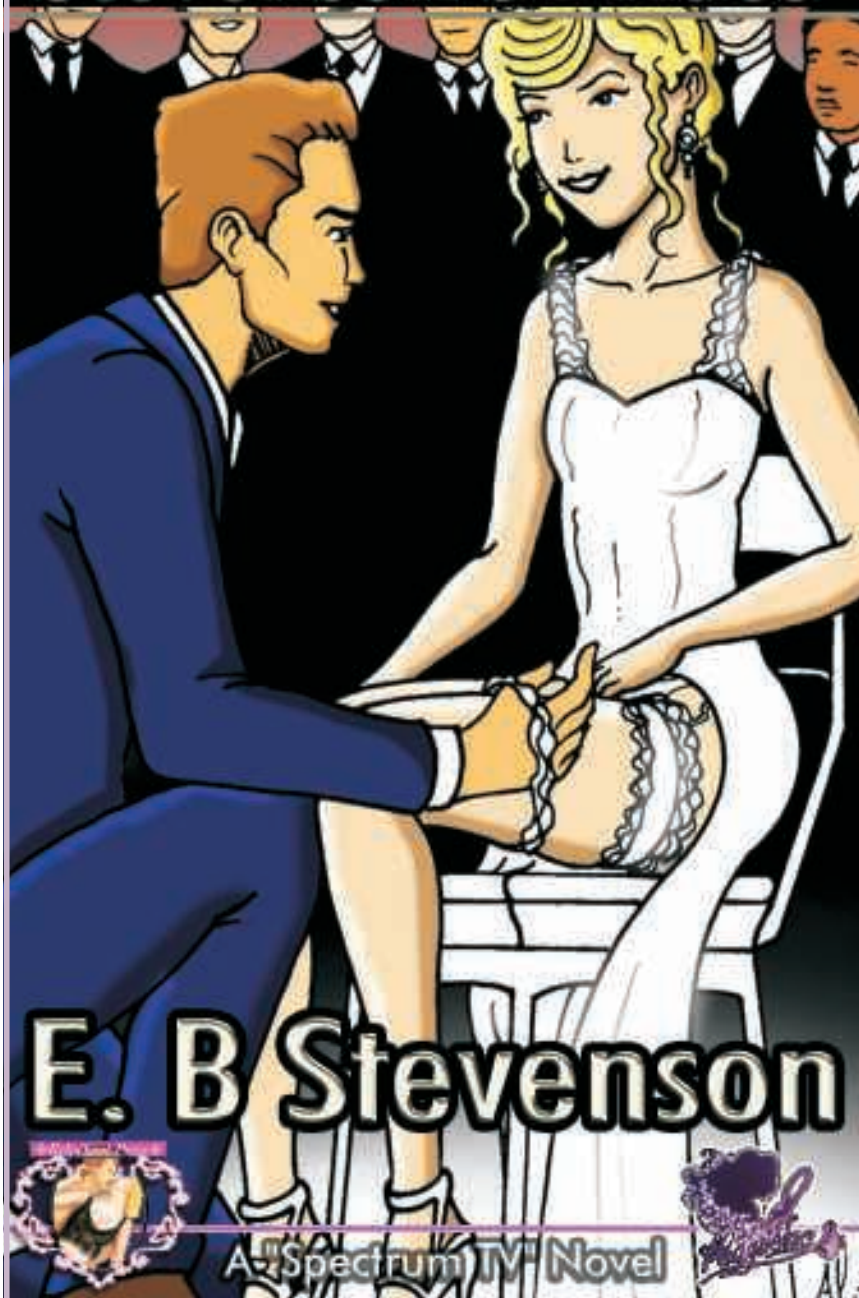


Stevenson's Brides



E. B. Stevenson



A Spectrum TV Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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“STEVENSON’S BRIDES”

by E.B. Stevenson

“A COUGAR NO MORE”

It was a beautiful mid-autumn day; I was getting ready to get married for the first time as a woman. As a man named Michael Kevin Carlton, I had become a successful photographer. I began working as an appointment setter at a photography studio when I was sixteen years old.

