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An Internet Bride

The convergence of real life and fantasy seldom occurs and when it does the fantasy never seems to hold up to the bright light of day. Deep down I understood this but it didn't stop me from spending hours on the computer fantasizing about being transformed into someone's sissy slut—forced to wear fuck-me pumps, skimpy outfits and used for someone's sexual pleasure.

My real life was much different. While working on my Masters degree in computer science, I met my wife who at the time was working on her MBA. We started off on the treadmill and followed the path that our friends were taking, working long hours and believing we were the new masters of the universe. As time marched on, and we got into our thirties, we realized that life was comfortable but that we weren't likely to be leaving any lasting footprints on the world. We were doing all right financially but clearly not breaking any records—we'd be working for the rest of our lives.

On the domestic front we weren't setting any records either, we had settled into a typical routine that over the years involved less and less sex. The only bright spot in this middle class tedium was the fact that early on in my relationship with my wife I shared with her my cross-dressing fetish. She didn't understand it, but was extremely tolerant since she knew it turned me on. This allowed me the freedom to build up a wardrobe and on occasion spend an odd day en-femme. Since she was tolerant but not a fan of my dressing, I didn't flaunt it and usually saved my dressing for when she was out of town. However, I did spend a lot of time online, reading stories and fantasizing about my hidden desires. Although the Internet provided me a great outlet to explore my darker desires, it also magnified them by exposing me to new twists on my fantasies. What I didn't realize was that it was also going to dramatically change my life.

Life plodded on. In a mixed blessing my company went through a radical restructuring and unlike a lot of my friends who were left out in the cold, I was offered a part-time job in the restructured company. The job didn't pay as well but I would be allowed to work from home. In my warped mind I quickly thought of how great it would be to work from home, I'd be able to dress during the day. Then reality settled in and I realized we'd be making less money and that my career was all of a sudden derailed. My wife and I spent a lot of time figuring it out and decided we'd be okay. I began working from home but refrained from dressing because it seemed like an extravagance and I felt guilty partaking on personal fun when my professional life was going down hill.

I quickly learned working from home actually sucked. The only interaction I had was with my dogs; the days just dragged on. Therefore, it wasn't too long into my at-home career that I gave into my desires and began to dress during the day. But the dressing didn't cut through my lack of contact with the outside world, so I started entering some of the chat rooms on the sites I frequented. In the past I had usually stayed clear of the chat rooms since some snobby part of me didn't really want to interact with people who hung-out in cyber space. It was a cruel irony that I soon found myself one of the people I used to ridicule in my mind.

Before I knew it I was frequently video chatting with strangers enjoying the compliments that they would give me on my appearance. I started hitting it off with one person in particular. He was very aggressive at first but I warmed up to him as he prodded me to divulge and expand upon my fantasies. What I enjoyed is that he'd take my fantasies and put his own spin on them and put new ideas in my mind. I always knew I liked bondage but he would talk about tying me up and putting a plastic bag over my head until I passed out; about tattooing me with his initials and a unicorn—his symbol for his slaves. Before my foray into the chat rooms none of these things would have turned me on, but day after day of talking online about them started to have an effect. In hindsight, the most intriguing change was my willingness to entertain being with a man. At first it was the part I was playing online to keep people chatting, but soon it invaded my thoughts. I started to get turned on by the idea of being used as a cum slut; forced to give head and having cocks exploding their load inside of me. I don't know when I crossed the line from just playing the role to actually adding it to my list of desires but I did cross that line and I knew I was a sissy slut at heart.

Then the day would end, I'd change back into drab clothes, my wife would come home and life plodded along.

One day online my new friend showed me a white leather corset he bought and asked me for my address so he could send it to me because he wanted to see me in it. Now even though I was getting caught up in my fantasy life, I wasn't dumb enough to reveal my real address. I tried to be polite and decline but everyday he'd prod me a little bit and dangle something else he'd bought for me to wear.

