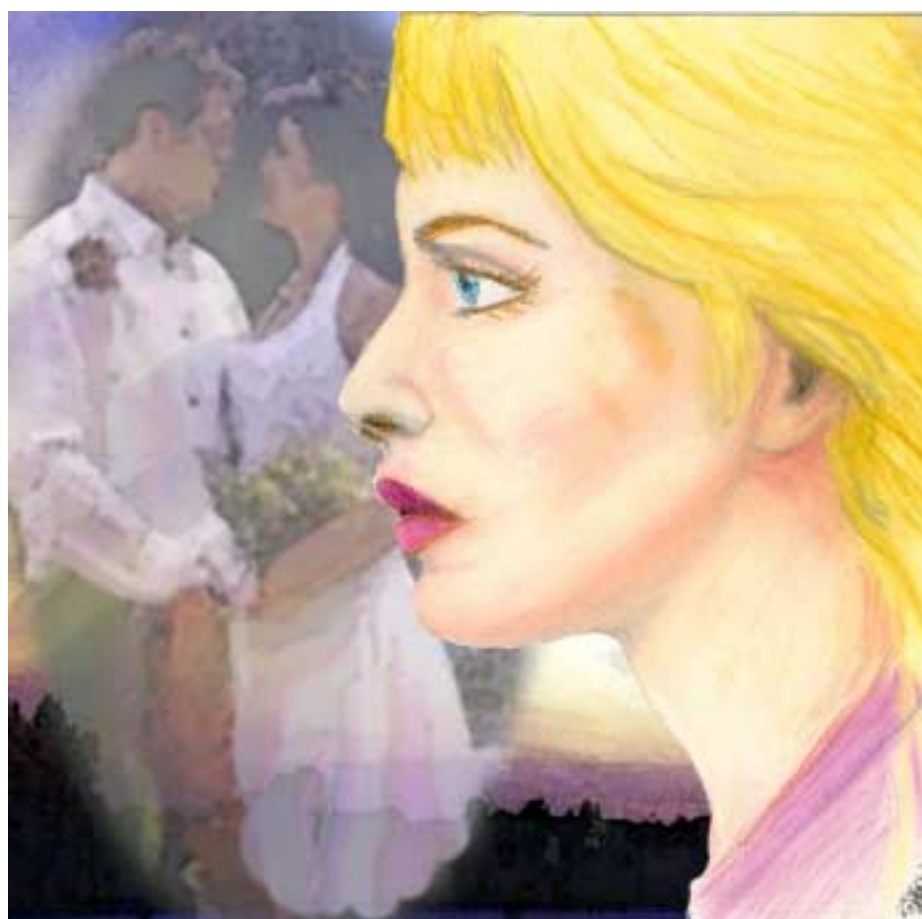




*Reluctant Press*

# Stevenson's Stories Book II

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

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**A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL**

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# STEVENSON'S STORIES BOOK II

**an anthology  
by E.B. Stevenson**

## A HUSBAND FOR SHARON

**By E. B. Stevenson**

Meeting Miss Right had been a hard task. Every time I tried to find the woman of my dreams, I always let her slip through my fingers. That was, until I met Sharon.

It was a cold February evening in 1995 when I met her. We ran across each other in a chat room on the Internet six months before. She told me she was single and looking for a man to share her life with. Coincidentally, I was looking for a woman to share my life with. I had just moved to Chicago from New Haven, while she had just arrived in Chicago from Tucson.

We set up a face-to-face meeting at a quiet restaurant in the suburbs. Before we met, we exchanged photos of each other on the Internet. One look at her photo, and I thought I was in love. Twenty-six years old, but looking seventeen, shoulder-length brunette hair, impeccable beauty, and a lovely body. For this twenty-nine-year-old man, she turned out to be everything I dreamed of in a woman. When I walked into the restaurant at eight o'clock on the night of Valentine's Day, I knew I was right. She was wearing a faux fur coat and a red sequined dress, with white stockings and red high heels, her sexy legs crossed in a feminine manner. Her personality was genuinely feminine, with a look of love in her eyes. I also looked sharp in my business suit and tie.

I was shown to the table by a sharply-dressed girl, who couldn't have been any older than twenty-one. I sat down, and looked straight into Sharon's lovely eyes. "Sharon?" I asked her.

"I'm Sharon Howard," she said with a low-pitched feminine voice.

"I'm Eric Martin, and I'm pleased to meet someone as beautiful as you," I added.

"Why, thank you!" she blushingly whispered.

"I have only seen photos of you that I have downloaded from the Internet, and I was awestruck by your beauty. I can now say that you're even more beautiful in person," I added before a waiter arrived.

