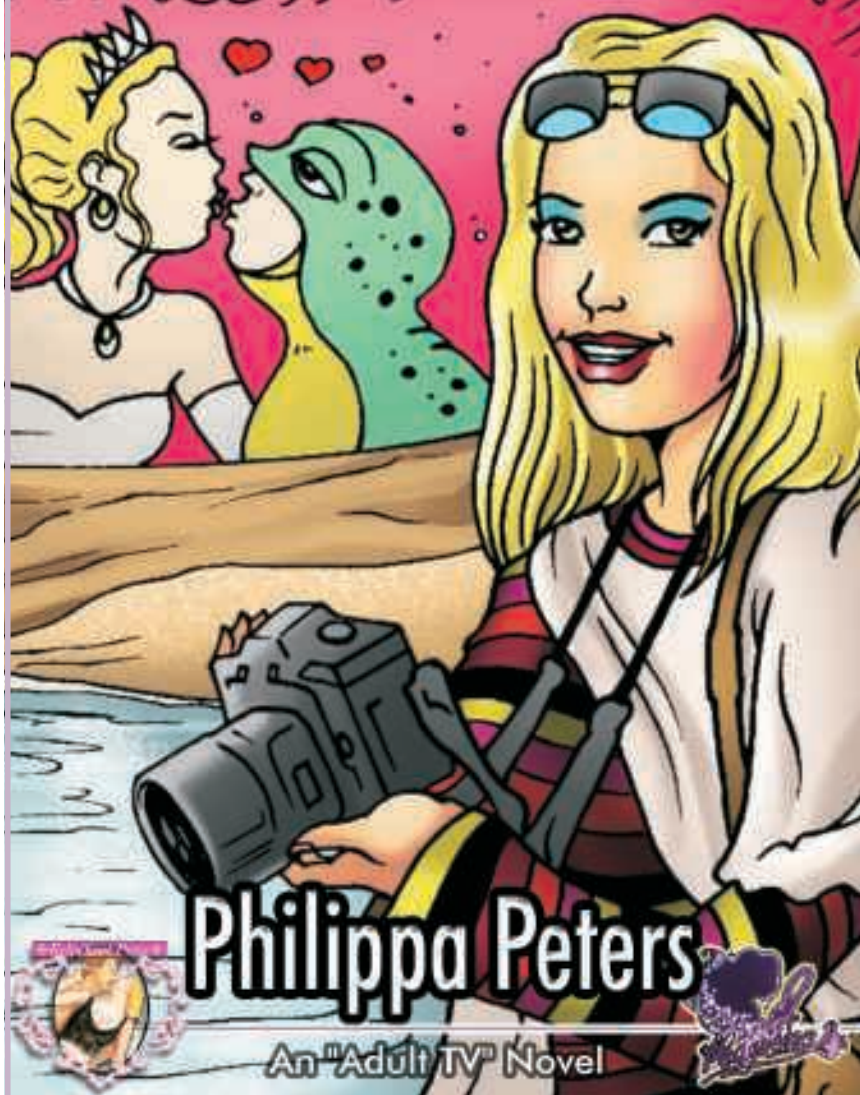


The Queen of the Valley:
Girl Reporter

Princesses on Parade



Philippa Peters

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY: GIRL REPORTER

by Philippa Peters

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We almost had a normal newspaper again before Brian Carpenter caught Dave and me, locked together in a tumultuous kiss, in the stock room. It would never have happened if, for a month, I hadn't been constantly dressed as a woman by Jane Edwards, my supposed girlfriend.

The last issue of our newspaper, *The Queen of the Valley*, had been sold out, largely because one of the paper's reporters had been stupid enough to be 'transformed' into a girl, and was telling everyone what it was like to be all girly, every day of the week for a month.

Jane had promised Brian, apparently, that it would boost sales in the Valley if there were weekly updates on our feminized reporter's progress in becoming female. This was in the Valley, where so

many men were being forced into wearing dresses. She'd been right. Everyone wanted to read about me and what it was like to wear panties as a woman, to be a man's dance partner, to wear a wig, a bra and false breasts, stockings and makeup, all day long.

Yes, and the silly male reporter—me, now called Michelle instead of Mike, and deliberately treated as a girl by the other reporters and workers on staff—also had to do all kinds of female activities while dressed. Not the least was to attend classes at Del Monte's on how to be a woman, as well as to go clubbing, on dates, as a girl, with 'her' girlfriends every evening. Oh, yes, and like any girl, she (me) had to allow her 'dates' to take her home. Our assistant editor, my girlfriend Jane Edwards, insisted on that. And yes, I did have to 'reward' my date in the traditional way—with a goodnight kiss, and thanks for the lovely night he'd given me, the 'girl' he had dated.