I finally broke down and got a PO Box at the UPS store under my alter ego's name: Veronica Eggert. I passed that address along and shortly thereafter received a very nice Axford's white leather corset, a leather choker and white leather gloves that buttoned around my wrist. The package the gifts arrived in had a return address and the name of Steve Kroeger listed as the sender.

I was excited to add to my wardrobe and showed it off with pride. I was also intrigued that my online chat partner had dared to provide me with his real name and address. I of course Google Mapped his house and did a few web inquiries on his name. Other than living on a relatively nice block in suburban Wilmette, near Chicago, I didn't find any juicy tidbits online and stopped my search.

Things continued for a while and I would look forward to my online chats and my fantasy of being transformed into Steve's slutty plaything, tied up in his house for his amusement and pleasure. We joked that I would make a blushing bride for him, wearing the white corset under a slinky white dress, with heels that locked around my ankles.

Every month or so he'd send me something to my box: a ring gag, a latex hood a pair of ballet boots. I welcomed the gifts and had fun playing online. We'd tell each other elaborate stories on how he would transform me into his perfect wife/slut; that he'd make me get breast implants and when I'd go in for the surgery he'd have the doctor add permanent eye and lip-liner, pierce my tongue, etc. He talked about how he would keep me bound up while he was out of the house listening to hypnotic tapes to make me more docile and turn me into a cum junky.

I loved the break from reality and found myself constantly fantasizing about the scenarios we discussed online.

Then a week went by and I hadn't heard from Steve. I pinged him a few times and assumed he was on vacation. Another week went by and I hadn't heard anything from him and I realized that it had been like a drug and that I was having trouble quitting cold-turkey. A few more weeks went by and I felt sad to have lost my online playmate. I tried filling the gap with others online but none of them shared the same intimacy.

Then one day I checked my mailbox and I was shocked to find a slip indicating I had a letter that required my signature. I was nervous, I hadn't given them my real name—if they asked for identification I wouldn't have any. But the guy at the counter didn't seem to care and I scribbled some bumps on the form and took my letter.

Dear Sir (a/k/a Veronica Eggert)

Our law firm has been retained by the estate and trust of Stephen C. Kroeger to dispose of certain assets and sums of money. We've been directed to inform you that a \$150,000 has been allocated for you upon the satisfaction of certain conditions.

As a pre-condition to receiving the allocated funds, the trust will require that you undertake breast augmentation surgery and live full time in private as a women. It is the desire of the trust that this be viewed as a gift and is intended to be an opportunity that Mr. Kroeger wanted to afford you. The cost of the plastic surgery, and any other procedures, including but not limited to laser hair removal, liposuction, etc, will be paid for by the Trust up to a maximum cost of \$15,000.

Although it is the intent of this gift that you live as a woman in private it is not a requirement of the gift that you hold yourself out to the public or friends as a woman. If you agree to these terms a monitor will be appointed to confirm your compliance with the requirements of this gift, whose sole decision regarding substantial compliance will be binding. The monitor will have the right to set-up random schedules throughout the year at any time day or night to evaluate and confirm compliance.

If you agree to accept this gift the following schedule shall apply:

\$6,250-Upon acceptance
\$6,250-Monthly until completion of the term
\$75,000-At the completion of the term

If during the year you are held to be out of substantial compliance with the gift's terms, the remaining unpaid portions of the gift shall be forfeited and the gift shall be terminated. You will not be required to pay back sums received prior to termination.

Upon successful completion of the term, additional funds may be made available in the form of additional gifts.

We respectfully request a response no later than the end of the month to determine if you would like to proceed and to arrange the appropriate monitoring of compliance.

Regards,

(name withheld)

Needless to say the letter caught me off guard and added an interesting wrinkle to what was otherwise a normal day. After an initial flood of fantasy thinking the stark reality of what was being asked jarred me out of my daydream.

