

The Queen of the Valley: **Goddesses & Working Girls**



Philippa Peters

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY 4: GODDESSES AND WORKING GIRLS

by Philippa Peters

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The headline, ‘Stephens and Laura Beman have their day’, dominated this issue of *The Queen*, even though it was also the Prom Issue, with extra pages on that. The picture on the front page showed the two of them, John and Laura, with his children, leaving court. I knew that John Stephens had a son, the elder of the two kids, Nicholas. It was a girl in a pony-tail and heavy eye makeup in the family group, however, who attracted the eye. She was in the ‘uniform’ of Tyson for frosh and sophomores, a short plaid skirt, her arm reaching out to Laura as they left the court.

Dave Richardson again led in reporting the trial. Jane had a good editorial, 'Are we overdoing it?' We were, using what would normally have been half the paper on the Beman/Stephens Trial, but it *was* the talk of the Valley. The Court House was so small. There was enormous interest in the facts of the trial; and so Jane ordered a fifty per cent overrun. The next day, after the first issue sold out, she ordered a second run, the first I'd ever heard of. Yes, the Beman Trial definitely made us a lot of money. Thanks for the bonuses, Jane. Hah!

'Ellen James Beman did not want her husband to return to male clothes, Judge Emily Cortwright heard from both Tom Beman and John Stephens on their days of testimony in Valley Court.' That's what Dave wrote. It immediately began a debate within our editorial conference about whether he should call the female-dressed figure in the dock a woman, a transvestite, a man, Tom, or Laura.

Dave opted for 'Tom' all through his report. Jane just shrugged and wouldn't tell him to call Tom 'Laura', as we all did. "Watch out," Tania Scott warned me. "All is not well between Jane and her little dancer. I guess the girl fools around a lot and doesn't like to be disciplined by Jane or Jane's sister."

I'd never met the redoubtable Estelle Edwards. Jane had threatened me with her a number of times, but I'd never met her. Jane stared at me, several times, in the conference. Mindful of Tania's warning, I tried to keep my head down. It was difficult, as I was the assistant editor of *The Queen of the Valley* while Jane was editor.

"Tom was reluctant to dress in female clothes at first, both John and Tom testified," according to Dave. He ignored how attractive Laura had been in her dark blue dress and matching high heels. "It was Ellen who pushed him to do it. She was eager that he feminize himself completely, insisting that he wear a

bra, garter belt, panties, and even a device known in the Valley world of transvestites as an *ava*, or 'artificial vagina'. That was so that he could see himself as a woman even when naked.

"Tom gave details of his sex life with Ellen, which became more and more intense as he took and practiced lessons in feminine voice, feminine posture, feminine gestures and feminine charm.

"At the meeting, after the Jara Motion was rescinded, Ellen wanted Tom to announce he was going to live the rest of his life as a woman. John Stephens joined them, according to Beman's testimony, and said he agreed with Ellen.

"That made Ellen think that she'd have me being a woman for her for the rest of my life,' said 'Laura' Beman in a lilting, womanly voice, fidgeting throughout, clearly in distress about telling all about herself. The blue dress, the stockinged legs crossed so femininely, the long, styled hair, and the face makeup made 'her' look and sound like a woman as 'she' spoke in court.

"Then,' Laura said, 'John told her I was going to be *his* woman. That's when all hell broke loose. But I was so happy when John said that. I was so happy when he added that he loved me. I didn't care about what would happen next to me.'

"Under questioning by Lacey Smith, Ellen's counsel, Beman agreed that a sexual relationship with John Stephens had already begun.

"When did it begin? John agreed to escort Tom to a Council function for the Toll Road protocols. Council members went to the Garth, after, for drinks and many were dancing. 'John didn't ask,' Tom testified. 'He just stood up, took my hand, and led me onto the floor. It was really different, strange, to be dancing with a man. John asked me if I enjoyed it. I nodded nervously and John gave me a light kiss on the lips.

“I felt it all through me. I think he did as well. He held my hand or had his arm about me the rest of that night. We danced several more times. He drove me home and wouldn’t let me go in. He asked for his reward from a pretty woman, me. I was so tingly inside, as I’d been all night with him. I knew what he wanted. I let him kiss me. And I kissed him. We kissed and kissed for over half an hour.

“When he picked me up the next time, I was all a-flutter with the way John smiled at me, how he admired me in my dress. We pulled over at the Falls turnout and kissed and petted for an hour. I was late for the vote on Pathway Improvement. Then, when John took me home, we kissed and fondled each other for hours in his car.

“When we went to the capitol, I saw him sign us in as Mr. and Mrs. Stephens. I was thrilled. We went straight to bed. John called me ‘Laura’ and made me into his woman.’

“‘You made love?’ asked Counsel Lacey Smith. ‘You committed adultery with a man?’

“‘Yes,’ admitted ‘Tom Beman’. ‘But it wasn’t John who seduced me. I wanted him just as much as he wanted me. I wanted to be treated totally as a woman. I wanted to be taken as a woman and John did that.’

“‘Are you going to have SRS?’ asked Smith. ‘Do you want to have an orgasm? Like a woman?’

“‘I already do,’ said Laura Beman.

“After persistent questioning by Smith, ‘Laura’ Beman agreed that she might have a sex change but only if John Stephens wanted her to. She admitted to having had feminizing plastic surgery, to having breast augmentations, T and A work, and to being in ‘light’ hormone therapy, most coming since ‘she’ and Ellen were separated.

“John Stephens testified that he was ‘very much in love’ with Laura Beman. He stated that their sex life was none of the court’s business. Pressed, he stated that Laura was a woman ‘in every way’ for him and he loved her orgasms. He did not want her to change. He loved every part of her so much.

“Questioned about his children, John Stephens said that it was their wish to call Laura ‘Mommy’, after they knew that she was going to live with them. It was right that they should, as Laura was now their mother and John’s wife in all respects.

“Asked about Nicholas and the female attire his son was wearing, Stephens said that his son was just fitting in at Tyson. All his friends, boys and girls, dressed just like him.

“Stephens confirmed all the details of the relationship between Laura and him. ‘I thought Laura was so cute in her rusty dance dress,’ he said. ‘She was trying so hard to be girly and fit in with the other women on Council. I thought she needed a little support from her campaign manager. But when I kissed her, I found I couldn’t stop. I wanted to do it again and again. She has the sweetest lips. I haven’t regretted it since, and would do it all again with her. I love my wife, Laura, more than words can say.’

“Judge Emily Cortwright reserved her decision in the contentious divorce case until September.”

“Quite a declaration!” said Tania, smiling at Bonnie, who had tears bright in her eyes.

I wanted to say, “And so much left out”—all the sparring between the lawyers, the other witnesses, the points of law that were raised, Ellen’s face, her vengeful emotions betrayed, as her husband, claiming now to be a wife, declared his love for another, another man, that is. Where was what Ellen said outside the courtroom about the pair? That wasn’t anything that we could have printed, anyway. But

Dave didn't even write that each lawyer was confident they would win.

"John Stephens clearly alienated the affections of Tom Beman," were Lacey Smith's words on my recorder. "John Stephens should pay considerable damages for his actions."

"The divorce will certainly be granted," I caught Josephine Wyatt pronouncing. "We proved that Ellen Beman lied about wanting Laura to become a man again. Any damages should be purely nominal, in my opinion. Emily Cortwright will rule in our favor in September."

I pressed to have those parts added to Dave Richardson's account.

"Can't," said Jane. "The article is too long anyway. We'll have to cut, not add to it, Michelle. Now, what do women want to see in this issue of *The Queen*? Why, the girls' dresses at Prom. So, Michelle, Ellen, show us the pictures you took and how you're laying out those pages."

"Here's the 'Prom Report'," I said sweetly, laying out the pages. Ellen looked at me in surprise that I could turn away from an argument with Jane so quickly. She didn't know Jane as well as I did. I knew the result of any argument, anyway. Jane was the boss. She decided.

"On the right side, we have the large picture of the Prom Queen and her King," I said, showing the picture of Kelly Davies, her thin arms about John Quinlan's neck, each wearing a crown. They stood in front of the throne. The sweep of Kelly's strapless, white evening gown, emphasizing her shapely breasts, was caught well in the picture.

"On the left side, do you recognize this woman?" I asked the others. The blonde was spectacular. Her evening dress showed off her chest and figure, the

tiny straps hardly strong enough, it seemed to hold up her simple, flowing dress.

"Oh," said Bonnie suddenly. "It's Donna Gardner!"

"Donna Edwards," I told her with a tight smile as the others looked astounded. "That's Ted Linden holding her. That's midnight-blue, the beaded dress. The caption will describe the dress and stress that Mrs. Edwards has upheld her status as Beauty Culture teacher, having made her own dress and done her own hair and makeup herself."

As recent graduates, Breanne and Ellen stared at their former principal or counsellor. Jane was looking at the wide picture of five gorgeous girls, all of whom seemed to be very well endowed, to have lovely styled hair, feminine figures and exquisite makeup.

"Who are these?" Jane asked.

"This year's Linebacker Club," I told her. "And yes, they were! They're all defectors from the Men's Club. They wanted me to use their real names. I promised I would, and so this girl with the spaghetti straps and the fair hair is Jo Boyd (no 'E' in Jo, she'd insisted); Heidi Fink, strapless; Wanda Mason, with just one shoulder strap; Cindy Smith, in the blue dress; and Wendy Lee facing us, strapless. Strapless, long, flowing gowns were the fashion of the night."

"Principal Estelle Edwards praised this year's Student Council President, Nicole Dugan, for the wonderful, best-ever Prom," read Jane as Ellen smiled at me. She'd taken most of the pictures in the display.

"Nicole was modest, however, and thanked Donna Edwards and LeeAnn Charles, teachers at Tyson, for their hard work in the Prom's success.

"Men's Club President, Ron Wicker, dating Celia Walston, a cheerleader, refused to comment on the Linebacker Club."

"I wonder why?" asked Dave.

“See why it wasn’t a good reason to ban the Men’s Club?” asked Nicole, in our report. We hadn’t known it was proposed in Student’s Council, where Nicole had convinced others not to let the ban happen. “We did have to find five extra-tall escorts for Jo and her girls. And a guy for me as well, as Joe Boyd was supposed to escort me!”

“The Flower Garden remains the most popular part of the Prom,” the report went on. “This year every girl, even the Linebackers, had to promise their escorts a turn in the Garden. Many did more than one. Teachers, Donna Edwards and LeeAnn Charles, took turns ‘supervising’ the Flower Garden.”

“There’s a dozen pictures on this page,” said Bonnie with a smile.

“Eliminate a few and write more,” said Jane with a scowl.

“All the letters this month are about the Prom,” I said to her. “They cover the Prom very well.”

Jane looked at me, tapping her teeth with her pen, a habit of hers. “All right,” she said dramatically. “You’re my right-hand woman in this, Michelle. You’re the Woman’s Fashions editor after all, aren’t you?”

“Women’s Fashions?” murmured Bonnie as she slid past me in her tight skirt. “I thought you were Women’s Issues!”

“It means I do layout,” I reminded her softly. Bonnie grinned as I laid out photos, showing how Ellen and I would crop them to make them fit.

“At the top, we’ll have the caption, ‘Strapless was in!’” I told everyone. “That’s Jodi Lyon, Josie’s sister, and Mandy Duncan. Have you ever seen such a narrow waist, and such a lovely black dress? Here’s Carolyn, Bonnie, your future sister-in-law. Oh, and her handsome escort.

“Last year’s queen, Debbie Allen, is crowning Kelly Davies in the next picture. That’s LeeAnn Charles, who could have been a student herself in that strapless red dress. And so blonde! That’s another fashion we should have written about. Peroxide use in high school!

“Over here is Miss Shanks in a strapless white dress. That’s why we put the caption, ‘Must have been to the Linton Clinic!’ We had to have a picture of Ron Wicker and his date, Celia Walston. The girls were giggling about that. I guess Ron was in for a big surprise if he reached fourth base with his Prom date. Celia, wearing a penetrator ava, was telling everyone that she was going to make him try.

“The others you know. Elizabeth Betts, resting on the sofa with John Evans, her boyfriend, was a Halloween Queen. That’s Jackie Ray, the entertainment. That’s Miss Letman. Yes, she’s the most changed teacher, isn’t she? It’s her nose, that’s what it is. It’s so thin and turned up at the end, so pretty.” I almost added, *just like the one I’m going to get*, but I stopped myself in time. “She’s with a guy named Rob King who drove in specially to be her date, can you believe it? She was all over the poor guy all night long.

“That’s Tammy Davies in a clinch with Greg Bryan, the football star. She deserves a picture as her twin, Kelly, is the main attraction. Tammy is equally as pretty. Don’t you just love those long, tight dresses that flare out below the knee? Tammy had really high heels as well, but she moved so gracefully. She must be at Del Monte!

“The four girls in the middle are the Deaf Lizards. That’s Suzie on bass; the twirling girl showing off her stockings and garter belt is Linda Horton; there’s Melanie on lead guitar, and Wendy Horton on drums, who’s hard to see in the background. The kids of Tyson really love them. They kept urging the Lizzies, that’s what they call them, to dance and spin on

stage. They did it so that they could get a good look at the panties the Lizzies were wearing.”

Jane grunted and raised an eyebrow. Queen Mary Elizabeth, her present girlfriend, looked much like Melanie of the Deaf Lizards, I realized then.

“The Letters,” I went on hurriedly. “From Eric Miller: I went to this year’s Prom and so admired the girls in their off-the-shoulder dresses. I don’t believe so many of the girls in strapless dresses are ‘Protesters’, as they’re called—in other words, *boys*. I think it’s all a con by high-school girls!”

“What an idiot!” said Breanne, coloring as we all looked at her.

“Louise Tennant,” I went on quickly, “writes: I don’t believe the ‘Linebackers’ were real. I mean those girls were in every dance, with their escorts, including all the clinches. I saw them kissing and hugging their hosts. No, I don’t believe they were Linebackers. Cheerleaders, I’ll bet.”

“Add a note that we believe it,” said Jane. “Any more?”

“Lots,” I said with another smile at her. “Mark Venson: I think it’s marvelous how the girls and boys were so beautiful and so cutely behaved at the Prom. Having escorts organized is such a good idea. Older men know how to treat such lovely dressed girls at a dance. Makes me wish that I was in high school again.”

“Anything else, or just Tania and the back page?” asked Jane.

“Your editorial,” I said.

“I’ll do that myself,” snapped Jane irritably.

“Marriage is in the air,” I said, smiling as Tania shook her head at me, while the other girls looked a little worried. “I wrote up the Joe Gibson wedding to

Kelly Rogers, very traditional, a dozen bridesmaids, all from the chorus line at the Roxy. Joe says that Kelly isn't a stripper any more. She's an actress now.

"There's this wedding ad from *Transformers*, and a marriage Classified we should run. They're willing to pay for it."

The Transformers ad featured a bride and groom. "We can outfit you both for weddings," was written at the top: Gary (left, the bride) is ready to submit to Sharon (right, the groom) for 'Role Reversal' Marriage!

The Classified ad was for an all-girl wedding. 'Sharon Otis and girl friend, Rachel Cunningham, invite all their friends to be bridesmaids (in pink only!) at their legal, civil wedding. ('Ray' only has to sign documents.) Reception and hosts later at the Garth. Call Sharon or Rachel,' their phone was given, 'if we've missed you with an invitation!'

"Let me see those again," said Jane while Dave chortled in his chair, his feet up. The girls smiled and looked as if they wanted to discuss the ads, but I knew they wouldn't, not in front of Dave.

"Wanted: Lookalikes for female stars," Jane read from a different Classified. "'From Ginger Rogers to Britney, Marlene to Marilyn, Anna Nicole to Janet Jackson, we can use female impersonators right away. Joan Treadwell, Valley Agency.' If we can publish this, we can publish the other, Michelle. Take their money. If anyone complains, we have a great letter for that column next month."

"Hey, is this for real?" Jane continued. 'Extras for new film to be made in the Valley. Anthony Whitehouse will be casting minor parts and extras at Tyson High.' Joan Treadwell is helping in that, as well."

"Appears to be real," said Tania smugly. At least, she didn't say, "I told you so," to Jane. Her writing

about Holly Irving seemed to be bearing fruit—hmm, bad choice of words—for the Valley.

“This Gary looks so real in this picture for *Transformers*,” said Jane with a frown. “They wouldn’t be trying to fool us, would they?”

“No,” said Bonnie in her lilting voice. “That’s Gary Francis. He was in *Transformers* while I was getting a manicure. These lovelies!” she added, showing a quibbling Tania her lovely nails. “I think he’s a Mayan.”

“A Mayan?” asked Ellen with a frown.

“The Mayan Sorority,” said Jane with a smile. “It’s a sisterhood of men who like to cross-dress. It’s been here in the Valley since before you girls, Ellen and Breanne, were even born.”

Jane looked at me. I sighed inwardly. I expected her to say, ‘Okay, girl reporter, track them down and get an interview,’ but she didn’t.

“Okay, Tania,” Jane said. “Show us your back page!”

Princesses on Parade dominated the back page. Princess Abigail, Cecilia Farmer, and surprisingly, Tammy Davies, were the featured princesses. Tania’s review matched the amount of space Princess River was paying for their ad.

“The *Princesses on Parade* show,” Tania wrote, “surpasses in color and glitter the highly successful parade from last year. Some of the most popular princesses, Karen Holcomb, Helen Collins, Heather Taylor and Amanda Miller have moved on but their replacements are every bit as good.

“The crowds at Princess River have grown tremendously as well – and this, before the airport is really open. The streets of Princesstown were lined three and four deep as the Parade wove through the ‘town’,

stopping to perform and toss beads and chocolates to willing watchers.

“The Princes and Princesses glitter even more in their beaded suits and gowns. When they finish and draw in audience members, the whole Charming Marquee comes alive. I don’t know where the Princesses get their energy to dance all night long, as they do. The audience is not cheated.

