

# The Queen of the Valley



## Philippa Peters



An "Adult Tv" Novel



## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2015

Published by Reluctant Press  
in association with Mags, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.reluctantpress.com](http://www.reluctantpress.com)

# THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY

**By Philippa Peters**

“I told you he’d go ballistic,” I said to Jane as we scurried into the editorial conference at *The Queen of the Valley* offices.

The publisher was indeed red-faced as he held Jane’s columns in his hand. “What the hell is this?” he demanded of his niece and favorite reporter.

“It’s a factual news story,” said Jane Edwards as Dave Richardson, long and lean, and Tania Scott, small, busty and dressed in her usual ‘bohemian’ clothes, bustled in, each with copy they’d written for this month’s local issue of *The Queen*.

“Our readers don’t want scandal and certainly not scandal like this,” huffed the editor and publisher, Brian J Carpenter, of the Valley’s only newspaper. It was published weekly but was all re-prints of national stories. Only in the third issue each month was local news compiled in a summary for residents of the Valley.

"The Courthouse was packed last Wednesday," said Jane Edwards forcefully.

"I can read," said Brian Carpenter. "It's the opening line of your column. We can't put this on page one. What do you have?" The question was directed at Dave Richardson who sighed.

"Council went into an all-night session last night," Dave said with a yawn. "It was all they talked about, 'civic rights', repealing the Morality Code, and the motion by Councillor Jara."

"Everyone's talking about it," giggled Tania Scott, the 'entertainment' reporter, and known for her flightiness. "It's the number one news item of the month! It isn't every day that the only doctor in the Valley is arrested for violating the Morality Code!"

"We have to have it on the front page," said Dave Richardson, his whole demeanor urging Brian to do that.

"That means both stories and the editorial," groaned Brian Carpenter. "All devoted to a deviate who thinks he can waltz around Raybold in woman's clothing."

Tania Scott tittered and the others looked at her in varying degrees of surprise. "He isn't the only one," she said. "Jane and I do it all the time!"

I was always the quiet one in the editorial conferences. It kept me out of trouble with the boss. But even I had to smile as Brian got redder and redder. "Mike!" Brian Carpenter snapped suddenly. I wished I hadn't smiled so broadly. "Write me an editorial on 'Morality'. Keep it brief. A snap at the Council, a sneer at the doctor, you know the drill.

"Jane, the doctor's arrest will be the backup story we'll let run onto the back page. Sorry, Tania, less room for you because Dave has to write up the Council doings. Oh, you got it. Good man! Goshdarnit!" Brian had sworn a lot in his younger days but, with his niece to report back to his wife about him, he was careful now about what he said in front of his 'young and corruptible' staff. "This is going to take up most of the news section of the paper!"



"Here, Mr Little," that was me, "edit this stuff for me," said Brian, getting up, signalling that the conference was over. We reporters had work to do.

"I'd better read what you wrote," I said to Jane with a sigh, taking the copy from her. I smiled at the picture at the top of the page. Jane would have taken that herself. It showed a good-looking woman in a pearl necklace, dressed in a pink, two-piece suit, a blonde wig, surely, and pink, leather high heels. One of the Sheriff's deputies was actually holding the door of a car open for 'her'. She was smiling her thanks from a beautifully madeup, female-appearing face.

I whistled to alleviate the strange tension about me as I looked at the picture. Jane smiled at me and handed me the caption to go with the picture. 'Doctor Joseph Linton leaves the Court House after the Guilty verdict,' it read.

I scanned the article, glancing back at the woman in the picture several times. Under the heading, 'Doctor Arrested', I read Jane's words back to her, "The Court House was packed on Wednesday last as Doctor Joseph Allan Linton appeared in Valley Court on charges laid under the five year old Morality Code. Perhaps the most sensational aspect of the case was the appearance of the twenty-eight year old doctor in the dock, dressed entirely in women's clothing.

