



Reluctant Press presents:

Photographer's Delight

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2006, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

“PHOTOGRAPHER’S DELIGHT”

by **E.B. Stevenson**

One

By the time I came to Los Angeles in the spring of 1999, I had already established a reputation as one of the most sought-after photographers in the Midwest. I had been in demand for weddings, small businesses and schools. But I needed a new career challenge after I had been ditched by my ninth girlfriend in six years. Demand for my services had started to fall off by the end of 1998; I needed to move to a locale where there was more work.

I would be turning forty in January of 2000. My younger triplet brothers, Eric, Errol and Barry, had started a photography studio of their own in Los Angeles. They were thirty-two years old; the three of them had taken different courses in their personal lives. Barry wore a beard, had already been happily married for nine years to his wife, Kelly; they were raising two sons, eight-year-old Kevin and three-year-old Will, and two daughters, six-year-old Kellianne and eight-month-old Lauren.

Errol had a mustache, and was the self-proclaimed “ladies’ man”; he had some of the most beautiful models in Hollywood on his arm at one time or another. He had aroused some controversy in recent months when he dated two transsexual models.

Eric was still clean-shaven, and was working out some trust issues, due to the fact that he had been stood up several times when he attempted to date in recent years. He buried himself in his work and started to become overburdened as the head of the studio. It was

clear that my triplet brothers needed some of my business expertise, since I had been running a friend's studio in addition to my photography work. My kid brother Forrest, who had just graduated from college, had taken over that function.

I arrived in Los Angeles on a Thursday afternoon in early April, after a long drive from the small Missouri town I lived in. After checking into a hotel at Universal City, I spent the rest of the day resting before I was due at Barry and Kelly's place at seven o'clock. They lived in a modest house in Van Nuys. I decided to wear my new red button-down shirt and a pair of khaki slacks for that evening. Around seven o'clock, I drove my new-looking 1989 Chevrolet Caprice Classic to my brother's house. When I arrived around seven-thirty, I parked my car in their huge driveway; they owned two sport utility vehicles. Barry's was a brand new 1999 Jeep Cherokee; Kelly's was a 1997 Ford Explorer. When I stepped out, I had to walk around two bicycles to get to their front door. When I knocked on the door, Kelly answered; she was as beautiful as I remembered when she and Barry got married in 1990, although her platinum blonde hair was longer. She was wearing one of Barry's golf shirts and a knee-length red skirt.

"Steve, it's good to see you again," Kelly said before Barry approached from behind her, and suddenly put his hands on her hips. "You're still the same Barry I remember when you and Kelly first started dating," I added.

They showed me into the living room, where I sat down on one of their reclining chairs. "What would you like to drink?" Barry asked me.

"Hot tea is fine," I replied.

"Would you like cinnamon, orange or Earl Grey tea?"

"I haven't had Earl Grey in ages."

"So, what brings you out here, Steve?" Kelly asked.

"I'm taking the job as business manager for the photography studio. Barry E-mailed me about the opportunity; Eric's had so much work piled upon him, he couldn't juggle his photographic work and running the studio anymore. He's been looking for someone to run our business. And since Forrest took over your job at the studio you worked at back in Herculaneum, Barry thought of me. So, after being dumped by my ninth girlfriend since Carolyn left me in 1993, I decided to come out here and start a new life," I replied.

"Being dumped by nine girls in six years; that must be rough."

"That's for sure; it's why I needed the change of scenery."

Barry came in with three cups of hot tea. "We're glad you came out here, Steve. We've been having a huge logjam of paperwork lately; the biggest thing that we have right now is that four of our employees are going through major changes in their lives," he informed me.

"What changes are you talking about? Getting married? Divorced? Changing careers?" I asked.

"All four are changing their sex," he replied.

"I didn't deal with that kind of thing in my last job," I laughed.

"All four are going through the change from man to woman. Two of our makeup artists, one of our studio technicians and our accountant are planning the change. Their letters notifying us of their plans to transition have been lost on Eric's desk for the past three weeks. They're going to have plenty of support; more than half of the models we work with are transsexual. We have to be informed as to the plans of our transsexual workers before they can work as members of their new sex."