“Ken and I now have season’s passes! It was great to see the changes in the second and third day we went. The tourists get their money’s worth, as do we locals. Of course, some in the audience are obviously men in dresses—but that’s what they’ve come for, isn’t it? The shows themselves, and the waitresses and hostesses, are all so lovely that, as Ken said to me, it’s like being in any resort anywhere. The fact that all the performers and smiling girls about us aren’t really girls is something you have to know as we do. You’d never tell by looking.

“Now, as for this movie I touted here in my last column. Don’t hold your breath waiting, despite the call for ‘extras’. Tony Whitehouse has discovered that Holly Irving and her girlfriends have been ‘deceiving’ him. Poor Holly Irving. She’s quite distraught, home at Mummy’s. More on this later.”

“Does this mean the Hollywood careers are over?” asked Jane with a laugh.

“Not yet,” said Tania. “I can’t figure out why this Tony geek is still hanging around if he’s just found out the Holly is a tranny. He was in Franco’s gawking at Antonia or whoever, in her cage. He was offering her a part in his movie, I heard. Then I talked to Joan Irving. I know some of what’s going on. Stay tuned, though. You know Joan Irving, Jane. She’s got my phone number and loves to gossip, ‘off the record’.”

There was a new ad on the back page for a new club called the *Downtown*. “What’s this?” asked Jane,

looking at a well-endowed Pete Smith in a frilled bikini, all long flowing hair, dancing and smiling at us.

"It's a club for discriminating men," laughed Tania. "Exotic pole dancers!"

"What kind of pole?" asked Jane. Tania dissolved into laughter.

"It's the Taggarts, John and Melissa, who're running it," said Tania. "It's a strip club, of course, but not as rowdy as the Garth. Lets richer guys ogle the pretty impersonators and drink in comfort. I understand they're going to offer what you'd get in a Las Vegas bar if you wanted it."

"Lap dancing?" asked Jane in disgust.

"If Sheriff Joanne Conan," Tania's voice was derisive, "lets them. What do you think? I think Joanne will let John and Melissa do anything they like in the Downtown Men's Club so long as it's done behind closed doors."

Jane looked at me. "Go and talk to Joanne, Michelle," she ordered me. "Find out what's going on."

Ellen raised her thin eyebrows to me as we now had our tasks to finish.

Jane never did show me her editorial. She inserted it later. "After this month's coverage of the Beman trial," she wrote in part, "we expect complaints for overdoing it. Yes, this is the Age of Celebrity. Laura Beman, let's face it, is the most well-known celebrity in the Valley.

"Line up with your groceries and everyone is talking about Laura. What surprises us in the amount of sympathetic talk in favor of Laura and support for her predicament. Is she a man or is she a woman?"



“We’re all talking about it. The large coverage we’ve given this, in our opinion, is justified. Luckily, it ends in September.”

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I really freaked Jeff out when I wore my ava underneath my nightie as we went to bed. He actually did think I’d had the operation. He was all over me, kissing me and loving me and telling me what a wonderful girl I was. He had no idea.

“Didn’t you open your birthday card?” I asked Jeff. Of course, he hadn’t.

Jeff didn’t ask me about it at all. He had what he wanted. He kissed and fondled my breasts so much, his penis so enlarged as we rolled together. He positioned me so that he could stick it into me as he would if I’d really been a girl. Since he’d penetrated me for over a month solid every night, I didn’t know how Jeff couldn’t know what I had on. Eventually, I spread my legs and let him penetrate my ava.

Of course, he came as I was trying to manipulate him in through the soft opening. He didn’t catch on still. Only when I had him pumping into the sheath, me rolled up like a ball, did he touch the strings that held it in place. Finally, he figured out what was going on. Or that’s what he said after we’d really gone at it so wonderfully, me squealing my head off in frustration as he came fully again, me restricted by the way I was tied in, behind the sheath.

“Will you wear this on Sunday?” Jeff asked me when he’d fully explored me, kissing my thighs and even letting his tongue explore the device still so tight about me. “I promised my aunt I’d let her meet my new girlfriend. My girl cousins are there. You’d have to bunk in with them as I have to sleep outside. They’ve got a great pool, and you’d look sensational

in a bikini, Michelle. We can sneak away and have a quick bonk. If anyone sees us—”

Which you will make sure they do, I thought. “They’ll think I’m really a girl,” I said, squirming as Jeff took a moment to arouse my nipples with his tongue.

“It will be great to surprise them all,” said Jeff.

“They already think I’m a boy in drag?” I asked with a shudder that set Jeff off again. I raised my legs and tush enough so that he had to penetrate me ‘properly’. I had my orgasm at last as I was bounced so much that the bed began to squeak in rhythm with us.

The biggest news of the month wasn’t my visit to Jeff’s Aunt Louise, but the terrible attack and rape of Princess Marigold on the Valley Highway. It must have happened just as Jeff was bonking me for one of many times, getting really turned on by my ava.

Dave Richardson got the story and pictures. “Three workers on the Valley Airport,” in Dave’s words, “John Rees, 21, Alvin ‘Rocky’ Rocco, 22, and Danny Horton, 19, were arrested after a chase along the Valley Highway in which Sheriff Joanne Conan and Deputy Giselle McKenzie, returning from a Police Conference in Brampton, cut off the fleeing car, bringing the suspects back to Raybold.”

The main picture showed three female-dressed deputies with the guys in handcuffs, while Joanne and Giselle looked very pretty in dresses, high heels, big hair, and long earrings. Made me wonder what kind of conference they had been to. There was a picture of Princess Marigold as well in one of the parades, and of Mary-Anne Bentley, serving customers in a bar.

“Deputy Francesca New, newly appointed police spokesperson,” Dave wrote, “says that Princess Marigold and her girl friend, Mary-Anne Bentley, a wait-

ress in Princess River, were returning to Raybold at three in the morning when they stopped to assist a car with a flat tire.

“Apparently, the man in the car invited the girls to a party at the Temple Hotel. Mary-Anne says that she wanted to go, while Marigold didn’t, but she did go reluctantly to be with her friend.

“At the hotel, the man was joined by two friends. The party turned rough as the new men forced kisses on Mary-Anne and Marigold and then wanted sex.

“They all wanted sex with Marigold, as one recognized her as a Princess. When they discovered Marigold’s true gender, the men got really excited, Mary-Anne told police. They each raped Marigold in turn, but left her (Mary-Anne) alone, because she was ‘an ordinary woman.’

“The rapists did not know that Mary-Anne had pushed the panic button on her cell phone, or that Deputies Lois Wright and Josie Lyon were responding to the call.

“The three were laughing about the ‘sexy’ way the deputies were dressed. Rees is alleged to have said that they should rape the deputies as well. He wanted the blonde one, Josie. But when the deputies took out their guns, the rapists fled into a party of late-night revellers coming from the Garth, with several members of the Revue.

“Judge Emily Cortwright remanded the men for trial. The men all pleaded ‘not guilty’ to rape. ‘You can’t rape another man,’ Rees yelled out as he was led away.”

Jane got into that very well, I thought, in her editorial. She anticipated a defence that “any man who wears a dress ‘wants It’—‘It’ being sex with another male.

"We have many transgendered men in the Valley. Because of circumstances, often to do with employment, we have many men in dresses.

"How can it be rape," Jane wrote, "is the argument, if a male is forced to be penetrated or fellate another male? Of course, this is rape. TVs, TSs, and TGs are not lesser people than women. Every force of the law must be applied to protect women, of all kinds, against those found guilty."

"I liked the editorial," I said to Jane as I was assembling the rest of the paper.

"I was thinking of you when I wrote it," said Jane. She frowned. "You and Jeff Morton are still an item?"

"Yes," I said. Jane then did something she hadn't done in an age. She hugged me.

"You look so fresh, so sweet," Jane said. There were only the two of us in the office. "Being with a man has made you even more girly than you ever were with me. I could really go for you now, Michelle, in a really big way."

"Yes," I had to say, feeling so uncomfortable as she praised my makeup, my earrings and my perfume, even the feminine way I was standing. "I guess living with Jeff is changing me."

"You can't see it, I expect," said Jane with a big smile as she kissed my cheek softly, pressing her breasts deliberately, provocatively, against mine. "Enjoy your weekend in the country with the girls!"

I shivered as she went away to hassle Breanne and Ellen. Breanne had done a little paragraph on Bonnie Helman, who was off on leave now. Bonnie had had her SRS at Linton Clinic. "Everything went very well," Breanne quoted Dr Diane Lee as saying. "David is with Bonnie. When she awakened, he was the first to kiss her, and was the first to welcome her to womanhood."

Breanne reported that the Clinic had made application to have Bonnie recognized as a woman, 'a formality', according to Dr Lee. Bonnie will, of course, be married to David Schultz as soon as she recovers from her surgery. I had already called David to go in to see Bonnie in a week's time. She just wanted him, and her mother, right then.

We had pictures of brides, side-by-side, with Ellen Terrell's story on the inside page.

"A rush of June brides," Ellen wrote, "brought a new fad this year in keeping with the Valley's night life scene.

"I wanted my boy friend to look like me on our wedding day,' said Frances Warren. 'We've been dressing alike since the Protest. And besides, Frankie looks better than me in a dress'.

"Frankie Oliver, a dancer in the Garth Revue, had T and A work at the Linton clinic. He praised his new wife for sharing such a wonderful day with him. Each wore matching lace and satin bridal gowns for their wedding, and even the same panties, garter belts, high heels and stockings with garters."

The bridal picture had a caption that asked, *Which is which?* Frankie Oliver marries Frankie Warren and so who is Mrs Frankie Oliver now?

Tania came in angrily then. "Who does that bitch think she is?" she fumed as she slapped down her column, and the display ads for the entertainment page, on my desk. I guessed that 'she' meant Jane. "She can hassle the girlie boys," snarled Tania as Ellen and Breanne retreated from the pictures I was posting of an astonishing transformation in a *Transformers* ad. "But if she comes after *me* again, she can have my resignation on her desk. How can I do my work when we've got so little space? We've nearly a dozen places on the Strip that want to advertise with us, and no room. I can't keep everyone nice, write a

column, and play the goddess on who gets an ad spot this week. You're the Women's Issues editor, Michelle. You have the same problem with ads. It's your job to tell her!"

"I, I'll try, Tania," I said. "Perhaps we're going to have to expand the paper."

"Something's got to be done," said Tania. Then she smiled and ran her hand over my silky top. "We girls have to stick together, don't we?"

I didn't quite know how I was going to approach Jane, but Tania was right. Space was becoming a problem. She'd led off the ad page with a poster for a new show at the Empire Theater. Kelly Rogers was making her debut as an actress in *Chorus Girls*; Elmore Betts got a mention as well. Two chorus girls, legs about to high kick, framed the title on the back page.

"An interesting play at the Empire Theater," Tania had started in lukewarm fashion. Maybe she was really feeling the harassment from Jane and showing it in her work. I should talk to Jane about that. "*Chorus Girls*, written by Lily Farmer, begins a series of new shows at the refurbished theater. The plot of *Chorus Girls* is fairly well known. How can a show be put on when its chauvinistic director upsets all his girl dancers and they quit? He makes his boys take the girls' places, of course!

"Janet, broke, has to sneak back and pretend to be a boy so that she can play the part of a girl and get her fare out of town. Kelly Rogers is Janet and, surprisingly, is not really believable as a boy! But what a girl she makes!

"And what a girl she makes out of boyfriend 'Barbara' (Elmore Betts). The other chorus boys, several ex-members of the Garth and Roxy revues, take their girls' parts well.

"It's little wonder that the show's backers want to go out with the 'girls', demanding sex from them. With Janet (Kelly) the only one with the right equipment, the romp begins as she takes the place of each girl with their men—until 'Barbara' is proposed to, and dance director Tom Bull insists 'she' go through with it.

"I must admit that I loved Elmore in his bridal gown. Where did he get it? It's so-o-o gorgeous! Anyway, Kelly has to work hard in and out of each room until the inevitable happens: Kelly is too tired to get it up. Guys, next time your girlfriend runs off to the bathroom to take out her birth control, freshen up for you, or slip into something more comfortable, make sure it's the same girl coming back into your bed! It might all come to a crashing end, inevitably, as in this play—but the ending is surprising, if true.

"See the play with all its farcical elements at the Empire. A lovely show with femininely sexy, skimpy costumes!"

The last line was already in the poster to recommend the show. I must get Jeff to take me to it, I thought. What could the surprise ending be, huh?

Roxy's had the second ad on the entertainment page. Oh, did the Foxy Sisters ever look fantastic, all long blonde hair and womanly bodies in black bikinis with tassels. Claudine and Roseanne were being joined by 'Little Sisters', Amanda, Jacqueline and Samantha, who looked just like their elders. That would be the show Jeff would want to see. I could guarantee that.

Jackie Ray was still at Sylvester's, her picture like the words for her singing: 'soft, womanly' song stylings with the assistance of Karen O'Day.

The Ellis Ballroom had both Jane Julian and Jennifer Grant to sing with Karen Armstrong and her

ballroom orchestra. Both looked as beautiful as ever in the head shots that were in the ad.

I finally got back to the picture of Kelsey Dillon. Oh, but was she ever gorgeous! She was made up by the girls at *Transformers*, of course, as she had five thousand dollars to spend on herself after winning the draw there. An 'Elizabeth Betts' was also pictured as she was the 'first-timer' winner of two thousand five hundred. Perhaps she wasn't Elmore Betts. I didn't know. I should find out. I was a reporter, wasn't I?

Well, no, I was the Woman's Issues editor. There, I finally agreed with what I was. I would put Breanne or Ellen on the job of tracking that down, the following day.

I really didn't know what to do about the Classifieds. I assembled the announcement that Natalie Simpson and Linda Emerson desperately wanted. They'd both phoned me and begged me to put in the announcement of their wedding. It was to be another All-Girl wedding. They wanted the original members of the 'Linebackers' to attend and be their bridesmaids. I had to shiver as I thought about Grace Wilson, the newest daughter of the Wilson family. I hoped she'd be out of the Clinic long enough to want to attend.

Since we'd had Prom in the last issue, the letters were mostly about that. Samantha Wicker, a 'wimpy' boy kicked out of the Men's Club by his brother, wrote to us, but not about being 'wimpy'. "Loved the coverage of the Prom. Can't we get more on the Deaf Lizards? Linda Horton, the lead singer, proves that girls can rock! I hope we see them soon in one of the clubs."

I was rather condescending as I wrote an editor's note: "Now, now, Samantha. You know as well as we do that the Lizzies, as they call themselves, are an all-boy group. They take their parts as an all-girl

dressed band very well. But, sorry, Sam, they only prove that *boys* rock!”

Denise Miller wanted to know why the fixation on the Prom. It was just for the one year in High School. There were other great events she wanted us all to know about, such as the Mayor’s Winter Ball. She wanted similar coverage for that.

I had to put the last letter in just to let Ron Wicker, President of the Men’s Club, know how he’d been fooled. I’d been told by Nicole Dugan that he still didn’t know that his Prom date wasn’t a girl.

“What was the girl count this year on your Prom coverage?” asked Stephanie Fox. “I loved the pictures of so many pretty girlish figures and don’t care if you didn’t get many girls in. At least, my boyfriend was in. Denise looked so adorable with his date, Ron Wicker, at the Prom. Count me as in favor of your coverage!”

We had about a hundred letters about Prom, ninety-six loving the coverage while four lamented not being chosen by Ellen and me to be in. It did seem like we got all boys again in our pictures.

I thought I was done with the local edition—but, at the very last minute, Francesca New called me and asked me to come up to the Court House. I got there just as Anthony Whitehouse, the ‘film director’, was charged with being drunk and disorderly on Raybold Avenue.

I gathered that ‘Tony’ was offering girls up and down the Avenue one hundred-dollar bills to sleep with him. He even offered Rachel Smith and Cindy Rennie, really pretty deputies, a thousand dollars to perform sexual acts upon him. He’d only pay, as he said to every girl, if they had ‘male equipment’.

I saw Holly Irving come into the Court House, looking distressed, but Judge Emily Cortwright refused to let her bail the director out until the following day,

“when we hope he will be sober enough not to be insulting officers of the court.”

So there, I got a by-line in the paper after all. I went home late as usual after Jane. I put the paper to bed, as we called it. Jeff, of course, wanted to go out. We did go to Roxy's and, wow, are the Foxy Sisters, and their Little Sisters, ever sexy and desirable as women. Jeff got so horny in the show. Corinne came over and sat in his lap. Then, she smiled at me and told me what a wonderful night I was going to have. Well, I did. I wore my ava since all of the Sisters had been wearing them, stripping down to show them off, and their bare breasts, in no time at all.

I wore my ava for so long and had so much loving from Jeff that I was really sore, and actually I was worried about the damage I was doing to myself, wearing an ava constantly.

We went to his aunt's on Sunday, me in a clean, new ava; and, yes, we were surprised by his cousins when we were out in the garden making love! I made sure I wore a see-through nightie when I went to bed and slept in a room full of girls. I bathed with the girls who saw me, entirely, as one of them.

It was only when I was leaving that I found out I'd been 'had'. An older man came round to the house, sitting there, drinking lemonade with us. He asked me what I thought of all the boys dressing up as girls now.

“Doesn't bother me,” I said hesitantly as I sat with Kathy on the swing, she waiting for her nails to dry.

“I don't like it,” said the older man. “If your daddy was alive, Roger,” he said to the girl beside me, “he'd whale the living daylights out of you for sitting there like that. And your brothers as well.”

“Uncle Eugene,” said the girl I was sitting beside so prettily. Her sisters came over and sat on the old man's knees, “you know that our daddy's alive and

would do no such thing. It was Mummy 'One' who died last year."

The old guy began laughing at me as the girls began kissing and hugging him. Jeff's Aunt Mary came out onto the porch and stopped that. "You girls are too young to be doing that," she said.