That was where I met my first spouse, Leanna Marie Smith. Her boss was her older sister, Lisa Smith Hollander. Despite the fact she was twelve years older than me, we became very good friends; we were in love by the time I was seventeen. We married after graduation from high school; I was eighteen and she was thirty. I became a father as a nineteen-year-old college freshman, majoring in photographic art; Leanna gave me a daughter named Madeline, or

Maddie for short. After I graduated from college, she would give me a second daughter named Lauren. We called her Laurie. Shortly after my thirtieth birthday, Leanna was diagnosed with cancer; she passed away just a few months later at the age of forty-two.

Little did my daughters know that I wanted so much to become a woman; I came into the world as a boy sixty-four years ago. I was closer to my older sister, Maureen, than to my older brother, Matthew. I was fairly close to my kid brother, Milton. I began dressing in Maureen's old dresses when I was four years old. My desire to become a woman grew stronger after Leanna's death; I began going out dressed as a woman shortly after my thirty-second birthday. I also became a travel photographer after Laurie graduated from high school. This would allow me to go out on the town dressed as Margo, the woman I felt I really was. I was diagnosed with gender identity disorder shortly before my thirty-fifth birthday. I decided to wait until Laurie was seventeen years old and Maddie was twenty before I finally decided to start living full-time as a woman. My siblings and parents were very supportive of my decision to become a woman and change my name to Margo Kimberly Carlton.

For my forty-first birthday, I underwent my sex change operation in Montreal. Two major changes took place during my transition: I would go from a shy and unassuming man to a sexy and promiscuous woman, and from being attracted to older women to being attracted to younger men. Five years ago, I met Steven Edward Brownley, the man who will become my husband. He's also a photographer; he owns a photography studio in Culver City. When we met, he was thirty-four and I was fifty-nine. He completely understood my need to be a woman. Nine months ago, he asked me to be his bride.

I was sitting in a room at the hotel where the wedding ceremony would take place. It was three o'clock in the afternoon; the wedding ceremony would be at six o'clock. I was just in my white bridal lingerie and A-line crinoline; my full-length wedding dress was hanging on the bathroom door. My youngest daughter, Laurie, came up to me and asked: "Margo, did you put on your garter belt and stockings?"

"I haven't put them on yet," I replied before I pulled up my crinoline to fasten my white garter belt around my waist before I put on my white lace-top stockings. After I put on my stockings, put my pink bridal garter with white lace on my left leg and dropped my crinoline, my oldest daughter, Maddie, approached me. "The beautician will be here in a few minutes to make you over and style your hair," she informed me.

"Thank you, Maddie. You and Laurie need to get into your bridesmaid gowns," I told her before I put on my white satin pumps.

Maddie and Lauren would be two of my bridesmaids. I had selected Amber Winningham, my best friend from my transgender support group, as my maid of honor. She had been through her sex change eight years after my operation. I had selected pink for the bridesmaids' gowns. Maddie's daughter, Michelle Daniels, would be the flower girl; she would be in an antique white flower girl's gown. Maddie's husband, Marty, and Laurie's fiancé, Brian Lawrence, are both supportive of the fact that I am a transgender woman.

After my daughters got into their bridesmaid's gowns, Amber arrived. She was already in her bridesmaid's dress; she was holding a white box. "What's in the box?" I asked her.

“It’s the pink silk flowers the bridesmaids are wearing in their hair,” she replied.

“The beautician will be here shortly to make us over and style your hair,” I informed her.

“Amber, how are you?” Maddie asked excitedly.

“I’m doing great, Maddie!” Amber excitedly replied before exchanging a warm embrace.

“You’re looking great, Amber!” Lauren excitedly added.

“Both of you are looking great!” Amber excitedly told them.

Maddie got my wedding dress from where it was hanging; she handed it to Amber. Amber and Laurie helped me get into my wedding dress. Maddie laid out my fingertip-length, lace-trimmed veil on the bed, and set the white satin pillbox hat with white lace overlay on the nightstand next to the bed.

