



Reluctant Press presents:

LENS SHUDDER

Monica James



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Lens Shudder

By Monica James

and Cara Mia

Prologue

Robin is a quiet, reserved, man with an 8 -5 job as an accountant. He has one passion which he learned as an elective at the University'; he loves photography, in particular, photo work in the wilds—flowers, animals, rustic scenes and changes in the weather. Though a lonely life for a recent college graduate, he has had more luck with pixels than he has with personalities. Girls interest him but he learned early on, 'they' are not in support of what he wants to do in life. So, his quest for a female photographer goes on. This is not to be, however, as one harrowing experience brought down a crisis on the unfortunate and peaceable man. He was in the woods, one day, and ... well, you can hear the story as he tells it to the psychiatrist.

CHAPTER I – At the Asylum

"Please come in; I'm Doctor Dieter Castine," the psychiatrist said. He pushed the ill-fitted horn-rimmed glasses up his nose and glared at Robin Joyner. His eyes were magnified by lenses the thickness of a Mason jar.

Robin timidly approached the desk. He heard the door close behind him. The orderly had left him alone with the doctor. "Thank you sir, you already have my file. When can I get out of here?"

The doctor chuckled. "In due time, *mon ami*, after we are certain you are no threat to anyone or, of course, yourself."

Robin squirmed in the polished captain chair. He ran his hands along the sides. "I've never hurt any living thing in my entire life."

The doctor flipped open the file. "Which is a mere twenty-four years, I see. Tell me about yourself. We'll get to your adventures in the wilds after I hear your version. Self-knowledge is at a premium around here."

Robin was rapidly losing patience. He took a deep breath and launched a mini-history which, he was well aware, the doctor had in his file. He began in high school to outline his poor performance in securing friendships, including with girls. This failure, he explained to the doctor, was due to his independent nature. His college experiences were much the same with the exception of a quiet 'nerd' roommate at the fraternity.

"I have a two-room den in my home covered with photographs I've acquired. I live alone. My parents lost an argument with a truck that ran a traffic light. They never knew what hit them. The contracting company was fully insured as were both my parents. I have ample income in the form of a trust."

The doctor raised one bushy eyebrow in question. "Are you asking to be released in the care of a board-certified mental health counselor since you are apparently financially capable?"

"I need out of here," Robin emphasized. "I am a woman trapped in a man's body. I know that to be true because of what happened to me. I'm in conflict not only with myself but with you, the staff here, and the entire world in general. I must do something to restore who I am and, if I do not, I'll be wearing the latest fashion in straight-jackets in a padded cell. It is critical you take some action, doctor." He released a long-held breath and sat back, waiting.

The doctor rested both elbows on the desk and tapped his fingertips. "Correct me, please, if I've misinterpreted any of your story. You were in the foothills on a photo shoot, near the tree line, when you came across a body. The pool of blood was not yet congealed so you knew the killer had to be lurking nearby. You decided, instinctively I would assume, to photograph the scene from several angles. The newly deceased was a young woman, college age, with no visible reason to be in the wilds alone. You therefore guessed she was brought there by the killer but forensics found no evidence of another presence. No footprints, torn clothing, nothing. Am I correct so far?"

Robin was encouraged. At long last, someone was taking his story seriously. "Yes. I could see she was very pretty, her long legs were bare, slightly parted and she had a thatch of brownish red hair. I did not know, at that time, she had had sexual relations prior to her death. I've been told there were no signs of forcible entry, rape."

"All correct. The forensics people have sent DNA samples for analysis. Takes time. You will remain here until the police investigators rule you out as a suspect. Now, tell me about this fantasy of being a woman trapped in a man's body, as you phrase it."

"Maybe it is a fantasy. Until this unfortunate event, I never felt it to be true. This is what I would like to make clear. When I was at the murder scene, it was late afternoon, I took several photos from different angles. I have a fifteen-megapixel digital SLR.

"There was a slight chill in the air, not surprising for this season. The mild breeze rustled some leaves on the shrubbery around there. I saw nothing until I transferred the pictures onto my computer. Behind one of the shrubs, I clearly caught a shadow. After looking at several exposures, I could see the shadow was moving.

"At one angle, the shadow was raising from the dead body, like a soul or some such. At another angle, it was no longer a shadow but the form of the young woman. I could not believe it but the truth is inescapable. I've been possessed by the essence of that young girl. I feel very strongly that I have, uh, *she* has, an unfulfilled purpose in life which was cut short by her demise. As time goes on, I get messages in my brain telling me what needs to be done. It is maddening."