"It's okay, Mummy," said Kathy Morton, laughing at the astonishment on my face. "Uncle let the cat out of the bag. Michelle knows all about us now. I just want to tell him I'm never going to call you Daddy, I'm not. Not in front of my boyfriend when he gets here. Oh, Michelle," she asked me precociously, "where can we girls out here get pretty artificial vaginas just like yours? It looks so real!"

Volume 25 Issue No. 12 12 August

All anyone could talk about this month was the airport. Yes, the Valley actually has an airstrip, passenger service, and an airline, Valley Air, that will be bringing in passengers, mainly tourists, every day. The first commercial flight brought fifty-two passengers in from Chicago, one of the 'hubs' that Valley Air will serve.

John Stephens and Laura Beman were there front and center for all the announcements, with Martina King of Trans-It Adventures. She said there'd be five hundred people coming in daily on regular flights she was organizing. Many of those were booking to come to the Valley multiple times, even just for weekends, now there was air service.

There was a lovely picture of Antonia Taylor and Melinda Wells, the stewardesses on the first flight, with Dave's story. Mayor Lois Slayton was there, beaming. She said Princess River would have more people in it, on some days, than there were people in Raybold, which is definitely untrue.

Eloise Waters, the CEO of Davies-Valley Resorts, actually asked me, at the opening, to interview her. She showed me all the expansion plans, started already at Princess River. There were ‘phases’ that were already off the drawing board. The models I saw of what it would all look like in the end really excited me.

Renee Davies, President of Davies-Valley, was right behind her CEO, she said, hugging Eloise in a familiar womanly way that we all do now. There were going to be casinos in the new buildings, she said, though the licensing and rules and regulations were a headache. Casinos were what many of the ‘girls’ who came to the resort wanted, apparently.

It went by me at first how casually Renee referred to the ‘girls’ who come to Princess River. We all know there aren’t as many girls in Princess River as there are those who are dressed like girls. But with all the classes the girls take around Princess River during the day, it’s no wonder it’s getting harder and harder to spot the men in dresses than it used to be.

Since I was being entertained by Eloise and Renee, I got Breanne to go to the Court House and follow up on the film director charged with soliciting on Raybold Avenue. Anthony Whitehouse pleaded guilty to offering girls money to sleep with him. He also pleaded guilty to being drunk and disorderly. Breanne got a picture of him leaving the Court House, his arm about Holly Irving, who was to star in the film he was making.

“How was it between them?” I asked Breanne as she sat primly, like a schoolgirl, in the editor’s office. “Was Holly mad with him? Was there any chemistry between them?”

“Well, she’s an actress,” said Breanne. “We were at school together. She always was a drama queen.” She blushed at her choice of words.

"You think she was acting?" I asked.

"I think so," said Breanne. "She wouldn't talk to me, either, which isn't like Holly. I'm sure she didn't tell Tony Whitehouse what she was, or what Helen and Debbie or Karen are, really. They don't tell anyone about themselves. I couldn't do that," she finished with a shudder. "Imagine a guy finding out like, like Tony is supposed to have found out!"

"Their careers as actresses would be over pretty quick if they admitted what they really were, wouldn't they?" I asked Breanne. She nodded, still shaking and wide-eyed, to me. "See if you can talk to Holly," I said to her, taking on Jane's role as editor. "Or her mother. She likes to gossip, I hear."

Breanne went off, with a more pronounced sway in her walk now she was attending the Del Monte Charm School with Ellen. At times, I was sure neither of our new 'girl reporters', ever thought about what they were—so much were they into being 'girl reporters'. They always had to have their makeup perfect, smiling prettily to everyone they met. They were confident, from the first, in their femininity, so unlike me. Men were their willing sources on all kinds of stories. I wondered what would happen if I sent Breanne over to the Temple to interview Tony Whitehouse. No, I should do that myself if anyone did.

I called the Temple and discovered that Whitehouse wasn't there. I thought he'd skipped out of the Valley until I read Tania's column. She was as curious as I was about the film supposed to be made.

"Talked to Joan Treadwell," Tania began her column, "who's been recruiting 'extras' for the movie supposed to be made here, directed by Anthony Whitehouse. Joan tells me the movie, a costume dram, is still a 'go' but has been held up by the 'incapacity' of its director.

“Whitehouse is currently living with girl friend, Holly Irving, at the Irvings’ ranch house near Slayton Lake. The role Holly is to play would be a breakout role for her if it’s ever made. She’s getting excellent reviews for her part as a mean girl in *Girls With Attitudes*.

“Caught Melissa Nader at the Amadeus ...”

What? I thought. You let Whitehouse and the Irvings get away with an excuse like that? What ‘in-capacity’ did Tony have? What does ‘if it’s ever made’ mean? It’s not going to be made, is the way I took it. So would anyone reading this, I thought crossly.

Oh dear, I sounded like Jane, talking to Tania, in my head. I shivered and looked again at what Tania had written. Yes, she’d just skipped from the Irvings to Melissa Nader and left a whole lot hanging. I’d have to talk to her about that.

“...and am impressed by her feminine intonations on well-known ballads. Ably backed by the strings of the Amadeus Appreciation Society - whenever are they going to change that mouthful and give us a short, catchy name for this group - Melissa is most definitely in touch with her feminine side, enough to make me wonder if she has a masculine side left! See her at Amadeus for the next month or so.”

Naturally, there was a full display ad for the Amadeus, featuring dark-haired Melissa Nader as well as Mandy, a violinist with the ‘house band’ at the Amadeus.

The largest ad was for *Chorus Girls* at the Empire Theater. It had to be big, as it featured a chorus line of what I will charitably call female impersonators. They could all have been women in skimpy costumes, as far as I knew.

Kelsey Dillon, the beautiful girl I’d liked so much in the *Transformers* ad in the last edition of *The Queen*, was featured again as a ‘Gorgeous Showgirl’ at the

Downtown Men's Club. I mean, I could understand Pete Smith, swinging on a pole, blonde hair flying all over and a bikini covering his, her, private parts. But Kelsey looked so sweet, so young, though she must have been out of school to be in such a club.

The Airport was the major event, however. Jane Edwards sarcastically wrote in her editorial: "Who was on the first historic flight? Why, 52 cross-dressers, that's who, coming in to dress as women for a week or more in our so tolerant Valley."

By the end of the day, as Jane pointed out, Princess River was filled with 'giggles' of rustling, perfumed, feminine figures, with their escorts. Every store there and along Raybold Avenue was flooded with customers.

Valley Air had its own ad in *The Queen*, with pilot Karen Williams in the attractive uniform all the female-dressed employees have to wear. Oh dear, I thought with a sigh, thinking of what had gone on in the Valley over the last couple of years. Here we go again with a Dress Code—which, in the Valley, means, everyone wears a dress.

Transformers showed three pretty girls with the slogan, 'Straight from the plane', and 'Spend your weekend as the woman you want to be'. Yes, it was definitely airline month.

In the Classifieds, Natalie 'Nate' Simpson and Linda Emerson were advertizing their 'All-Girl' Wedding again. They weren't really all girls at the wedding, but everyone was supposed to be dressed like a girl. There would be two brides, Linda and 'Natalie'.

When I was over to the Garth for a quick coffee, it was all the waitresses were talking about, the pink dresses they were going to be dressed in as 'bridesmaids'. I gathered, too, that the Revue dancers were putting on a show in tiny, short pink dresses and garters at the reception, which was going to be a

‘wild’ affair for everyone between the ages of 18 and 20 in the Valley!

The guys accused of raping Princess Marigold were in court this month. Lacey Smith, of all people, acted as defence counsel for John Rees, Rocky Rocco, and Danny Horton. She asked Judge Emily Cortwright to throw out the most serious charge, that of rape, against her clients.

Breanne found a lovely quote from Lacey: “The person alleged to have been raped went willingly to a party room in a party hotel, dressed as a woman, at four in the morning. The fact is that Princess Marigold is a man. The crime of rape is specifically an attack on a woman by a man.”

Judge Cortwright apparently decided to look again at the wording of the laws, but wouldn’t release the men from the Valley Correctional Institute. She named the defendants as flight risks.

Breanne had a beautiful picture of Princess Marigold in profile. She had found out Marigold’s real name, Anthony Dutton, which didn’t seem right for a girl as pretty as Princess Marigold.

Funny, but the Prom was still on the minds of our letter writers. George Wilder, however, wanted to know about the football team for the next year. “I thought Joe Boyd and Dan Mason were going to be anchoring the defense. Then I saw them in your Prom Report. In fact, I know I danced with ‘Wanda’ Mason.”

Dave had been asking the same kinds of questions, getting really exasperated when we ‘girls’ batted our eyelashes and said we had no idea what he was talking about. Was it important—and did he like the new plummy shades of lipstick we were trying out?

As I replied to George, though, we’d been asking questions of Estelle Edwards for a month with no answers. “But Jo Boyd and Wanda Mason were se-

niors,” I wrote him, “as was Ron Wicker; so they’re graduated anyway. We see only eleven members of the Men’s Club left this year. Hardly a football team, is it, George?”

Duane Feller wanted to know why there were no pictures of Principal Estelle Edwards at the Prom. “I saw her husband, Donna,” Duane wrote, “with Ted Linden, the owner of Linden Motors. They were a cute couple, but where was Estelle?”

Wendy Lee wanted to thank us for not filling our Prom coverage with pictures of Principal Estelle Edwards. “We hear from her everyday,” wrote the newly graduated Wendy. “Someone should teach that woman how to act like a female, like her husband, Donna.”

I had to add a note, Jane insisted, that Estelle Edwards had had the flu and had left the Prom early, as *The Queen* should have noted.

“Wow, Michelle!” said Jane when I handed her the mock-up of the local. “You’ve got the hang of this now, don’t you? As a reward, we’re going to change your job a little.”

“Changing my job?” I asked in surprise. “I’m not asking for a new job.”

“Yes, you are,” said Jane with a smile. “You’re asking all the time, my lovely girl, aren’t you? You keep saying we have no room in the paper for all who want to advertise. Tania’s on the same kick. So, we’re going to get a new photographer. We’ll be publishing entertainment and shopping pages with all our weekly publications. You’re in charge, Michelle. You’ll arrange models and photo shoots for all the ads we publish, every week now. Ellen will be your Fashion Assistant and Tania your Entertainment Director. She’ll answer to you, not me. *You* can deal with that bitch from now on.”

I stared at Jane in surprise.

“Yes,” she said with a smile. “You’ll get extra pay and still work on the local issue of the paper. You’ll work with Del Monte and the male model agency; there’s a card in my file on my desk. A promotion like this deserves something, doesn’t it?”

So we hugged. Jane wanted to kiss me. It was like old times, the best of times when I was full of the shivers, all the time, as I first put on dresses and skirts.

“My little dancing queen is gone,” said Jane, as I felt her fingers tracing the line of my bra through my blouse.

“S-Sorry to hear that,” I said. Shudders went through me as she ran her hands down my body and over my hips.

“Don’t lie, Michelle,” my ex-lover laughed at me. “She and her new boyfriend are off to explore the fleshpots of Vegas, I understand. She thinks she’ll be the Queen of Las Vegas in a month. Mary Elizabeth isn’t very bright, as you gathered, but she does like to be, what’s the word you liked to use, *bonked*. Apparently, she gives blow jobs now as well. She really missed doing that when she was with me.”

“Jane,” I said, hating to talk to her so frankly. As she’d just said about me using another word for the F word, I talked a lot more euphemistically about ‘making love’ and so forth. It wasn’t that I didn’t like a variety of sex acts. I did things with Jeff I’d sworn I’d never do when I’d first begun to cross-dress. Some things sounded so crude and awful when we women discussed what we’d done and what our men liked us to do for them. When we talked about what we liked done to us, it was always a giggle, as we tried to be so ladylike, but it was a dangerous subject.

“You still have a lot of hang-ups as a girl,” said Jane, patting my tush and letting her hand stray over

my panties and garter belt, knowing how it would arouse me. “How is Bonnie these days?”

“She’s doing well,” I said nervously as Jane’s hand caressed my thighs. “She, she’s going to, to be married very s-soon. We’ll be getting our invitations in the mail.”

Jane nodded. “She’s going to be a fantastic bride, isn’t she?” she asked gloomily. “What do you bet, that this trickle of drag queen weddings we’re having now becomes a flood after we show pictures of Bonnie as a blushing bride?”

“Probably,” I said, easing myself out of Jane’s grip.

“How do you like your Morton relatives?” asked Jane, smirking. “Jeff didn’t tell you about the feminized side of his family, did he? They were all livid when he took his new girl friend out to meet Auntie Mary. She used to report on agriculture way back for *The Queen*, you know. You should look up the columns of Lou Morton, one of the founders of the Maya Sorority.”

“You keep mentioning them,” I said nervously.

“They want to put an ad in the paper,” said Jane. “I told them to talk to you. You’re the girl in charge of advertising now. You’ll okay any photos that go in the paper, too.”

“W-Why are you doing this, Jane?” I asked her. My ex-lover smiled lovingly at me and stroked my arm, taking up my hand and studying my newly lacquered and feminine hands.

“I’m trying to win you back, Michelle,” Jane finally said to me. “Don’t you feel anything when I do this to you?” She stroked me again. I couldn’t control the shivers.

“There,” laughed Jane. “Gotcha. You’re still into that idiot, Jeff Morton, aren’t you? When you do de-

cide there's more to life than being a man's sex toy, I'll be waiting for you."

"Then I'll be a *woman's* sex toy," I managed to mumble, my dress swaying against me as Jane ruffled it.

"Sounds good to me," Jane said, advancing once more to take me in her arms and kiss me. "How do the words 'stock room' sound to you now? Or have you forgotten, Michelle, what it's really like to make love to a woman?"

It didn't take me long to convince Jane, against the wall of the stock room, that I'd forgotten nothing about how to make love to a woman.

Volume 26 Issue No. 1 16 September

Jeff went off to graduate school in a huff. He'd spent all of August expecting me to succumb to his wonderful, considerate lovemaking and go with him. He thought I'd be starry-eyed and adoring, as I usually was with him, loving to be in married quarters at his Ivy League university, his little sex slave, while he wrote theses guaranteed to save free enterprise.

When he finally realized I was a career woman, that I had a job I wasn't going to quit, Jeff Morton threw a tantrum like a little boy who's had his lollipop taken away. It's a good analogy; I was becoming more his lollipop every day as he experimented with making love to a woman like me.

"I can't let you stay in the apartment by yourself," Jeff told me. "I'm away and my parents want to use it again."

"Fine," I told him as I cooked his breakfast for him and started folding my panties and his underpants in front of him. Jeff was such a chauvinist, though, that he didn't get the message. "I'll move back with Jane,"

I told him sweetly, in the flirty, girlish tones I'd been practicing. "She wants a companion to live with her full-time."

As I expected, that aroused Jeff to action. After he stopped me doing his washing, he boffed me in the luxurious living room of our apartment—with the curtains wide open, so anyone looking could see right into our living room! With my legs writhing in the air, I could see someone looking at us with binoculars. I recognized the uniform right away. Rachel Smith passed the glasses to her partner, Cindy Rennie, so she too could see how Jeff Morton was boffing me.

The deputies used the top floor of the Clinic Annex, on occasion, to set up a radar detector. They could see all the way to the Valley Highway and up and down Raybold Avenue as they moved around, looking out in any direction from the unfinished floor—but they weren't supposed to be spying into our window and watching Jeff and me getting it on!

The worst thing was that I couldn't stop. Rachel, the sassy one, even waved at me! She made obscene signs, encouraging me to go harder and faster with my man. When I finally erupted, the two female-dressed deputies jumped up and down in delight and threw their arms in the air, as if I'd scored a goal or a touchdown.

"P-Please close the curtains," I finally whispered in Jeff's ear. He grunted, got up, quite naked, and stood there for a while before he did so.

"What do you think's going to happen on the top floor of the Clinic's Annex?" Jeff asked me. "If they have a ward there, they'll see right in here. They'll see me making love to you or chasing you around the apartment in your ava. There's another reason, Michelle, for coming with me to New England."

In the end, so that I couldn't move out, Jeff moved his 'sister', Danielle, into the bedroom next to the one



we'd been sleeping in. "I'm doing this to keep Mom and Dad away," Jeff told me. The new bed creaked terribly as he balled me, while Danielle was in the next room in babydoll pyjamas. I knew because I'd seen 'her' leaving the bathroom in them.

I was still Jeff's girl, in a sort of way. I was living rent-free in his apartment. I knew that, whenever he had the urge and the money, Jeff would be going on a Valley Airlines Flight (progress!) and into my bed to ravage me. Okay, so I did love him doing anything like that to me, at any (in)convenient moment.

There was Danielle as well. "I've never had a sister before," she told me coyly, sitting there in her panties and bra, after Jeff had gone. I'd come in from a long necking session with him in the airport, which had amused the girls who knew me, like Melinda Wells, a stewardess on Jeff's flight. She'd promised me she'd take special care of Jeff on her flight.

"And you don't have a sister *now*," I said to Danielle, thinking of Jeff. He was smiling as Melinda slipped her arm through his and took him away from me. I don't think Jeff knew that Melinda was just like me.

"Put a dress on, Danielle," I said to Jeff's sister, not mine, "and go to work. I'll be at the Court House as the Beman decision is handed down today!"

That got Danielle moving. She wanted to come with me, but I made her see Jane Dillon in the Council House to ask for time off. Since Danielle didn't make the courtroom in time to hear the verdicts, I presumed Jane had work for her.

The first thing Emily Cortwright, the judge, did was grant the divorce decree. As she put it, Ellen James Beman was no longer married to a man 'who considers himself a woman.'

Judge Cortwright went even further and noted that everyone else at the trial—the man Laura

Beman was living with, his children, their friends, the Council, even Ellen herself—considered Laura to be a woman. And she, the judge, had to agree.