Jane and Tania had made bets on when Dave—the best kisser of women in the Valley, they'd assured me laughingly—would make a move on me. They'd deliberately left him alone with me. And Dave was gay! He'd attacked me right away, kissing me, telling me how pretty I was as Michelle. I just wasn't strong enough to keep him off me.

When I told the women how he'd kissed and fondled me, they'd laughed more and told me to enjoy it while it lasted. Now I'd know what it was really like to be a woman! And didn't Dave kiss a girl so adorably? I never admitted that he did. Not to them. But he did. I had to admit it to myself.

This time, when Brian caught us, I'd been in the stock room dressed as Michelle, looking up previous election results, when Dave snuck up on me. I'd jumped a foot when he started lifting my skirt and gently caressing my legs, panties and tush. He'd spun me around, hugging me. I resisted, but his kiss took possession of my mouth, making me tremble weakly and put down my work. Ooo, I did what he loved Michelle to do! I lifted my leg and squeezed

against Dave, letting all the absurd female passion—which Jane said everyone felt when kissing Dave—overwhelm me.

Dave and I were in the stock room for over ten minutes, his hands stroking my panties against my tush as I let him bury his tongue in my mouth, my eyes closed as I felt so feminine, so female. I really understood what those ‘girls’ in the cages at Franco’s felt.

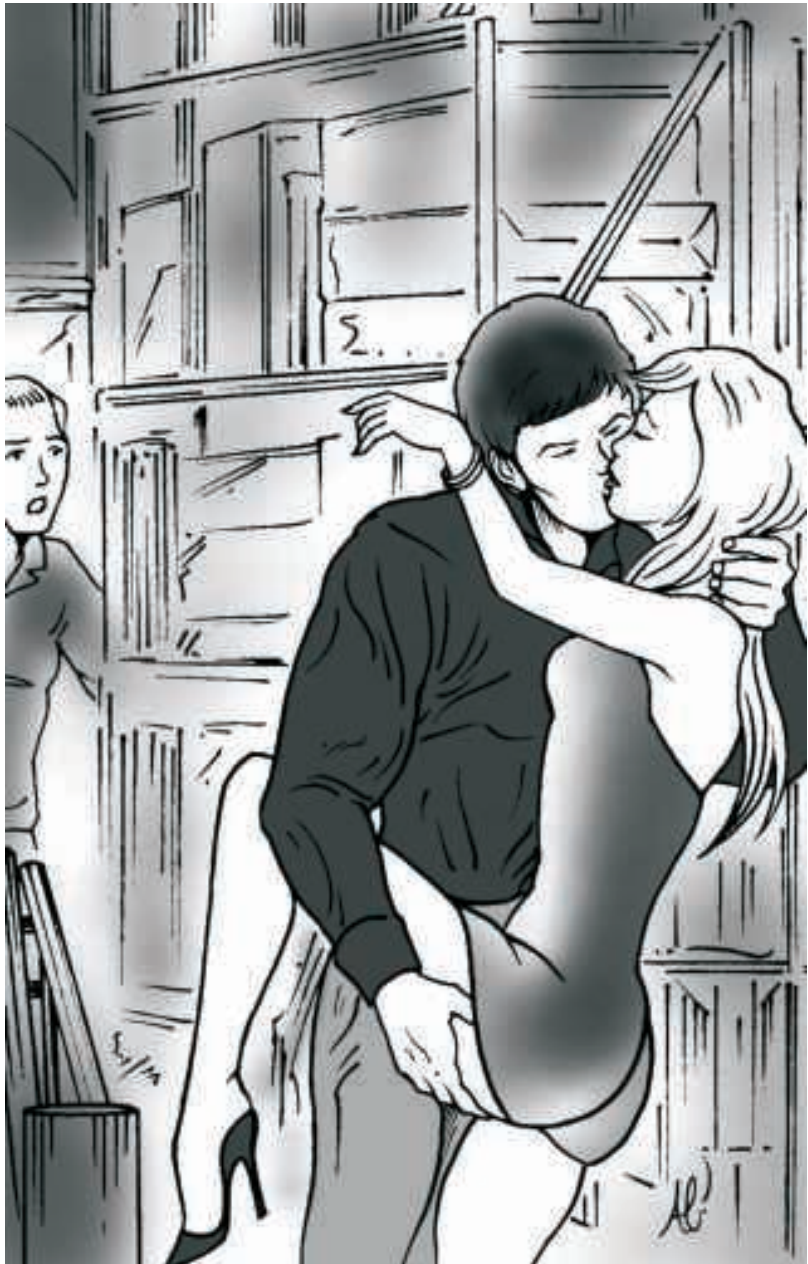
Brian came in as I was moaning, begging Dave to do that again, caress my smooth, hairless thighs, as I loved him doing that. Brian was livid when he saw what was going on. He had Dave and me march into his office and sit there like little children. I femininely crossed my legs in my tight skirt. I knew my makeup was smeared and my hair, an ash-blonde wig, was a mess. It normally tucked behind my ears because Jane insisted I wear a ribbon in my hair to make it do that. Dave had eased it off. He liked Michelle’s hair all about ‘her’ face, caressing his neck when ‘she’ kissed him.