As Robin related his tale, complete with recent updates, a timer went off and the doctor stood to excuse his patient. "This is all so very fascinating, Mr. Joyner. We must continue later; I have other patients waiting, I hope you understand. One thought for you to ponder until I see you tomorrow morning. Is this young woman sending messages of a sexual nature? We need to look at that very carefully. If we do not come up with a credible story, there is a good chance you will be shipped off to a facility that houses the criminally insane. Please give all your thoughts and impulses serious consideration, make notes if you can, until we meet again." The doctor watched Robin Joyner leave the office, shoulders bent in defeat, the discouraged remains of a once mentally healthy man.

CHAPTER II –The Orderly

After dinner that evening, the orderly came in with a package for him. Robin looked at the man obliquely, wondering what new development was being added. The man smiled.

"This was delivered today. Obviously forwarded from the mailroom at your work. The return address is a Mrs. Czern. Crystal Czern's mother. Did you know her?"

Robin shook his head 'no.' "This is a mystery."

"Not really. Your story is in all the papers, some magazines, tabloids, media in general. It would be an easy matter for someone to get in touch with you. We are suspicious of packages like this, especially since you are something of a celebrity. We opened it and found nothing threatening, so you may keep it." He was making an effort to be pleasant but he burst out laughing when Robin opened the shoe box.

It was full of Crystal's clothes. Robin pulled out each item and draped them on the bunk. Brassiere, panties, fishnet hose with garter belt, slip trimmed in lace and a linen blouse open at the neck; all a complete surprise. Taped to the top of the box, Robin found a

greeting card-size envelope with a photo in it of Crystal Czern. He looked at the portrait photo long and carefully. 'Yes,' he thought, 'I know this girl. I should; she is me.' He nervously opened the letter Crystal's mother had enclosed.

"Dear Robin Joyner. By now you have learned Crystal was not the girl-next-door type. She always had an intense lust for life and for her mission. I never learned what she thought her mission was but I accepted her, grateful for the sensitive love she always showed me. I am aware of your predicament and urge you to contact me if you have any questions. Respectfully, Mrs. J. Czern."

"This nice lady might be the only person in the entire world that understands what happened to me. Well, thanks for bringing this to me. I've no doubt they might be a little snug but I'll try them on anyhow." He shook his head, hopeless.

The orderly turned to face Robin before leaving the room. "Shall I call you Crystal?" he asked, his tone serious. "If you really are a girl, you must like men. Since I've been assigned to you, would you like it if I come back to visit you later? I would like to be your boyfriend."

Initially, Robin was shocked but recovered quickly. "Look, friend orderly, you are in a position to do a lot for me that I cannot do for myself due mostly to the regulations keeping me here. If you do return, we need to talk about that."

The man smiled and left the room. Robin heard the lock click.

Stretching out on his back, Robin put his hands behind his head and snuggled into the pillow. 'The lady is right,' he thought further, 'this is an insane predicament. Impulses of information come to me more frequently now. I might surmise I'm becoming more open to the idea of being a girl. Well, according to the picture, I'm a pretty girl. That might turn around my social life. I don't remember ever being attracted to a guy nor do I know if any guy was attracted to me. That orderly is a handsome, clean-cut type and he is sensitive, I can tell.' He collected a handful of Crystal's underwear and stroked his face. A thrill went through him totally foreign to him.

He dozed and the vivid dreams moved him. These were not new but, somehow, with the acceptance that Crystal was having a firm influence on his being, the dreams were an avenue of ideas. In his dream, a guy was on a large sailing schooner docking in some foreign port. A transfer bus waited for a pretty girl, dressed in gingham and Buster Brown shoes. The side of the bus had lettering: 'Middlesex Clinic'.

He awoke in a sweat. "Crystal wants me to have a sex change," he said aloud so he could hear the words. "Incredible!"

"What's so incredible?" the orderly asked. He had entered and locked the door behind him. They were alone. It was the middle of the night; the scenario was getting intense. Robin smiled and swung his legs aside so the orderly could sit.

"If we keep meeting like this, I should know your name. Nobody has tags around here, I've noticed."

"I'm Bruce Reston," he said and forwarded his hand to shake.

Robin grinned. "I'm Crystal. Glad to know you."

They both laughed and there was no tension. When Bruce put one hand on Robin's thigh, Robin elected to accept that. "Do you mind me doing this?" Bruce asked.

"What was the old line? Mae West asked the guy, 'Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?' I have some things to ask of you that might be awkward but there are questions that keep barging into my consciousness. I'm glad you find me desirable. Not long ago I would have been totally confused. Do we have a deal?"

Bruce moved his hand away, cautious. "What's on your mind, pretty Crystal?"

