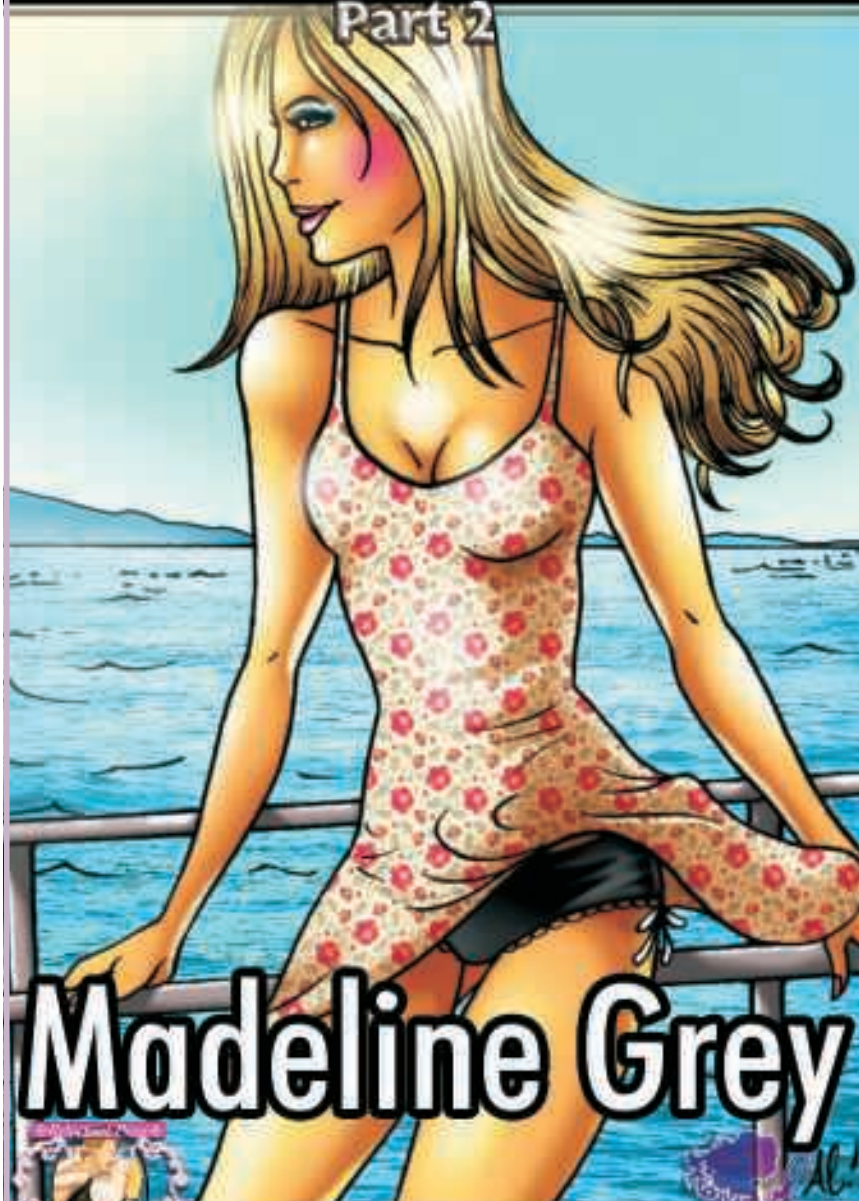


*The*  
**Prime Minister's Mistress**  
Part 2



**Madeline Grey**



A "New Woman" Novel



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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.



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# **Prime Minister Mistress Part 2**

**By Madeline Grey**

## **PREVIOUSLY**

Heather Archer, a transsexual nurse at Sudbury General Hospital, had fallen in love with Martin Townsend, a politician who became the Member of Parliament for Sudbury City. Martin's political ambitions were high and he was making his way up the political ladder. He had asked Heather to marry him, which in the era was not allowed. Heather confessed to Martin she was a transsexual; this made no difference to him. He loved her and would forsake his political career for her.

Heather saw greatness in the man; just how great she never guessed at the time. In her mind there was only one thing she could do; leave him. It was with much regret she had to not only leave him but go out of his life forever. Now with her nursing certificates

behind her, she was employed at Morningside Hospital as a nursing Sister. While there she found herself sucked into a vice ring operated by Dr. Steven McCulloch, a surgeon at the hospital. While Heather could never want any other man than Martin, she was not averse to making love with a woman, Sister Megan Stark, another ward sister. They became lesbian lovers. It was she who introduced Heather into Dr. Steven's vice ring. Sex games of all sorts were played out in his villa. Heather was on board Steven's yacht "Fast Lady" where the sex games continued. We continue Heather's memoirs.