"So effective was Dr Linton's disguise that Sheriff Hubert Cord felt that he had to assure Judge Emily Cortwright: 'This is a male person'. Linton, dressed ..." I paused and omitted the detailed description and the stores which sold such lovely, feminine clothing. "... was expertly and femininely made up. Later, it was learned that a female employee of the Sheriff's Department had assisted Linton in preparing for his court appearance as a woman.

"True?" I asked Jane, grimacing as she listened to me. When I was acting as the editor, which we all did, unattributed, for Brian, the 'Editor and Publisher', I always read copy back to writers. It was how we caught errors in expressions and altered or tightened up the prose we'd written. We were all used to working that way now.

"Oh yes," Jane said. "And Sharon Thomas, the rancher's daughter, it's her car in the picture, was

there to meet Julia and escort her away from people shouting to her."

"Hate stuff?" I asked.

"No," said Jane. "That was what was so weird. They were telling her to hang in there and not quit. Most people, despite what my uncle says, seem to want a doctor in the Valley, a competent one, and don't care if he dresses like a chipmunk, male or female, so long as he gets the job done."

"Linton," I read on, "who did not defend himself, was known at the Garth Tavern as 'Julia Holmes' and might have continued in his role as a woman in that place had it not been for a persistent drunk who 'tried to pick her up,' in the words of waitress, Claudine Phillips.

"Questioned on her attitude to Linton, on discovering that 'she' was a man, Phillips testified, 'It doesn't make any difference to me.'

"Noting the lack of a defence, Judge Cortwright found Linton guilty of impersonating a female in a public place and reserved sentencing for a month.

"They let him go?" I asked in astonishment. "As a woman, in women's clothing, which he'd been arrested for and was on trial for, he was just allowed to waltz out of the courthouse?"

"Ironical, isn't it?" said Jane, grinning like a school-girl.

Dave Richardson joined us as we looked at the picture of the blonde woman, entering her car. "Your picture, Jane," he said pleasantly, "goes over your column and beside mine which has the headline under the masthead."

Jane showed no emotion as she looked at the banner, 'Valley Council in Bizarre Decision'. Dave's by-line was right there, first on the local newspaper.

"In a nutshell," said Dave pleasantly as I began to calculate the column inches that would be taken up with Dave's writing, "it was ten to two to repeal the whole Morality Code."

"Who was the most for doing that?" asked Jane.

"The usual suspects," said Dave. "Tom Beman, he's got the gay quarter in his ward after all, he said that the attire, that's the word he used, of any person was entirely the choice of that person. Lois Slayton, you know how she influences other women, felt that 'public opprobrium', whatever that is, would keep men like Julia off the streets. Personally, she said, she saw nothing wrong with a man dressed as a woman so long as it was tastefully done.

"Slayton proposed repealing the Morality Code completely. Beman called it 'barbaric' in seconding her. Main opponent was Greg Jara, he's got mayor-alty ambitions, but only he and Tom Wayne voted against it in the end.

"There's a press release from Jara today, a first for the Valley, I think," said Dave with a grin at us, his fellow reporters. "I can agree," he read from a hand-out, "that the Valley can ill-afford to lose its only qualified doctor but condoning the sickness and depravity of Saturday's occurrence, of a man, dressed in women's clothing, wig and even undergarments, expecting to be treated in a place of business as a woman, all of this I can never condone."

"How long did the meeting go?" asked Jane, scribbling notes to herself. 'Must interview Julia', I read from her upside down writing.

"One a.m.," said Dave with a yawn, "But they'd started at six. Then, Jara made the motion, to uphold the Code. Grandstanding all the way. Lewis," John Lewis was the Councillor serving as Mayor as well, "called the vote and they had to take it again because it took them all by surprise. Council couldn't believe what they'd done. Lewis insisted that everyone be sure they understood what they were voting for and called the vote again. Only then did he order the vote recorded. As I say at the bottom of my article, the decision was applauded by the audience but there weren't that many left. Oh, Tom Beman gave me a letter for publication but we're publishing one from his wife, Ellen, this month, aren't we, so we may not use it."

I scanned Tom Beman's letter quickly. '...shocked in recent months by continual attacks on Valley Council ... Your sensational style of journalism doesn't suit the Valley ... You'll be surprised how liberal and tolerant we are here ...'