"I want to learn about having a sex change. Where do I go? How much does it cost? What location options are there? Next, I want you to get me some female night clothes so I can start personal conditioning. There's more but that will get you started. If they would let me have a lap top, I could do these things for myself but, top security and all that."

"If you are serious about learning about this, there will be items for you in the mail. Also, I can download some brochures for you on my home PC. It can be our project and our secret. By that, I mean, don't tell Doctor Castine I am breaking any rules. Disaster!"

"We agree. Maybe I'm being premature, considering the trumped-up charges they've filed against me. Anyhow, this can't go on forever. I've not yet hired a lawyer because the tests are not in. Also, this place is kind of a source of thought for me. I can think about the feelings I'm having."

Bruce stood tall and brushed off his tunic. He leaned over and brushed Robin's brow with his lips. "I'll see you in the morning. With some luck, there will be some answers to your questions."

Robin grinned. "Thanks, but you haven't been specific about what you expect from me. I'd like to know that. My attitudes keep changing. It has something to do with Crystal but I can't explain it."

Bruce grinned and looked seriously at the confused man on the bunk. "Robin," he began slowly, "my attitudes haven't changed much in the past twenty years. I like you a lot and, in exchange for my service to you, I expect service for me. I want your mouth."

In a moment, he was gone. Robin was not shocked or dismayed. Somehow, again something he couldn't explain, he knew that when he became a woman, his mission, yet to be defined, would certainly involve whatever sex the situation demanded. It was time to learn, he considered. He was soon asleep.

CHAPTER III – Final Forensics

"Ah, Mr. Joyner, come in," the doctor said, gushing good nature. "Some results are in that round out the, uh, murder of the young woman."

Robin sat down and held his knees together. He immediately wondered why he did that. He never was aware of his posture before. "What have you learned?"

"A great deal. One, the DNA confirmed that the young lady did have a sexual encounter as the police thought. Also, there is no evidence of violence, no rape or beating. The DNA ruled you out which you have repeatedly told us."

"Nothing more? You have ruled me out as a sexual predator but what about motive and opportunity?"

"Maybe proximity is all that's needed for opportunity. It's clear you did not know this girl. Of course, in most men, sex impulses can override common sense."

Robin smiled. "It would surprise me if you found otherwise. Am I cleared of charges now? May I go home?"

"A hearing is set for the first of the week. Quicker than usual due to the publicity, I suppose. They want to get it over with as soon as possible. Can't stand the heat in the kitchen, so to speak."

"All right; I'll be your guest for now. Is there anything more?"

"Yes. What have you done in the way of soul-searching? I asked you to go into detail about your thoughts, remember?"

"Well, sir, my experience with sex is very limited. Even with the presence of Crystal in my life which is getting stronger every day, I still have an attraction to and interest in women. The difference is that my libido, if that's the correct word, is more active than ever. I see sexual situations in daily scenarios that never stirred impulses before. At first I thought I was going crazy; you thought the same. Now I've entered a phase of confusion but the idea of sexual expression is a new presence." He crossed his legs and leaned forward.

"I have a report that you received a package of women's clothing, Crystal's to be exact. Did that upset you?"

"Not at all; I love the feel of the silks and satins against my skin. Also, Crystal's mother intimated in a brief note that I am not crazy and her daughter did in fact have some inner turmoil that is perhaps being manifested in me. I tend to agree with that. I still feel the female orientation I've told you about. The difference is that I now am determined to investigate this in more detail."

The doctor shook his head in wonder. "I was going to withhold this from you but it seems important. Crystal Czern had a lover to whom she was very close. The lover was Sandine Rocheneau, a beautiful Parisian girl. They met in college, their sorority. She has been asked to comment on their lifestyle, their haunts, other friends, love trysts, whatever. All this activity directs suspicion away from you. There are unanswered questions. I had an interesting chat with the authorities about Crystal and Sandine; very heartwarming. As to the identity of the lover whose semen was found in the dead girl, nobody is coming forward on that one."

Robin shook his head. "I know part of the answer. I wonder if, at this stage after all the abuse, they really want to know the truth."

The doctor raised his eyebrow. "And now Crystal has told you all about it. Who is the killer? Who is the lover? How did all this happen?"

Robin uncrossed his legs and smiled. "Yes, it is known to me. What I am uncertain about is whether or not Crystal wants you to know it. It is very possible that all this is part of the mission."

"Mission? What's this?"

"Crystal had a quest; she felt obligated to see it through. Her mother called it a mission and was not able to find out from Crystal the nature of this compelling feeling."

"But you know about the murder scene? Can you tell us about that?"

