

Moon Queen



Elizabeth Anne Nelson



A "Spectrum TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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MOON QUEEN

by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Jackie descended the main staircase dressed in a shirt—waist styled pastel pink nylon maid’s uniform complete with white pumps, a starched white cotton ruffled bib apron, and perky matching cap. Under her uniform she wore practical white nylon support type panty hose, a white all in one body briefer, and a white slip. The perfect image of a maid about to begin her daily duties. For, although Jackie was a man, she was living her fantasy this weekend.

Walking into the living room she could still detect the scent of burnt pine logs from the fireplace used the night before as she opened the drapes to reveal an ice cold world of white through the frosted picture window that overlooked from a hillside snow covered vista Lake Berdache under stark blue sun lighted skies of the morning. It was a stunning contrasting world of warm blue sky, white ground, blue—white ice exposed by wisps of snow still sweeping the ice clean, and thick green and brown spruce bowed by caps of snow that sifted to the ground as the wind brushed the branches.

Feeling the coolness of the window she was glad she was inside. Jackie went to the kitchen to put on the coffee and began making breakfast for the “ladies”.

The Lake Berdache house was the perfect hideaway for their little group of cross dressers to meet from time to time for a weekend to delight in their adventure in petticoats.

On this particular weekend the ladies consisted of Jackie, Jo, Davida, June (who adored being a little girl), and Celeste, a strange new member of the group. During Friday night, while the first snows of winter fell, they passed the time before the fireplace telling stories. (See; Celeste, Reluctant Press.)

Jackie had just finished the pancake batter when a rather sheepish looking June, dressed in an orange wool sweater pulled down to below the waist over a green plaid pair of skeggings (a skirted pair of short leggings with the skirt open in front) with white calf length socks and white little girl styled running shoes with orange laces. Jackie, remembering how poor June was induced into wetting her bed while she slept, looked up from her work to smile at the childlike one with amused tolerance, knowing that poor June had been completely embarrassed by the incident and was expected to wash her soiled linens to make amends for her infantile behavior. “Good morning, Miss June, let me see if you have washed for breakfast?”

Meekly June stood before the maid to be inspected as if she were in fact a small child as the maid added to her embarrassment by sniffing her hands.

“No, pee pee. I guess you can set the breakfast table, dearest,” Jackie suggested with a taunting smile as she released June’s hands. “You will wash your things after breakfast, and then you can go out and play. But, I want you to stay close to the house so I can watch you, and in case you need to go to the bathroom. I want no day time accidents, do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” June managed still wondering how the accident the night before had happened. “Can I use the sled in the garage?”

“As long as you stay in sight, young lady,” Jackie noted with a shrug seeing Davida enter dressed in jeans and a sweater. “Good morning, ma’am.”

Davida nodded her good morning and poured herself a cup of coffee before retreating to a place setting at the long kitchen table to be joined by an equally sleepy Jo. “Have you seen Celeste this morning?”

Almost as if on cue, Celeste, dressed in a white angora like sweater with white wool slacks entered the room to greet their maid and accept a cup of coffee from the pot. “What is it that you plan to do today?”

“I thought that after lunch I might set up my camera equipment and we could have a little fashion show,” Davida suggested, setting her cup aside and seeing their agreement.

And thus the perfect day began and slowly vanished towards supper, when the winds from the lake announced the approach of yet another heralding storm of winter. At Jackie’s suggestion supper was to be a simple buffet served in the living room before the fireplace to chase away the day’s chill.

“She has that little girl of her dreams on her mind,” Davida suggested with a friendly smile towards her short little friend dressed in a pretty lavender satin party dress. “I think you would love to have a daughter, wouldn’t you?”

“Oh, yes, and Jo could be her nanny,” June promised. “Did you know that she has had five babies in the past three years and she is expecting again.”

Jo shrugged, “I like babies. And I would like to spend more time with mine, but the business takes up much of my time.”