"I also found that you were a handsome man, in the photos you sent me. Now, I can believe it," she cooed.

"Are you ready to order yet?" the waiter asked us.

"I'd like to start with a bottle of red wine," I replied.

"Two glasses?" our waiter then asked me.

"Correct," I replied.

We looked at the menu, and thought about what we wanted to eat. "The steak dinner for two sounds delicious," I said to her.

"What does it come with?" she asked me.

"Caesar salad, baked potatoes, rice pilaf, a loaf of Italian bread, a small tub of butter, and our choice of dessert," I replied.

"Sounds good to me, Eric," she added.

We went ahead and ordered the steak dinner for two, and began the process of getting to know each other even better.

"What brings you to Chicago?" Sharon asked me.

"My work brought me here. I have my own radio production business, and I work out of my home in Evanston. I also dabble into photography, having done a number of spreads of some of the country's most beautiful female impersonators. My business dropped off in New Haven after my main account decided to switch to a production company in New York for their ads. Most of the female impersonators I photographed drove in from Boston, New York, Hartford, Providence and other areas around New England. I've had some spreads published in various magazines. I also broke off my last relationship two years before, so I needed a change of scenery. I decided on Chicago because I really wanted to come back to the Midwest, since I am from Missouri. A number of factors also brought me to Chicago, one of which included a large number of female impersonators, crossdressers and transsexuals close to my home. I also have more radio production work here," I explained.

"My job brought me here, Eric. I work full-time for a law firm in downtown Chicago, doing data entry and filing work. I live on the North Side, with a nice young lady named Dana. I was working part-time for an electronics company in Tucson when my

boss recommended me for this job in Chicago. I'm being paid more here in Chicago than I did in Tucson," Sharon added.

As our dinner was being delivered, Sharon's cellular phone made a beeping sound. "Will you excuse me?" she asked me.

"Certainly," I replied.

Sharon spent about two minutes talking on her cellular phone. The expression on her face was that of concern. When she finished talking, I asked her: "What is it, Sharon?"

"That was my roommate, Dana, on the phone. There's been a water main break just two blocks from the apartment. They won't have it repaired until tomorrow morning at the earliest," she replied, then asked me: "May I stay with you tonight?"

"Considering that we've just met off-line, I don't have any problem with it," I replied.

After we ate our dinner, Sharon and I took in a play at a local community college, then stopped by her apartment for a fresh change of clothes. She was carrying a garment bag when she emerged from her room.

"Where's Dana staying tonight?" I asked her.

"She's staying with a couple of friends out in Downers Grove," she replied.

We drove straight to my house, where I showed her in. "You have such a lovely place here!" Sharon exclaimed in awe.

"I knew, somehow, you would like it," I added.

Sharon and I went to the living room, where I switched on some romantic music and started a small fire in the fireplace. "Have you always been a romantic person?" she asked me.

"I've always been a romantic man, Sharon. Ever since I was in high school, I've wanted to share that particular side of me with a beautiful woman. Speaking of beauty, you are definitely the most beautiful woman I've seen in long, long, long time," I replied.

"I've also been a romantic girl, Eric. To me, a man giving his heart and soul to show that he has a romantic side is very special. Sharing each other's feelings is a key to a relationship, in my honest opinion, as well as sharing each other's intimate secrets," she added.

"I don't know how to say this, Sharon, but I love you," I whispered lovingly.

"I love you, too, Eric," she lovingly whispered before we became liplocked, tenderly engaged in a long kiss.

After we finished kissing, Sharon whispered: "There's something I have to tell you".

"What is that, sweetheart?" I asked her.

"In our electronic mail correspondence, I told you that I am a transsexual, and you perfectly understood and felt comfortable with it, right?" she then asked me.

"I remember what you told me as if it were yesterday," I replied.

“Just three months before I came here to Chicago, I had the surgery that finally brought my body in sync with my mind. A week before I moved, my doctor cleared me to make love to a man,” she added.

“Sharon, I've never made love to a woman before,” I then added before kissing her again.

After finishing that particular kiss, she cooed; “Honey, how do you feel about making love on a first date?”

“I'm very open to the idea of making love on a first date,” I replied.

I then carried her to my bedroom, like a groom carries his bride. I gently set her down on my canopy bed, and proceeded to give her another long, tender kiss. “Darling, this bed is beautiful!” she whispered lovingly.

“This was handed down to me by my parents. They didn't have enough room for this at their new townhouse in West Palm Beach, so they handed it down to me when my mother retired,” I said to her.