“Who’s going to be giving you away?” Amber asked me.

“Martin Daniels, my son-in-law,” I replied.

Around four-thirty, my beautician, Phoebe Crandall, arrived. She has been my beautician and hairdresser since I started my transition. She set up a chair and motioned me to sit down.

“That is a beautiful wedding dress you have on,” Phoebe complimented.

“Why, thank you, Phoebe,” I said, slightly blushing.

She began by doing my bridesmaids’ hair in sausage curls, before making them up to look glamor-

ous. After finishing the bridesmaids' hair and makeup, she would do my granddaughter's hair in sausage curls. She only needed light makeup since she's five years old. It was around five o'clock that she began doing my silver hair in a bouffant style. After finishing my hair, she made me over to look absolutely radiant. The pillbox hat went on first, followed by the veil.

"Miss Margo, you look so breathtaking! Steve will be mesmerized at your beauty!" Phoebe complimented with an air of excitement. My bridesmaids and flower girl were in awe over my beauty.

Around ten minutes of six, Marty arrived, wearing a navy blue tuxedo. "My, you look gorgeous, Margo!" he complimented.

"You look handsome yourself," I added.

Phoebe handed the flower girl her basket before giving the bridesmaids their bouquets. After she gave me my bridal bouquet, I posed for the photographer with my bridesmaids and flower girl. Before I left the room, Amber put the blusher of my veil over my face. I gently put my left hand on Marty's right arm and made the walk to the first floor.

Michelle was the first to walk down the aisle; she spread rose petals down the aisle as she was walking alongside Seth Brownley, Steve's eight-year-old nephew. Laurie was next down the aisle; her fiancé was waiting at the altar. Next came Maddie; my youngest brother, Milton, was waiting to greet her at the altar. Amber would walk down the aisle next; Steve's younger brother, Paul, was waiting for her. My eighty-nine-year-old mother, Marilyn, was seated before the ceremony began, along with Steve's parents, Philip and Sarah Brownley.

Shortly after six o'clock, I walked down the aisle on my son-in-law's arm. Steve was looking so handsome in his navy blue tuxedo with tails. He looked lovingly at me as I walked down the aisle with my son-in-law. When we arrived at the altar, Marty shook Steve's hand; I switched my bouquet to my left hand, took Steve's left arm with my right hand, and walked toward the altar with him. His twin sister, the Reverend Stephanie Brownley, started the ceremony.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today, in the presence of the Almighty, to join Margo and Steve in the most sacred bond of Holy Matrimony. They have taken a lot of time to pray and reflect on this decision, the most important one of their lives. If there is anyone who can show just cause, as to why these two cannot be joined together, say so now or forever hold your peace."

No one showed just cause as to why Steve and I couldn't be joined together in marriage. Not even the facts I was born a boy or that I'm twenty-five years older than the groom would be an objection. Silence fell on the church while we looked lovingly in each other's eyes. It was a great feeling, looking through the blusher of my veil at the handsome man taking me as his wife. Stephanie spent several minutes speaking on the institution of marriage.

We faced Stephanie as she spoke; she gave us this piece of advice when she finished speaking on marriage: "Margo, you've been through a lot of trials and tribulations in your life. The period when you transitioned into the beautiful woman you are now has been, without a doubt, the biggest trial of your life. Many women who have been through what you've been through rarely find someone to share your life's journey. Steven, you are such a special man; you made a great effort to understand Margo and what she's been through; you've always accepted

the woman she has become. Always honor and respect each other as you enter a new chapter in your life.”

I faced Steve as Stephanie asked me: “Margo Kimberly Carlton, do you take this man, Steven Edward Brownley, to be your wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?”

“I do,” I replied, looking him in the face with commitment.

“Steven Edward Brownley, do you take this woman, Margo Kimberly Carlton, to be your wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?” she asked him.

“I do,” Steve said with a smile and commitment.

We went over to the candelabra in front of my mother, and lit the unity candle, symbolizing the joining of two people as one. My mother was shedding a few tears of joy as we lit the candle with two candles. His mother cried for joy as he lit the candle. We returned to the altar for the exchange of our wedding rings.