As Dave wrote about Emily's judgment, "Ellen had pushed her husband to dress as a woman for political reasons, urging him to become more feminine in every way."

I shivered as I heard Judge Emily say in court that she recognized that Laura Beman had a naturally submissive personality. Dave quoted her as saying, "Laura has always been under someone else's direction sexually. She functions well that way. Ellen should have known that, when she threw her husband at other men, for sport and her own amusement, that some man might be sympathetic to Tom Beman's plight. Sympathy would attract 'Laura' to submit to such a man.

"The attraction between Beman and John Stephens appears to be total, growing through Ellen James's neglect of 'Laura'," the judge ruled. "But John Stephens did know Laura was a married 'woman' and deserved the slap on the wrist, Emily Cortwright said, that she was going to give him."

Ellen was naturally outraged at the decision. As the headline on our story screamed: 'Ellen James Awarded One Dollar in Damages!'

"My husband is someone else's woman and I get nothing!" Ellen screamed. Dave quoted her accurately in writing that.

"Since both are still elected Councillors," Dave predicted, "Valley Council is going to be unbelievable in the weeks ahead." Lois Slayton's appeal to them both to be 'professional' about it won't make a good story, he remarked—but, if they ignore the advice, it will make good news stories in the months ahead!

Jane called for the parties to 'Let It Be!' In her editorial, she wrote, "Immediately after the judgement,

there were Donna Leslie and Greg Jara in every meeting place in the Valley urging Ellen to appeal. Forget it, Greg and Donna. This paper supported your Morality Party in the last election. Your rants lost that one. Here you go again!

“The Beman divorce is sad, but only the transgender factor makes it newsworthy! Emily James’s attack on John Stephens in court was shown to be largely untrue. In truth, she’d lost Laura before John Stephens took Laura for himself. We should all live with the verdict and Let It Be!”

After Dave’s story and Jane’s editorial, I had to put what I considered to be the best story right there under the editorial. I put the biggest picture of Bonnie that I could get from her wedding. I didn’t put in a picture of her bridesmaids. We’d had to wear these puff-sleeved, pink, tight, pink gowns after all, with pink bows in our hair.

We bridesmaids loved having to dance with all the ‘straight’ men, frat brothers and university pals, whom David invited to his wedding. They looked so stunned. I think many of them were wondering whether we were real girls or not. David hadn’t lied to anyone about Bonnie. She said she was so proud of him for that.

David’s best man should have been his brother—but Carolyn was too full of girlish fun. With the breasts she had now as a ‘graduation present’, she couldn’t possibly have been anything else but the lovely bridesmaid she was. David was such an intense, handsome groom to Bonnie’s veiled, blushing bride. I hardly got to talk to her except to wish her well. She promised she was coming back to work. She’d tell me all about everything, her wedding night, everything, so I could be as prepared for it happening to me, as she hadn’t been.

I tried to tell her it wasn’t something I was ever, ever going to do. She had so many people wanting to

hug and kiss her that I doubt that she heard me. As a headline for her little story, that she was now a wife, I just used the heading “Mrs. David Schultz.” Luckily, Jane loved it that way.

I got a by-line to the ‘stupidest’ story of the year, right up there with the Tony Whitehouse story. Tanya Clinton, the television freelancer from the State Capital News, was arrested again on Raybold Avenue. Just like Tony, Clinton was offering money to ‘girls’, but this time for interviews about the ‘sex practices’ of boys and girls along the Strip.

When several girls objected to being filmed, Tanya called them all kinds of demeaning names. The Garth management called the police, naturally. Clinton and the two people with her, a cameraman and a producer, are currently in jail in the Valley Correctional Institute—for being stupid, I’d guess. I wrote my story that way.

The All-Girl wedding between Linda Emerson and Nate (Natalie) Simpson turned out to be quite a joke. Ellen Terrell was there to be part of it and report on it. Yes, it was an all-girl wedding, sort of, but Linda and her female friends all turned up in dark pantsuits. Natalie was the only bride. She had 50 or more ‘bridesmaids’, girls dressed in pink who were quickly matched as couples by the pant-suited females there to support Linda, the ‘groom’ at the wedding.

Ellen quoted Linda as saying, “Natalie knows I wear the pants in this family. She submits to me.” Linda Emerson said that in front of the blushing bride, who admitted to Ellen it was true. Ellen got a great picture of Linda in her tux, holding her ‘bride’ in her arms. Natalie looked so elegant and delicately female in her low-cut bridal dress, short veil, holding her flowers as her husband mauled her lips.

Ruth Bentley wrote us right away about the Beman case. “Why did Emily Cortwright give Ellen James only \$1.00 in damages? Did she intend to hurt

Ellen as she did? Better not to award anything, wasn't it?"

I'd talked to Lacey Smith, Ellen's lawyer, about that. White-faced and angry, she told me Emily had to award something. I didn't agree with her on the court steps, and I still don't. Several thousand dollars wouldn't have hurt John Stephens as badly as the actual award hurt Ellen James. That's what I wrote in an editor's note. Though Jane changed it around a bit, that's what came through to most people, I think.

Blake Harrison wanted to know how Princess Marigold was after her terrible ordeal. "I haven't seen a thing about her injuries in your paper," he wrote. We couldn't write about intimate injuries, I wrote to him in an editor's note that Jane didn't change at all. Janice Long had told me that Marigold was fine. Her ordeal shouldn't hurt her in the future in other relationships she might want to take on.

Mrs Stanley Warrington wanted us to know that *Chorus Girls* is funny. "My husband and I laughed and laughed. Kelly Rogers is so cute and pretty as well. I didn't know before that she was so funny!"

Tania laughed when she saw what I was intending to print. "I hope she likes this one as well," Tania said. "The Mitzi Theater has a really great play on now. You must get Jeff to take you, Michelle."

"Jeff's in New England," I told her.

"Batching it in the Delaney Apartments?" asked Tania with a laugh. "Can I use that word about a girl like you?"

I stuck my tongue out at her and got an attack of blushing as I realized how girlish our exchange and my response was. "I'm not batching it anyway," I told her. "I'm a big sister now."

Tania howled as I told her about Danielle living with me and how she wanted me to teach her everything about being a woman like me. “Come over and help me, Tania,” I begged her. Tania only laughed even more uproariously and ran away, leaving me with her column, the entertainment page, the display ads for stores and the Classifieds to do on my own.

Tania’s column was about a lot of new shows starting up in the fall. “First of all,” she wrote, “is *A Woman for All Reasons* at the Mitzi Theater. I’m not sure it’s actually a parody of ‘A Man for All Seasons’. But then, the parody is really in the title.

“The play is set in Tudor times in England, which gives the actors the chance to play dress-up in gorgeous, low-cut gowns and bright costumes. The King—old, fat, and impotent—buys a potion from an ‘Eastern’ Merchant. This leads to him, the King, attacking the Queen, desperate to produce an heir to the throne.

“But Queen Matilda (Franklin Smith) is really a queen! The late King’s brother, unknown to the new King, was gay and had his lover replace the woman he was supposed to marry. The new King insisted that the widowed queen marry him and not become a nun. After all, he’s impotent, or he is until he takes his ‘Eastern’ medicine and goes in search of his wife. ‘She’ has the manly strength to fight him off. The King (Joe Beldon) is so annoyed at being decked that he has Queen Matilda set aside and seeks another queen among her ladies-in-waiting.

“Matilda plots. She plays a game with her secretary, John. She dresses him as a woman, and introduces ‘Joanna’ to the horny, needy King.

“Joe Beldon in love is a caricature of every man hot for a beautiful woman. Ed Reece is a demure, very pretty, dainty Joanna, thinking she’s in a play within the real play, as Queen Matilda guides her down the slippery path, marriage to King Richard.

“Laughs are frequent and plentiful as Franklin Smith is wonderfully bitchy as ‘the Queen’. ‘She’ wonders if she’s doing the right thing in turning down the new King. Ed Reece is a dewy-eyed heroine any man would love in bed—or so says my better half.

“I’d give this entertainment the proverbial two thumbs up. It’s a lot of plot for dinner theater, but it is really entertaining with the way these guys project themselves as girls. If Ken liked it, and he did, you guys should take your wives and girlfriends, or you girls should take your boyfriends, to see *A Woman For All Reasons*. You’ll have a good time at the Mitzi Theater.

“Jane Julian has replaced Bobby Jones at the Ellis these last few months. She uses her backups, the Sweethearts, to greater effect than Bobby did. Karen Armstrong’s orchestra swings, as it should with so many Vicki Perrone holdovers.

“A great show and great to dance to. The floor at the Ellis is crowded where a new trend is growing. Many girls were there in lovely pantsuits. These girls danced exclusively with evening-gowned girls.

“When I said, ‘It’s not nice to see two girls dancing,’ one girl in a pantsuit laughed and told me I was right. Then I learned that each couple on the floor was a boy-girl couple. The boy in the dress, of course, was being ‘squired’ by the girl in the pantsuit.

“‘We’re not queer, you know,’ said Terry, so pretty with flowers in his hair to match the patterns in his dress. ‘It’s just so nice to come out and do something one night of the week that is totally different from all the others.’”

The display ads mirrored what Tania had written, Jane Julian looking devastatingly pretty in an evening dress that was so revealing. The Mitzi Theater showed men in dresses and a King, but each display

ad took up lots of room. Franco's Revuebar was the third of the display ads. It featured Barbara 'who loves dancing on the pole' as our ads said. What a wonderful picture it was!

There was one ad I didn't understand, and neither did Tania. *The New Men's Club* was advertising for members. 'You don't have to be a man to enter this club on Chubb Street and Raybold Avenue,' it wanted us to print in its ad. 'All you have to do is wear the pants in your family. For info, call Judy,' it said, giving a phone number that was easy to remember. I called and it was busy. I called again and left a message. They didn't call back. Stupid me. I shouldn't have called as Michelle Little, should I? Well, it could wait till next month, I thought

I got home to the Delaney Apartments, where I found Danielle on the sofa making out with the same boy she'd been dancing with at the Ellis. He blushed when he saw me. Danielle got up in her underwear, all black silk and garters. She pouted at me as she introduced me to Charles Garner—one of *those* Garners, rich owners of the trucking firm that was causing damage to the highway with the increased sales of pigs and chickens being trucked out from Garner Farms.

"Go," I said to Charles. "This is a place for girls who must close the curtains whenever we are femininely engaged." I went over to the window and pointed to the dark outline opposite us. "The cops are in there, spying on the highway, and on me." I waved to the dark building and, lo and behold, a light flashed at us. Behind me, Danielle gasped and laughed, waving back as I did. Charles looked like an overripe tomato. "He could have stayed," protested Danielle, stretching out on the sofa in her black panties and bra. She had a hickey coming on her neck, which I gave her ice to tame.

"Only on weekends, not working days," I told her. "Did you get to your classes tonight?"

The look on Danielle's face told me the truth even though she said, "Yes."

"When you lie, you get punished," I told her. She looked interested.

"Oooo," she said with a grin. "Are you going to be my dom like Jane was to you? I love being spanked!"

"No," I said, beginning to think how I would look in a leather skirt and bra that I knew Bonnie had and would lend me. We girls did that for each other. "You get chores to do. I need my washing done. I need it done properly. I need some clothes to go to the cleaners and some to be picked up. Let's start making you into a woman with the basics."

I don't think girls are tidy like me. Danielle wasn't. She had to work for two nights in her bedroom, just getting it ready to be lived in by a girl. "It's like going to boot camp," Danielle complained. "I decided to be a girl in the first place to get out of chores."

"I have a photo shoot coming up next week," I said to her. "I need girls who are neat, on time, and do what they're told without complaining. Del Monte is teaching you how to be a model. You have to be there to be taught. Some day, I'll take you away from your secretarial desk and have you parade in your underwear in front of my photographer. We'll have you in the local and other versions of *The Queen* that we are going to print. Oh, and tomorrow, we enroll Charlie in the same courses as you."

"He'll freak out," laughed Danielle.

"But he'll be there with you in the beginners' class," I told her. "You wait and see."

I'd seen the way Charles looked at me, the hunger and embarrassment in his eyes. He was fascinated with me, and with Danielle. Yet, he hadn't done for her what she really wanted, which he'd had ample time to do. I'd seen what he was actually doing with

Danielle so tentatively. In looking at Charles Garner, I saw myself as I was a couple of years ago. There was no doubt in my mind that Charles was going to be a much quicker learner than me, or Danielle.

"I'm going out," I told Danielle, "on a date." Murray Painter was back in my life. I felt tingly all over at the thought of going out with him. "If we end up back here, you are not to come and visit me, thank you very much. We girls go to our rooms, close our doors and we have privacy. I'll do the same for you on week-ends if you bring a boy or a girl home."

"Uck," said Danielle, curling her pretty lips. "Who'd want to bring a *girl* home?"

"Well, I guess you're not a girl like me, are you, after all?" I asked her.

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I got the front-page story! There it was, my by-line, 'Michelle Little, Tyson HS'! I had the whole front page, just for my words. I even had a new photographer, Jonathan Forrest, tagging along with me, holding doors for me, and treating me in every way like a woman. It was all heady stuff. And yes, I was overdoing the attention I was giving myself and knew it.

I was spending far too much time in the bathroom, or in front of my mirror, applying my makeup. I was spending far too much time choosing the right skirt and the right top to go with it for work. I was spending far too much time in selecting just the right panties and garter belt to wear, never mind the bra that held my definitely female breasts in front of me so prettily.

Of course, Jonathan would never see what I had beneath my skirt or dress. How I looked in the mirror in the morning, however, did so much for my confidence as I went to work with Jonathan. The big story

at Tyson High School was about the possible loss of the football team. Yes, that was very big news in the Valley.

Jonathan took lots of photos of the cheerleader squads working out. They were delighted to pose for him. He obtained really great pictures. We chose one that showed Bonnie May, Debbie Rennie and Andrea Malone, the prettiest of the girls, at work on their routines.

Jonathan used his male charm as well. Several of the teachers at Tyson—Letman, Shanks, Brewer, White, and Charles—all posed for him. I didn't tell him that all of those teachers had once been male-dressed teachers at the school. Jonathan was a newcomer to the Valley. I figured he'd find out such things for himself. I didn't want him, after all, asking me how I would know that these pretty women were male.

The crisis in football had begun when Coach Alan Molloy quit. 'Tyson Titans Defunct?' I'd used as the main headline across the page. I'd begun my writing by quoting Head Coach Molloy: "I can't run a football program when there are only ten seniors in the school not wearing dresses and pony tails."

Molloy quit and his assistant coaches, Rob Jones and Miller Weston, declined to take over. Principal Estelle Edwards promptly fired them.

I scooted over to the main office and asked Estelle, sister of my boss, Jane Edwards, if another male teacher in the school would take over. "There *are* no other male teachers in the school," Estelle Edwards informed me. She'd coached the team last year, the first woman to do so in the state. What about another year? I asked her, but she ignored me.

I asked her about the men on staff that I knew by name. What about Leonard Charles? Jake Letman? Ron Shanks? Don Gardner? Brewer? Stanning?

White? Hadn't Estelle Edwards told me herself she had fifteen men on staff last year?

My fingers were trembling as I wrote her words in my notebook. I know I got them right in the story I wrote. "I don't consider any of those to be men any more," Estelle said, including her husband, Donna Gardner, Mrs Donna Edwards, in that list.

Estelle was really angry with me for the solutions I was putting to her. "I know our studs deserve a team," the irate principal told me forcefully. "I cannot do it myself. I don't intend to ask some blonde bimbo of a Beauty School model to do it, either."

I shook in fear and disgust because I could see Estelle knew exactly what she was saying. She was describing Donna—her wife, as she calls her husband now. Donna is blonde, models a little for Delmonte Charm School, and teaches beauty culture, one of the school's most popular classes, at Tyson.

"The Men's Club," Estelle told me, toning down the anger that was making me shake in my panties, "has only 10 seniors, but there are 20 juniors, 15 sophomores, and 25 freshmen in school. That's enough for a young team. We'll be in a pickle this year, but the freshmen will play. If they don't, we'll have to think about eliminating the Men's Club at Tyson."

Volunteer coaches are being sought, Ms Edwards told me. A check I made by phone revealed that Miller Weston was reconsidering his position.

"Too late," sniffed Ms Edwards. "Miller can re-apply, but shopwork is now a part of the job description for the position Miller held. It's a work experience program for shopgirls in Raybold. The teacher must dress appropriately to take an active role with these girls in the beauty shops that they are assigned to."

I went over to the cheerleaders' practice to find my photographer. Some of the girls were crying over the cancellation of their practice on Friday evening.

"We've been working really hard," Debbie Rennie told me. "We have all these new routines to support the boys and the team. The boys would have loved our new outfits. They're much shorter than these." She flipped up her skirt to show off her black panties below, grinning at me. Much shorter? That couldn't be true. The current cheerleader skirts revealed almost all of a girl's thighs as it was.

I went with Jonathan to the entrance, where we tried to talk to staff leaving, but we only ran into female-dressed teachers.

"Can't anyone coach football?" I asked a group—all former males, I knew.

"Do we look like football players?" asked 'Miss' LeeAnn Charles, blonde, elegantly dressed and made up.

"You've got quite an article to write," said Jonathan sympathetically as we headed back to the newspaper office. "I'll have the pictures, black and white and in color, ready for you by five, Michelle. Tell me: is it true that some of the cheerleaders we were just talking to were boys and not girls?"

I hesitated. Everyone in the Valley, I think, has this kind of defensive reaction to strangers in town. We know that they won't really understand what has been happening in the Valley. I really didn't know what to tell someone like Jonathan Forrest—not until I'd had a long talk with Jane Edwards, publisher and editor of *The Queen of the Valley*, who'd hired the guy.

"Who told you that?" I asked him, partly to consider what I should say to him.