My mind continued to race for the next two days until I decided I had to talk to my wife. One Hundred and Fifty thousand dollars was a nice chunk of money but could I actually go through with it, and what would my wife say? Finally, I broke down and talked to my wife. I dramatically watered down my online activities, making them seem trivial and showed her the letter.

I am not sure she bought the superficial nature of my online activities but she approached the letter very methodically and detached. The fact that to the outside world we could keep this hidden made her lean to taking the money. We had a very frank conversation about my fear that she would have to see me all the time as a

woman and as a result she would somehow begin to resent me or feel differently about me. She acknowledged this concern and we agreed that if we went forward we would have to monitor this and bail out if it became a problem.

As a result of our conversation we decided to proceed—or at least meet with the attorneys and get more information about proceeding.

Three days later we were sitting in very intimidating offices in downtown Chicago talking about me getting breast implants and living as woman. Needless to say the conversation was strange. I felt detached and clinical as we discussed how things would proceed. The firm had found a monitor who would use both home visits and a web-cam to ensure my compliance. I would always be dressed as a woman at home (day and night) except on those occasions when we entertained guests. They indicated that the goal wasn't to trip me up but to ensure I was always in substantial compliance with Steve's wishes. In short the more feminine I dressed (make-up, heels, jewelry, etc.,) the easier it would be for the monitor to certify compliance.

At the conclusion of the meeting my wife and I looked at each other, and with the same clinical detachment I had during the meeting, we agreed to the terms. We signed the necessary paper work and walked out a little shell-shocked.

The rest of the afternoon was just as strange. Since we were in downtown Chicago, my wife and I decided that we should shop for my new wardrobe. We actually had a fun time (almost as if we were both drunk) picking out lingerie, make-up and other accessories. We held off on any dresses or skirts until we reviewed what I had at home—this was fine, since neither of us were prepared for me to try on woman's clothes in public.

A week and later I had a huge case of stage fright as I was lying down on a hospital bed and they inserted an I.V. into my arm. I couldn't believe I was going through with the operation; two weeks earlier I was content living out my fantasies online but now I was about to cross a threshold. I was scheduled to have "C" cup implants, some liposuction around my waist and the first in a series of laser treatments to remove all my body hair. Although my wife and I had discussed only having the laser treatment on my chest, with me shaving the rest, I decided to have my whole body done without telling her.

When I awoke it felt like I had been hit in the chest with a baseball bat. I thought just going with simple "C" cups, instead of something obscene, would have been easy but it still hurt. We left the hospital with me wearing a jogging bra under my sweatshirt and I began my recovery and the start of my new year.

It didn't take me long to get into the swing of playing the role of the woman around the house. In a sense it gave me the opportunity I had always wanted with the freedom of being required (or forced to do so); thus not having to truly expose or confront my inner desires. As I explored new clothing and new looks it even seemed

to perk up our marriage as well as giving us something new to talk about. We quickly fell into a simple routine and I continued to improve upon my looks and got accustomed to wearing all my new clothes. As my wife put it, I had settled on a Preppie look with a hint of slut-loving to put high heels to anything in my growing wardrobe.

At first life continued as normal as one could expect. It appeared my wife grew used to having her husband wearing a bra and coming to bed in lingerie. When we'd go out to dinner with friends, or just go out shopping for groceries, I'd pull out some drab clothing and bind myself up and try to look the part of my former self; making sure I had removed all of my makeup, especially my eyeliner. However, about three months into my year, I crossed another threshold. I had to run out to get groceries for dinner but the thought of removing my makeup and going through all of the effort of changing back into male mode wasn't worth it. So I just went out and did my errands enfemme. And so it began. Whenever I had to do anything that didn't involve mingling with my friends, or those who knew me, I just did it as Veronica. Each time I'd go out it got easier and easier to the point where I never even gave it a second thought. In more reflective moments I was amazed at how quickly I had made the transition from being a part-time closet crossdresser to being a fulltime transgender something.