Steve slipped the wedding band on the ring finger of my left hand. He put it halfway down my finger; He repeated after her: “Margo, with this ring, I thee wed.” He then slipped the ring all the way down to the engagement ring.

I was then given the ring I would put on Steve’s finger. I slipped the ring halfway down his finger, and said: “Steven, with this ring, I thee wed.” I slipped the ring all the way down his finger.

I faced Steve as Stephanie told us: "With the power vested in me by the State of California, I now pronounce you husband and wife." Steve immediately lifted the blusher from my face; when he finished, Stephanie told him: "You may now kiss your bride."

I still held my bouquet as I wrapped my arms around him; he wrapped his arms around me as we exchanged a long, tender kiss and a warm embrace. "I love you, Steve," I whispered to him as we embraced.

"I love you, too, Margo," he whispered while we embraced.

After we broke our embrace, we took each other by the hand as we faced our guests. Stephanie announced: Ladies and gentlemen, I now present Mr. and Mrs. Steven Brownley."

We both had smiles as we walked up the aisle to the door of the ballroom. I had a beautiful feeling deep inside; my most romantic dream had just become a reality. I had exchanged marriage vows with the man I love. We spent half an hour greeting our guests before having pictures of our families and wedding party taken at the altar.

When we emerged from the ballroom, our guests were waiting outside. When we walked out the door to an open section of the hotel parking lot, our guests launched white balloons. We got into a limousine with "Just Married" written in white cream on the rear window. Our driver took us around Hollywood and Van Nuys for forty-five minutes as the ballroom was set up for the reception. We shared several tender kisses as we took our ride; minutes before we arrived at our wedding reception, we shared a deep kiss.

When we arrived, shortly before eight o'clock, I took Steve by the arm as we walked back in the ballroom.. Our party was in the middle room, clearly marked "Carlton-Brownley Wedding" above the door. We arrived to a standing ovation; we took our places at the dais. As soon as we sat down, we shared a kiss to cheers. Paul spoke as Steve and I finished kissing.

"Steve, I grew up in your shadow. I knew that you would become a photographer; I often wondered who would share your journey along the way. When you introduced us to Margo, I somehow knew that she was the one. As you move into your new home in Santa Monica, I wish you nothing but the best as you begin this new chapter in your lives."

After Paul spoke, Amber spoke. "Margo, you are my best friend. You guided me through the most delicate time of my life, when I became a woman. I remember all the times we shared what we were looking for in a man. When you introduced me to Steve, I knew he would be the man for you. Your dreams have become a reality; I give you my best wishes as you begin life as a married couple."

Paul raised his glass of champagne; all the guests followed suit. He declared: "To the bride and groom!" Everyone said in unison: "The bride and groom!"

We had a dinner of roast pork, diced potatoes seasoned with oregano, garden salad with Italian dressing and sourdough bread. We had a buffet; we allowed our guests to choose from roast beef, baked chicken, carrot and celery sticks, green beans with sautéed onions, along with white and wheat bread, in addition to what Steve and I had.

It was around eight-thirty when we shared our first dance as man and wife. The deejay played the song that was playing on the radio when we shared

our first kiss: "Woman". We held each other close as the song played; when the song ended, we shared a tender kiss. "I'm so happy you're now my wife," he whispered.

"I'm very happy that you're now my husband," I cooed.

Several of our guests danced with the wedding party. A lot of the guys wanted to dance with Amber; she was just as radiant as I was. They all felt comfortable with the fact that Amber was born a boy. Paul, who had become his family's last remaining bachelor when Steve and I were officially pronounced husband and wife, was dancing with several of the young ladies. Shortly after nine o'clock, Paul asked Amber to dance with him. She gladly accepted. When they finished their dance, they shared a tender kiss before returning to the dais, arm-in-arm.

Shortly after nine o'clock, we cut our first slice of our wedding cake. I stuffed the first slice in his mouth; we had a big laugh when he ate it. He offered me my slice of cake; I ate it lovingly.