Jonathan grinned at me. “Your boss was pretty explicit,” he said, taking off his jacket as we entered the news office. Bonnie Schultz was back from her honeymoon leave and was frowning as she worked her way through a story she was writing. I’d sent her to the Court House to get the latest on Tanya Clinton, the persistent television reporter from the capital, who’d been trying again to get the real story of the Valley—the one that Jonathan was asking me about, if he did but know it.

Bonnie, Mrs. David Schultz, rings gleaming on her fingers, looked so lovely and tanned after her honeymoon somewhere in Florida. She grimaced at me as she furiously deleted most of what she’d written and started again.

Breanne Newman and Ellen Terrell were on assignments that I, Michelle, had given them, being as I was now officially Woman’s Editor on *The Queen*—a new position, second-in-command to Jane herself. That’s why Dave Richardson, our only ‘male’ reporter, male-dressed reporter, had gone off on his holidays to the West Coast, leaving a terse message that he couldn’t be reached until a month was gone by. Dave didn’t like the idea at all that I should be over him. He said that I deserved to be under him in every way. And he really meant that. Never again, however, was I going to let him trap me in the stock room.

“Jane told me that over half of Raybold is transgendered,” said Jonathan with a twisted smile which showed he didn’t believe a word Jane said. “I understand that there are these huge conventions and gatherings down the road at that pretty resort called Princess River, that are transvestite celebrations and such.

“I saw one of the parades from a distance on my first day up here. It looked fantastic. I want to go there and see it again. Jane said she wants me to use my camera liberally and get all the pictures I can. The

paper will print most of them. Is that true? Jane says I'll get my assignments from you, Michelle. You'll explain them to me."

"I will," I told him, "just as soon as Jane explains them to *me*."

Jonathan had a nice laugh. It was nice to hear an unforced male laugh, relaxed and full of humor. I was so used to hearing boy-girls like Danielle practising their giggles on me, trying to sound feminine and, to tell the truth, missing by a lot. That's what made the difference with the female impersonators and most of the boy-girls on the street.

The real impersonators sounded so unforced and so feminine. It was impossible, yes, I know I shouldn't use such a word, but it's true. It was impossible to tell the impersonators we had about Raybold from real women. Probably it was because they lived, as I did, twenty-four seven as women when they were in the Valley.

"I do kind of get it," said Jonathan, his thinnish face looking so nice when he smiled. He had dark hair and a serious look about him when he was behind the camera. I wasn't sure he was handsome. I was still working on standards of male handsomeness, just thinking about it as a woman making me quake at the knees, bare save for my stockings.

"If a girl admits there are guys in her group, guys who are as pretty as she is, they know I'll be asking them which ones, and, are you a boy or a girl, stuff like that," said Jonathan easily. "Jane said all of you women have a pact, not to say who's real and who isn't. You treat all girls, whatever they are, the same in the Valley. That way, you don't have to keep answering silly questions from me."

"That's sort of it," I agreed, feeling really femmy as I sat behind my desk. I crossed my legs in my short pink skirt and set out my notes in front of me. The re-

corder I'd used I placed on my desk. All of us had found the recorders captured so much noise from others or from the town environment that we had to make notes if we expected to transcribe anything with real accuracy.

"After this issue of the paper," said Jonathan, "what is it that I'm supposed to be doing for you?"

I explained about the local paper and the pressure on us because we had no room for all the advertisers who wanted to put ads in the local paper. "So, the idea is, to publish a sort of newssheet or catalogue weekly from the local stores, boutiques and entertainment centers, such as the clubs and ballrooms, and insert it into the issues we publish that only have news we get from outside sources. Some of the pictures we reporters take are pretty awful. You can improve on that for a start. May is Prom, and it will be a godsend to have a professional photographer at Tyson, taking pictures for us."

In fact, it was an ideal introduction for a young photographer to establish himself in the Valley. I knew Jonathan would get a lot of business if he published some neat Prom pictures. Next month would be Halloween, with dances everywhere, in the clubs and ballrooms. It would be good practice for him, long before our next Prom, as Halloween was much like the madness that would hit us six months later. Jonathan should do well, if he stayed in the Valley. Just look at the way the girls of Tyson, even the teachers, had flocked around him.

I didn't tell him what it would be like to re-do the ads from the night clubs. I'd told several of them that they had the right ideas in their posters, but their presentations were awful. The 'girls' often looked cheap or slutty. A professional photographer, doing all the ads we published, was going to make *The Queen* a classier newspaper, I told them all.

I'd advised Jane that we needed a better photographer for the new inserts and catalogues she was planning. Jane had smiled and said she'd think about it. I never expected the photographer she employed to be a 'stranger', someone not from the Valley, someone who wasn't a girl like me.

"I took some pictures for Mrs. Schultz this morning," said Jonathan.

"Bonnie," I said with a smile. "We use our first names here. Bonnie's just married and back from her honeymoon."

"She told me," said Jonathan with a frown. "I can't believe the girl I saw today, one of the Sheriff's deputies, Giselle something."

"Giselle McKenzie," I said.

"I know that some of the deputies have to be guys, but the outfits they wear! Those micro-minis!" Jonathan laughed. "Giselle, she couldn't be a guy, could she, with the figure and face she had!"

"Giselle is very pretty," I said with a straight face, knowing Giselle McKenzie was the brother of Anne McKenzie, the Valley's prosecutor.

"I didn't get why the three prisoners Bonnie had me photograph were all in women's clothes," said Jonathan. "She said Giselle had just come up with them from the 'prison for the transgendered' which was why they were dressed as they were."

Jonathan went on to describe the wrangling in court as the female lawyer for the accused wanted to get them out of the Valley Correctional Institute, but the judge—Emily Cortwright, I knew—wouldn't let them be released as it was the second offence for two of them.

"There was a huge list of charges," said Jonathan. "The judge said they'd stay in jail as they were so seri-

ous. There were the contempt charges, for the second time, she said.

“So, this Giselle and her friends haul these three blonde women in dresses and heels out of the court and one starts hollering. That’s when I realized she was a guy! ‘I got to be a woman till January?’ he was yelling.

“Maybe longer,” says the judge, “if you keep up your outbursts, Miss Kelly.”

“These were reporters, I heard,” Jonathan added, “from the state capital. Gosh, I think that judge is in trouble!”

“Emily Cortwright won’t be,” I told Jonathan as Bonnie sent me her story by e-mail. It was basically what Jonathan had just told me. “They’re not really reporters, Tanya Clinton and her crew. They’re freelancers trying to make a story about the Valley and going about it the wrong way. They’re trying to pay people on the street to say horrible things into the camera ...”

“But that guy!” said Jonathan. “He wasn’t transgendered, was he?”

“He was in the transgendered jail,” I said innocently to Jonathan. “What does that tell you?”

We had only the one jail in the Valley, the lock-up at the Sheriff’s office having been moved there as well. It was receiving grant money to ‘treat’ transgendered prisoners. I didn’t doubt that Judge Emily Cortwright had had the prisoners put in that wing deliberately to soften them up. She was pretty annoyed at what had been shouted at her, in the last trial and hearings, never mind this one. Tanya Clinton wanted to find out about ‘trannies’ in the Valley. The judge was giving her first-hand experience.

Jane's editorial the next day, after she'd read what I had written and seen Jonathan's pictures, was entitled 'The Problem of Men'.

After outlining how Tyson didn't have enough young men to make a Division One football program, Jane had swung to the attack. "Boo hoo!" she'd written. I saw Jonathan's eyes shoot up in the air as he read that in our editorial conference. It was really nerve-wracking to watch him read material that all of us 'females' at the conference were used to discussing much more freely than we did right then.

"What happened last year," Jane had written, "when the program was revived after a year's hiatus and played in Division Three? A 6-2 record, with a playoff victory. The Titans should have stayed in this division, not advanced again to Division One.

"In the past, we endured seasons of 1-7 and 2-6, and five years ago, who can forget 0-8! We're a very small high school. We should be in a lower division. We don't have the men in the school, do we?

"But who has won State cheerleading contests the last three years? Tyson! Who has the best figure-skating, synchronized swimming and intramural co-ed programs in the state? Tyson!

"So, come on, men of the Valley. Football isn't everything, though the tearful cheerleaders, at the last Pep Rally, would have us believe so.

"Get football back to a lower division where six girls were playing across the state this year. Tyson should do the same.

"Oh, and wasn't it a woman, Principal Estelle Edwards, who coached the winning football team, not one of the 15 persons at Tyson who are said only to be dressed as women?"

"Wow!" said Jonathan Forrest thoughtfully. "This bit about 15—"

“Estelle bragged once to Michelle that there were 15 men at Tyson who kept their jobs by dressing as females,” said Jane coolly. “Now, Jonathan, look at this ad from the Linton Clinic. You could improve this ad, could you not?”

Jonathan spluttered as he looked at the ad for the Linton Clinic’s feminization services. It showed a Jim Collyer, two years ago, and a Julia Collyer, as she was now. The transformation was remarkable. The long, hooked nose had been thinned and bobbed, the Neanderthal brows had disappeared. Julia had long, reddish hair and looked like a woman to me.

Jonathan’s hand shook a little nervously. He saw the breasts that Julia was showing and looked at me in great distress. I could almost hear him saying to himself, *What have I walked into, in this crazy Valley?* I thought that often, though not so much of late.

Poor Jonathan. He sat and squirmed as Jane went through the letters, normally left to me. I realized then she’d deliberately arranged this meeting to introduce Jonathan to the transgender culture of the Valley in full force. We’d be there to answer any questions he had.

In the first letter Jane had selected, Melissa Rayburn, probably a part of the family that owned the massive Rayburn Store, told us that she was in the Garth “when that despicable Tanya Clinton came in. She just got louder as she started drinking. She was calling my boyfriend, an exotic dancer in the Revue, all kinds of names. I didn’t get a chance to get my hands on her before the deputies arrived. Can’t we keep her kind of reporter out of the Valley?”

Jonathan was gaping at the words ‘my boyfriend, an exotic dancer’.

“No need to comment on that,” said Jane. “This Louise Tennant refers to a rape, Jonathan, that outsiders committed in this Valley. They raped a very

pretty Princess, Marigold by name.” She didn’t mention that Marigold was also Anthony Dutton. “Louise wants us to restrict strangers coming into the Valley to cut down on drunks, rapes, and disturbances. Well, she’s wrong. We need people coming in to keep this economy going and growing. Michelle, write her a reply and tell her that.”

Jonathan was looking at the front-page story Bonnie slipped to him. I don’t know what he thought about the revelations that Princess Marigold was only raped because she was a man! The perpetrators didn’t think a man in a dress could be raped.

“This last one fits with the ad for *Transformers*,” Jane went on smoothly. “You could do much better pictures than this, Jonathan, couldn’t you?” I could see Jonathan’s eyes bugging out of his head as he looked at the ‘before’ picture of Richard Evans and the Richard Evans ‘after’. “Invited to an ‘All-Girl’ wedding? Don’t say ‘No’! Say ‘Yes’ to *Transformers*! Be pretty in pink!” Richard certainly was, in a dress just like the one I’d worn to Bonnie’s wedding.

Ellen cooed, “Ooo, Michelle, that’s *you* when you were a bridesmaid!”

Jonathan went rigid as if a bolt of lightning had gone through him.

“Oh, Ellen, honestly,” said Bonnie with one of her gorgeous smiles. “I didn’t make my bridesmaids wear dresses as frilly as those. We haven’t got the pictures back yet, but Michelle and Carolyn, my new sister, were perfect bridesmaids. You’ll see.”

“When you get married, Michelle,” said Jane waspishly, “you’ll have to get Jonathan to take your pictures. I think he will, if you make sure that he catches your pretty garter. All the men always want that.” I do think she’d seen the way Jonathan and I were sort of eyeing each other. She’d jumped to the wrong conclusion, of course.

"This letter," Jonathan croaked, flustered.

Kate Ferguson had written about the 'new trend' of All-Girl weddings. She wanted it to stop because "I went to a wedding in Slayton this weekend and had to dress my husband in pink and take him to one of the *Transformer* places to make him look like a bridesmaid. And all the other men were just like him. We did have a lovely time, but I like my husband as a man, even if he's eager to be transformed again."

"I know what you'll say, Michelle," Jane went on. Jonathan was looking like he might bolt at any second, and we hadn't even got to the entertainment page yet! "You'll say Kate and her husband should sit down and work this out. Michelle will say," Jane looked at me and winked, saying things I never had, "this is a new hobby for your husband, one he should indulge, on certain weekends, as they do in the Maya Sorority. Michelle says you need to talk this out with him.

"Um, Bonnie, you're doing that Clinton thing. Get it to Michelle, as soon as possible?"

"Glad to," said Bonnie with a lovely smile that warmed me as it always did.

"Now, Jonathan, this ad for Melanie's," said Jane. "Melanie's is hoping to feature these dress designers, Marisol and Collette, in the next few months. I think we can do a page or more of their ads in two weeks. I told them we'll organize the dresses and the models - that means you, Michelle - onto the modelling sets.

"Jonathan, you'll organize the top floor of the Linton Clinic Annex Building. It's wide open. Set it up however you want. There's a private entrance and elevator. We can start wheeling everyone who's going to be in an ad through the place.

"Dee Brown of *Transformers* loves the idea. She'll have her subjects come over and see you first, come to the main *Transformers* store, and then come back

for another photo shoot. The Deaf Lizards need publicity shots. They'll be coming as soon as you have an afternoon free."

The four girls of the Deaf Lizards looked so neat in their current ad for a show at the City Auditorium as they swirled, and their flirty, little dresses floated about them, showing off the panties of two of the girls.

"Those—those are girls, aren't they?" asked Jonathan.

"They're *all* girls in our ads," said Tania sweetly as I ran my eye down the Classified Ads.

It was still there, the ad from last month about the *New Men's Club* and the admonition to call Judy. I'd called again, but they must have had my phone number memorized, because they wouldn't answer when I called. They'd cut off their answering machine as well. So hush-hush, so secret, all my girl reporter instincts were aroused.

"Bonnie," I said to her. "I want you to help me with this one, if you would. It's the second month, maybe there was another before that, which I missed for this club. But don't use this phone or anywhere you'll easily be traced."

"Gotcha," said Bonnie with a big smile. "I'm beginning to feel like Bonnie, the girl reporter, all over again."

Jonathan was looking sick. He looked even sicker after we finished the Entertainment page. Jane suggested that people like Franklin Smith and Ed Reece (actors in drag in *A Woman for All Reasons* at the Mitzi Theater), showgirls like Kelsey Dillon, and Bobbi Jones and the Dancing Princesses Revue from Victoria's Place in Princess River, all come in and be photographed 'properly' by Jonathan in the Linton Clinic Annex.

Tania had been to the Downtown Men's Club and made it the subject of her review. I don't know how Jonathan sat through it. I know I was all squirmy as we read it together.

"I went to the Downtown Men's Club last weekend," Tania wrote. "Yes, me, Tania Scott, and, no, I wasn't a performer.

"All I had to do to get my 20-dollar 'membership' was to wear Ken's tux, flatten my hair, and act like a man. In other words, be boorish and leer at the pretty girls.

"With Ken with me for support, we entered the lush confines of the Men's Club. Surprise! I wasn't the only woman member. There must have been fifty women dressed in tuxes or men's suits like me. Along with us were over a hundred men, 'real' men.

"So what's the entertainment? Strippers, of course, gorgeous, facsimiles of females. Facsimiles, of course, because even though these so-called women strip to the buff, certain strings in place show that these girls have visited the Benet Boutique."

"What does that mean?" whispered Jonathan to me.

"I'll tell you later," I whispered back. He nodded while Jane was staring at me, her lipstick in a straight line across her mouth. She didn't like Jonathan being all friendly with me, whispering in my ear, making my earring seem to dance.

"That's what Pete Smith told me," Tania's words went on, "as I interviewed her, him, at my table, where he, she, tried to entice me into a lap dance.

"'Maybe Ken on his birthday,' I suggested—at which point Pete parked his cute little *derrière* in my hubby's lap and proceeded to give Kenny Boy quite a thrill.

"I noticed several girls doing the same for men and women in the Men's Club. 'We love connecting with the audience,' said Pete, my squeeze's arm around her bare shoulders, a hand on a stockinged thigh. 'It's the best part of the show, teasing men like your husband.'

"Best part for me was Kelsey Dillon. Her costumes and quick changes tantalize the eye. She might be the prettiest 'girl' in the Valley.

"Every man in the club wanted Kelsey at their table, smiling and partying until the club closed. If you like getting up close and personal with the performers, Downtown is definitely the place."

"There'll be a change in the publishing list at the end," said Jane. Bonnie congratulated Tania on writing such an entertaining piece, while Jonathan looked definitely green. "You'll see that Jonathan has been added to the staff list," Jane said, "but Michelle is now Women's Editor, assistant editor after me."

"You two getting back together, are you?" asked Tania, making Jane smoulder as she looked at our Entertainment writer.

"Jeff 's back for Halloween," I told her, feeling Jonathan's eyes studying me.

"That's one of our biggest celebrations of the year," Tania told Jonathan. "You'll really enjoy it. It's such a blast. The costumes are so great. You can't tell men from women, or boys from girls!"

That did it. Jonathan didn't just look sick, he *was* sick. Frantically he looked around, searching for something. He found it and grabbed it. It was a wastebasket, and Jonathan was vomiting into it right in front of everyone in the room.



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Jeff came home for Halloween. I'd forgotten how sweet he could be. He saw me in the airport and ran to me, throwing his arms about me. He buried his head against me and kissed me so hard while all about us people were applauding and cheering him on.

"Oh, darling," Jeff finally said to me. "You're so beautiful, such a sight for sore eyes. We have to get back to the apartment right away, or find a room!"

"Jeff!" I had to say to him. "Slow down! Danielle's here with me, as well."