Dave caressed my soft hand in his as we sat there, me so girlishly nervous. His other hand was on my leg, trying to get up my skirt. Appalled at him and at myself, I fought but couldn’t get free. Brian came back with his coffee and saw us writhing still, Michelle being so girly. He really got mad.

“You Goddamn, effing, stinking *queer perverts!*” the owner of the paper screamed at us as I tried to protest my innocence.

“It’s not my fault,” I squeaked, my voice high and lilting, like a girl’s. It was changing since my lessons in acting and speaking like a girl at Del Monte’s.

Jane had spun her uncle some story about me, about her ‘research’ on what it was like to be a transvestite. In the end, *The Queen* would come down on the side of Right and Good. We’d denounce Tom Beman and his cronies for what they’d put poor, innocent men through. Only I’d have to wear women’s clothing, and be treated by all the staff as a woman



all the time, to make the stories she was writing about Michelle (me) ‘real’. Yes, it was all for the story, to sell more papers, to raise the price of advertising in *The Queen*—so Jane said.

But now Brian saw that I wasn’t as innocent about dressing like a girl as Jane said I was. Brian stared at me, fighting with Dave’s hand, trying to pull my skirt down as a girl should.

“Here we are,” Brian roared at the pair of us, “on the eve of the most important election in the history of the Valley, and what are you two *sex perverts* doing? Jane told me you weren’t gay, Mike! You’re only doing this *Transformers* thing to help the paper’s circulation! You hate this, Jane told me—but what do I see in the stock room? You making out with Dave! As if you’re really a girl! You’re not the virgin Jane says you are, *Michelle*.” There was a definite sneer in the last word.

“I—I’m *not* gay!” I managed to say, getting my hand free from the grinning Dave Richardson. “*He is!*”

Brian was stunned. He stared at Dave, who opened one hand in a gesture, like, ‘What can I say?’

Brian looked back at me, at the top I was wearing and the fake breasts protruding from my chest. He looked at my stockings and my high heels. I felt awful, as I had for ages, since Jane had tricked me into dressing as a woman continually. Brian had only seen me once or twice since I’d been ‘transformed’, staring at me in shock while Jane was whispering in his ear. He hadn’t talked to me.

I’d become used to the excited, rapturous edge to my emotions as I dressed fully as a woman every day. I spoke like a woman, talked about womanish things, fashion and perfumes, had lessons on being a woman, and giggled about the silly things that men do all the time. I had a girlfriend who made me dress just like her. Jane had hidden all my male clothing as well, making me go into *Transformers*, almost every day, to be transformed into whatever type of woman I

had to be for the newspaper story she'd thought about.

The Morality Party was saying the most horrible things about men in dresses, about men like Michelle Little. I agreed with them now! I wished I could write that in my 'confessions' on what it was like to kiss another man, my date, in the movies, or dance club. But Jane edited my writing.

Yes, the columns attributed to me said that I loved being a pretty woman, loved compliments that I never got as a man, and loved swishy, silky women's clothing. Jane wouldn't publish anything I wrote if there was a possibility it would kill off chances for a guy like Tom Beman, a guy in a dress, to be elected.

"What happened to the man who wrote all those great editorials for me?" asked a bewildered Brian.

"Jane happened," Dave interrupted. "It's true, Michelle. She's just like her sister. Have you seen what Estelle Edwards is doing to poor Donna Gardner? She wants me to come around to her house and party with Donna! That's a true story."

