

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



**Philippa Peters**

An "Adult TV" Novel



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# THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY 4: GODDESSES AND WORKING GIRLS

by **Philippa Peters**

**Volume 25 Issue No. 10 17 June**

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.

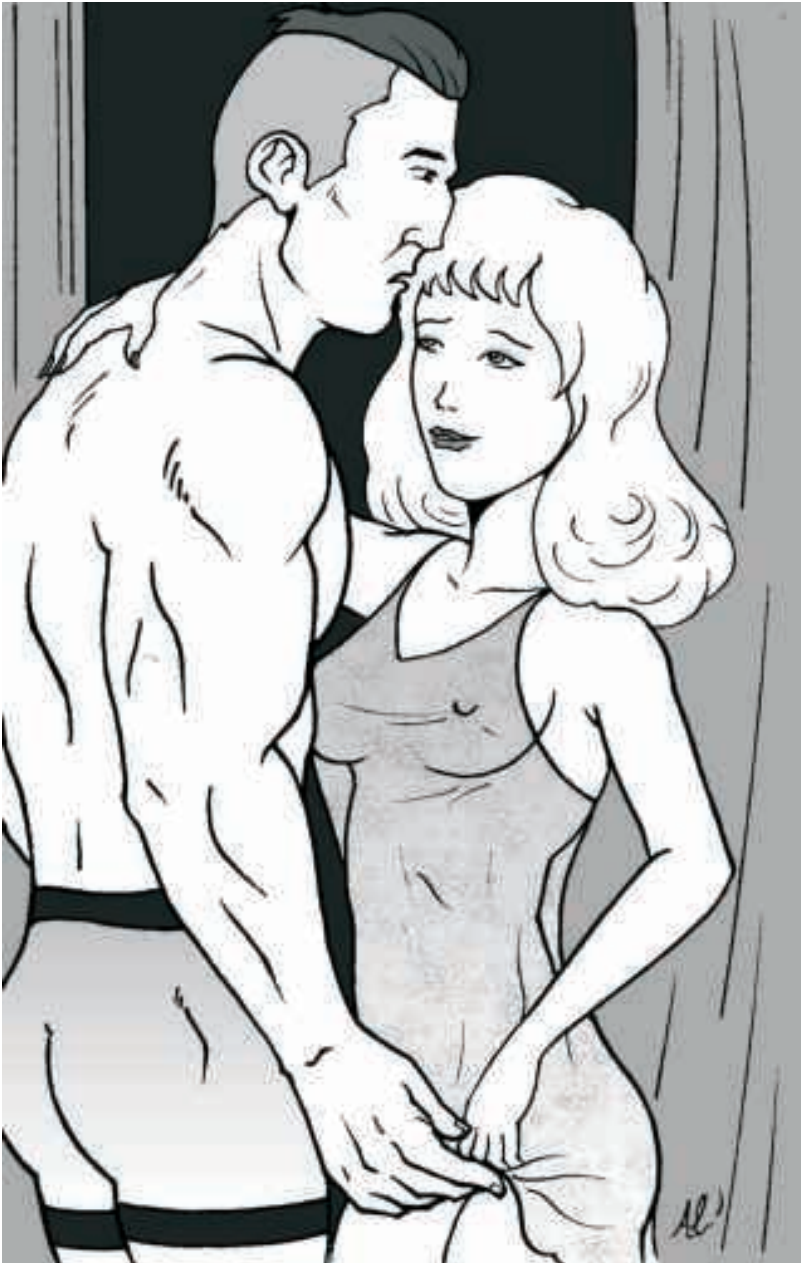
“If Sheriff Joanne Conan,” Tania’s voice was derisive, “lets them. What do you think? I think Joanne will let John and Melissa do anything they like in the Downtown Men’s Club so long as it’s done behind closed doors.”

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.”

### ***Volume 25 Issue No. 11 15 July***

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’ Roccaro, 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.