

The Prime Minister's Mistress



A "New Woman" Novel



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THE PRIME MINISTER'S MISTRESS

by Madeline Grey

I am a transsexual. My male name? Forget it. I have; as the old cliché says I was always a woman born in a male body. I am the Prime Minister's Mistress. You have never heard of me for Marty is a married man. M I 5 and all that lot who are security for the PM know all about me as it is their business to do so. Everything about me has been kept hush hush from the public.

What you are about to read is intended to be released to the public in fifty years' time when the PM's personal papers are declassified. It's called the Fifty Years act or something like that. I'm not clued in on these things. Then you will find out all about Marty's affair with me. Make no mistake, I would have been his wife if things had been different.

At the time when Marty and I fell in love, things were not as they are now. For a start there was no way to change a birth certificate from male to female.

Marriage is no problem legally for a transsexual nowadays. That was most certainly the case back then.

But at the time when Marty and I fell in love, it would have caused a scandal. I am sure it would have brought the government down. An election would have followed and the Progressives would have lost.

I did not realise at that time how much power I had from just opening my legs for Marty the Prime Minister!

It all started well before Martin Townsend became Prime Minister. He wasn't even a Member of Parliament at the time. The local Progressive party was about to select a prospective candidate for the next general parliamentary election which would be years ahead. The Progressive party was not even in control of government at that time.

Sudbury City was held by the Progressives with a reasonable majority. It wasn't what you would call a safe seat by any means but neither was it a marginal one. It was one of these seats that were winnable by any party under the right circumstances.

I was a party member for I believed in many things the party stood for. However I was not so high up that I was part of the Sudbury City party selection committee, therefore I had no part in Marty's selection as the Progressive party candidate for Sudbury City. In fact I never met Marty until a General Election was called which was about eighteen months after he was selected as candidate for Sudbury City.

After his selection Marty came from time to time to Sudbury. He didn't live there but if elected, he would take a house within the city. It was my misfortune never to be present at times when Marty was in the city.

I had my op four years before I met Marty and was living as a woman without any hassle. I earned a living as a nurse at the local General Hospital in

Sudbury, something I always wanted to do. It's such a noble calling. In the past I had been a male nurse so there was no problem there. I had moved away from where I lived before so no one knew anything about me when I arrived in Sudbury. I lived on my own in a nice flat.

I was to see more of Marty once the election was called. During that time he hired a flat to live here in Sudbury until after the election.

The Saturday of that first week, Marty came to Sudbury Progressive party HQ to meet party workers. I was one of them, unpaid of course. The only reason I was there was because I was not working that day.

Barry Barnsfather chairman of the local Progressive party introduced us all.

"This is Miss Heather Archer, Martin."

His eyes met mine. There was something between us. I don't know what to call it. Sparkle?

"How nice to meet you, Miss Archer. I haven't seen you here before."

"Mr. Townsend, I'm afraid work has kept me away from here as much as I would like to help the party." I blushed.

"Of course Miss Archer, I understand. I'm afraid work is the curse to all of us. I do hope to see more of you during our campaign."

"I will give as much help to you and the party as I can, Mr. Townsend."

"I am sure you will, Heather, if I may be permitted to call you so."

I blushed once more but not the same kind of blush I gave the first time. I supposed that as a candidate, Martin had to be nice to all people. It's all part of being elected. But I had obviously taken to Martin. I had never really looked for a man friend up to that

point but make no mistake, I did want to be loved as a woman. I hadn't had my operation to live out the rest of my life unloved as the woman that I am.

For the rest of that day I carried on the usual work as a party helper; handing out party leaflets, knocking on doors, and putting the leaflets in letter boxes.

On the following Sunday night I was sitting before the television, watching some romantic play. It was the usual mindless nonsense: the hero sweeping the heroine into his arm and kissing her. That sort of thing.

The phone rang and I answered. "Hello, is that you, Heather? Martin Townsend here."

"Yes," I answered, wondering what our Progressive candidate wanted.

"Good. I wonder if you can help me. On Tuesday night I am giving a talk to the Young Mothers Association."

"Yes Mr. Townsend, I know that is on your agenda."

"Good girl! I like that you have your eye on these things. The thing is...well, going there without a woman such as you by my side just does not look right if you see what I mean. So I am asking you, Heather, if you could do me that favour."

My heart skipped a beat. "Of course I would be delighted to do so, Mr. Townsend, but don't you have a girlfriend or something?"

"I've never met the right woman yet, Heather although I live in hope that I will one day."