## **MORE SEX GAMES ON THE FAST LADY**

Steven's yacht was becoming a brothel on the high seas although it didn't occur to me at the time. I thought it was great fun and I was being paid for it to boot. Everything was going on; you name it and it was probably done on the "Fast Lady" sex-wise. Poppy—remember her, the supposed underage schoolgirl—had sugar daddies at some port of calls. One would get off the ship and a new one would take his place. It was interesting watching Poppy operate when we went ashore at somewhere on the Cote d Azur. She seemed to like to embarrass her current sugar daddy. She would go arm-in-arm with some grey-headed old man and maybe stop in front of some jewellery shop.

"Oh daddy, that is such a nice necklace, bracelet, earring" or whatever she was observing. "Oh daddy, please, please buy it just for little old me." Then followed her standard line. *"I'll be ever such a good girl for my daddy, I really will, daddy. You know I will just for my daddy."*

I noticed a twitch in some of the elderly men's trousers. One thing about Poppy Mandrake, she wasn't



stupid and knew how to wheedle money out her sugar daddies. I asked her once what did she do with all her jewellery?

“I wear it that day or night. After all, the old bugger bought it for me. Some can get a hard-on for whatever reason and fuck the daylight out of me. You’d be surprised what the thought of fucking an underage schoolgirl can do to some of these senior citizens, I do think I am helping them prolong their active sex lives. Then afterwards I sell the gems. Money is more important to me. I am overflowing in jewels.” Good for her, I thought.

The day after the first night cocktail party on board, Megan was in conversation with Stevie. She waved me over “Stevie has some sex toys for us, Heather as you said you thought he would have. You’ll need to give me a hand with this one to get it to our cabin.”

As we entered Dr. Steven McCulloch’s cabin, there was a large cardboard box sealed up.

“What is it, Stevie? What are we using it for, or who are we using it in?”

“You’ll see what it is when you open it. This is another toy for your, Bridgette and Megan’s delight.”

Steven handed me a flesh-coloured dildo.

“Take good care of it. It cost me plenty. It has an certificate of authenticity,” I was told by Steven.

What I had been handed was a very smooth mahogany dildo in a long deep narrow box made from the same mahogany, lined with silk on which it lay. Inside the box as well as the dildo was two scented letters in a lady’s handwriting on white paper. It was on

a yellowish scroll. This parchment looked almost too authentic. It was written in French which I understood having taken the language at school. Written on the parchment in fading red ink I read the following:

## **THE ROYAL DILDO**

I do hereby certify this is indeed the Royal dildo owned by Queen Marie Antoinette of the country of France and used by herself and other ladies in her court. I know for it was indeed used by her Royal Highness on my person by the Queen. Marie was such a tender, loving woman, especially to her own gender. Many a sweet night I have spent in her bed-chamber; for my services to her she made me a Duchess which I thought I rightly deserved.

Marie had many women lovers in her court. I was her favourite of all of them. I knew this for from time to time she would present me with gifts of diamond necklaces, love rings, and other such jewels. I always rewarded her in bed between the lovely silken sheets the night of such a gift. We did go through a secret ceremony of marriage. Maybe someday such things will be allowed between women by our society. Who knows what the future holds?

We consummated the marriage that night, giving full use of the Royal Dildo as all women should do in my opinion. We were like two lovebirds after our marriage, never out of each other's sight, kissing and cooing wherever we were. It was all so wonderful!

Marie was always delighted to see my breasts. That sort of thing was a common occurrence among us ladies of the court. We ladies often bared our breasts to each other in private for the others to admire and appraise them, even touch them and kiss

them. It was not unusual for us ladies to be bare-breasted in full view of lady friends and, in some cases, even to attract a gentleman. That occurred not only in the Royal Court but in full view on the public streets on occasion as well. It may seem scandalous to less libertine people but we all agreed that such beauty should be seen by all. It was not a 'nipple slip' as if by accident; it was full breast nudity. Any woman who displayed one breast only was considered somewhat of a prude by myself and my peers in the Royal Court.

Marie and I would frolic among the magnificent surroundings of Versailles. The place is so large you could go roving for days and never be found. We would kiss, caress, and fondle each other's bared breasts in a ladylike way. In my travels in Versailles, I was to see other young ladies become 'bosom friends' in the same manner as the Queen and I practiced. It seemed only right; if it was good enough for the Queen, it was good enough for them. I am glad to see the art of women making love with each other is in good hands so that there is no danger of it dying out.

There were of course other dildos used between the Queen and myself, many others; double-ended, strap-ons which were tied in many coloured ribbons of blue, white, and red, the colours of France 'round the hips. Marie was patriotic to a fault even if she came from Austria.

With the Royal Dildo, Marie placed it by hand into my cunny. She was so expert with it she had me soaking wet between my legs in no time. I put a hand round her neck and offered a breast to her which, I'm glad to say, Marie took and hungrily sucked to her heart's content.