His wife's letter was praise for the changes of late. '... I like it. The whole family just rushes to see who can get *The Queen* first. And we love your editorials!"

"Oh yes," I grinned at Dave. "We have to use these in the same letter column this month. Oh yes!"

It took me a long time to put together an editorial that Brian would sign off on. It was horribly brief: "The Valley Council did it to us again. Just because some sick, young man wants to get dressed up and play girl in public, the Council has to repeal the Morality Code that protects us here in the Valley from the decadence of the big cities.

"Think about it for a while. We know we need doctors - and we couldn't get one for two months after Doctor Keith quit - but would you let your young son be attended to by some painted-up, bewigged feller in a skirt? If you would, you'd have to be queerer than he is.

"That's our opinion."

"You look glum," said Tania strolling by my desk with her column and a photo as well, professional, glossy, and black and white. I smiled at the heavily made-up, pouting woman in a strapless, black evening gown. Her long, black hair flowed down her back as she clutched her microphone, her lipsticked mouth open to reveal her lovely teeth as she began to sing.

"She looks good," I said. "Where's she working?"

Tania let loose a peal of laughter. "The Garth Tavern," she said. "It was why Julia Linton went there, I suppose, to hear your girl friend here sing. You should go yourself."

I grinned and wondered if I could persuade Jane to go with me. She was smiling pretty nicely at me lately. I'd suggested outings before. She'd always said that she would love to but something always stopped her in the end. I bundled the editorial and copy together, heading in to see Brian and discuss the local news edition with him. Whoever wrote the editorial had to do that.

"What's this?" asked Brian right away, turning to Tania's long column.

"It goes with the picture," I said, leaning over my boss's desk.

"Mr Jackie Ray at the Garth?" asked Brian reading the headline on Tania's work. "Mister? Have you read this, Mike?"

I felt my throat go dry. I seized the paper from Brian and read Tania's prose for the first time: "With the recent episode at the Garth fresh in mind, it hardly seems that a review of female impersonation should be complimentary.

"But you have to see the dazzling, delightful, Jackie Ray at Garth's before you make up your mind about not handing out compliments or slinging brickbats.

"Jackie is superb as Cher, Raquel, or any of the sexiest girls you've ever imagined you could be. After the first change, you even forget that Jackie is a man! We were actually disappointed when he took off his wig and broke the illusion to receive his well-deserved bows.

"The bands at the Ellis Ballroom and Franco's are tame after the sultry, sophisticated and feminine performances by Jackie Ray. Neither of the other shows has a lead singer, with, let's say it frankly, with Jackie's sex appeal as a woman."

"You're not going to print that, I guess," I said, looking once more at the picture of the gorgeous woman in the evening dress.

Brian tapped his pencil on his teeth. "Advertizing, isn't it, in a way," he mused. "Leave it with me."

I hated Brian for what he was about to do, but Carpenter did pay good wages. I knew that my boss, the publisher of the only local news outlet, would be phoning the owners of the Garth who'd soon be paying ad rates for having the column run in *The Queen of the Valley*. I glanced back into the Editor's Office, the layout I'd done left with Brian. He was smiling as he spoke on the phone. He lifted up the picture of Jackie Ray to see 'her' more clearly as he spoke to whoever was on the other end of that call.

\*\*\*\**Volume 23 Issue No. 814 April*\*\*\*\*

"Have you read any of the letters we've been getting this month?" I, cub reporter, asked Jane as we waited again for Brian to finish his phone call and start the editorial conference. That was the way I felt about myself and what I was doing at the paper. It was making me feel, well, very bitchy.

"Brian had me counting them," said Jane sympathetically. "Over two hundred letters where we normally get between two and ten? How many will we publish, three, four? We should do a double column."

I nodded to Jane's uncle who was hanging up and waving us into his office. "And cut down on ad space and revenues?" I asked her quietly with a smile.