"So, I would have to get this out of the way first."

"I'll have to inform you about one thing, too. You'll be getting a male secretary; he acts more effeminate than most of the men working for us. I don't know if he is also thinking about becoming a woman, too."

"It's surprising that Eric and Errol haven't found the girls of their dreams yet."

"At our Christmas party last year, he took a model we worked with named Sarah Lang. She did a number of fashion photo shoots with him; all eyes were on them. One of his friends had two tickets to the Academy Awards; he took another model named Melanie. She was in town from Germany on vacation; she was between assignments. They had a great time; she gave him a romantic and passionate evening that he wouldn't forget."

Kelly added: "Melanie made love to Errol that night. They shared a bed together; they went out for breakfast, lunch and dinner the next day. She's back in Germany now, doing another photo shoot."

"What about Eric?" I asked them.

"He's not dating anyone right now. He was in a relationship for six years after coming out here; after that relationship ended, he waited six months before he tried to date again. He was successful for a while. Within a year, though, he started to get stood up by women on dates. After a post-op transsexual stood him up last year, he buried himself in his work. I'm afraid for him; he's letting his work get in the way of his social life. He's working seventeen-hour days, six days a week; I'm afraid he's becoming a workaholic," Kelly replied with concern.

"He starts his day at six o'clock in the morning; he lives only three blocks from the studio. He showers, shaves, has a donut and a glass of milk, and he's out his apartment door by quarter of seven. His day starts at seven in the morning, and he works until midnight. He has lunch with his co-workers, and usually has Chinese food or pizza delivered to him at night. He is home and in bed by twelve-thirty in the morning. The only day he gets off is Sunday; he usually sleeps in. He really needs to work a more normal day; these seventeen-hour days really should be getting to him, but he seems to enjoy this grind," Barry added.

"Seventeen hours a day? That's crazy for most people!" I exclaimed quietly.

"Not even I could take that grind, especially with four kids," Kelly added.

"He'd better find someone soon...otherwise, he'll have a coronary at his desk," Barry added with concern.

"What's so important about him finding a girlfriend?" I asked.

"While Eric is young, we feel he is using his work schedule as an excuse to get out of dating. He's got some trust issues to work out; his trust in women was severely damaged after all those women stood him up. He can't trust a woman close to his own age or older; most of the women who stood him up were over thirty years old. He's had a slightly better record with those at least five years younger than himself; but the high amount of rejection by women really got to him after a while. He hasn't dated in nearly three years, and has buried himself in his work. Errol and I expressed our concern and we were given a gentle brush-off. We're at the point where we need a therapist to help him deal with his troubles. In any case, he's more deserving of a girlfriend than anyone we know in Los Angeles; if he can't find a girlfriend soon, I don't think we could forgive ourselves," Barry explained.

"Eric is not the flirtatious type, like Errol is. He doesn't chase girls, ask them for their phone numbers or E-mail addresses. All he does is work. One of the reasons why Barry and Errol decided to bring you in to take over the day-to-day operations of the photography studio is that we're concerned for Eric. He needs more time to himself; he really needs to find his one true love. With you around, Eric can cut his workday in half. Besides, we thought you needed a challenge, after you turned your job at the studio you worked at back in Missouri to Forrest," Kelly added.

"When do I start?" I asked.

"You start on Monday; you'll have the weekend to take in the sights," Barry replied.

"Where are you staying?" Kelly then asked.

"I'm staying at a hotel at Universal City right now," I replied.

"Could you stay with us until you can find a place of your own?"

"It would be a pleasure."

I would spend a long weekend taking in the sights around Los Angeles; I also investigated the housing market in the area. I had just sold my house in Missouri for close to one million dollars, so I could have a little more freedom as to the area I would live in or the type of dwelling I would buy. I knew one thing for sure: my new job was going to be a major challenge. I was really up for it.