“You inherited the business and you are wealthy enough to let someone else run it. I think you just like to keep the misses barefoot and pregnant just so you can keep her out of trouble,” Davida taunted.

“My wife isn’t half as passionate as yours seems,” Jo countered a bit miffed. “And as to being rich, I can see no reason for you holding a job with her having so much money.”

“I wouldn’t sponge off her for anything,” Davida swore.

“Now, girls,” Jackie soothed. “I don’t like cat fights.”

“She is right,” Celeste observed glancing at the lovely ones by the fireplace before reaching over to a nearby table and opening the white beaded bag she had brought to the room. “I want to show you something very special.”

She placed the lovely bag in her lap and drew from it a roll of white mink trimmed deer skin leather which she unrolled to reveal that it really was four short straps.

“I make these little things and I thought that each one of you should have one as a memento of tonight.”

“What are they,” June asked accepting hers with childish delight over a gift and thanking Celeste with a little kiss.

“They are berdache pack straps. That is why they are made of albino skin and fur, for the berdache is usually paid for her services with albino furs.”

“Why do they call this Lake Berdache?” Davida asked as the ladies thanked Celeste for her lovely unusual gift.

“Perhaps Celeste knows?”

“Why, yes, I do,” Celeste replied with a faint smile.

“As you know the berdache is the boy who elects to become a girl rather than disgrace himself in battle. Once he becomes as a woman, he usually serves as a shaman, and as my little story told (See: The Shaman’s Mirror, in Celeste, Reluctant Press) they often as not serve as mid—wives. I think I shall tell you the legend of how the berdache began;

THE FIRST TALE: LEGEND OF THE BERDACHE

Long ago before white man stole these hunting grounds from the Sioux there lived to the south the proud and once mighty Omaha.

Among the Omaha warfare was a noble duty and it was the custom to kill those who were not fit to be braves.

Now there is a Great Being, who lives within the snow forests of the moon, a Spirit Being you may call a God, but the Omaha knew him simply as the Moon Being.

The Moon Being became quite attached to a young boy, who was the son of a chief among the Omaha.

This boy was a great disappointment to his father; because the youth did not care for warfare or those things normally interesting to a young brave.

All he wanted to do was roam the forests and tell his playmates about how he knew the Moon Being, whom he had met while taking a swim in a lovely little lake far to the north of their village. Or he would prefer to play among the girls of the village when not found grinding corn with the women.

When the time of the rites of bravery came to test his son, the chief knew that the all too lovely youth

would most certainly fail. And so it came to pass that the youth failed in his dream quest by returning from the forests carrying an arm full of lovely white flowers rather than an eagle's feather. As he spoke of how the Moon Being had given him the pretty flowers; the lesser chiefs sadly agreed that the boy was unfit to serve as a companion in battle.

Since it was the ancient tribal rite to kill such weak boys, rather than permit their weakness to influence the outcome of battle, the chief had no choice but to agree with the others that his son must die to avoid shame.

So the day of death came and the boy was taken from his mother's brave arms to the place of death in the secret lodge of the men, where his father stood ready to commit the act.

As his father raised his knife the sun was swallowed by the moon casting all the land into darkness!

"Oh, Mighty Lover, come save me," the boy cried out shamelessly to the blackened sky and suddenly a giant warrior dressed in white entered the death circle causing the already frightened men to know that this most certainly was the Moon Being, a warrior of fantastic powers.

"Why do you interrupt our rites, oh mighty ruler of the snow forests of the moon?" the tribal shaman demanded. "And why have you eaten the sun?"

"I have come for the boy," the Moon Being's voice deeply thundered.

"He is to die," the shaman proclaimed taking the knife from the boy's father's hand. "It is the way of the Omaha."

"If he dies the Omaha shall be eaten like the sun. They shall first suffer great hardships, and that which they hold dear shall vanish slowly before their eyes. And then they shall die from generation to generation until there are no Omaha. Your great grand-

children shall forget their ways and vanish into the lodges of strange men.”