Tania and Dave joined us with coffees while Brian seemed in an expansive mood. "We sold out the whole local run last month," whispered Tania mischievously to me. "Beats copy-writing Washington and New York articles, doesn't it, Mike?"

"What do you have there?" asked Brian, seeing the photos in Tania's hand. Tania smiled mischievously and spread the set over the desk so that we reporters could see what she'd brought in with her. The photos were of five young girls, in black mini-dresses, long hair, wild earrings, all long legs, dark stockings, high heels and high, prominent, young girl breasts.

"You've seen the classified ads the Garth Tavern's been running for the last five months or so, for new waitresses," said a sparkling, laughing Tania Scott. "Well, with Jackie Ray up there on stage doing female impersonations, what do you think a smart operator like Al Bass would do with a need for waitresses and a female impersonator pulling in the crowds? Can you spot which one of these girls isn't a girl at all?"

Tania giggled as all of the others picked up photos and stared at them. "This one," said Brian, pointing to the dark-haired girl on the right side of the photo. She had the shortest hair, even though it was curled and waved about her ears and neck. In silhouette, her figure, though, was impressive, her little skirt flaring out from her tush, her breasts partly obscured by her arm, but her dress definitely tented out in front of her.

"Must be the blonde next to her," said Jane with a smile. The longhaired blonde faced the camera, legs wide apart, her makeup heavy and exquisite. She leaned forward to show off definite, female breasts. "She's just showing them off too deliberately. They can't be real, can they?"

Tania smiled and looked at us male reporters. "The second from the left," said Dave Richardson. "Look at those legs! Look at the way she's posing. And all that long, platinum-blond hair. It can't be real, can it? I'd go for her for the same reason as you, Jane. She looks so real, the most real of the bunch. So, she must be the guy!"

"Mike?" asked Tania. "What do you think?"

I shivered more than a little as I looked at the girl on the left, taller than the girl on the right, which made me want to choose her. She regarded the camera seriously, just a slight smile on her face, demure and very pretty. The smallest girl was in the middle. She had bangs and a ponytail. Her eyelids were dark pools of makeup. She'd turned in silhouette, as well, so that her rounded tush was most evident. She had the most girlish of all the girls' bodies.

I was about to choose the girl in the middle when I saw the gleam in Tania's eyes. "This is a trick, isn't it?" I said and suddenly knew what it was. "It's all of them, isn't it? All of these girls are really boys."

Tania's peal of laughter and the gasps from the others proved that I'd hit the nail on the head. "They loved posing for me!" Tania said in her excited, enthusiastic way of talking while Jane looked at her, mouth agape, as if Tania was crazy. "And it's not against the law any more! From the left, that's Debbie, Cindy, the blonde one, really gorgeous, Mary Lou, the small girl, Annette, with the boobs, and Helen, with the shortest hair."

"Why do they do it?" asked a bemused Dave Richardson, still looking at Cindy, the 'girl' he'd chosen to be a boy.

"Cindy, the one you're looking at," said Tania, "is eighteen and in high school. Yes, right here in the only high school in the Valley. I asked her that question, Dave, and she said it was all for a giggle. She said that all the girls she serves, girls, notice, they all

want her phone number but they'll only go out with her if she's in drag. I gathered from her that, on her nights off, and after work, she never goes home alone.

"Helen on the right, confessed his real name is George. He told me he hasn't been out of girl's clothes in two weeks. He says his girl friend won't let him. She's even bought him a nightie to sleep in as well. Anyway, if you're interested, guys and girls, you can meet these pretty queens at the Garth where they're still hiring!"

"So that's your entertainment column this month?" asked Brian J Carpenter nastily. Tania nodded happily.

"Everybody will read it!" Tania said. "I wonder if we should run the picture as a contest. Which one is the boy? Answer next month!"

"How will you pay off the winner?" I asked. "Every answer will win the question you just asked."

"We're not doing a contest," snapped Brian.

"Would be fun," murmured Jane but her uncle ignored her.

"Dave," the publisher said. "You got the lead with Council again and Jara's latest stupidity. Can we background how such a motion ever got passed?"