Two

I checked out of my hotel the following Monday morning, and headed for the Banning Brothers photography studio. It was in a warehouse on Sunset Boulevard between Hollywood and downtown Los Angeles. When I pulled into the parking lot just before nine o'clock, the first thing I noticed was that a parking place had already been reserved for me. It was across from the front door, next to the parking spaces for people with disabilities. I was the only one driving an American car more than five years old; Errol had a 1994 Porsche in his space, while Eric's space had a 1995 Cadillac Seville. I was the only one in the lot who drove a Chevy; it was full of Lincolns, BMWs and Nissans. I had a box of my personal effects in the back of my car, so I took that out before I walked to the door.

Barry greeted me in the parking lot and walked me to the door. When I got in, I was introduced to the receptionist, a tall, African-American man who was working his way through graduate school. "Andre Washington, this is your new boss, Steve Browning. Steve, this is Andre, the receptionist," Barry said in an introductory manner.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Steve; I hope you will have fun in this job," Andre said with pride.

"I'm looking forward to working with you, too...I hope it will be fun," I added.

Barry walked me to my office; it was four times the size of the one I had back in Hercules. My triplet brothers had a home theater system installed for me, along with posters featuring the world's most scenic views and great cities. I had a small bar behind my desk; the refrigerator was stocked with soda and mixer drinks like seltzer and ginger ale. On the wall behind my desk was a poster of downtown St. Louis. I was taken aback by what they did for me.

"Was this your idea, Barry?" I asked him.

"Eric and Errol had a part in it, too," he replied.

I took my personal effects to my new desk. It was a large, cedar wood desk made especially for me. A computer was already placed on the desk, with a keyboard on a small, retractable shelf under the desk. I got myself situated there, and began to set up my personal effects. There weren't many: a small model of the Gateway Arch, two medium-sized jetliner models, both of Boeing 727s, and a photo of myself with my triplet brothers, taken when they graduated from high school in 1985. Barry gave me the paperwork on the four employees who were beginning the transition from man to woman. Their extension numbers were all in front of me, so I called each one individually.

The first person I called into my office was our accountant, Stacie Stewart. According to her file, she was cleared by her therapist to start coming to work as a woman three weeks ago. But, the affidavit got lost in the paper shuffle on Eric's desk. She was born Scott Stewart in 1961 in Tacoma, Washington. As a man, he was in the top ten percent of his class when he graduated from high school in 1979. Earning a degree in accounting from the University of California at Berkeley in 1983, he worked as an accountant for a Los Angeles accounting firm before going to work for my brothers in 1996. He started to cross-dress at the age of three; he first realized he should have been a girl at age six. Stacie was diagnosed as being transsexual in the fall of 1997; she had been working as Scott, while living the rest of the time as Stacie.

Stacie walked into my office, dressed in androgynous manner. Her long, brunette hair had been tied back; she was wearing unisex clothing, along with a pair of sneakers; none of the items accentuated her slender, five-foot-eleven frame. We introduced ourselves before she sat down. I was apologetic in my tone when I started to speak.

"Stacie, I apologize, on behalf of my overworked brother, for the delay. Your therapist has recommended that you start coming to work as a woman. I am going to go along with his recommendation. I want your transition to be as trouble-free as possible. If you have any problems, my office door is always open," I assured her.

"I'm going to be noticing a lot of male attention as I go through my transition. What should I do if my male colleagues ask me for dates?" she asked me.

"Just tell them you're not ready to date just yet. Only when you feel you're truly ready to date a man, you can accept," I replied.

"When should I start working as a woman?" she then asked.

"Do you have a female outfit with you?" I asked her.

"Yes, I have a pink skirt, matching jacket and an antique white blouse in my office, with pink high heels," she replied.

"You may want to use one of the dressing rooms; you may begin working as a woman today," I replied.

She was as giddy as a schoolgirl when I told her the news; she walked straight to her office to get her female outfit and her makeup bag, slowly walking down to an unused dressing room to change. Twenty minutes later, a glamorous woman sat in the accountant's office.