“He lies, the Omaha are mighty,” the shaman countered raising the knife. “He loves the boy, as others do women. It is wrong, I shall summon the Great One and banish him.”

The Moon Being laughed and pointed at the shaman; who vanished screaming from sight like snow melts.

“Mighty is the Moon Being,” the chief acknowledged seeing that his son might still live.

“I have a gift for your son,” the Moon Being announced holding towards the boy his great bow and a beautiful pack strap, like that used by women to carry wood for the lodge. “Take which ever one you wish?”

The boy reached out as if for the bow; But, the Moon Being smiled while his hands moved their gifts and the boy held unto the pack strap in surprise.

Suddenly the boy changed into a lovely girl dressed in white deer skin!

“So it shall be from now until the Omaha wish to vanish from their forests,” the Moon Being announced taking the lovely child into his arms. “I shall come to your youths and offer them these same two gifts. If the youth takes the bow, mighty shall be the Omaha in battle. If he takes the pack strap he shall be given the dress of woman and shall live as woman. No man shall be denied him, nor shall any treat him with scorn; for he shall be a mighty shaman. If you forbid this the Omaha shall vanish as I have promised.”

The girl, now known as the Moon Queen, and her lover vanished as the Great One’s light slowly came from out of the moon’s shadow.

And so it has come to pass that the Omahas allow those visited by the Moon Being to be women if they accept the pack strap and live in honor as women, for such are the beloved berdache of the Moon Being.

Since this lake is said to be the place where the Moon Being found his lovely wife, the lake is called Berdache.

Now, you may doubt my story but over a hundred years ago the Omaha are said to have driven out their last berdache because of a missionary and since then the prophesy has come true."

"Perhaps we have better return our straps," June laughed looking at the soft leather and brushing her fingers over the albino mink trim. "It's real mink, isn't it?"

"Yes," Celeste answered closing her purse and setting it upon the table as she arose. "I think I shall go to bed. It will soon be morning. And judging by the storm, I think we should take advantage of the snow plows when they arrive and go home early."

"She may be right," Jo said glancing out the window of his cabin knowing that the storm was cutting short his escape away from his wife and a world of toddlers and babies. "This snow storm might be the first sign of real winter. And if it is, fishing on Sunday will be out of the question."

The others nodded and arose as Jackie banked the dying fire.

"I shall be leaving quite early," Celeste commented picking up her purse. "I do hope that you find things quite satisfactory when you get home. Perhaps when the snow thaws and spring comes we may come back here with our wives, or is it husbands."

The women all laughed and retired to bed.

When morning came they discovered that it was still snowing and Celeste had vanished. While they completed breakfast Jackie told them; “I went up to make her bed, and it hadn’t been slept in. She must have left just as soon as we all went to bed.”

“Perhaps she was the Moon Queen herself,” Joe laughed standing up from the table and putting on his overcoat. “I’ll get the cars by the door since most of you didn’t come dressed for this blizzard.”

After clearing the breakfast things and cleaning up the kitchen Jackie changed back into Jack’s clothes and was ready to go, as were the others.

Each of them loaded their things into the cars and truck and soon they drove their separate ways from the lonely snow covered cabin, not knowing if they would ever return, for here are the last four tales of the Moon Queen:

THE SECOND TALE: A DAUGHTER

Bud Norton took his bags from Dave’s car and promised to call sometime during the week. Once the car drove off from his large suburban home Bud opened the front door calling, “Donna, I’m back!”

“Why darling, you’re home much sooner than I expected,” his wife called from upstairs. “Leave your bags by the door and I will hang up your lovelies up. And come up here and meet our new housekeeper.”

Bud had promised his wife that she could hire a house—keeper if she wanted to; but, he hoped that she was just joking about her comment over his *lovelies*.

He didn’t like the idea of strangers knowing about his deep secret; which he had only recently revealed