"He grandstanded and they called him on it," said Dave Richardson bluntly.

"But it was a protest motion," snarled *The Queen's* publisher.

"That was what Jara said but the ladies of the Council ..." said Dave.

"And Tom Beman," put in Jane.

"... decided to teach him a lesson," Richardson went on. "It was seven to five. Effective this week, only female attire will be provided to all Council employees. It will also be compulsory to wear the so-called 'uniforms'."

"Why didn't Jara take back his motion?" asked Jane.

"He didn't think for one minute it would pass," said Dave with a grin. "He was just trying to show that, without the Morality Code, all sorts of stupid motions could be made and it would be awful if they passed. Those are his words, by the way. So, he proposed the stupidest motion he could, to embarrass his opponents, and show how clever he was, but it's boomeranged on him. It actually passed Council and now it has to be a year and a day before it can be rescinded!"

"It applies to policemen as well?" I asked with a grin, thinking of some of the burly men I'd seen on the streets directing traffic and how they'd look in a skirt and woman's uniform.

"Has to," said Dave with a grin, clearly thinking what I was. "They're Valley Council, county employees. It will be hilarious if they go along. But the spokesman for their association said there's no way they'll obey such a law."

"I can't believe what the Mayor said," mused Jane.

"If any employee does not meet Council dress code rules," said Carpenter, reading from the memo on his desk, "they won't have a job with Council." And this with Valley unemployment for men at twenty percent.

"The Ladies' Auxiliary sent a congratulatory message on repealing the Morality Code," said Jane, unable to hold back her smile. "That was quite a meeting. Everything but fisticuffs and hair-pulling between Donna Leslie and her Vice-Chairperson."

"She sent us a letter, Donna Leslie," said Brian Carpenter. "Edit out the name-calling and four letter words, Mike, and we'll print it."

"I'm on editorial and letters again?" I asked, aggrieved at another task. I still had to finish the farming reports that I'd been stuck on all week.

"Until this thing blows over as it's bound to very soon," said Brian J Carpenter, ignoring me. "I give it another two months, tops, to be selling papers for us. Still, we might as well report it all, straight-faced and straight up, while it lasts. Did you get a new picture of Linton, Jane?"

"Definitely," said his niece. "A hundred other people offered me their shots as well. I told them to send them in and, if we found a good one, we'd print it at usual rates. The ones we don't choose we'll send on to Julia Linton."

"That's what we're calling the doctor now?" asked Dave Richardson in surprise.

"At least until my interview with him for next month's issue," said Jane Edwards with a nod. "Let's be nice to him and not give Julia a reason to bale on me, right? We should do an extra print run next month, Uncle. It's going to be a sell-out, no matter what I write, with the photos I'll get of him."

"Put a picture of Julia on the front page, Mr Little," said Brian to me, "and, Jane, do a piece on the judge's decision to free her." He grimaced. "I can't call someone who's named Julia, 'him'. Maybe we should keep on with Joseph and Joe for a while until you do your piece, Jane." He shivered. "I don't envy you. Sitting down with a guy who's simpering all over you and pretending he's a woman."

"I'll just think of him as one of my girl friends," said Jane, rolling her eyes to me. "Or my sister. It'll be all right." She slipped a short column and a photo to me. I looked at it in surprise. 'Linton Freed' said the headline she was suggesting for the piece.

"Wearing an off-the shoulder, orange dress and with a new, waved hair style," I read as I sat back at my desk, the meeting over, "Dr Joe Linton was released unconditionally by Judge Emily Cortwright at the sentencing part of his trial for breaking the Valley's Morality Code."

"Smiling, the judge told 'Julia', the name that Linton prefers, and used throughout 'his' trial, that, in the light of the Valley Council's decision to repeal the Morality Code, she, Julia Linton, was released."

"The courtroom, filled mainly with women, broke into applause which led Judge Cortwright to ask Linton if he-she enjoyed his new role, as a woman of the Valley."

"Dr Linton nodded and murmured a soft, 'Yes'. The doctor has promised *The Queen of the Valley* an interview for next month's issue."