Jeff's arm was tight about me. He wanted to kiss me some more. I wouldn't have minded, as I was thoroughly aroused by his appreciation of me as a woman. He loved my scent and my new hair style. My makeup was fantastic; and he'd forgotten, he said, what a great body I had.

With all his praise, I felt as if my breasts were perkier than normal. I swished in my tight skirt across to the luggage retrieval. Jeff's eyes opened when the dark-haired, young woman stood up from a chair and swayed over to meet her brother.

"Gosh, Peter," spluttered Jeff. "Is that you?"

"I told you he'd say that, didn't I?" said Danielle, her leather skirt and leopard-skin painted jacket making her look so cute with her new pink lipstick and heavily outlined eyes.

"You—you're walking like Michelle!" said Jeff, shaking with surprise at seeing and hearing how feminine his 'sister' was becoming under my tutelage.

Jeff had his arm about me, hugging me, as Danielle pointed out all the women who were milling

about us—a lot of tall women, too, many with deep voices.

“What was it like on the plane?” I asked the playful Jeff.

“When I got on, I was with a planeload of men,” said Jeff, squeezing me. “Then, a couple got up and went back in the plane. When they came back to sit down, they were girls, those two brunettes over there in the pink suits. When I looked around, all the guys I’d lined up to get on with were being replaced, by heavily made-up women! I think there were only five or six guys left on the whole plane.”

Melinda Wells, a stewardess, went by, waving to me as she swished out of the airport.

“She said Trans-It Tours was booking every seat they could, to get their clients into Raybold, for Halloween,” said Jeff as he hugged and fondled me. “I guess every hotel is packed. Council’s even arranging for billeting in private homes. This is going to be a glorious Halloween. I just had to be here to see it all!”

“You won’t believe the costume Michelle’s wearing for Halloween,” said Danielle as Jeff’s bag appeared on the carousel. We were able to leave through the crowds of smiling women all over the entranceway to the Airport. As I expected, there were buses with Trans-It Adventures logos on them lined up to receive passengers. Young and eager hosts and hostesses, school kids from Tyson mainly, waited for the ‘New Women.’

Many of the hostesses knew me and said, “Hello, Miss Little,” as we passed. They were all so bright and smiley as they assisted the nervous, female-dressed persons from the airport. Several buses were heading into Raybold and even a couple to Slayton. There must be a huge crowd coming in, I thought.

There was. I think Dave could have challenged Mayor Lois Slayton’s estimate of 10,000 visitors to

the Valley for Halloween. At times, on the street, it sure seemed larger.

‘Halloween Bonanza to the Valley!’ screamed the headline in *The Queen of the Valley*. I think that was right. ‘Over 10,000 Visitors Strain Valley Resources: Never Seen Anything Like This! – Mayor’ was the subtitle for Dave Richardson’s article, which took up the whole front page.

Melinda Wells had been right. Private homes were being organized for shelter by the Council Clerk, Jane Dillon, Danielle’s boss. Jane Dillon looked really fetching as a dance hall queen, with long hair and a pink ostrich feather, to Mayor Slayton’s ‘cow-boy’ as they briefed us about the arrangements for the night.

Dave quoted Mayor Lois as saying that the Valley hadn’t needed too many extra, emergency rooms. “The weather was so mild,” she said. “Most people stayed on the streets throughout the night!”

Martina King, CEO of Trans-It Adventures, told Dave that her ‘tours’ were over-subscribed this year. Usually, there were no-shows, but not this year. “Transgendered people like me,” she said, “have had such a good time at Princess River and Raybold that everyone I know wants to be here for Halloween.”

The celebrations proved to be a resounding success as *Princesses on Parade*, using the streets instead of the Prince Charming Marquee, led off with parades and dancing for two days of Pre-Halloween.

Martina told Dave—I could hear her gushing drawl as he wrote what she said—that “not only does the whole Valley dress up but everyone gets into character so well. The girls I bring in have found it so easy to be the girl of their dreams here. And the hosts from Princess River are as charming as ever!”

Jonathan Forrest captured the swirl of the Princesses’ dresses really well as they went out into the

crowds and brought back dancing partners. I shouldn't have stood so close to the front to see. At the first split, when dancing partners find new boys and girls to dance with, I was whisked away by this really tall basketball player who said I was even more sweetly dressed than the Princesses! He had to kiss me.

It was like that all night long. Jeff was miffed, I think, at all the attention I got. I was The Good Fairy for Halloween, my glittering costume, complete with wings and tiara, leaving very little to the imagination. I sprinkled my fairy dust on everyone! Smiling guys had to kiss me, they said, because I'd put a spell on them.

It was lucky we lived so close to the festivities, because Jeff was as horny each night as he had been from the moment he got in. He hadn't even noticed that Jonathan had a model show going on the top floor across the street. Jonathan was photographing one of Jean Cranston's classes from Del Monte in what he called "Christmas presents from the guys"—nighties, bras, garter belts, stockings and lingerie sets.

We hardly got inside the Delaney Apartments foyer, away from *Princesses on Parade*, when Jeff had me against the wall, pulling down my panties. My dress was raised as he boffed me standing up before I was allowed to follow our neighbors into the excitement on the streets.

Lacey Smith and the Wyatt 'sisters', dressed like ladies of the French Court, came swishing down the stairs one night and caught us. They were highly amused. "Enjoy, Michelle!" squealed Lacey. Jacqueline and Josephine followed with the same words.

"They should have said, 'Enjoy, Jeff'," said my boyfriend as he lifted me against him, my silvery blue panties falling down my silvery stockings to my knees. I clung to him and wasn't about to let go, not

when his hands, on my tush and thighs, were caressing me, making me tremble with female desire. "I'm the one doing all the work!"

That wasn't true, of course. I was trying to teach Danielle how to be a girl like me. I kept saying that that meant submitting a lot to a guy and doing the female things he wanted you to do for him. So, I didn't argue with Jeff. I didn't want to. I wanted so much to have him love me as I felt so girlish in my costume.

A girl like me needed to be adored by a man, I thought, as I danced against Jeff. He finally turned me about in my ava, ignoring it as I lifted a leg so high about him, wiggling to accommodate Jeff inside me. I was hurting a lot to start off with, my arousal not being attended to in the 'quickie'. I gave Jeff what he wanted. He didn't even try to make me come, just groaning as he satisfied himself with me, pulling down my fairy's dress to kiss my braless, straining breasts.

I sprinkled him with more stardust on his foppish Riverboat Gambler costume, putting more gloss on my trembling lips before we went back to the street. Jeff couldn't hold onto me for long. I was far too girlishly aroused, enjoying dancing like a fairy. Suddenly, a blinding light went off in front of me. I knew it was Jonathan, taking my picture.

"Prettiest picture of this night!" Jonathan yelled. It was the only way you could talk on Upper Glass Street or Raybold Avenue on Halloween.

"My boyfriend, Jeff Morton," I breathlessly told Jonathan. The two nodded warily to each other. I shivered, wondering if Jonathan could sense what I'd just been doing with Jeff. Jonathan smiled, told me again how lovely I was, and said he'd other pictures to take. Breanne and Ellen were looking for me, Jonathan said, worried about what they were to do.

“He doesn’t have to tell another man’s girl how pretty she is, *twice*,” complained Jeff. I took his hand and wiggled as I joined the lines of gyrating women down the street towards the Garth and the clubs beyond.

I danced and swirled, men picking me up and twirling me around so much that I did lose Jeff for a while. So, I got to see a little of what was going on. I did my job as girl reporter and woman editor.

I found Danielle in tears. The boy she’d been coaxing to be her boyfriend was dressed as a beauty queen for Halloween. “You were right,” she lilted at me in the feminine voice we’d practiced together so much. “The only reason *Charlotte*,” she sneered as she used the word, “was going with me was to get into my panties. If they *fitted* him, of course. Oh, there’s your photographer friend, Michelle, and Bonnie Schultz. I guess they want you for work. Don’t worry about me. I’m going down to Franco’s to dance in the cage as you used to do.”

I turned as two smiling deputies were trying to send a persistent Mr. Spock on his way. “Just one kiss,” the young drunk was pleading with Cindy Rennie. She let him have a kiss, quite a passion-rouser for both of them. Jonathan took the picture. We published it when we found out the kid’s name was Larry Mason. He’d kissed every deputy on the streets that night, including the smiling Rachel Smith, now swishing off with her partner.

For Dave’s front-page article, he interviewed Sheriff Joanne Conan and found out that there were few arrests on Halloween night, or the nights before. All the deputies were on duty, including some new, ultra-feminine recruits, very nervous to be out in female uniforms for the first time.

I’d have been nervous as well, since I knew that the ‘recruits’ were all male, as were all the deputies. Many were in makeup, breast forms, short skirts,

pantyhose, and wigs for the first time in public. To have the Larry Masons of the world asking to kiss them—well, it must have been hard for the newbies to survive that first night, wondering what in the world they'd let themselves in for.

“Most offenses were for being a little too drunk,” laughed Joanne Conan. “Many out-of-towners simply wanted to kiss a deputy, and wouldn't stop at one. We let them out in the morning, washed, cleaned and shaved. The deputies had a great time, reminding them what they wanted the night before, making them live up to their promises. Our trainees are really loving being deputies in the Valley!”

Bonnie looked gorgeous as Little Bo-peep. She and I joined the dance floor at the Garth with two football players, since her husband and my boyfriend weren't around. As we saw right away, the theme of this year's Halloween seemed to be role reversal. The girls in their pads and Tyson shirts had to kiss us. That was when Jeff and David found us, charging at us, looking most foolish when the girls from Tyson told them that they couldn't cut in with us.

Our two-page spread was based mainly on Jonathan's photographs. One of the first photographs I'd had Jonathan take was one of Mayor Slayton as a cowboy, while her husband was Marilyn Monroe. Man, did Doug Slayton look just like Marilyn, from the platinum blonde hair and beauty spot to the slim girlish figure and full breasts he seemed to have. He was constantly swishing his dress as well to show off the stockings and garter belt he was wearing, as well as the white panties with the white dress.

Did I mention that it was 'role reversal' night? At the Garth, Melinda Wells, as Cinderella, was crowned Queen, while her King was Ashley Wilson! She looked great as Paul Revere, firing off her muskets and yelling “The British are coming! The British are coming!” This amused a bunch of tourists im-

mensely as they were from England, dressed like schoolgirls in the main.

I made Jonathan take a picture of John and Melissa Taggart as well, winners of the Couples Prize at the Ellis. It's funny but whenever they're introduced as 'John and Melissa', you immediately think it's John as the knight with the sword—perhaps because 'he' is the taller of the two. Melissa is so cute as well, with masses of curly hair that she says is natural.

Except that what I've written is wrong! John is the smaller, feminine one with the masses of curly hair, in the strapless evening gown, while Melissa is the tall knight. I wanted to talk to them about the *New Men's* club that was now open. It's being run by them, as well as the *Downtown*, a couple of girls who worked there as dancers told me.

Kelly Gibson was Superman and so her significant other, Councillor Joe Gibson, had to be Lois Lane. "I just had to come as a boy this year," said Kelly. "I haven't in so many years. So, Joe had to be my mummy!"

"No, it's not my thing," Joe Gibson said to me, after I helped 'her' to walk a little more swishily in her high heels. "But I couldn't let Kelly down. She's such a perfect wife to me these days. One day won't make a difference."

I shivered, remembering when I'd said exactly the same thing, as Jane Edwards helped me to put stockings on and attach them to my first garter belt. And look at me now, my hair all loose and lightly tinted, with silver and stardust. I wasn't wearing a bra, and my breasts were so bouncy. I was so aroused that my nipples showed through my light, sparkling dress.

There was a whole row of footballers coming at us, giggling as they chased the 'Slave Girls of Grade 12'. Jonathan snapped a picture of the slave girls, all in muslin skirts and tiny bikinis, matching earrings

and ponytails, their makeup heavy but very effective. They looked as if they'd just stepped out of *Transformers*, which they probably had. I left Ellen to get their names.

"Stan, Len, Brent, Joe and Ray?" asked Jonathan in the meeting the next day. Ellen blushed as he asked her, a girl reporter like me, if she'd got it right.

"Halloween," I said to Jonathan. He stopped and stared at me in my dark blue suit, with its tight, figure-hugging jacket and skirt, my hair in a ponytail, nothing like the way I'd been dressed on the streets the night before.

Bonnie laughed at the look on Jonathan's face. "I think he's beginning to get it, Michelle," she said in front of everyone. "He's beginning to realize that it's Halloween every day here in Raybold and Slayton." Bonnie had gone up to Slayton and brought back photographs of Moira White, the Halloween Queen of the Ladybird, and her King, Alison Street, in a red Mountie uniform.

"Some people didn't totally enter the role reversal theme," I'd written. "John Stephens, of course, had his Laura, but many out-of-towners, workers on construction sites from all over the Valley, dressed up mainly as cowboys, and had a great time!"

The 'Reverend' John Stephens and Laura Beman, dressed as Pollyanna, were presented with the Power Couple award from the Roxy, something Joe Gibson had started the year before. As Lois Lane with Superman beside him, Joe presented the award to John and Laura. I made sure Jonathan got that picture, though he didn't know why. I said I'd tell him later.

"I think you've got the labels wrong on these pictures," said Jonathan at the meeting with Breanne and Ellen to plan the Halloween article. I looked and had to smile. He'd mixed up John and Melissa

Taggart, thinking the person on the left was Melissa when she wasn't. She was John.

"It was a role reversal night," I repeated softly to him.

Jonathan blushed. "That's a *guy*," he said, pointing to a picture of a moustachioed Linda Emerson kissing 'wife' Natalie Simpson, all dressed up like one of Franco's go-go dancers. Francine Jones, in a dark sailor's uniform, was kissing an evening-gowned William French, his eyes closed in ecstasy at the kiss he, dressed as a she, was receiving. I didn't know what William's 'femme' name was. We had to leave that one as it was.

Jonathan didn't know what to make of the picture of Ellen and Breanne, dressed as stewardesses, hanging on to their out-of-town cowboys, smiling as they pawed the girls who were now about to write about them. We got a picture of Jo Boyd as well in a deputy's uniform that was so real, I didn't know if she was a trainee or not. I should have checked, but didn't have time before we went to press. Jo had her picture beside Cindy Rennie's, showing Cindy lip-locked with Larry Mason.

Barry Smith looked really lovely as a bride again. His long blonde hair was so fabulous. It must have taken him hours to get it perfectly right for his night as a bride. This time he was escorted by Lois Kearns in a soldier's uniform, her hair gelled flat and with a little mustache and fake eyebrows. They really did look very good together, with Barry pouting at 'her' groom with smouldering, beautifully madeup eyes. I expected to see Barry in the next *Transformers* ad. He looked that good, that authentic, and what a female figure!

Another picture the girls picked out was one of Charlotte Garner, Miss First-Timer at the Garth. I loved the sweep of Charlotte's hair and the thin straps of his evening gown. It was only when Danielle

got mad at me and asked me how I could put 'his' picture in the paper that I recalled just who Charlotte was, her former boyfriend.

I'd stopped the cowboys taking off with Tara Elliott and the Lees, Wendy and his girlfriend Mary, whom they seemed oblivious to. "Why spend so much time," I'd asked them archly, in my little girl voice, and in my sparkly fairy outfit, dancing about them, "with transgendered or cross-dressed boys?"

I wrote about that at the end of the column that had all four of us girls' names on it. "You can't tell," Pete Martin told me, his friends agreeing. "Besides, the girls here are very, very friendly. Aren't you?"

"They're incredibly friendly," said another of his friends, moving in on me and touching my fairy wings. "I kissed a cop already and they're all guys. She smelled of Chanel like my girl friend back home. So do you, Tinkerbell."

"Look out," said another of the cowboys. "Here's boyfriend coming."

Jeff, furious, stormed past the adorable Slave Girls, all wanting to be kissed by a real man. I wished Jeff wasn't so macho and had stopped a little to enjoy himself and please the 'slave girls'. I was working, after all.

"The deputy said she'll party with me after her shift is over," said the cowboy who'd called me Tinkerbell. "I hope she will, unless a beautiful fairy wants to ditch the riverboat gambler."

I felt a little tingle going through me as the cowboy pulled me against him and hugged me, kissing my neck. "Sorry, but I love my boyfriend," I said, feeling all queasy when I said that out loud.

"Doesn't matter," said the cowboy with a big smile. "What we all love here is how everyone acts the way they're dressed. Fairies are fairies, aren't they? And

go-go girls are cute as buttons down at Franco's, and always willing to party with us after the club lets out. I usually go home with a couple of girls who live together. We all do!"

Franco's wasn't big on reversals. Mike Tennant, the pretty Queen, dressed as a Princess, we caught bussing Ed Ryan, the king, very passionately. Last year's Queen, Rod Blaine, in a gown I'd seen in Melanie's and should have bought, was applauding her pretty successor who seemed to be really stuck on her King.

I wanted Jim Rayburn's picture in, as well, because he really did look like Elvis. He could dance like him, too. Jonathan got a picture of him with one of the go-go dancers at Franco's rather than me. I'd loved dancing with Elvis, but it made Jeff pretty jealous. That was when he'd told me abruptly we were going home.

I was so worked up that I didn't mind. I knew what was going to happen to me as soon as we set foot in the Delaney apartment. I wasn't disappointed. Jeff was so masterful. He made me keep my garter belt, stockings and a va on, throwing me onto the bed to make love to me.

I was the girliest of girls. I thought I was matching the way I was treated. It was so thrilling as I was climaxed femininely after a night filled with tension and excitement. Jeff covered what I was doing with my panties and pressed me down, insisting my legs rise up around him. Ooo! I bounced and bounced as Jeff fitted himself deeply into me.

We could hear the roaring on the streets as the dancing and partying spread but I spent the last hours of the fabulous street party on my back, accommodating my boyfriend, who confessed that he'd popped more than one blue pill earlier. I thought we were going to have to limp over to the Clinic for a while, as his erection lasted so long.