The monitor would stop by periodically but more often would call and request that I turn on my web-cam and show her how I was dressed. There never seemed to be an issue with my compliance and the checks continued to arrive and they became a nice supplement to our income.

As the newness of the situation wore off, so did any spark it had brought to our marriage. We quickly slipped back into our old mode that now involved almost no sex. In hindsight we were becoming nothing more than roommates. I probably made matters worse by finding excuses not to go out with friends since I found the back and forth conversion process tiring. Therefore, the times we did go out were usually just the two of us with me going out as Veronica. We both sensed the tension but neither of us talked about it because we thought everything would return to normal after the year was finished.

As I entered my 12th and final month, the unspoken tension was ratcheted up when the law firm informed me that additional funds, enough for two more months, were being made available if I continued to live as a woman and I agreed to get hair extensions. I had grown accustomed to wearing a wig, and in fact kept my hair relatively short to help facilitate not only wearing the wig but also making my transition back to being a male. But more critical than the request was the fact that now there didn't appear to be an end in sight, a point that my wife didn't have to mention but that I saw on her face. It was simple for us to decide at this point to take two more months of funding but we both knew that there we were going to be more requests in two more months and that we were starting down a slippery slope. Not

only was life not going to return to normal but now we no longer felt in control of where it was going.

It took me a couple of days to get used to the hair extensions but I found that I enjoyed them. They were longer than the wig I had been using and felt lighter. The only part that I didn't enjoy was washing my hair. It was actually a pain in the ass getting all of the shampoo out and every time I did it, I was reminded of the cliché that a woman was too busy to go out because she was washing her hair.

As another month ticked by, my wife and I were quickly falling further and further apart. We weren't hostile to each other, instead we just did our own separate things and no longer took the time to keep the other in the loop. Then, as expected, the law firm informed us that there would be another two month extension if I agreed to get two tattoos, one of a unicorn on my left hip and one that said "Steve's Slave" on my right butt cheek. The idea of getting the tattoos was more than I wanted to do. Up until now everything felt like it was reversible or just a game but the idea of the tattoos scared me. The feelings were ironic, because here I was living life as a woman, with breast implants and hair extensions but the idea of getting tattoos bothered me. I was ready to call it quits. My wife, however, was unfazed by the request. I told her I thought it was time to quit and return to normal but her response was just "take the money, what does it mater." Her lack of interest in what was going on with me spoke volumes on how we no longer shared a connection. I decided to go ahead with the tattoos as a stupid form of self-punishment for having gotten my self into this position in the first place.

Then came the discussion that, although it hurt didn't come as big surprise. My wife wanted to take a new job in Los Angeles and she saw it as an opportunity for a new start and thought it was time for us to go our separate ways. It was a long conversation and although we still cared for each other I knew that our relationship was over. It had been a fear that we had talked about when I first got the letter but we realized that the last 15 months had magnified underlying issues we had never confronted.

Life was a whirlwind of activity as my wife prepared to move and we put our house on the market. Due to showings, I spent a lot of time out of the house and began to excel at the pastime of shopping—how many pairs of black patent heels does one-person need? It seems that even four may not be enough.

Luckily we were able to get an offer on the house just a day before my wife was to leave for LA taking the dogs with her. The closing would be in three months and I would take care of the remaining details, which included finding a new place I could live on my reduced salary.

Then another letter came from the attorneys. Before I opened it, I tried to summon the courage to just throw it out. I knew that these letters contributed to my marriage falling apart but now more than ever I actually could use the money. I also knew that

deep down I really enjoyed being Veronica, in fact even though it had only been 16 months I had trouble remembering anything I liked about my male-life. I wanted to continue being Veronica.

I opened the letter and if my wife hadn't already left, she probably would have after the next request. It stated that for payments to continue for another two months I would have to legally change my name to Veronica Kroeger, which included getting a new drivers license and passport. Of course upon termination of the agreement, I was free to change it back to what ever I desired but there would always remain a record of the change on file, a fact that might haunt me in the future. I didn't really think about it that deeply and just agreed.