I say here and now that I fancied Martin and make no apologies for saying so. Then the thought occurred to me that maybe he was using me. After all, he is a politician. Then I thought that there were other single women in the Sudbury party he could have asked. That cheered me up.

“Of course, Mr. Townsend. I will be more than delighted to help our party campaign in any way I can.”

“I most sincerely thank you, Heather for helping me out of this hole. You were the first woman that came to my mind for this meeting. I shall pick you up, say, around quarter to seven at your flat on Tuesday night.”

You would have to have scraped me off the ceiling as I put the phone down. I was on Cloud Nine. But then I thought, “You’re only going to help the party candidate out. It’s not a date with some man, stupid.” Then something else struck me. I was on night duty at the Sudbury General Hospital that night from ten to seven in the morning. The ward Sister Kenny was a stickler for promptness but the meeting should be finished before ten, shouldn’t it?

On that Tuesday I finished my night duty and as usual came back to my flat, made breakfast, then went to bed till about two in the afternoon. This was routine when I was on night duty. What was not routine was the time I was taking to pick the right outfit to wear to this meeting of the Young Mothers Association that Martin would be speaking at.

I decided the dress had to be blue, the party colour. But which of my blue dresses should I wear? I had three; which one would Martin approve of? I certainly didn’t want to be dressed like a tart so that ruled out the blue polka dot dress that stopped at the knee. The other two both were long and suitable but which one was better? I decided on the long plain blue dress. It was nothing fancy and might be right for there were going to be many other women at this meeting who would be watching whatever woman was at Martin’s side and her clothes. So my outfit should contain nothing controversial. Such things could conceivably sway votes and I did want to be the right woman for Martin.

I also felt the right jewellery was essential so I opted for a three-row pearl necklace and matching

earrings. I didn't overload myself on that score although I may well have wanted to for my man. He wasn't mine or anybody else's for that matter but I couldn't deny I wanted him.

I had spent so much time worrying about what clothes to wear that it was now time to apply my makeup which caused more difficulties. What kind of woman was Martin looking for? Definitely not a tart so the makeup was not plastered on. I took particular care in applying paint and face powder. Not too much powder and a light red lipstick and that was that. No mascara or eyeshadow. I hope Martin would appreciate all the trouble I was taking. The thought ran through my mind that all he wanted was a woman by his side and it just happened to be me for now.

I looked in my dressing table mirror at myself. If I do say so myself, my appearance as a woman is not all that bad. I am raven haired with large brown eyes. I have high cheekbones, a thin aristocratic nose, and a wide sensuous mouth. I am narrow-waisted, wide of hip and I have long, luscious legs. I am somewhat flat-chested although I contemplated doing something about those in the future with bigger implants. I have elongated thick nipples which should delight some man.

The time was fast approaching for Martin to pick me up and I kept fidgeting. Had I picked the right blue raincoat and blue leather handbag? I stood before the dressing table mirror, turning this way and that to see myself at all angles in the mirror.

Then the door bell rang. "It's him!" I thought, my heart pumping fast. Upon opening the door, there he stood in a stylish lightweight black plastic mac; double-breasted, with eight-button fastening and tie-up waist cord over a black evening suit and bow tie.

"Do come in, Mr. Townsend. I just have to put on my coat, then we can make our way to the meeting." As I put the coat on, I picked up my handbag.

"You do look pretty, Heather," said Martin.

“Well thank you, Mr. Townsend,” I replied and blushed.

“Oh, I think calling me Martin or Marty would be more suitable, don’t you?”

“Yes, if that’s what you want, Martin.”

We left my flat to his car waiting outside. As Martin drove to the meeting he became very chatty, telling me that he worked as a lawyer. If elected, he would give that job up to concentrate on a career in politics for he had always wanted to help others.

“And what sort of work are you involved in, Heather?”

“I’m in nursing Martin at the Sudbury General Hospital. As it so happens I am on duty tonight.”

“Very worthy profession. Lady with the lamp and all that. What time are you on duty, Heather?”

“At ten,” I answered.

“Then I shall drive you to the hospital after the meeting. That’s the least I can do, seeing as you’re helping me out of a hole.”

We arrived at the meeting which was well attended by young mothers. Martin was made welcome by the President and presented to those attending.

Martin launched into the party manifesto and what the party planned as benefits for young mothers and babies if he was elected. As a party worker, I knew all this by heart. He occasionally looked down from the platform above to where I sat below with other women. I would smile back knowingly. After about a half-hour Martin finished, after covering not just what the manifesto said about benefits for young mothers but other parts of party policy.