This is the official Royal Dildo for it is signed by Queen Marie Antoinette herself on the shaft. It is true



that the signature is somewhat faded. The reason for that is the constant use of the implement between the Queen and not only me but other Ladies in the Royal Court as well. It could be used between two ladies without the Queen being present. This, however, could only be done with the Queen's permission which was given provided she could observe proceedings.

The Royal Dildo was kept in the Queen's bedchamber and locked away till such time as it was needed. While Queen Marie Antoinette kept a key to the locked cabinet, one of her Ladies in Waiting, a woman by the name of Lady Elizabeth DeMobley also had a key. She was given the title of Lady of the Dildo. (That, of course, was not an official French government title.) It was her Special Duty to see that the Royal Dildo was kept in the best of condition. This meant that she had to highly polish the Royal Dildo and lubricate it with the best of scented oils to make sure there were no defects of any sort in the working of the Royal Dildo.

Lady Elizabeth DeMobley, an elderly woman, had been a widow for some years. It is said, although there are no facts to prove the matter, that after leaving the Queen's bedchamber she always had a large smile on her face. There was no doubt she was enthusiastic about her job and the Queen never had any complaints about her work. In fact the Queen was of the opinion that the dildo seemed to work all that much better after Lady Elizabeth's loving hands had been used on it.

Marie Antoinette did not hesitate to increase Lady Elizabeth's stipend which still was a small amount. That mattered not to Lady Elizabeth DeMobley for she had been left well-off when her husband died. She was jealous of other woman should they find favour with the Queen and take her work as Lady of the

Dildo from her. After all, caring for the implement was her 'special duty' and she had her own secret special methods to see it was in good working order.

The Queen as I said before had many lovers from the ladies of the Royal Court. One such was Princess DeLamballe who frequented the Royal bedchamber till I deposed her in bed with the Queen. Before I ever came on the scene, the Queen had given her the title of Superintendent over her Royal household. For this the Princess was given a stipend which she didn't need, being the richest woman in France. The stipend was supposed to be used for meals for the Queen's favourite women in the Royal Court. If any woman was a favourite of Marie it could only mean one thing: they had slept with the Queen. The Princess never used it for that, however, as she thought other women were beneath her. Instead, it was used for her own amusements. Princess High And Mighty was to get her comeuppance when I came on the scene.

One of her duties as Superintendent entailed her serving breakfast each morning to the Queen and whoever was in bed with her, usually me. I always thought it was a demeaning job. I mean, can you doing the work of a mere serving girl?

I'm sure the Queen wanted to debase her further for she was tiring of her and I, Yolande Polignac, now shared her bed. I intended it to stay that way.

As I said before we Ladies went bare -breasted in private and of course when together in bed. I had always taken my delight of the Queen's breasts for they were truly magnificent. It was one morning when I and the Queen had woken early. Marie offered me a breast which, naturally, could not resist. I greedily fed on it, much to the Queen's delight. Our mutual pleasure was interrupted by Princess DeLamballe

who never knocked as she thought it was beneath her dignity with her tray of breakfast. I quickly left the Queen's breast to sit upright with my head on the soft satin pillow behind. I looked the picture of innocence, well as innocent as a woman who is in the bed of the Queen of France can be.

If stares could kill, I would have been killed on the spot from the one I received from the Princess. That was nothing new. I received a similar one every morning when she came in with the breakfast tray. She placed the tray over the Queen and me and left.

As we devoured breakfast, the Queen looked at me. "Yolande, you have displeased me."

I was shocked! Whatever had I done to displease my Queen, my lover?

"Pray tell, sweet Marie, how can I please you, my Queen. I do not want you to be saddened by me, your humble lover."

"Then why do you cease my pleasure when she enters my bedchamber? You leave my pleasure unfilled and you make so much a better lover to me than she ever could."

"Then, my Queen, your wishes shall always be obeyed. Princess DeLamballe will be completely ignored and your pleasure will never be interrupted, nor mine also." I smiled at Marie.

"I knew you would understand, my Yolande. For such obedience, I think the Royal Dildo will be exercised between your legs."

"I look forward to that pleasure, my Queen, for your skills are exceptional with the implement. Not

only do I say so but other Ladies in the Royal Court speak highly of your skills and the art of your usage.”

In no time I found my legs open, waiting for the Queen to exercise her skill with the Royal Dildo. It was nice to hear the slurping sound of my sweet juices as they were released from between my legs onto the shaft of the Royal Dildo.

Don't we women of the Royal Court love our dildos? Where would we be without them? Of course they can't all be Royal with the stamp of approval by the Queen. Nevertheless they still fulfil a want. I know some Ladies ask Marie if she would use them, not on themselves of course, and are honoured if she does and returns the dildo to them to use either singly or with a Lady partner.