The next person I called in was a studio technician, Jasmine Guzman. She was born William Guzman in Los Angeles in 1965; he started working with a film crew in Hollywood once he got out of high school. Getting a degree in communications from Southern Cal, he worked with Errol at one of the movie studios before joining him at the photography studio when it opened in 1994. He had started crossdressing at age four, and first realized he should have been a girl from age seven. Diagnosed as a transsexual in the fall of 1996, she had been living as Jasmine the rest of the time; it was only at work that she still presented herself as a man. She was one of the tallest girls I had met, at six-foot-five. She was thin for a woman of her height.

Eric had already allowed her to wear her shoulder-length, frizzy red hair. A Hispanic woman with a medium complexion, she walked into my office, wearing unisex clothing and a pair of sandals. I offered the same apology for the delay. "Jasmine, I must apologize on behalf of my overworked brother for the delay in making this decision. I am going along with the recommendation of your therapist that you come to work dressed as a woman. I don't want to see any problems as you transition from man to woman, but if you encounter any, my door is always open," I assured her.

"When should I start working as Jasmine?" she asked me.

"Do you have any female clothing with you?" I then asked.

"I have a skirt I can change into, along with a pair of flats," she replied.

"You may start working as Jasmine today," I added.

When Jasmine left the office, she went to an unused dressing room to change and freshen up. My next appointment was with the first of my two makeup artists, Traci Janet Ellis, a five-foot-eight African-American woman of average build. Born Jason Tracy in 1967 in New Orleans, he came to Los Angeles after finishing cosmetology school in 1986, and began working at area beauty salons. One of Eric's former girlfriends went to a beauty shop he worked at. While he was not at the beauty shop, he worked as a female impersonator under the name Traci Angora. Two years ago, he came to work for my triplet

brothers. Last year, he was diagnosed as being transsexual. He had known that he should have been a girl from the age of five, and first dressed as a girl at age seven. She lived the bulk of her life as Traci; she hadn't yet been able to dress as a woman at work.

Traci came into my office, wearing a pair of gym shorts and an oversized T-shirt. I had to extend the same apology and the same assurances to her. I then asked her when she could start coming to work dressed as a woman. "I can start working as a woman after lunch; I'm not scheduled to make a model over for a photo shoot until this afternoon," she replied.

"Do you live nearby?" I asked her.



"I live two blocks from here; I walk to work daily," she replied.

"I'll give you the rest of the morning off," I added.

The last person on my appointment list was Angela Chan, another makeup artist. Five-foot ten, with long brown hair, and a slender build, a third generation Chinese-American, she was born Brandon Chan in San Francisco in 1974. As Brandon, he graduated in the top six percent of his class, but went on to cosmetology school in San Francisco. He first put on his first article of feminine attire at age three, when his sister dressed him in a flower girl's gown; it was at that moment that he first realized he should have been a girl. Just after coming to work for my brothers in Los Angeles in 1995, he was also given the diagnosis of gender identity disorder. Like the others, she lived life away from work as Angela. When I asked her when she would be able to start working as a woman, she replied: "Immediately." She had a sleeveless red dress draped across her left shoulder.

When I finished talking with my transsexual workers, I called Eric into my office. He was look-

ing a lot older than his thirty-two years. "Eric, I've talked about your situation with Barry; we agree that you've been working way too much lately. Is there any reason why you're working these grueling hours?" I asked him.

"It's just that I've been taking my mind off my troubles lately, especially with women," he replied.

"Barry and Kelly are getting worried about you. According to the information I have on my desk, you haven't taken any vacation time in the last year, and you've been working over 100 hours a week. We're afraid you're becoming a workaholic; you really need some time off to unwind. Even your therapist is telling me that you're working too damn much. As the new manager of this studio, I am authorized to give you some much needed time off, and I'm reducing your work schedule."

"How much time will I get off, and how much will my schedule be reduced?"

"I'm giving you a month off, beginning at five o'clock on Friday. Effective immediately, I will be cutting your work schedule by sixty percent to a normal forty-hour workweek. I'll be putting your brothers and myself on the same schedule. Errol has been working fifty hours a week, while Barry has been working a normal schedule due to family commitments."

"After all this time of working long days, I think I could use it."

"I hope you find the girl of your dreams soon; you need someone in your life."

"Why do you say that?"