“Thank you, Mr. Townsend. That was most interesting and informative. I’m sure many here would like to ask you questions about your party policy,” said Madam President.

“I will be most happy to answer any questions that those here may wish to ask, Madam President.”

There followed a question and answer session during which I thought Martin was most efficient and effective in his answers. From my observation of those women around me, Martin had gone over well. I was sure he had picked up a few votes from the undecided. I looked at my wrist watch. The meeting was running long and I was going to be late at Sudbury General Hospital for duty. Sister Kenny would come down on me like a ton of bricks.

“You must join us in a cup of tea and a slice of cake, Mr. Townsend.”

“Of course, Madam President. I will be more than delighted.” Martin now came towards me to join him, taking my hand to sit beside him.

“Martin,” I whispered, “I’m going to be late for duty.”

“I’m so sorry, Heather, that’s my fault. Ladies, I’ve delayed Nurse Archer from her duty at the Sudbury General Hospital. I’m sure you will forgive me for we must go. Some other time perhaps.”

Martin made his excuses and we departed.

“I’ll explain everything when we arrive at the hospital. I’m sure they will understand.”

“I hope so, Martin. Sister Kenny is one of the old school and not the easiest person to get along with.”

Sudbury General Hospital is over a hundred years old, in need of needs modernism and I told Martin so.

“Then I shall fight for that once elected, Heather.”

Martin was to see fit or himself once we had passed through the wrought iron gate at the entrance and parked his car. We made our way to the nursing station in the middle of Ward 2. At the station were three nurses and Sister Kenny who was sitting writing reports. She glanced up as we approached.

“I’m so glad you found time for work, Nurse Archer. It must be a nuisance for you,” she said sarcastically.

“I’m so sorry, Sister. It’s entirely my fault. You see, we were at this meeting.” Before Martin could get any further, Sister Kenny interrupted him.

“I don’t know who you are, boyfriend or whatever. I’m not interested in excuses. Nurse Archer knows the rules.” Then looking at me, she continued. “For lateness you will be docked half a day wages. Get that muck off your face at once, we’re not running a knocking shop here. This is a ward full of sick people. Get to the changing room at once.”

I immediately made for the changing room and removed my makeup which I had taken care to apply so as not to look like a tart which Sister Kenny had implied I was. In the changing room were lockers containing our uniforms to which we changed into at the start of duty.

In my day nurse’s uniforms were not like the pantsuits that nurses wear now. I wore a blue dress over which a white pinafore apron was put. I had a black belt at the waist, heavy black stockings and flat black shoes. I placed a white cap on my head and I removed all my jewellery and pinned a pendant watch to the uniform.

As I came back to the ward, Martin was still there trying to convince Sister Kenny it was his entire fault that I was late for duty but she wasn’t listening.

“I’m afraid you will have to go for there is work to be done, Mr. Townsend. No doubt you will see Nurse Archer when she comes off duty in the morning. Goodbye.”

With that, poor Martin departed. I felt sorry for him.

In the morning as I came off duty at seven, I heard the peep of a car horn and there at the gate was Martin in his car waiting for me.

"I'm sorry for getting you into trouble, Heather. How can I apologise? Is there anything I can do?" he said as we drove to my flat.

"No not really, Martin. These things happen."

"But you have lost half a day's pay all because of me. I'll think of something, leave it to me."

By this time we had arrived at my flat. I invited Martin for a cup of tea and we chatted.

"Heather, I was going to ask you if you would accompany me to some of my meetings with various groups at night but I don't want to put you in any more trouble with Sister Kenny. She's a bit of an old battle-axe isn't she? Who would ever want to love her?"

I had just gotten friendly with Martin and wanted to know him better. "Martin, I could always help you out during the day."

"Could you, Heather? That would be very helpful during this election. It would help if you were at my side."

"I'm sure you could have other women with you at these night meetings." I didn't want any other women at his side. I knew I would be jealous if that happened but I did want Martin to win.

"I'll think about that Heather but I would prefer you. Whatever happens in this election, I want to see more of you."

Those words had my heart beating faster than it ever had in the past.

"I will only be too happy to comply with that wish for it is mine as well."

"Thanks for the cup of tea, Heather. I mustn't keep you from your beauty sleep." With that, Martin swept me into his arms and kissed me. I put up no resistance. It was our first kiss but it would not be the last. I went to bed in a dreamy way, having fallen in love

with Martin and dare I say it, I think Martin was in love with me.

I was to find out what Martin said about Sister Kenny being an old battle-axe was not true. She did have love in her heart for the right man as I was about to find out.