“Is this your first time dating a transsexual?” she then asked.

“I've dated several other transsexuals before, all of them were in the preoperative stage of their transformations at the time I dated them. This is the first time I've dated a postoperative transsexual,” I replied.

She then got up, wrapped her arms around me, and kissed me on the lips. She then guided my hand to the back zipper of her dress, and I unzipped it. She was wearing a red teddy underneath, and when the dress slipped off, a heart design, outlined in white lace, appeared in the front of her teddy. I caressed her buttocks while passionately kissing her. She then began to undo my shirt and tie, and when my shirt was completely undone, she reached into my shirt, and gently caressed my hairy chest. I then took off my shirt and shoes, and sat down on the bed to take off my socks. Sharon then sat down on the bed, and seductively took off her stockings.

When I laid down on the bed next to her, I was only wearing my underwear and boxer shorts. “I have a surprise for you, my love,” she cooed before undoing the crotch of her teddy. She revealed her vagina, beautifully constructed.

“Your doctor did a wonderful job on your new vagina,” I whispered, in awe at her new female genitalia.

She then got up, and took off her teddy. I then got up, took off my blue boxer shorts and underwear, and laid back down. Sharon then reached out and touched my totally erect manhood. I then touched her vagina, and she would then proceed to massage my manhood with her red mouth and silky tongue. I filed my fingers through her luscious hair, and whispered; “Babes, that feels good”. At times, I could feel my manhood all the way down in her throat.

After she finished massaging my manhood, I went on to fondle her lovely breasts. “Honeybaby, that feels so good!,” she whispered, beginning to labor for breath. After tasting her delicious milk, I kissed her all over her sexy body, down to her genital area. She then fingered her vagina, and I licked it with hot passion. “Babe, I'm so hot!,” she cooed before I inserted my manhood into her vagina. We both moaned as we reached a

climax, telling each other how good we feel in the process. After climaxing, Sharon and I got into the shower together, kissing and touching each other.

After we showered and dried each other off, Sharon got a white nightgown out of her garment bag, while I grabbed a pair of red boxer shorts and a clean pair of underwear. She went into the bathroom to put on her nightgown, while I put on my boxers, and laid down on my side of the bed.

Sharon emerged a few minutes later, a vision in white. "That's so beautiful, darling!" I exclaimed.

"I'm glad you approve," she said sensually.

She laid down next to me, and kissed me on the heart. "What was that for, honey?" I asked her.

"To thank you for the most passionate night of my life, and because I love you," she replied, again in a sensual manner.

I kissed her on the heart, and whispered; "Thanks for the most memorable night of my life, and I'll never forget it as long as I live. One more thing. I love you, too, sexpot".

Sharon and I kissed each other goodnight, then fell asleep in each other's arms. She laid her head on my shoulders, with one hand on my chest. I wrapped my arm around her, and we slept for eight hours. The next morning, I went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for myself and my new beloved.

She was surprised when she came down, still in her white nightgown, but she put on a match?" she asked me.

"Blueberry muffins, hot cereal and orange juice, my sweet," I replied.

While eating breakfast, I asked her; "Do you have anything planned for tonight?"

"No, I don't," she replied.

"One of my models is flying up from Houston today, and she's planning to have a photo spread taken of her in bridal fashions. She's bringing up three bridal gowns, and she's requested some help on her makeup," I explained, then asked her; "Would you like to help her with her makeup?"

"It's a natural for me, since I volunteered for a theater group in Tucson, doing their makeup and hair," Sharon replied.

"The model's name is Kimberly, and she will be here about seven o'clock. Make sure you're here at six-thirty," I added.

Sharon arrived at my place at six-thirty, wearing an orange dress, beige stockings and a pair of white high heels. "Hi, honey," she whispered.

"Hi, babydoll," I whispered before kissing her. I showed her to the basement studio, where I had everything set up. I showed her to the dressing room, where she would do her work on Kimberly's face. The doorbell rang around seven o'clock. Kimberly had arrived, wearing a white blouse, red suit jacket and red skirt, carrying one of her bridal gowns. I showed her in the door, while she pointed the way to her rental car, where her two other gowns were stored. I went to the trunk of the car to pick up the two gowns, and bring them into the house.

Sharon did a little work on Kimberly's hair and makeup, while I made the final preparations for the shoot. I loaded my camera with film, and had two more rolls of film on a table next to my camera. Twenty minutes later, Kimberly came out, in a bridal gown with puffed sleeves, a bouffant skirt adorned with lace, a sweetheart neckline, lace-adorned bodice, cathedral-length train and a rhinestone tiara headpiece with a fingertip-length veil. Sharon spread out Kimberly's train, and walked near my camera when I started to line up my shots.