I mean, I was sated. I think that I was actually sated several times, but Jeff still wanted me on his pole, my breasts so often in his mouth that my little manhood was as hard as his, most of the time. Just as I was thinking I'd to have to embarrass myself by walking my boyfriend over to the Clinic, because he was so aroused in making love to me, Jeff finally relaxed.

We cuddled asleep together in bed, where we stayed for almost the whole of the next blissful day. Danielle told me, as I tied a short robe about my naked body, that her mom and dad were angry that Jeff hadn't come to see them when he was home.

"What can I tell them?" Danielle asked me, holding my Good Fairy costume against herself. Jeff had torn most of it from me before we'd even sped into the apartment, our desire for sex overcoming both of us. Ooo, yes, I really did think that I was a girl! I really acted like one!

Jeff called for me to come back to bed. He needed his goddess, me. I was embarrassed as I couldn't think of anything to say to Danielle but, "Tell them he studied late last night and is asleep with his books".

"No one in our family will believe that," said Danielle testily. "And if I tell them he's bonking you all day, they'll order me to wash out my mouth with soap and not say nasty things about the golden-haired boy."

Jeff didn't really have golden hair. He was quite dark, everywhere.

"What a fabulous Halloween!" wrote Stephen 'Sissy' Colby of Baltimore, in the first letter I opened when I crawled in to work and began putting the paper together. "Congratulations to your city on such a wild party. And, oh, how I love your cops! I wish I had the legs to be able to join your sheriff's department!"

"Here's another letter from Ruth Bentley," said Jane, neat and ladylike in her grey suit and dark blue blouse. "I think you're right, Michelle. Since the Sheriff's Department is dragging its feet over this *New Men's Club* folly, we're going to do an investigation ourselves. You and Bonnie will do, it as the other girls are too naïve. Print this letter and the one from Arlene Ford. It's about time we got the police moving on this."

Arlene Ford had written that she, like me, really objected to the ads for a 'New Men's Club'. "I object to New Men," she'd written. "This club is just an excuse for immorality. I know several wives here in Slayton who drive into Raybold, to have pretty boys in girls' skimpy underwear do things for them that girls did for men in the past. It isn't right with men and girls! And it isn't right with my friends! They call me a prude and say it's innocent fun. Who's getting hurt? The boys are enjoying themselves, and so are those women on a night in town! The Sheriff should be investigating and not prancing all around town with his boyfriends! Yes, he and his wife have acquired many for their love nest!"

"We can't print this!" I said to Jane. "It's all unproven. It's libelous!"

"I know," sighed Jane. "Um, Chanel perfume? Jeff treats his goddess well, doesn't he?" That made all the others look at me and smile. I really didn't know where Jane would have heard that term, save from Danielle, who might have used it in the Council buildings. I shivered and flushed as Jane smiled at me and the letter. "Cut it down, Michelle, and run it by Jacqueline Wyatt for libel. She lives in your apartment building. I have a comment here that you can put with Ruth's letter, by the way."

Ruth Bentley had asked if the Downtown Men's Club and the New Men's Club were the same thing. "Why do we need private men's clubs anyway?" she'd

asked ingenuously. "What are they doing in there, in private, that they can't do in public?"

Jane had added an Editor's Note which read: 'Good letters. We'll be sending Michelle and Bonnie on the investigative trail for the next issue. Hope to have the answers to the question of Men's Clubs by then'.

"We should send Jonathan," said Tania with a bright smile. "He's a man!"

"And no journalist!" said Jonathan, looking at the ads laid out on my desk.

"The ads for Melanie's, Rayburn Stores, Quinlans, Cecilia Storm's, La Fortuna, and the Romeo and Juliet Center will be carried in the new papers we're releasing with the agri-business updates," I told Jane as I pushed forward an ad for the Benet Boutique. Patti, the salesgirl, in a bikini, was saying how she felt like a real woman. 'Special undergarments for the discriminating male' was the slogan. It went by all of us girls without a flutter, but clearly left Jonathan in a tizzy.

Jane Fisher's had an ad in the local edition because they insisted. They wanted one in the most read edition of the paper, the local edition, with Halloween pictures. Jane said that our run was going to be increased again. Almost every household in the Valley, and some outside, were taking our paper now. Princess River was taking two thousand copies per month. There was no letup in sight even before Christmas.

"I spoke to Alice Dupont," Jane said with a smile to me. "You and she will get together after your New Men's Club investigation. The Maya Sorority has decided to allow an article about them after all."

"Who are they?" asked Jonathan.

"You'll find out later," said Jane smoothly. "So, Michelle, Page Two?"

"We still have space," I began.

"I've got a little news story for page three," said Jane. That brought frowns to the faces of Dave, Tania, Bonnie and me. It wasn't anything good when Jane snapped at me as she had. "I'll tell you when the last item is settled for this issue."

"The fuss over football is over?" I asked.

"One day after we published," said Jane bitterly, "the shenanigans were over. The whole problem was what the coach does when not coaching. In my editorial, I'm going to say Miller Weston saw the light and will take another assignment at Tyson when football is over."

I shuddered at that. Jonathan saw me and looked at me as if I'd gone crazy or something. But Estelle Edwards was not to be trifled with. If Miller Weston thought he could coach football and then disappear, he was an idiot. He'd end up like LeeAnn Charles and Donna Gardner, for sure, by the end of the school year. I'd bet money on it.

I tried to get Jane to change what she wrote about her sister in her editorial. "Why is Estelle Edwards, yes, sister to the publisher of this paper," Jane had written, "insisting Miller be part of the Beauty Culture department? Come on, Estelle. You got away with such games with Donna, but your treatment of men at Tyson doesn't help find a solution to the problem of men."

Jane didn't want to change a word. She didn't like me allocating space for a story by Tania about Karen Holcomb, who'd joined Europa Models in Paris. Jean Del Monte (Councillor Jean Cranston to all of us in the Valley) had used contacts in the fashion world and got the girl an interview with Serge Maillon, the

designer. Karen was to be on the runway for Serge and other designers in Italy as well.

Tania had quoted Karen from Europe. "I'm so excited," Karen 'gushed' over the phone. "I'm living my dream!" Karen was an original Princess on Parade and appeared in the film, *Girls With Attitudes*, with Holly Irving.

Bonnie had been out to Tyson. She shared in the relief that high-school football was saved for this year. "With the stands at Tyson Stadium packed with screaming members of the Ponytail Club, the Titans won their first game of the season after three humiliating losses," she reported.

"The Brampton HS coach was infuriated with his team, who he said 'spent more time ogling the girls of Tyson than playing the men of Tyson.'"

According to Bonnie, the cheerleaders had saved several new and sexy routines for this home game. Their 'whammy' cheer distracted the Brampton quarterback who fumbled twice on 'whammies'; the moving hips of the Tyson cheerleaders were too much for him.

Miller Weston was relieved to win and didn't want to talk about what he was doing after football. Bonnie revealed, however, from other sources, that Miller would be an assistant to Beauty Culture head Donna Edwards, when the season ended. He was supposed to have said he could do anything for six months. He would receive a bonus, of course, for winning the Brampton game—but only if he was at Tyson at year's end.

Bonnie May was chosen 'Queen of Football' at the game by the other cheerleaders. Jonathan captured her with Doug Roberts, the quarterback, after the game, giving him a big kiss. I remember Jonathan saying it was a great game, the cheerleaders were cute, and really inspiring to the team.



Bonnie Schultz ended her story by revealing that Donna expected her assistant to be a female model in her classes. “Miller knows it,” Donna apparently said to Bonnie. “Estelle says that, in December, he’ll be completely in my hands. I hope he’ll enjoy the pretty dresses I’ve planned for him to wear.”

“What do you think?” asked Jane with a grin as I read that to her in her office, everyone gone but the two of us. We agreed that we couldn’t print Bonnie’s last paragraph.

“I think Miller’s going to run out of the stadium after his last game,” I told Jane seriously. “And he’s going to keep on running.”

“That’s what you’d do?” Jane asked.

“Yes,” I said nervously, Jane moving in on me, stroking my arm.

“Your boyfriend’s away now, isn’t he?” Jane said. “How about the two of us go out tonight, girls together, for old time’s sake?”

I stammered that I couldn’t, but Jane hugged me, deliberately caressing my breasts with hers. She kissed me, her lipstick sliding over mine. I responded hungrily as if I hadn’t been kissed in days—yet Jeff had only left that morning. Like a fool, I agreed to put on a flirty dance dress and to meet Jane in the Garth. We’d go ‘trolling’ as we’d done as girls before, in and out of the city’s clubs.

“Oh, yes, the big news for the box on Page Three,” said Jane with a smile, “is that *The Queen of the Valley* has finally been sold by Merritt Carpenter. It’s been purchased by the Stephens Group. That’s right, John Stephens and Laura Beman are our bosses now.”

“But, that means—” I said nervously.

“Your job is safe,” said Jane with a smile. “John’s already told me nothing is to change. He loves what

we're doing with the local edition and the new supplements. He says he and Laura love the paper. He wants to keep it as it is."

"Jonathan might not like that," I said to the woman I'd just made a date with.

"Too bad," said Jane with a wry smile. "Wow, Michelle, you've packed the back pages in this issue, haven't you, with all the Prom news and more stories. Our readers are really going to get their money's worth from this month's issue of *The Queen*."

It was my new job, I wanted to tell her. I was trying to do my best. I read over Tania's column with Jane. Tania had begun: "Not only was Halloween hectic on Raybold Avenue, but new shows started popping up all over the place, new places opening in Slayton, as well. The old Cherry Blossom Theater, it used to be the Tea Room, has been re-furbished with a brand new dinner theater (the Chinese buffet is wonderful!!!).

"The first play, *I Need a Wife*, features, what else in the Valley these days, female impersonators. Rhonda Martin is not, actually, but she plays the husband. Yes, all the men are women in this production and the women, men; save for Tara Elliott, who seems to be both. Husband needs a replacement for an absent wife and his assistant (Tara) must fill in, while randy security and husband's boss make for typical bedroom farce. Lots of laughs from the way women show us what men are like and men show us how women of all types behave in a crisis, such as when they're kissed by men with mustaches.

"While in Slayton, went to the Queen Rose Ball-room, all a-glitter with chandeliers. The men did look good in their tuxes. I felt a little out of place, however, as I was the only one in a gown in our group who was a real woman. Not that I'd have known until Ken filled me in.

"I didn't realize Fridays are for the Maya Sorority, an all-male group that's existed in the Valley for years and years. I didn't know it existed, a society where men who like to dress as women can do so in private. Half of the group apparently came in male dress and the other half as females. It was such an elegant affair. The 'women', matrons like my mother for the most part, did make me feel a part of the ball by the end of the night. Thank you, Ella and Penny, my new 'girl' friends.

"Jackie Ray leaving?" was Tania's next story. "I had to talk to her, him. Soon it will be her and no him. Yes, Jackie's joining our side, taking SRS as a 'Christmas present' this year. 'I don't know that I'll be able to work here after,' Jackie admitted candidly to me. 'I just might change my name and start all over as a female thrush!"

"Jackie's already undergone so many changes since she first started here, three years ago. She's been living as a woman, 'twenty-four seven', she says, for the last two years, in the Valley.

With small space left, I'd picked new ads for the local issue. The Queen Rose Ballroom ad showed an elegant man and woman dancing. "She' was a former princess, Michelle Rodway. I loved the rounded neck on 'her' dress, only one thin strap over her shoulder. It really made her breasts appear perfectly shaped for a woman.

"She does have a lovely falsetto, does Michelle," said Tania. "She was better as she went along. I wouldn't have known it wasn't a girl singing by the end of the night."

I saw Jonathan's face as he looked at Michelle Rodway's picture and listened to Tania. It was so easy for us to talk about our friends as we did. But poor Jonathan was looking as if he'd been dropped into Hell and didn't know how to get out.

"I—I thought she meant *you*, with a lovely falsetto," Jonathan said to me after Tania had left with her copy of the latest local issue. "Gosh, does the paper always look like this, the local edition, that is?"

"Pretty much," I said.

"But you didn't put in the picture of you that I took," protested Jonathan.

"As I recall, you took a dozen of me," I told him. Jonathan actually blushed.

"You should have been in the paper," he said sullenly and then perked up. "But I guess you wouldn't want to be pictured with all the cross-dressers and transvestites in this issue, would you?"

I didn't have to answer as Jane came, put her arm under mine, and led me off to prepare for our date that night. Actually, it was rather nice that there was one person in town, Jonathan, who admired me as a woman and didn't know at all that I wasn't!

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I had to go up to Jonathan's 'studio', as everyone was calling it, and supervise some of his shoots with the models, whom different stores wanted in their advertising. Melanie's wanted Andrea May and Josie Lyon. Josie looked stunning with her shortish blonde hair and blue eyes.

Strangely, I got a little agitated looking at her being arranged in a bed by Jonathan. When Josie simpered at Jonathan, he caught her look. I could see that both of them were getting excited by the shoot.

I left the listing of who was doing what, in each set of pictures, with Andrea, tall and rail-thin as a model should be, and told her Ellen would be over to assist Jonathan with finishing the shoot. I just couldn't watch Jonathan touching Josie's bare leg and listen

to her purring like a kitten when he did that. Jealousy swept over me. It was so ridiculous as I had a boyfriend, Jeff Morton, as well as a girlfriend, Jane Edwards, whom I had a date with, that night, after I finished the investigation I was doing for her.

“She doesn’t need to hurry,” said Andrea, as Josie rolled over and turned so that her breasts and cleavage were revealed. She arched a finger at the corner of her mouth, her thin eyebrows frowning as if in a quandary. Jonathan was busy snapping her as she rolled over the bed and pouted. Josie did several looks for him that would never go into a clothes flyer, I thought, but he went on, not even noticing I was leaving.

I had to meet with Fenella Tarren, manager of the Downtown Men’s Club, who didn’t mind at all that Bonnie and I were ‘investigating’ her club. She and Bonnie were getting along famously when I joined them, laughing over different odd things their husbands did that amused them. Fenella was a recent newlywed, she said, though she was in her thirties.

“How did you get permission to enter the New Men’s Club?” Fenella asked us frankly. I couldn’t tell if she was a man. I was suspicious of every girl in the Valley whom I didn’t know personally. I presumed them all to be boy-girls like me. But Fenella gave me no indication in anything she did that she was anything but female.

“Jane talked to Estelle, who talked to Melissa Taggart,” I said. “They set the ground rules.”

Fenella wanted to know what they were. “Read the article if we ever write it,” I told Fenella with a touch of emotion in my voice. I really wasn’t looking forward to going into the New Men’s Club as one of the girls who worked there. To start off with, I knew it was a misnomer to say ‘girls’, since none of the performers were real girls. And I had to be a performer. That was part of the ground rules. Melissa Taggart insisted it

be me, not Bonnie, who was to be a performer at the New Men's Club.

Jane was really lovey-dovey with me all week long. We went out with some guys. She worked it that we kissed them 'goodnight' before we got into a taxi and went back to her place. She was all the things that Jeff hadn't been. She was gentle and romantic and kissed me so softly. She took her time to caress and arouse me on the sofa, and encouraged me to do to her what she was doing to me. It was so fantastic to touch and kiss another woman's breast as she'd done to me. She wasn't bothered about who was on top and who wasn't. That was such a dizzying idea after how she'd been before, and how Jeff always treated me.

One thing led to another. Jane and I were lovers again. Jane didn't say we were lesbians, although I felt as if we were. I wore an ava beneath my panties on Sunday as we went to Franco's and then The Eye. Jane loved it and was so gentle about using her tongue on me, as if I was her lesbian partner.

I couldn't believe the ecstasy I achieved and how I burst the dam that usually built up inside me when I wore the ava. She wouldn't let me take it off as I went orgasmic and convulsed beneath her, her breasts sliding so sensuously over mine as we kissed. Jane's soft fingers on my breasts, her thighs about and around mine, enthralled me. Oh, I was a woman! I was! I was!

I went into the New Men's Club in a daze after Jane had made love to me, and, right away, was thrust on stage. I'd been going there for a week for Melissa's training me how to behave as one of her 'girls'. Bonnie and I would share the article we wrote about it all. It was Bonnie who changed my name after she'd written a truthful article at first, 'to protect the innocent'. The 'innocent' she was protecting, of course, was me.

Bonnie, in fact, was given a membership in the New Men's Club. Like other women who attended among the largely female audience - it might have been all-female, but I didn't know - she had to wear a dark suit and men's shoes. She wore no makeup and had to have her hair back in a tight bun. She described the performer's entrance onto the stage in the first part of our 'report'.

"She comes on stage in a sequined little dress and smiles at the audience, flicking her long, blonde hair as she dances to the pole in the center of the stage. She gyrates, she grinds slowly as if passion has overcome her, and shakes as she slowly takes off her dress, revealing a curvaceous, womanly body in black, skimpy panties and a black bra.

"In the course of the dance, as she halts and pouts at us all, she leans forward, showing us the roundedness of her breasts and the arousal of her nipples. We are all aroused as well, the slow, sexy music encouraging both of us into some form of delight, not at all simulated on this side of the stage. Her stockings come off, her garter belt, as she dances in her panties for so long, her bra undone.

"She smiles as she holds the bra at arm's length, wiggling as she poses, elbows in. We see how real and womanly her breasts are. She still has her panties to take off and her G-string. She's receiving bills by the score as she eases the final article of clothing from herself to reveal that, yes, she's a man as we all knew she would be. So many more have to reward her with bills as she allows kisses and stroking. We all want to reward her for her so womanly performance, despite the evidence of our eyes.

"Sherri is 19 years old, an exotic dancer in the New Men's Club. Does it bother her that she's being watched and admired by both men and women, many of whom invite her to their tables for private performances, lap dances, while new girls take Sherri's place on stage?

