties, a garter belt, and a pair of white lace-top stockings with a couple of bells embroidered near the ankle underneath. Laura helped me get my gown on, and I helped her get her bridesmaid's dress on.

My parents and I arrived at the chapel around one o'clock, just when the music was beginning. My mother took her seat as the procession was about to begin. The co-

ordinator gave Tina, Laura, and me our bouquets. Tina would go first, followed by Laura, my maid of honor.

I came down the aisle on my father's arm, attracting quite a bit of attention.

Steven was waiting for me at the end of the aisle. When we approached him, my father and I exchanged a smooch, then he shook Steven's hand and I took his arm, while my father sat down. Steven and I approached the judge, Stephen Hopewell, a young man in his thirties.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the presence of God, to join this man, Steven, and this woman, Eriza, in the bond of holy wedlock. If there is anyone among you who can find just cause why these two shouldn't be married, please say so now, or forever hold his or her peace," Judge Hopewell said.

A hush fell over the chapel, and after a few seconds he continued. Steven and I had a simple ceremony which lasted only thirty minutes. We exchanged wedding bands, said our marriage vows, and lit a candle symbolizing the joining of a man and a woman into one family unit.

Toward the end of the ceremony, he asked me, "Eriza Leanne Swanson, do you take this man, Steven Eric Wellon, to be thy wedded husband? For better or for worse, in times of poverty and wealth, as well as in sickness and health, until death do you part?"

"I do," I replied with commitment, looking straight into Steven's eyes.

"Steven Eric Wellon, do you take this woman, Eriza Leanne Swanson, to be thy wedded wife? For better or for worse, in times of poverty and wealth, as well as in sickness and health, until death do you part?"

"I do," he replied with the same level of commitment, looking into my eyes.

"With the power in me invested by the City of Vetterville and this University, I now pronounce you man and wife," he said to us. He then turned to Steven and said, "Steven, you may now kiss your bride."

I turned toward Laura and she removed my blusher. I then faced Steven, and he gave me a long, tender kiss and a warm embrace. We turned toward the guests, with Laura and Tina helping me with my train.

Judge Hopewell said to the guests, "Ladies and gentlemen, I now present to you Steven and Eriza Wellon." We walked down the aisle to the vestibule of the chapel.

We had our reception at the Student Center auditorium, where we had dancing throughout the remainder of the afternoon, into the early evening hours. When we finally ended the reception at nine o'clock, Steven and I were taken to the University Center Hotel, the newest luxury hotel in town. We checked in, and like a gentleman Steven swept me off my feet and carried me across the threshold into a new life.

I took off my bridal gown and put it into a box, to be sent to the cleaners to have it preserved. Steven took off his tux and put it back in the garment bag to be returned to Bridals by Karanne.

He was in a pair of maroon boxer shorts, while I was still in my bridal lingerie. We wrapped our arms around each other and tenderly kissed.

“Eriza, when I first met you I didn't know that a sweet, wonderful woman would come into my life. You showed me love, romance and the sensuous things I would never have otherwise known. You gave me a chance to demonstrate how good a man I really am. You've made me a winner in the game of love, and I'll always be grateful to you for it, my love,” he whispered to me, while he was caressing my back and buttocks.

“Steven, when we first met, I also didn't know. I didn't know that a sweet, loving, understanding man like you would ever come along. You made me feel like a woman for the first time in my life; you've given me a chance to demonstrate how faithful a girl I could be to you, and you've also made me a winner at the game of love. And, for that, I am forever grateful to you, honey,” I whispered.

We took each other's clothes off and climbed into our heart-shaped bed. We started our first lovemaking session as husband and wife by kissing with heated passion, then he started massaging my breasts with his mouth and tongue.

“Oh, baby, that feels wonderful!” I exclaimed amorously. When each breast gave milk, I got on top of him, in a sitting position, and lowered myself to the point where his manhood was in my mouth. I massaged it with my rosy lips and silky tongue.

“Darling, you make me feel so good,” my husband whispered in ecstasy. When I tasted his delicious essence, I then turned around on my back, spread my vagina with my fingers, and he massaged it with his tongue.

“Oh, honey, I feel like a complete woman,” I moaned ecstatically. After tasting my essence, I keep my vagina spread so he could insert his manhood inside.

“Babydoll, that feels wonderful! I'm so in love with you,” I whispered, laboring for breath.

“You make me feel so much like a man, sexpot,” he laboriously whispered. After we climaxed, he gave me a passionate kiss.

“Mrs. Wellon, I love you.”

“I love you, too, honey,” I whispered, regaining my breath.

I had a wedding night surprise for him when I got up. I reached into my suitcase and grabbed some white lingerie. I went into the bathroom, and got into a pair of white lace G-string panties and a white lace ballet-length, sleeveless nightgown with a pair of fingerless gloves. I emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later, wearing my new nightgown.

“Babe, that's beautiful!” he exclaimed in awe.

“I was sure you would like it, honey,” I said. I climbed into bed and lay down next to my new husband. I put my arm around him, while I put my free hand on his chest. I laid my head down on his shoulders as he was filing his fingers through my long hair. When we were about to fall asleep, we gave each other our first goodnight kiss as a married couple.

“Good night, sexpot,” Steven whispered to me.

“Good night, honeybaby,” I whispered to him. We both fell asleep soon after.

My transition to a schoolgirl was filled with love, romance and success. Not many girls can claim that when they go through the transition as a student, but I was glad I went through my transition. I was happy to spend the last years of my education as a woman, and I was especially happy that I had an understanding man like Steven to stand by me through surgery and beyond, to the point that we are now married. I hope your transition to is a happy one.