"Those girls are my sister's daughters!" said Brian furiously. He stared at Dave. "Is this what the Valley has come to? Debauchery everywhere?"

"No, Mr. Carpenter," I whispered to him, unable to find Mike's—my—proper voice. "Jane's my girlfriend. I'm part of a news story about what's going on in the Valley." I indicated the skirt and top I was wearing. "Dave won't keep his hands off me."

"Because you like it so much, Michelle," said Dave with a crooked sort of smile. "It's true," he went on to Brian, as I protested and shivered. "Michelle *loves* to make out with me in the stock room!"

"That can't be true," Brian grunted. I felt so ashamed. I blushed and fidgeted. Brian had seen me, kissing Dave, being pressed against him like a woman. My face told him I wasn't an innocent little

'girl' as I was supposed to pretend I was. I could see, by the look on his face, that he was changing his mind about me!

"We're journalists, for heaven's sake," Brian said disgustedly. "We *report* this sort of stuff. We don't *indulge* in it. You, Mike, if you're gay—"

"Call her Michelle," said Dave. "She flushes and gets excited when she's called that. She likes to be called 'she' as well."

"Enough, Dave," said Brian, as I uncrossed my stockinged legs and tried to hit Dave. He held me off easily. "Mike, Michelle, I want you to go home and come back in your own clothes. I want to see you as a man. Dave, no more teasing Michelle. It's sexual harassment, what you're doing to a woman! I don't want Michelle suing me because you can't keep it in your pants!"

Dave looked as stunned as me. I heard my heels clicking as I fled in distress out of the office. I looked back. There they were, watching me swish, as I was so used to doing. I felt worse than humiliated. I turned and bumped right into Jane and Tania.

"What's going on?" asked Jane. I sobbed a little at all the shaming I'd just suffered. Jane marched me right back into the office.

"Michelle's not going home," she said furiously to her uncle. "Michelle is not changing into boy's clothes. Michelle is going to go to the Ladies Room with Tania to fix her makeup!"

I went with Tania, shaking all over, and powdered my face. I did my lips, glossing and coloring them in a red shade Jane liked.

"You really are a girl now, aren't you, Michelle?" asked Tania.

"No," I whispered, quivering. "I'm going to do what Brian says and change back. This silly transformation story with Jane is over."

Tania sighed. “Girl,” she said, making me shiver more. “You just don’t know our Jane very well, do you? Now she’s got you where she wants you, her dominated, submissive partner, you don’t have a chance of getting out of her clutches until she decides it. She’s having too much fun with you. I can’t believe how much she’s changed you in just a month or so. What are you going to be like, what are you going to be doing, in a year?”

I staggered back in my heels, taking only short steps because of my skirt.

“You look much nicer, Michelle,” said Jane when I nervously returned to the publisher’s office. She held my hand as I sat down again. Dave Richardson was gone. “Doesn’t she, Uncle Brian?”

Uncle Brian gave me a look that would have curdled milk. “All right—Michelle,” he said to me. It looked like he’d bitten into a lemon. “Jane needs you to be Michelle for a little while longer. Just stay out of the stock room, young lady. That’s all.”

“Come on, Michelle,” said Jane, her arm about me as she stood. “We have a paper to make. You can write the editorial. You know what Brian wants. He wants his Morality Party to win in a landslide. Write an editorial that makes our side come out and vote for Greg Jara, Donna Leslie and John Lewis!”

Amazingly, with all sorts of weird emotions passing through me, I got back to my job. Sitting in my tight skirt, I wrote the editorial Brian wanted.

“It’s time to put the Valley back to rights,” I wrote. “We’ve endured one whole year of what John Lewis has labelled ‘organized perversions’. It is time for the Morality Ordinances, forbidding men to wear female clothing, to be enacted again.”

I went on and on about the spectacle of an ‘all-girls’ school, and the accommodation Principal Teller would make, which he wouldn’t a year ago.

Now, he'd let boys like Helen Danson, a 'sex change', be treated as a special case.

Actually, I found that reasonable. I became confused the more I wrote. Didn't I want the Valley to be what it once was? The resort being built was running sex tests on all its workers to make sure men who worked as men were men, and women who worked as women were *not* men—but was that right?

A list of the Morality Party candidates ran on the front page, with a story about the resort's progress. We were back to being sort of normal—until you turned to the inside. There you would see the *Transformers* ads and the second story about me, 'Michelle', doing women's tasks every day, keeping myself pretty and in a dress, going out with my girlfriends to play with my boyfriends.