“No, it doesn’t bother her. ‘I like women,’ coos Sherri, as if that was a problem. She smiles saucily as she puts on her bra and G-string in front of us; but another girlie dancer—*girlie* in this club means that ‘she’ is a boy—tells Sherri to go to Table Six.

“Sherri has a tip jar on her makeup tables with hundreds of dollars in it. Michelle has one as well. Her money was put there by the two of us. We hope not to lose it. The girls do seem very honest about money, especially ‘tips’ from ‘members’ of the club. The girls in the club don’t know that Michelle is a girl reporter on assignment. They smile and tell Michelle she must do what they do: go into the audience when men or women request her.

“We’re allowed to watch Sherri from partly drawn curtains at the back of the Table Six alcove. There are two pant-suited women at Table Six (you have to wear pants to be served on the customer side of the New Men’s Club). They’re staring in fascination at Olivia on stage, dancing girlishly, wiggling her breasts at them.

“The pant-suited women spot Michelle in her little dance dress. They want Sherri and her to accompany them to the private room above the stage. The women put their arms about the girls and lead them upstairs.

“The ladies want lap dances, Michelle reports, taking over this narrative, ‘I do what Sherri does, sitting in the member’s lap, gyrating my hips against the woman, flicking my long, blonde hair about her face, which she loves as she strokes me’.

“‘When will we get to see your lovely body on stage?’ Anne Lovett asks me, Michelle. Her hands about my breasts, as I gyrate-dance in her lap, are agitating me. She wants to kiss me, fondle my panties, but Sherri stops her with a giggle, saying that I’ve gone too far with a member who knows that. Anne’s taking advantage of me being a new girl.

“We can’t do that here,’ says Sherri later, pointing to her lovely breasts, showing me where the women caressed me, which was wrong, and where they could touch me, on my smooth, feminized legs. ‘We only go so far *in* the club,’ Sherri says. ‘We touch them; they never touch us. If the member wants more, if they want to make love to you, and all of them, men and women, usually do, you meet them at the Temple or the River Run motel.’

“This is prostitution, we think. ‘Not so,’ according to the tall, good-looking Melissa Taggart, so manly in her dark suit. ‘Meeting on the side is completely consensual,’ she tells us. ‘If you’ve asked for money or been paid here, we let you go right away. Our members and clients know that. If you go to the Temple with a member, quite willingly, to party a little closer, you might get a present and you might not.’

“Melissa wants me, Michelle, to go with Sherri to meet Anne Lovett (not her real name) and her friend, at a party in the Temple. ‘It’s one of those times when a girl as pretty as you, Michelle, or as pretty as Sherri, both perform and click with clients. You both would have gone further, Sherri says, but she’s a good girl and kept you to our rules.’

“Sheriff Joanne Conan was very clear, too, on the law, to both Bonnie and Michelle, in both interviews we had with ‘her’ before doing this assignment. She says she’s been clear with John and Melissa Taggart, owners of both Men’s Clubs.

“Is the New Men’s Club a lesbian club, a parody of the Downtown Men’s Club? Is the idea to exclude women from one club and men from the other? ‘No,’ says Melissa Taggart. ‘We do have lesbians who love our club, particularly the privacy of the New Men’s. Most of the women members, whom I’ve encouraged to join, are family women, out for a night with the girls. It’s amusing and titillating to see how far pretty little boys like Sherri will go to be girls.’

“Sheriff Conan told us she plans to use undercover cops to make sure everything is above board in both clubs.

“The Downtown Men’s Club is quite different from the New Men’s Club. To begin with, the performers are ‘names’, like the acrobatic, exquisitely feminine Pete Smith. The clients are nearly all male. The performers, who’ve had experience in the Garth Revue or as backup dancers, regard themselves totally as women. They’d be shocked to find themselves in the arms of a woman, giving her a lap dance. These girls are totally focussed on pleasing men, as their soft, perfumed, female bodies suggest.

“Michelle found the stripping much more intense in the Downtown as there were men right from the start, before she’d even slipped out of her dress, who wanted to stuff notes into her bra, her panties or stockings. They all wanted kisses and had ingenious ways of giving her their money. They felt her feminine, smooth legs and hips all the time, stroking her breasts with money from the start, making her shiver all over.

“‘I wasn’t so much admired as a woman as hungered after,’ Michelle said to me, Bonnie Schultz, after her performance, stripping to her bra and dancing ‘in the nude’ to immense applause. ‘I was taken right from the stage, in my bra and panties, to lap dance a man. Ooo, that’s so different from lap-dancing a woman.’

“Michelle came back from lap-dancing with five hundred dollars in tips. Gloria, her partner, wanted Michelle to go with her to the Temple. ‘He’s working on the Water Park in Princess River,’ Gloria says. ‘He loved your act, Michelle, and wants a date with you!’

“‘It’s the way it’s done,’ says Downtown manager, Fenella Tarren. ‘What goes on later in hotel rooms is none of our affair. Girls like Pete or Michelle, real goddesses, can say No.’”

I, Michelle, hated the term used for me. I wasn't any kind of goddess. I heard it now being used for girls like Gary Davies and Kelly Rogers, entertainers, Jane Julian, Debbie Allen and Kelsey Dillon. I wasn't like any of them. I asked Bonnie to leave that out. Bonnie told me she had. Later, she told me Jane had put it back in after reading her notes.

"Claudia willingly took Michelle's place with the Water Park guy," Bonnie had written of the end of our two nights in the clubs. "She came back the next day, raving about how wonderful her date the night before had been, how fantastic the sex had been, and how she was going to see him again. Her new boy friend wanted to take her with him when he went to Miami on an extended vacation.

"I told you he was a nice guy," said Gloria. "You missed out on something really good, Michelle."

"Sheriff Joanne Conan told us that the Downtown, like the New Men's Club, operates within the law. 'It's a watered-down version of the escort business of big cities,' she says with a smile. 'It gives my deputies and me some control over the sex trade, which is inevitable in the Valley, what with the way we're growing and the appetites of the people who live here. Girlies who want to be paid for sex can earn several thousand a week, or more if they're as beautiful as Pete Smith or Queen Mary Elizabeth.'" Yes, Jane's ex-'girlfriend' was back and working at the Downtown.

Bonnie took pictures of me performing, of course, but 'Sherri' is an invented character. 'Sherri' is me, and 'Anne Lovett' and her friend were Jane and Estelle Edwards. That was why Melissa and John Taggart let us into their clubs in the first place. I didn't recognize John anywhere, but I heard from Pete Smith that 'she' was one of the girls, Olivia, on stage.

Yes, I stripped like any other girlie, thinking I was exposing what Jane, my loving, darling Jane, wanted

me to do. Yes, Jane made me do a lap dance not only for her but for her sister, who loved me to be upside down with my shaking legs about her head, my ass right in her face where she could kiss it, her hands caressing my naked skin, while I was helpless and there was no one to help me.

I couldn't believe that Estelle paid Melissa Taggart for me. I had no chance to say 'No'. I was bundled off to the Temple Hotel, where Jane joined me with her sister, who didn't want me to make love to her. No, Estelle had her own toys, including a strap-on dildo which she used liberally on me, right in front of her sister. At least, I think she did. I was so groggy after all the dancing I'd done and the drinks that Estelle made me take. I remember Bonnie coming for me and saying nasty things to Jane about what had happened in the Temple. I think Estelle had bonked me, but I don't think I'd done anything to her. The 700 dollars, the 'present', wasn't worth how it made me feel.

I didn't speak to Jane for over a month after this article was published. I couldn't. I felt so abused and betrayed by her. I felt sure she'd lured me to the Temple Hotel as a gift to her sister. I'd never have left the Downtown with that woman. I knew Estelle thought me a slut just like her husband, Donna.

The smirks from the staff, as I left the Temple, were so awful. I burst into tears. Bonnie was there in a little black dress, her hair curled, her makeup so well done. She took me home with David and her. She calmed me down as we decided what we'd write for the paper.

Jane's editorial about her brave reporters was the height of hypocrisy. She entitled it 'Doing the Unmentionable'. She went on about it so much that you were left with no doubts, I thought, that I'd been a prostitute, or worse, that evening. Luckily, the way Bonnie had written the article, it did protect me—and

Jane as well, unfortunately. The sex in the Temple Hotel appeared to have happened to someone else.

“The Valley hasn’t had a problem with prostitution,” Jane wrote piously. Then, she went on as if the problem was with men who wanted ‘all the way’ parties with girls they paid from all the clubs. She was right that licensing the Men’s Clubs skirted the law, but she went on as if it was all the ‘girlies’ fault. They—we—went to clubs deliberately to make a living, servicing men, and some women, sexually. The clubs were just a way the girls advertised themselves and their wares.

The problem was only going to be compounded, according to Jane, when Franco’s and the Garth became Men’s Clubs as well. She ended by hypocritically recommending that Sheriff Joanne Conan keep a sharp eye on the Clubs. “We do not want this unmentionable subject to sully our paper again,” she ended grandiosely.

Jane asked me to comment on the editorial. I couldn’t. The other reporters and Jonathan looked at me as I flushed and shook my new French braid.

“Well, then, let’s get on with the rest of the paper,” said Jane with a bright smile, turning to Dave Richardson.

Dave had a big story about State Representative Dave Gordon and how an extension to the state university was going to be built in the Valley on a Slayton Lake site, proposed 10 years before.

I hardly listened as Dave said he’d talked to former students of Tyson who were ‘gung-ho’ on the project. Brad Williams, on the football team at State, wanted to be closer to home so that he could see more of his girlfriend, Sally. I wondered if I was the only one to realize that that was Sally Karlsen, the pretty boy-girl whose mother kept writing lovely letters about her to the paper.

Bonnie had covered the cases of the three rapists of Princess Marigold. They'd each pleaded guilty and faced long prison terms. Judge Emily Cortwright had each man tell why he'd done it.

John Rees said he wanted Marigold because she was so pretty. He didn't care that she was a man. He did know it. Rocky Rocco said he couldn't help it. The Princess was so lovely. He had to have her. Danny Horton said that he really wanted her and wanted her to love him back. He was the only one to say that he was sorry to Marigold, who was in court.

"Emily is going to throw the book at them," said Dave Richardson.

"As they deserve," said Bonnie.

"Yes, but," began Dave and then he stopped. "See, Jonathan," he said to our photographer. "We're outnumbered here, we men, aren't we?" He knew very well that there were only two real girls in the group of eight at the editorial conference.

Jonathan looked up from the parts of the paper he'd been reading. "I don't think I'd say that," he said and was rewarded by a punch on his arm from Tania Scott, our entertainment writer.

"Such a pretty edition," cut in Jane. "Thank you, Jonathan, for setting up that studio down the street. It's really making the pictures so much clearer. Marigold looks beautiful on the front page, doesn't she? And Michelle in her working outfit, her G-string, as she was entertaining at the Downtown, they're so lovely as well."

"Bonnie took those," said Jonathan. He wasn't looking at me, but he was studying me in my G-string picture. It showed me smiling, I was supposed to, as a guy stuffed a bill into it while I knelt before him on the elevated stage. My arm was positioned so that you couldn't see all of my breasts, just the top and bottom.

"You did do these, though," said Jane sweetly again. Fear and anger went through me as I thought about how she'd ruined any chance that I, as Michelle, might have had to have a normal relationship with Jonathan. *Look at what I was*, Jane could have said out loud. It was what she meant.

The girls in Cecilia Storm's ad, photographed by Jonathan, were twirling around in their flirty little dance dresses. 'Flirty dresses for boys and girls,' said the caption while a beauty queen, Claudia, 'Queen of the Night' at Ladybird, was also there to meet everyone at the Romeo and Juliet Center.

"Carl loved having his picture taken so professionally," cooed Jane as she pointed to the *Transformers* ad. It featured Donna Simon, co-chair of the Maya Sorority, who was ready in her low-cut ball gown for dancing at the Queen Rose. Beth, the newest assistant at *Transformers*, looked so young and so cute with a bow and ribbon in her hair.

"Tania, the back page," said Jane as Jonathan looked tongue-tied. Whether he knew that Donna Simon was a man or not, he couldn't or wouldn't say.

"Michelle did her usual brilliant job, organizing me and the back page," Tania said with a warm smile at me. "She even slipped in a couple of letters about Halloween. It works a lot better, having Jonathan going out with Michelle and bringing back the pictures for the ads."

Jonathan had been skeptical about that trip around, particularly after we visited the Cherry Blossom Theater, taking pictures of the role-reversed actors in *I Need a Wife*. He was really glad of me being there, as I showed him how to treat anyone in a dress as if she was a woman, and anyone in pants as if she was a man.

Jonathan had loved taking pictures of Jane Julian at the Ellis Ballroom, promising to come and see her

perform. The Sweethearts were changed in personnel and were guests of Jane's. They all came on to Jonathan, with banter about how it was so nice to meet a *real man* in the Valley for a change.

"Whew," Jonathan said, looking very pleased with himself. The girls had been really nice to him, batting their eyes and begging him to come back, when they would do a number for him. "I guess I could get to like this Valley."

I didn't say anything about whom he was really talking to, and who were flirting so girlishly with him. I still had to take him on with me to visit the Empire Theater to take pictures of the pantomime artists. Melissa Nader had replaced Jackie Ray at Sylvester's as well, and was smiling and so co-operative with Jonathan, who thought she was really sweet. I didn't disagree as I took him on into several clubs to meet 'girls'. Then there was Andrea Lilly at Roxy's. Her posters showed her completely nude, just the writing concealing her most vital parts. Now *there* was a *goddess*, I thought, but I didn't use the term. I didn't want Jonathan to remember that Jane had used it about *me*.

The letters, by the way, were about Halloween. A lot of people were on Doug Slayton's case. He had looked really feminine in his Marilyn Monroe disguise and dress. I had noted however, 'For heaven's sake, people! It was Halloween! Role reversals are allowed!'

Jane changed my choice to one from an Alan Bell that read, "Loved your Halloween coverage. What do you do with all the pictures you don't print? I'd love one of Michelle as the Good Fairy. I think she's gorgeous!"

Jane had written that she was keeping my photographs in a file in case I ever got involved in politics. Of course, if Alan started a fan club for me, he could have his pick of all the photos of the last Halloween which weren't published. She had been trying to be

sweet to me, I think. Now she was being even sweeter, when I couldn't stand the sight of her.

"I do have to write about Andrea Lilly at the Roxy—the new Kelly Rogers, according to agent Joan Treadwell," Tania wrote in leading off her review. "One thing is for certain, Andrea has a great body and loves to show it off. And yes, she is definitely pre-op, or non-op.

"I thought I'd be writing at last about a girl's act in a Valley club when Andrea stripped to the buff and danced for the SRO crowds at the Roxy. You could have knocked me down with a feather, and Ken with less than that, when Andrea revealed how men can tuck away and disguise themselves with false fronts these days."

Andrea May had done that with Jonathan, removing her bra for him as she draped herself across the set so that Jonathan could see he was indeed photographing a man. I thought that his eyes would bulge right out of his head.

"Why were you so surprised?" I asked him. "You've been going out with Josie Lyon, haven't you?"

"She's like Andrea?" asked Jonathan in astonishment. I felt so awful.

"You didn't know?" I asked him. "I thought you'd slept with her."

"So did I," said Jonathan. It was my turn to blush and feel like a real bitch.

"I'm sorry," I began.

"No," said Jonathan, sighing. "This is the Valley, isn't it? I should have known. Still, it will make for an interesting date tonight with Josie, won't it?" He watched my face. I couldn't help but confirming that the prettiest of the deputies wasn't the girl she seemed to be.

“She and Rachel Smith,” he said, “are the hostesses of a party at some new club. Josie said we have to check out the private rooms later. She’s a lot of fun, that girl.”

It stunned me a little. I’d just dropped a bomb on Jonathan. It had gone off like a damp squib. He, who not long ago had vomited in front of everyone when he was bombarded with the transgenderism and role reversal that dominated the Valley, now knew his own girlfriend was a boy-girl—and he was going to keep on seeing her, after she’d already fooled him at least once in bed. But if he liked *her*, a little voice in the back of my head said, then why not *me*? I’m just like Josie after all, aren’t I?

“Was Ken’s face ever red after the hooting and hollering and whistling that he did!” Tania’s long review went on. “The girls around us were laughing at us old fogies for being had. Well, Kelly Rogers did it to us once, didn’t she? A good show at the Roxy with a surprising end!

“The Empire Theater has Kelly Rogers as *Sleeping Beauty* in its new Christmas pantomime. David Bennett is the handsome prince, while Franklin Smith is a sexy dominatrix of a Wicked Fairy. Antonia Taylor, Kelly and Tammy Davies, the twins, as Good Fairies, provide comic relief with their mismanaged spells. Yes, it’s a show for families, who will find the boys in girls’ parts too believable. In other words, it won’t be a problem for the kids.”

“I like it ending like that,” said Jane Edwards, cheerful as she so often was these days. I couldn’t look at her, however, without thinking of her in the New Men’s Club with her sister. I kept getting strange flashes of Estelle kissing me and caressing my breasts as I was bent all around her, while she bounced me on her artificial penis.

Gosh, I hoped I was dreaming, or I wished I was—but Jane was staring at me as I daydreamed.

“Well, if boys can have avas,” Estelle was saying in my waking nightmare, “girls can have dildos. And goddesses like you, Michelle, can have the best of both.” That was when she’d gone down on me, lying there and smiling, with her tongue so rough inside my sheath. I shuddered and wondered where such a horrible thought had come from.

Jane tapped her long nails, just like mine, on her desk as I tried to come out of the waking dream I was having. I remembered that I’d implored the pair of sisters not to stop, as I felt myself rise to unbelievable heights of passion and feminine desire, Estelle kissing me as I leaned back into her penetration of me. It had been such an incredible high—and now the worst had come. I looked at Jane’s face and realized that I had done something awful with her sister. I now thought I had done it with Jane as well.

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