Around nine-thirty, the single women were called together around at the end of the dance floor to try and catch my bouquet. I turned my back toward the girls as I prepared to toss my bouquet. I gave it one swift toss behind my back; when I turned around to look, I found out that Steve's youngest sister, Suzanne, a twenty-five-year-old fashion model, caught my bouquet. She had been dating one of Steve's childhood chums for over a year at that point.

Paul grabbed a chair from the dais, and set it in the middle. I sat down, and began to hike the skirt of my wedding dress. While the deejay played "The Stripper", I hiked the skirt of my dress to where my bridal garter was reveled. Steve slowly and gently got

the garter off my leg, turned his back to the single men gathered at the end of the dance floor to toss the garter. Paul caught the garter, much to Amber's delight. She kissed him when he showed the garter to her.

It was shortly after ten o'clock when Steve and I left the hotel ballroom to check in to the Bridal Suite. We followed the concierge to the door. Just before he unlocked the door, Steve swept me off my feet. The concierge opened the door for us; Steve carried me into the suite. Our suitcases were already in the room, along with my makeup case. He carried me to the heart-shaped bed, where he gently set me down in a sitting position. Steve then took the key to the suite from the concierge, and walked toward me. I seductively removed my veil and pillbox hat and wrapped my arms around my new husband.

"I can't believe this has happened! Before I met you, Margo, I thought I would never meet the woman of my dreams. For the longest time, it seemed that Cupid's Arrow would fly into a guy wearing a bullet-proof vest. Five years ago, all that changed when we first laid eyes on each other. When I first asked you to dance with me, I knew I was the luckiest man in the room. When I confessed that I was in love with you, you told me what you had been through. I never gave the fact you were born a boy another thought. The only thing I cared about was the beautiful woman you had become. The biggest surprise was when you told me your true age; I thought you were in your early forties. Now, I'm very happy that you've become my wife," he explained to me.

"Not many women like me get married, especially to the man of her dreams. Ever since I began living as a woman, I wanted a younger man for my boyfriend, let alone my husband. When I first laid my eyes upon you, I knew I had found the perfect man. When you

asked me to dance with you, I felt so feminine. The moment you declared your love for me, I had felt like a complete woman for the first time. You were not like the other men I went out with; while most of them ran out when I told them I was born a boy, you did not. You accepted me as the woman I am now. Tonight, I'm a total woman; I'm the happiest girl in the world now that you're my husband," I seductively whispered.

"I love you, Margo, now and for all eternity," he whispered lovingly.

"I love you, too, Steve, now and forever," I cooed seductively before we engaged in a deep, passionate kiss. While we were kissing, I felt his hand fumbling with the zipper in back of my wedding dress; I was undoing his bow tie at the same time.

Three hours later, Steve and I were lying down on the heart-shaped bed. We had consummated our marriage and shared our first shower as a married couple. Steve was in a red pair of boxer shorts, while I was in my white teddy. I had my head gently on his left shoulder and was caressing his hairy chest with my left hand. The one-carat diamond I was wearing beautifully reflected the light coming from the overhead lights.

"Honey, what do you look forward to most, now that I'm your wife?" I asked him whisperingly.

"Babe, I look forward to coming home every night from work and seeing your beautiful face and body. I look forward to all the romantic times we will have as man and wife," he replied whisperingly.

It was one-thirty in the morning when I whispered seductively to him: "Good night, sweet stuff."

“Good night, sexy,” he whispered before we kissed. The lights went out; I fell asleep in his arms.

The next morning, we left for a ten-day honeymoon in the Bahamas. When we returned, Steve and I returned to our respective jobs. It took my co-workers a few days to get used to calling me Margo Brownley. My dream of being a beautiful bride and taking a husband has come true. All those years of pursuing men were now behind me; I’m very glad to move into my new role as a loving wife. I am a cougar no more.

“TWO GOWNS IN VEGAS”

My younger sister, Vanessa, chose a rather unique career path. When she graduated from high school, she decided to study business and accounting. She worked her way through school working the makeup counter at a local department store; she also attended cosmetology school during the summer. Upon graduating from college five years ago, she joined an accounting firm in Las Vegas. Six months later, she found a weekend job as a makeup artist at a beauty salon specializing in making men look like women.