Sister Kenny was a single woman in her forties and she had been a devoted nurse all her adult life. A tall woman with blonde hair, she never wore makeup, at least not on duty. She always seemed to have a stern-looking face and she was not afraid to give a piece of her mind to the younger doctors when they would visit the ward. There was no doubt they feared to visit Ward 2 where she was Ward Sister except for one doctor who was around the same age as Sister Kenny, Dr. Hampton. They seemed on rather friendly terms. They were actually very friendly with each other, as I was to find out.

Sister Kenny was on leave for a week and Staff Nurse Thompson was left in charge of the ward.

“Nurse Archer, would you do me a favour? Drop these reports off with Sister Kenny at her home please. I know it is on your way back to your flat.”

“I thought Sister Kenny was on leave, Staff Nurse?”

“She is but Sister Kenny is a very conscientious and caring nurse. Even though she is on leave she still wants to see the reports on some patients in this ward.”

“I will be more than happy to do so, Staff Nurse.”

So there I was in my old beat-up car (you can't afford much else on my pay) heading home. Sister Kenny lived in a nice residential part of town, a house on its own with a front garden. I stopped in front, walked up the garden path and knocked on the door. No answer. I suppose I should have put the envelopes

through the letter box for maybe she wasn't at home just then. However I gave the door a push. It opened. There was no one in sight so I stepped in. I was about to call out for her when I heard a noise coming from one of her rooms. I went nearer to the room.

THWACK! SMACK! SWISH! and another SMACK!

I quietly opened the door just enough to peer into the room. There before my eyes was a most amazing sight; a naked Dr. Hampton at the end of a bed. The bed itself was a magnificent traditional Victorian brass bed with solid brass horizontal and vertical bars, capped with intricate spun brass collars, and legs topped with large bed knobs. The headboard stood 52 inches high while the tailboard was 42 inches.

It was the tailboard that attracted my attention for there was the naked Dr. Hampton with his hands on the top curved horizontal rail of the tailboard that ran from one brass knob to the other, his feet on the highly polished wooden floor. At his side stood Sister Kenny, cane in hand with her back to me.

The cane was raised and smartly descended on Dr. Hampton exposed buttocks a number of times. How many times that cane descended on Dr. Hampton's backside before I arrived, I have no idea.

"You are such a naughty boy, Lionel, aren't you? Don't do it again otherwise you'll get more of the same." This was Sister Kenny speaking.

That warning didn't seem to deter Dr. Hampton for the warning words of Sister Kenny only caused him to have an erection, a large one.

"Oh Marion," he said as he swept Sister Kenny into his arms. She made no attempt to discourage this advance. Dr. Hampton hands were now at the back of Sister Kenny's dress, a nice sparkling blue one. I must admit I never seen her dressed so well. I could see his hand had immediately gone to the top of her dress at the back and I heard the sound of a zipper being pulled down. I watched, fascinated, as her dress fell all about her to the highly polished floor.

There my ward sister stood in a white slip, embracing Dr. Hampton. She had a hand on his erection, but not for long. The tall blonde woman found herself lifted by Dr. Hampton and placed on her bed.

“Oh Lionel,” she sighed as the doctor climbed on bed beside her. I thought maybe it was time to make myself scarce as the doctor was now on top of Sister Kenny and she was opening her legs. I thought I heard the squeak of bed springs as I quietly left the house.

I went back to my car to wait till Dr. Hampton left the house. For all I knew he could be staying the night. I certainly wasn't going to hang on that long.

As I always say, what consenting adults do in private is nobody else's businesses, certainly not mine. That, however, didn't stop me from speculating as to which kind of games Sister Kenny and Dr. Hampton played. Whatever it was, they certainly seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Yes, they certainly must have been enjoying themselves. I looked at my wrist watch; it was over an hour and a half since I left the amorous scene. If nobody emerged within the next half hour, I was going home.

I was keeping a constant eye on the front door of Sister Kenny's house. I was about to give up and leave when the front door opened. There stood Sister Kenny, still in the white slip, with her arms round Dr. Hampton's neck. He had his arms round her waist and they were passionately kissing.

As Dr. Hampton left to go to his car, I noticed the smile on his face looked like the cat that got the cream. As the doctor left, I quickly made for the front door, knocked and waited. I heard some hurried activity inside. Eventually the door opened and there stood Sister Kenny in a quilted printed lavender housecoat which had two side pockets and a little stand-up collar. She wore a pair of pink fluffy open toe mules. She quickly buttoned the front of the housecoat although that hadn't stopped me from seeing her white slip underneath.