I shot twenty-four different poses of Kimberly in that particular bridal gown before she went back and changed into the second bridal gown. While changing, Kimberly and Sharon were engaged in a conversation.

"I hear Eric is very fond of bridal gowns," Sharon said to her.

"He's very fond of bridal gowns, Sharon. He considers bridal photography to be his best work," Kimberly added. She then asked her; "Sharon, how did you and Eric meet?"

"We met on the Internet. We were both in a romance-related chat room when I told the folks in the chat room that I was looking for someone to share my life with. That's when Eric told me he was interested in meeting me. We lived two thousand miles apart at the time we met. I was living in Arizona, while he was living in Connecticut. It so happened we moved to Chicago about the same time, and we finally had our first face-to-face meeting last night, over dinner. The next thing we both knew, we made love to each other, and I spent the night over here with him," Sharon replied.

"You mean you two had sex on your first date?" a surprised Kimberly asked her.

"We did have sex on our first date, and we satisfied each other as we never did in our lives," Sharon replied while she was putting another headpiece on Kimberly's head.

The two giggled as they came out of the dressing room. For the second set of photos, Kimberly was wearing a pink bridal gown, with a puffed sleeves, lace-adorned neckline and skirt, and a cathedral-length train. The headpiece on her was a floral spray headpiece with a fingertip-length veil and blusher. I took twenty-four different poses of Kimberly in this outfit, before she and Sharon went back to the dressing room.

While helping Kimberly change into her third gown, Sharon asked her; "Are you married?"

"I have a wonderful wife who accepts my crossdressing. She's helped me with my feminine image, and also helped me with the money to buy these gowns. We have no children as of yet," Kimberly replied, then asked her; "Sharon, would you consider marrying Eric if he asked you?"

"Yes, I would. He's the most understanding, loving, romantic and passionate man I've ever met. I don't think I would be able to marry anyone else, since he's one of the few men who understands my medical condition," Sharon replied while putting a bridal hat on Kimberly's head.

"He loves you as the woman you are, I would guess," Kimberly added.



“Yes, he does. I was born a boy, but went through the transition, and had sex reassignment surgery just three and a half months ago. He feels that I'm a beautiful woman, and he loves me for that,” Sharon said before walking out the dressing room door with Kimberly.

The next set of poses featured Kimberly in a Southern Belle-style bridal gown, with a skirt of several tiers of lace, a sweetheart neckline, puffed sleeves, lace all over the bodice, a pearl necklace, and a bridal hat with fingertip-length veil and blusher. I took twenty-four more of those poses. When the final pose was taken, it was almost ten o'clock.

After Kimberly left to return to her hotel room near O'Hare Airport, Sharon and I straightened up the studio before she went back to her apartment. Dana had been out with her new boyfriend, taking in a female impersonator show. Sharon got her purse from the dressing room, and proceeded to the door, where I was waiting to see her off. “Will I see you tomorrow?” I asked her.

“Certainly, sweetie,” she whispered. We exchanged a long, tender kiss before she walked out the door.

Sharon arrived at her apartment around eleven o'clock, and Dana was there, with her boyfriend. “How did it go with Eric?” Dana asked.

“Things went very well with him tonight. I did a great job on making up his model for the shoot tonight, and we had a lot of fun at the shoot,” Sharon replied.

“What about last night, Sharon?” she then asked her.

“Eric and I went out for a romantic steak dinner, and we later took in a play at one of the community colleges. After the play ended, we came back here so I could get a few things, and stay the night at his house in Evanston. Believe it or not, Eric and I made love to each other before going to bed last night,” she replied.

“You and Eric had sex last night?” Dana asked with an element of surprise in her voice and facial expression.

“Eric and I made very passionate love in his canopy bed, before we took a shower together, and climbed into his bed to go to sleep. It was the first time I made love to a man in my new body, and I felt very satisfied.” Sharon reply was filled with a sense of love.

“I think he may be marriage material for you, Sharon,” Dana added.

“I would consider any proposal of marriage I may get from him, when we're good and ready,” Sharon then added.

Six months later, she was, at least, good and ready to start living with me. It was over a hundred degrees the day she moved in with me. She didn't have much, a few mementos, her necessities, and a huge dress collection. She wanted to share my bedroom, and I agreed to share not only my bedroom, but my own bed, with her.

That night, we were in the backyard swimming pool, spending a romantic moment in the warm water on an unusually warm evening. She had her legs around my waist while I carried her around the shallow part of the pool.