Forty-eight hours later I was in a courtroom in downtown Chicago, wearing a nicely tailored woman's suit with all of the appropriate accessories as my male name was called out and I was told to approach the bench. I watched the whole process in a sort of out-of-body experience, as I watched myself dressed as a woman walk into courthouse and approach a judge and confirm for him that I wanted to legally change my name to Veronica Kroeger. The judge only made eye contact for a second, banged the gavel, and moved on to the next case. I then proceeded with my court order in-hand to get new identification. The process was quick and went with almost no hassle. The scope of what I had just done didn't hit me until at the DMV they made me turn in my old license in order to get a new one. As I handed it over I felt at least symbolically that my old life had just ended.

I continued to work part time and used my free time to pack up the remaining stuff left in the house. It was weird walking around all the time as Veronica, without the guilt of confronting my wife everyday. I was enjoying this side of me more and more. However, the cold reality of living still stared me in the face: where was I going to live? How could I afford a new house? Would I have enough money to eat?

When another letter from the attorneys came, I breathed a sigh of relief before even opening it—I'd at least have some more money over the next two months. This time the request was that I have my tongue and navel pierced, and that they would also pay for an additional \$2000 if I pierced my penis. Even six month earlier I would have balked at this request and terminated the contract but given my current financial state and how far I had come, I just began making inquires on where to have the piercings done. In hindsight I should have been more contemplative, since the piercings hurt like hell for days.

Once the swelling in my tongue went down, I found myself strangely drawn to mirrors where I examined it constantly. I had never been that interested in people who had pierced tongues, wondering why the hell they would do something like that. But as I stared at my piercing I felt strangely proud of the fact that it made me look and feel slutty. I now knew that I would have to take the next plunge into womanhood and try out my piercing by giving someone head. I had never given a guy a blowjob but the more I immersed myself into Veronica the more I wanted be

used as a woman to please a man's cock. I never had done anything while I remained married but that I was alone it was all I could think about. I knew deep down I wanted to be a slut.

But before I could indulge in my lust, I had to find a place to live. Time was running out and I still couldn't find an alternative place to live that I could afford and that was in a good part of town. Then off schedule, another letter arrived from the law firm. I was convinced before I opened it that it was going to bring an end to the financing of Veronica, in which case I had already committed myself to continuing on even without the money. Instead the letter merely requested my presence at an address in Wilmette at 1:00 PM the next Saturday. I instantly recognized the address as the home I had Googled when Steve provided me with his address. I wondered why the law firm would want me to go to Steve's house? Then I got excited at the idea that maybe as his last gift I was going to inherit the house. In one instant my worries had evaporated left me on an emotional high for the next few days.

Saturday arrived, and in tribute to Steve, I put on the white corset he had bought me along with the white leather choker, the white gloves, and a white silk dress with spaghetti straps. As I drove up at exactly 1:00 P.M., I was impressed with the large English Tudor house and I couldn't believe that it might be mine. I noticed that there were no other cars around and figured the attorneys must be running late. I thought about waiting in the car but decided I had to check out the grounds of the house so I got out of the car and started walking around. I approached the front door and decided to ring the bell just in case someone was home, not expecting a reply. To my surprise, I heard footsteps inside the house approaching the door. The door opened and standing in front of me was Steve Kroeger. I recognized him immediately from our late nights of web-camming. My mouth was agape and I was at a total loss of words-my mind was having trouble getting around the fact that this man was still alive and standing in front of me.

Steve broke the silence. "I am sure you thought I passed-away, and although I wanted to give you that impression, my attorneys actually never stated anything other than it was my Trust's wishes that you embark upon the course of feminization....Welcome home Mrs. Kroeger.

Upon saying that, he led me past the threshold of the door and looked me over. I just blushed and smiled back at the realization that he had taken me at my word and made me his perfect bride. We then embraced in a long kiss that I broke off as I fell to my knees and gave my new husband the first of many blowjobs.