"Certainly; your friends at the police department would know it themselves if they weren't so caught up in their own procedures. Since Crystal was positioned for sex, they assumed the sex took place at the scene. It did not! After having a sexual escapade, Crystal walked, by herself, up the side of that hill. The cause of death will answer the next question. May I go now?"

"You know the cause of death?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, I do. You surprise me, doctor. If I tell you how she died, and if that is accurate, the logic is inescapable. I'd be the one to know that, now wouldn't I? Ergo, mums the word."

"Um, yes, I see. The autopsy findings have been withheld. If what you say is true, even some fraction of it, it will be one of the strangest stories in the annals of psychiatry."

"I suspect, doctor, you will be the author of a paper to be published in the journals. It will require a fancy name. It will become known as the 'Castine Syndrome'," he said.

"And the shadows you claim are on the photographs you took of the murder scene; have the police seen them? Is there enough contrast, resolution, to provide a picture? Is it really the girl's soul?"

Robin smiled. "Doctor, I do believe you are coming to your senses. I agree it is all out of the realm of reason. You, are a scientist; evidence is needed. That being absent, the only conclusion is that it is a beguiling illusion dreamed up by the mind to divert interest."

"You may go, Joyner; there will be more queries next time. You have not made your sexual history clear to me and there has to be some answers there."

Robin guffawed. "Again, you hear but you don't listen. Doctor, there is a reason you've not delved into my sexual history. It is next to nil, nothing."

"Twenty-four year old virgins are rare, Mr. Joyner. Now, good day. Tomorrow, same time."

"Thank you, doctor. I've a strong hunch that the history you are seeking is yet to be. Tomorrow, then."

Arriving back at his room, without escort he noted, Robin found Bruce sitting on the bunk.

"I was concerned about your meeting with Castine. Anything happen?"

"Yes, they are finally dealing with the facts instead of their imagination. No doubt that Crystal was murdered. I cleared up part of the enigma by pointing out why they found no evidence of a second person even though she had been recently sexually active. Easy, anyone could have figured it out; she walked to the murder scene by herself. The perp was waiting for her. There's a new twist." He threw his light jacket on the easy chair.

Bruce came forward and they embraced. Robin had never been hugged by a man before, certainly not his father. When Bruce dropped one hand onto his derriere, he felt a feather-tickle thrill. "I've wanted to do that ever since that first day we met," Bruce said.

"You coming back after your shift? And, more important, did you bring me some answers?"

"Yes, more than asked for." He went out quietly.

Robin plunked down on the chair. 'Not sure I can bluff my way out of this one but I sure can raise a smoke screen,' he thought idly. 'When in Rome...' He made an effort to come to terms with his growing curiosity about Bruce. 'How can a guy like that get it on without a girl? He is virile, handsome, sensitive and apparently experienced. Why am I wondering how big his cock is? He did say he wanted my mouth, not the other end.' He threw some water on his face and went to stand in line in the cafeteria.

Bruce came in promptly at seven, the end of his shift. "I have some info you asked for. Every year, many guys submit to a sex change. Every one of them feel like you've said, like a girl trapped in a man's body. There are some basic steps to take. They start on hormones, then get facial surgery and then complete sexual reassignment."

Robin was thoughtful. "Face surgery? I already have some changes, subtle but obvious; I look like Crystal's brother. The family resemblance is clear. I wouldn't want to change that. When things are all over, I want to be Crystal. I will look like her, walk like her, talk like her, remember the adventures in her life. It is a mystery but she has already taken over important parts of me. Why not? I'm not like most men; let me be a woman."

Bruce sat on the bunk and stretched. "I hope you're not looking for an argument from me. Tell me, is this what you asked for? I have the names of several psychologists, also social workers who have training in transgender issues. It seems logical you would want guidance from professionals already working with transsexual clients and crossdressers."

"I am impressed. I did not expect you to be so thorough. I realize you want to keep this job because it brings you in close contact with guys like me who can give you an occasional romp. I want to learn; Crystal is pushing it. One area you cannot help with is called girl-on-girl. That's what Castine told me and it hit a chord someplace in my brain. Crystal liked girls; it appears she was bisexual. Um, makes sense."

Bruce unbuttoned the side buttons of his hospital tunic and shrugged out of it. He had on an undershirt that showed his muscled shoulders and arms. Next he kicked off his

trousers and left them in a white pile on the floor next to Robin's bunk. "Come lie with me," he said softly.

Robin approached to stand next to the bunk. "I'm not sure what you want me to do."

"Strip to your boxers. I like to see what I'm getting." He reached out and stroked Robin's thighs.