"Honey?" she asked me.

"What is it, baby?" I asked her.

"Would you consider spending the rest of your life with me?" she then asked.

"Of course I would, Sharon. I've met a lot of women in my lifetime, but I've never met anyone as beautiful as you. Ever since you came into my life, I've never been happier. I hope this will continue through the rest of our lives," I replied, then asked her; "Darling, how would you feel about adopting children?"

"I would love to adopt children. I don't care if it's one child or a house full of children, I feel I would make just as good of a mother as would any other woman," she replied.

"It really doesn't matter how many we adopt, just as long as we can give them a loving home," I then added. She then caressed my face, then gave me a long, tender kiss. We held it for about two minutes, before she whispered; "I love you very much, Eric. I love you now and forever".

"Sharon, I've never loved a woman as much as I love you. I will always love you, now and for all eternity," I whispered back.

We went back into the house, and took a shower together. When we got out, I changed into my underwear, while Sharon changed into a white babydoll nightie. That night, with the air conditioner running full blast, we were restless.

"Darling?" I asked her.

"What is it, my love?" she asked me.

"Do you feel that I am more romantic than any other man I ever you've ever met?" I then asked her.

"I think you're the most romantic man I've ever met," Sharon whispered, then asked me; "Do you think I'm more romantic than any other woman you've ever met?"

"Sharon, you're the most romantic woman I've ever met," I replied, before she kissed me on the heart.

Another year and four months went by before I finally decided to do something about my relationship with Sharon. It was close to Christmas, and we were planning a week-long getaway to Las Vegas. We were just getting ready to go to O'Hare Airport when the decision was made.

"Sharon?" I asked her.

"What is it, baby?" she then asked me.

"We've been going together for nearly two years, much of that time we've spent living together in this house. I've thought about this for a while, and I thought now would be the best time to ask you the most important question of our lives," I replied.

"What's the question?" she said inquisitively, with a look of anticipation in her lovely face.

"Sharon, will you be my wife?" I asked her.

“Yes, yes my love! I'll marry you,” she whispered, with a tear running down her eye. I then slipped an engagement ring on the ring finger of her left hand.

“When do you want to get married?” I asked her.

“I don't know,” she replied.

“I was thinking of tying the knot on our trip to Las Vegas,” I added.

“Sounds like a plan,” she said before we walked out the door.

On the plane to Las Vegas, Sharon and I were drinking our glasses of red wine. She snuggled up to me, I tenderly took her left hand, and put it on my right shoulder, at the point where the diamond in her engagement ring sparkled in the reading light above us. She asked whisper, “I explained.

“Before I met you, I didn't know that there were men out there who understood the fact that I was born a boy. I didn't even know it before doctors turned me from a dull man into the beautiful, sexy girl you're going to marry. I've never been this much in love with a man before, and I'm glad that man is you, sweetie,” she added before we shared a tender kiss.

When we landed in Las Vegas, we got our baggage and went to the car rental counter. We had reserved a midsize car, but the agency ran out of midsize cars before we arrived. As a consequence, we were given a luxury car instead. After picking up our rental car, we went on to our hotel, on the famous Las Vegas Strip. We were given the Bridal Suite, since a wedding was in our plans for our stay there. Once we got inside, we called around to various wedding chapels, and finally found one that had a space open on Christmas Day. So, we made our reservation for ten o'clock in the morning on Christmas Day, leaving us three days to get fitted for our wedding outfits.

Two of our friends also were in Las Vegas that week. Eric Barnett, a friend from my college days, and his transsexual wife, Cynthia, whom Sharon knew from a modeling assignment she did several years back, were in Las Vegas, celebrating their second wedding anniversary. I wasn't surprised to see Eric marry an older woman, but Cynthia looked a lot younger than her forty-one years. They left their adopted children, nine-year-old Rick and six-year-old Carrie, back in Sausalito with their aunt Jennifer. The four of us hooked up for dinner after I got fitted for a tuxedo, and Sharon for her bridal gown.

“You mean to say that you and Sharon are getting married?” Cynthia asked, with a look of surprise in her face.

“Yes, we are,” I replied.

“When do you two plan to tie the knot?” Eric then asked us.

“Christmas Day, at ten o'clock in the morning,” Sharon replied.

“Thank goodness I didn't forget my bridesmaid's gown, and Eric didn't forget his tuxedo,” Cynthia added.

“Ironically, babe, the day Eric and Sharon get married is also our second wedding anniversary,” Eric then whispered to Cynthia.

“How did you meet her?” Cynthia asked me.