I digress. it is the downfall of Princess DeLamballe I will speak of. I wanted to please the Queen and find favour with her once again. The following morning I woke early and the Queen was lying beside me, fast asleep. I gently kissed an exposed nipple as we always went to bed with our breasts bared. Her sleepy eyes opened in delight at my activities and she smiled. No words were spoken as I continued to suckle my darling Marie's breast. I knew from past experience that Marie Antoinette could release her womanly juices between her legs without any stimulation on my part. I would transfer my tongue and lips to her other breast, but not yet. I was waiting for something to happen. I hadn't long to wait for I heard the door opening. It could only be one person, Princess DeLamballe, for no one dare enter the bed-chamber of the Queen without her permission.

I now transferred my attentive tongue and lip to my darling Marie's other breast. I never looked towards the Princess, although I knew she was there. At this moment in time both the Queen and I were

propped up with silken pillows behind our backs. I carried on sucking Marie's breast like a small baby would, unconcerned as to what was around me. I placed a hand round the breast. Never removing my mouth or lips from her breast, I gently kneaded it with my hands just like an infant.

The Queen bent forward and kissed my forehead, oblivious to the Princess, although she knew she was there. "You really know how to please a Queen, don't you, Yolande. A lot better than others I could name."

The Princess quickly put the breakfast tray down and left in a flurry of petticoats with her tail between her legs.

Both the Queen and I laughed. "Serves the whore right. She was useless in bed. Darling, you are ten times better, no, a hundred."

"Thank you, Marie. I appreciate that compliment. You know I always try my best for my Queen."

"Then keep doing your best for I haven't told you to stop."

"Your wish is my command." we went into another session of womanly breast indulgence.

I had mentioned to the Queen of France that it was well known that Princess DeLamballe was liable to fainting fits; this had been well documented by court scribes.

"Yes I know my, darling. That is because her Lady in Waiting corsets her too tightly. Have you ever seen her waist? Of course I don't blame her, she is striving for the dream of the hour glass figure, the eighteen-inch waist. She can hardly breathe, hence the

fainting fits. You know what small waists bring, darling?”

“I’m afraid, my Queen, I do not know.”

“Big backsides. It’s easy to explain. If you are contracting the waist, what was there before has to go somewhere doesn’t it? The nearest place it can go is the buttocks. Show me a Lady with a small waist and I’ll show you a Lady with a big backside. However that backside is easy concealed for we Ladies wear crinolines that puff out round our bodies so that one cannot tell what is underneath. Even if large buttocks were to be displayed, many Ladies would have a big following of men. The male of the species are fools to think we ladies have these small waists and big backsides for their pleasure. It is for the pleasure of us Ladies who can admire the beauty of our sex and such delights. Do we not let our girlfriends within the Royal Court handle our bodies not just for their pleasure but those with the small waists and large buttocks?”

I could not argue for wouldn’t the Queen have knowledge of such things? I must admit to having my personal maid pull the stays of my corset as tight as she can. I believe as I look in the cheval glass mirror that my backside is becoming rather large. Marie has admired it and felt my bottom many times. Unlike the Princess DeLamballe I am not subject to fainting fits; maybe I have a better constitution than she. Who would want to faint when they are having their bottom felt—by the Queen no less—and miss all the excitement?

I know some of the Ladies within Versailles tried to fake their bottoms with padding; however when their Lady friends undressed them, they became disillusioned. This could lead to the breakdown of their womanly relationship, with the disillusioned one

looking elsewhere for a Lady with a more comely backside.

The loving between the Queen and I was not confined to the palace. There were times when we go hand-in-hand into the woods of Versailles. We were never alone for Marie Antoinette's Royal Dildo was always placed within the picnic basket we take with us. Apart from that instrument of joy, however, we were alone. We would romp together in the woods far from any watching eye. We would kiss and cuddle and at times Marie would gently push me against some sturdy tree. I liked that and shut my eyes to feel my dress being gently lifted and a hand placed on my sex. We ladies never wore underthings when we walked in the woods. Neither I nor the Queen did.

I felt the lips of my Queen on mine. I was in heaven. I also felt her fingers inside my sex, which too was wonderful. There was no word between us, only heavy breathing. It felt so wonderful to be in love with my Queen, it was indeed an honour. I opened my legs wider as she gently trolled her fingers through the silky black hair down there.

"Will you kiss it, my Queen, my lover?"

"That I surely will in time, but firstly I want to see you exude your love juice for me."

This I would surely do for my Queen; she gave me the greatest of encouragement with her little fingers stimulating my clitoris. I shut my eyes and felt the warm liquid flow from my body to the waiting fingers of my Queen. I opened my eyes in time to see the Queen lick her fingers with my juice of love for her that I had released on her fingers.