Vanessa is five-two with a slender build, twenty-eight years old, with long chestnut brown hair, and quite attractive. After a series of bad relationships dating back to her high school years, she finally met a nice guy. Two years ago, she met Carlton Boyce at her weekend job. Forty years old, five-eight with short medium brown hair and working a day job as a concierge at one of the casinos, he came in to be made up to look like a woman. As she was making him over, they got to know one another. When dressed as a woman, he calls himself Caitlyn.

Four months ago, Carlton asked Vanessa to marry him; she accepted without hesitation. They decided to have two weddings; a double-gown ceremony in Las Vegas followed by the traditional bride-and-groom ceremony in Decatur, where he's from. That meant Vanessa had to wear a different gown for each wedding. Vanessa decided on wearing the white ball gown she wore to her fifteenth birthday party. After thirteen years, it still fit her. She bought herself a fingertip-length, lace-trimmed veil and a rhinestone tiara to complete the ensemble. They decided on a wedding chapel on the Strip, where the weddings were officiated by an Elvis impersonator.

A week before the traditional church wedding, their double-gown wedding would take place. It was a beautiful spring evening. Two makeup artists from Vanessa's night job had the task of making the brides up; Heather, a slender, five-seven, blonde-haired girl of nineteen wearing a white floral print dress and white high heels, was given the task of making Vanessa look breathtakingly beautiful. Stephanie, a five-nine transgender woman in her early forties, with long black hair, wearing a curve-hugging red party dress and red high-heeled sandals, was given the task of transforming Carlton into Caitlyn. I would be one of the witnesses; the other witness was Judy, a thirty-four-year-old, six-foot, slender crossdresser wearing a baby blue tea-length satin dress and matching satin pumps. As a man, he's known as Julius, and works as a desk clerk at the same casino. I would be giving Vanessa away.

It was around six-thirty when Judy was helping Carlton into his white mermaid-style wedding dress. The skirt of the gown was already snugly on; he had not yet put his arms into the long sleeves of his wedding dress; his white bustier was still showing. His wig was not yet put on; he was still displaying his short medium brown hair. Judy handed him the

breast forms. While putting the breast forms in the cups of his bustier, Judy reminded him: “Isn’t it time to get your arms into the sleeves of your dress?”

“As soon as I put the breast forms in,” he replied.

“Stephanie will be here in a few minutes to make you over. You’re going to be so radiant when she finishes your transformation,” Judy added.

“Are my breast forms in right?” he then asked.

“They’re just perfect,” Judy replied before Carlton put his arms into the sleeves of his wedding dress.

Once Judy zipped up the back of his wedding dress, Stephanie arrived. “Are you ready to be turned into a breathtaking bride, Miss Caitlyn?” she asked.

“You bet I am,” he replied.

Stephanie began by making over his face; it took her forty minutes to make him up to look like a woman. When she was done with the makeover, Carlton looked in the mirror, and remarked: “Wow!” Judy gushed: “You are gorgeous!”

“Where’s the wig?” Stephanie then asked.

“It’s on the mannequin head on the table in front of you,” Judy replied.

Carlton then put on his clip-on, heart-shaped earrings, while Stephanie took the shoulder-length, strawberry blonde wig, and placed it firmly on his head. She put the finer touches on the wig’s style. When she finished, she handed Carlton the mirror. “I really look breathtaking!” he gushed.

Stephanie then fastened the floral spray headpiece and lace-trimmed veil to the hair of his wig. Once she

was finished, she told him: "Caitlyn, take a look in the mirror." He then walked over to the mirror; he was in awe over how he looked as a bride.

"You are breathtakingly gorgeous, Caitlyn!" Judy complimented gushingly.

"You're so romantic and sexy," added Stephanie.