A new attitude ran through Robin's brain. Looking at Bruce, he saw the masculine body. 'Crystal is going to like this, I just know it,' he thought and carefully undressed as Bruce watched him with an eerie glare. 'Like a spider,' he thought. Clad only in white boxer briefs, Robin carefully stretched out next to Bruce on the bunk.

Bruce lost no time. He pulled Robin's naked shoulder until they were face-to-face. He nibbled at Robin's lips and pressed to insinuate his tongue into Robin's mouth. It was another new experience. He pulled away, hesitant. "Give me some time, guy," he whispered. "Maybe I'm not ripe fruit yet."

Bruce grinned. "Sure, we have all night. Give me your hand."

Robin let Bruce guide his hand to the waiting erection. "Now Crystal has felt a man's cock. Not so bad, is it?"

Robin gulped. "Not at all. I guess I should call on her experiences; my own are woefully inadequate."

"Whatever works," Bruce said. "You have never had your cock in a warm, adoring mouth?"

"That's right. Have I that to look forward to this evening?"

"Why not? Maybe you will be more direct if I show you what to do."

"Oh, OK," Robin said. He wondered why he felt out of breath.

He raised his hips to assist Bruce in removing his shorts. Experienced hands and fingers deftly captured his genitals and urged an element of rapture. As Bruce stroked the length with his fingers, Robin came to life in full. Bruce leaned over close enough for Robin to sense the warm breath.

"You ready for this?" Bruce asked.

"All new to me. I can feel an urge totally unfamiliar. Bruce angled his body and captured the firm penis between his lips, kissed the corona and fondled the testicles with a tender touch. With a 'Um, good,' he jockeyed the throbbing meat into his throat. Robin started responding by throwing his hips up and frantically catching Bruce's head in his hands. The stirring in his loins was upon him.

Abruptly, Bruce stopped and withdrew. Robin had to quell a frantic rush before he could speak. "Hey, is that fair?"

Nothing more needed to be said. Bruce captured Robin's head between his hands and forced until his straining cock was working Robin's lips. Robin parted tentatively, then, in a wave of complete abandon, sucked Bruce's engorged tool against the moist bed of his tongue. He then began working, in-and-out, up and down, until Robin was caught up in the rhythm. When Bruce pulled partially out, ready for the next plunge, he grabbed

Robin's hand and had him jerk his thick shaft to keep up the growing sensations. In a very few more minutes, Bruce bucked, called out and began ejaculating in Robin's mouth. Robin dutifully swallowed.

Bruce sat up. "Well, is Crystal proud of you or what?"

Robin, still out of breath, could only shake his head. "What are you going to do now?" he asked.

"Nothing; lessons will resume tomorrow." He dressed and left his forlorn lover unrequited on the bed. The door closed and locked.

CHAPTER IV – Back to Basics

In the morning, Bruce stood next to Robin's bunk a long while contemplating the client who was, in a fascinating way, making so many life changes. Finally, he

tapped the bed frame with his shoe until Robin woke up.

"Hi. Is this first call for breakfast?" Robin asked, his eyes owlsh with sleep.

Bruce smiled. "I should ask if your adventure last night caused you any concern or, of course, indigestion." He smiled and sat at an angle on the side of Robin's bunk. He pressed Robin's hip.

"If you mean a possible hangover of some kind, no; all is well. I thought about what we did before I went to sleep. I'm glad it happened. I now trust you and trust is another 'first' for me. Why this early call? Are you horny?" Robin grinned and sat up in bed.

"You are sassy; I like it. To the business at hand, as promised. This will surprise you but I have to confess I have a girlfriend. She was once a guy and has a more intimate scenario for you. I explained what the doctor calls your 'fantasy'."

Robin yawned. "You might have opened a can of worms last night. I don't know yet. What does this charming lady have to tell me?"

Without pause, Bruce went into TG detail as he understood it. "First on the agenda, I've brought more reading for you. Ellie, once named Elliott, has volunteered more information than I knew was tucked in her pretty head.

"When they release you, it is strongly suggested you begin cross-dressing right away. The idea is to get comfortable with your feminine side. This is a necessary step, Ellie would have us believe. You can call on a therapist early on; you'll probably need some expert guidance. Streetwise TG hopefuls call their therapist a 'gatekeeper' with the same reverence a successful prostitute reveres her pimp.

"Next, you can expect the lifestyle change, daily habits as well as impending surgery, to be disorienting. After all, you've been Robin Joyner for a long time. Is this sensible?"

Robin squirmed. "Yes, and thank Ellie; I owe you guys a dinner if I ever get out of these royal duds." He pointed to the hospital gown.