On the back page, opposite Tania's bits about new acts in the clubs, there was a rundown of other candidates—the 'no morality' group, in Greg Jara's words. There were Joe Gibson and Al Bass, nightclub owners and employers of female impersonators. There was Jean Del Monte, whose model of the year was a boy known as Karen. Mary Lou Conan was the wife of a sheriff who looked more like a woman every day. Lois Anderson and Amy Collins, of the Ladies Auxiliary, had applauded the repeal of the Morality Laws.

One candidate, Ellen James, was Tom Beman's wife, while Sharon Thomas was 'Julia' Linton's wife. Tom Beman's political literature showed him as a woman, as he'd been challenged to be. There was Lois Slayton, the woman who'd thought men should be more feminine, and Kate Schultz and Anne Jenkinson. Both had letters published in support of Tom Beman and Lois Slayton. All opposed the Morality Party—but it had such a strong lineup, it was favored to win in a landslide, I'd concluded in the editorial.

Opposite the report on Slayton and her friends were pictures of a high-strutting, feminized Pete

Smith in a classic pose, one leg over his head, his panties on show. Where could he be hiding his male package? I asked myself. I'm sure anyone looking at it thought the same, their eyes wandering from the political article to the men-posing-as-girls as they did so. Yes, they'd be looking at me on the inside pages as well.

The Foxy Sisters had returned to the Garth. Roseanne and Corinne were as sexily feminine as ever in split dresses to show off stockings and black garter belts. Jackie Ray looked really nice with shorter hair and more feminine makeup. 'She' distracted me. I ignored a Greg Jara ranting article to look at Jackie. I shivered at what I saw. Without growing my hair much more, I could have it cut and styled as girlishly as hers.

Tania's column began with a nice paragraph about Jackie Ray, female impersonator. "Not that anyone would know, on entering the club (Sylvester's)," Tania wrote. "Jackie is lovely in an evening dress and padded, I think, in all the right places. Apart from her impressions of Mariah, Norah, Britney and Cher, Jackie also has her own voice. She's impressive in sultry ballads that her predominantly female audience loves.

"Karen O'Day on piano provides lively, listenable dance music. It's a treat for the eyes to see pretty Karen's red-tipped fingers flash over the ivories. Karen, of course, used to play with Vic Perrone, where she was known as Alan O'Day.

"The Foxy Sisters' raunchy show returned to the Garth. I must say that the 'Sisters' look much better this time around. Their wigs and dresses seem to be much more glamorous. These two guys had me convinced—until their panties came off. Then, it was 'Oh, brother!'"

I said we were nearly a normal newspaper—but my part wasn't in any way 'normal'. There I was in a page-length photo, a huge 'Michelle' over the whole

page. It made my stomach churn as I looked at the woman I'd become in a month.

Of course, the text Jane wrote was much tamer than the life I was really leading at Jane's house, or at work, where Dave told me he was my boyfriend. I'd be dating him really soon, he jested with me, knowing how embarrassed I was. His stock room kisses hadn't slowed down in intensity or ferocity. I went nervously to work each day, Jane doing my makeup perfectly in case I had a run-in with Dave. I had to keep my trembling lips glossy and pink, as he loved them like that.

The article on 'Michelle', with Jane's and my by-line as 'Mike Little', reported that "It's been a month that I've been in women's clothes. I've moved into Jane's house so she can assist me each day in my transformation. It's been the kind of experience that makes me wonder if I'll ever be able to buy pants and tee-shirts for myself again!"

Jane called it "being honest with my 'public'." I was being recognized in all the clubs and restaurants I went to with Jane now. Guys and girls wanted their pictures taken with me, a celebrity in our town. I heard cries of 'Michelle' wherever I went. I had to smile and wave, or Jane hit me on my shivering tush.

"I'm so used to having a soft, airy dress about my shaven legs," Jane wrote as me. "I love the perfume Jane puts on me each day. I've faithfully followed the regimen of voice control I'm learning at Del Monte. Up to now, I've met only sympathetic store clerks who recognize me as a man in a dress—until this last weekend in Brampton! Whoever I spoke to, who didn't know me as Michelle Little, called me 'Miss' or 'Ma'am'! Ooo, I really loved that."

As herself, Jane had written, "Michelle is just loving her work so much! Our evening out at the Ellis Ballroom, dating two men (!), was a complete, feminine joy for both of us, from the beginning to the end of the night."