Around seven-fifteen, Corinne arrived at Caitlyn's dressing room. She's his younger sister; a psychologist who works with transgender patients. Thirty-four years old, five-foot-four with long brunette hair, she was wearing a red lace overlay evening dress and matching high heel sandals. "You look so beautiful!" she complimented.

"Thank you, sis," he replied before Stephanie put the blusher over his face.

In the meantime, I was given the all-clear to enter Vanessa's dressing room. She was very radiant. "Eric?" she asked me.

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

"I never thought I would be in a two-bride wedding. When I first met Carlton, I found him to be much different than the other guys I've known. The other guys weren't very nice to me; they were either argumentative or downright abusive. They just didn't know how to treat me with respect. When he sat down in my chair to be made over to look like a woman, I discovered his secret to being a nice guy. When I finished making him over, he asked me out on a date. I told him I really wanted to know the male side of his personality. When he asked me, he was in a blue cocktail dress. When we had our first date, he wore a very nice suit. I was in a mauve cocktail dress; we went to a nice restaurant, where he showed me pictures from the photo session I made him over for. He was not

only in the cocktail dress he wore; he was also in a pink evening gown, a turquoise ball gown and a black party dress. When we came back to my apartment, we shared our first kiss. A week later, we went out for the first time as girls. We were in matching pink cocktail dresses he bought for us; we went to catch a female impersonator show. We were both pursued by the guys; one was so persistent, he backed off when I told him we were a lesbian couple,” she explained.

“I remember the time I came out to Vegas after you two met. I needed to get away after my fiancée left me; I was glad you invited me. I got to meet Carlton first; I knew right away he was the man for you. I especially remember the next night, when I got to meet Caitlyn. I wore my khaki slacks and red polo shirt; you were both in party dresses. Yours was burgundy and Caitlyn’s was black. We went out to dinner and a female impersonator show; I still remember the blonde female impersonator who lap-danced on me and looked at me lustfully,” I reminisced.

“The girl you mentioned underwent gender reassignment surgery this morning in Montreal,” she informed me.

At twenty-five minutes after seven, Heather came into the dressing room. “Vanessa, are you ready?” she asked her.

“Yes, I am,” she replied before Heather put the blusher over Vanessa’s face and giving her a bouquet with various colors of flowers.

A partition was put up at the entrance to the wedding chapel, so we didn’t see Caitlyn and the dress he/she was wearing. Vanessa took my left elbow with her right hand; her left hand was carrying a bouquet. The man officiating the wedding happened to be Bill Zachary, a friend of mine from my college days at

Washington. He was dressed like the 1970s-era Elvis. He began as an Elvis impersonator in college before taking his act to Las Vegas. He became a Justice of the Peace within three years of graduation from college. It was a coincidence that his wife is named Priscilla; she owns a bridal salon in suburban Henderson.

At seven-thirty, Bill began singing “Love Me Tender”. I began the walk down the aisle with Vanessa. On the other side was Caitlyn, carrying a similar bouquet to Vanessa’s. Both brides had the blushers over their faces. Escorting Caitlyn down the aisle was Corinne. When we got to the altar, Corinne gave me an embrace before Vanessa took her left hand, gently clutched Caitlyn’s elbow, and faced Bill.

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered here this evening, in the presence of the Almighty, to join Vanessa and Caitlyn in the bond of matrimony. It is not often that I officiate a ceremony where there are two brides; this is the first of two ceremonies. This evening, they are making it known to their friends, along with Vanessa’s older brother and Caitlyn’s younger sister, their commitment to each other,” he informed us.

Vanessa and Caitlyn were looking lovingly at each other through their bridal veils. Bill went on: “It is a beautiful thing to see a woman accept her significant other as the person he or she is, especially when that person engages in an alternate lifestyle, like Caitlyn. Vanessa has accepted Caitlyn both as a woman and as the man she is when not dressed as a woman. In fact, they met one night, when Vanessa made Caitlyn up to be a woman for the first time. When Vanessa first saw Caitlyn in her male guise as Carlton, they knew they were meant for each other. When he asked her to marry him, they wanted to have this double-gown ceremony. Tonight, this dream has come true.”