"Barry and Kelly are concerned for your personal well-being too. You really shouldn't let this series of setbacks keep you from finding a woman who will be someone special. I've had several of these setbacks myself, but that doesn't stop me from having fun every once in a while."

"It's the issues of trust I'm dealing with; I have vowed never to date a woman near my age or older again; I wish I could find someone open-minded and trustworthy enough to be my date, let alone my girlfriend."

"How can you restore your trust in women if you don't date?"

"Good question. There just isn't that many to choose from."

"Just take some time off to reflect and relax. You really need it badly."

After talking with Eric, I took a walk through the studio complex. All five studios were full. Errol was in charge of a photo shoot for a local magazine; he was assigned to do the photos for an article profiling the most influential women in Orange County. Eric was setting up in another studio for another photo shoot, this one preparing a portfolio for a model seeking fashion modeling work. Heather, a post-op transsexual photographer, was in the middle of a shoot for a female impersonator calendar. Barry was on another set, taking portraits of police officers from Pasadena. Gwendolyn, a genetic female, was in the fifth studio, preparing a portfolio for another model. Five other photographers were out in the field; Barry gave me the clipboard when I came to his studio.

After the studio tour, I checked the makeup rooms. The one Jasmine and Traci shared was empty; their assistants were preparing the makeup for an afternoon photo shoot. I

walked into another room, where Terence, a tall, thin African-American male, was putting the finishing touches on the hair of a male model. In the next room, a Caucasian woman named Rachel was performing a makeover on another man; this one to make him look like a woman. The other rooms were empty, being prepared for afternoon and evening photo shoots.

I stopped at Stacie's office on the way back to mine; she looked smashing as her true self. She informed me that we were on solid financial ground; we had contracts with numerous fashion stores, designers and different magazines to allow us to remain profitable. When I got back, I looked over the clipboard of field assignments. I found out that we also had another genetic female, Jaime Sakamoto, a fifth-generation Japanese-American, on our staff. I wrote her name down so I could have a look at her portfolio. She was at Malibu Beach taking scenic photos for a travel magazine. Our staff also included Jim Mobley, an award-winning fashion photographer who came to Los Angeles in January of 1999 from Charleston, South Carolina; Sharon Christman, a Long Beach native who won awards for her photography at live female impersonator shows; and Jeff Burns, a native of Chicago who had won numerous awards for his diverse portfolio, which included scenic views, on-location fashion photography and skyline photos of major world cities. Jim was doing a photo shoot for a men's clothier on location at Los Angeles International Airport; Sharon was doing a bridal photo shoot in the San Gabriel Mountains with the area's top female impersonators, and Jeff was in Hood River, Oregon doing a shoot for an outdoor outfitter's fall catalog.

My secretary, George Wallingford, had the morning off. He wasn't scheduled to come in until one o'clock; he had a doctor's appointment that morning. Something deep inside told me that something was going on with him. Barry had informed me that he was effeminate; I immediately looked at his portfolio. He had a number of photo shoots done dressed in feminine attire. He also had gone out on weekends dressed as a woman; I saw a photo of him out on the town, in feminine attire, with Eric and Errol. After looking over the portfolio, I decided to pencil him into my appointment book for one-thirty. After that, I was asked out to lunch with my brothers and Heather. We went to a diner down the street, popular with the locals.

"What's with George going to the doctor?" I asked.

"If you really want to know something about your new secretary, I'm the answer girl," Heather replied.

"Please continue, Heather," Errol added.

"He confided in me just three days ago, while we were sitting in my office. Barry did tell you he was effeminate, but he didn't say why he was that way. When he was five years old, his older sister Helga, then nine years old, intended to humiliate him after he called her a 'wart head,' by forcing him to wear a pink satin dress she couldn't fit into anymore. She even forced him to put on the matching panties, white crinoline, white tights and Mary Jane shoes. To complete the ensemble, she forced him to wear their mother's blonde, shoulder-length wig. She had Polaroid snapshots of him taken dressed as a girl; he ended up having that dress on all night. Their older brothers, Eddie and Frank, were at a friend's house for a pool party that night.