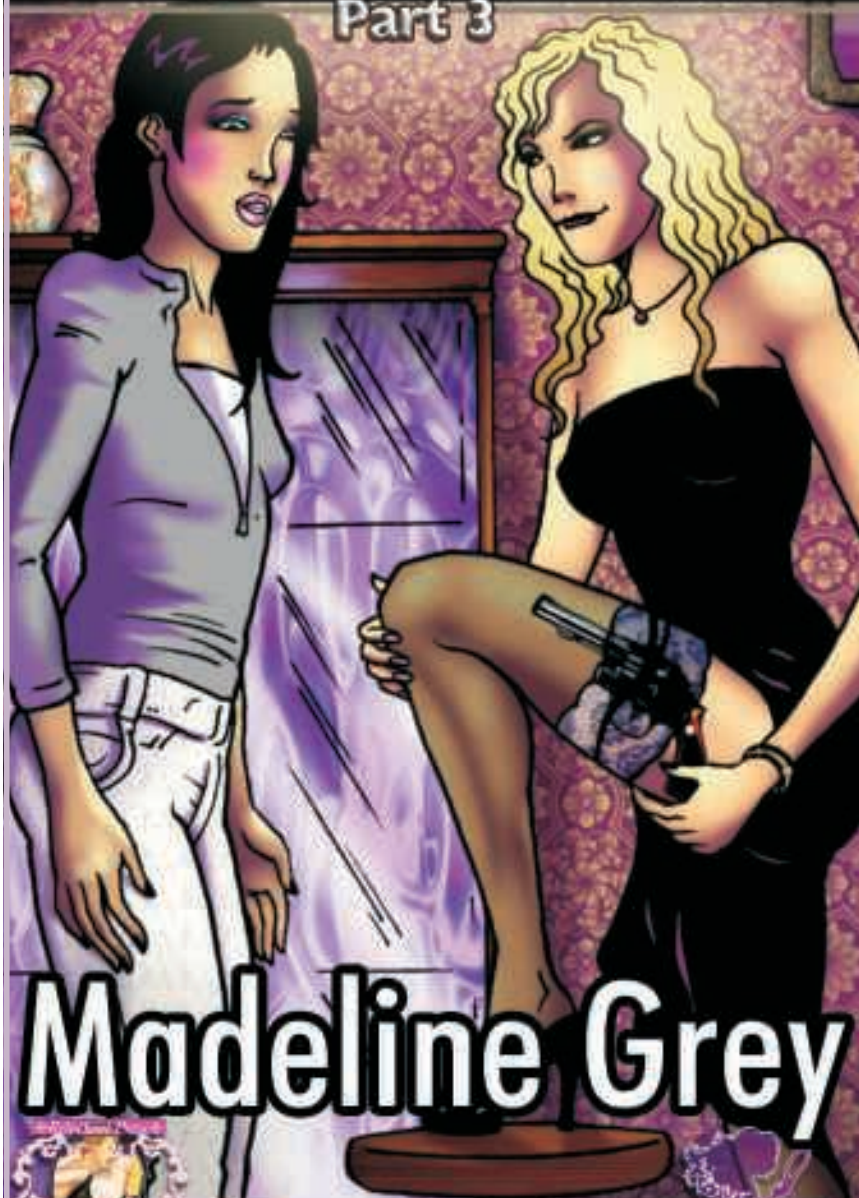


The
Prime Minister's Mistress
Part 3



Madeline Grey



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.reluctantpress.com

Prime Minister's Mistress Part 3

By Madeline Grey

PREVIOUSLY

Heather Archer had fallen in love with Martin Townsend who had won the seat of Sudbury City in the General Election as a member of the Progressive party. She could see that Martin was destined for greater things in parliament. It was then she had to confess to him that she was a transsexual, which meant Martin and she could never marry. It was true that both could be arrested as homosexuals and face a prison sentence. Heather, seeing the possible consequences, decided the best thing for her and Martin was to part and go their separate ways. Heather did not want Martin's political career to suffer a setback because of her. Therefore she walked out on him. Martin had no idea where the one he loved had disappeared to.

Heather had gone to Morningside Hospital as a Nursing Sister. It was at this hospital that she met Megan Stark, another ward Sister. She had a lesbian relationship with her. As far as Heather was concerned, however, she could only love Martin, however she was not averse to having sex with what she considered her own gender. In fact the two lived together in Megan's cottage during their lesbian relationship. It was Megan who introduced Heather to Dr. Steven McCulloch, a surgeon at Morningside Hospital. Steven ran a vice ring which included Megan. Megan took her one weekend to Steven's villa where sex parties took place. Eventually Heather was sucked into the vice ring and not only ended up in Steven's villa but also on a Mediterranean cruise onboard his yacht the 'Fast Lady' which was a floating brothel. Then Heather learned the love of her life, Martin Townsend, had become engaged to Audrey Dickenson. Heather Archer was now back at work as a Nursing Sister in Morningside Hospital. Lead on.

I was back as Sister Archer and on duty in Ward No. 2 in Morningside Hospital. Everyone remarked how suntanned I looked. I should, I had after all spent over a month in the Cote d'Azur soaking up the sun and being a lesbian prostitute. The only people who knew of that in the hospital were Megan who had already handed her resignation and Dr. Steven McCulloch who had also indicated he would be leaving soon. That was so he could take up the reigns of his vice empire and concentrate on that. There was far more money in that than in being a surgeon.

Steven had made arrangements that I would always be off duty on weekends, even after he left. Give Stevie credit, he knew I was of value to his vice empire. In turn I was asked him for more money for my services as a lesbian prostitute. Let's not fool ourselves here, I admit I was becoming greedy. I had already bought myself a brand new car, much more expensive than a Nursing Sister could afford. I

splashed out on the latest fashion of the day and invested in expensive jewellery, which was Megan's suggestion. One thing about Megan, she knew to put her money where no one could take it from her. Her money was now in a Swiss bank account as was mine as well and Dr. Seven McCulloch's.

One thing you could say about Megan and me, we were not stupid money-wise unlike some of the women I met in Steven's empire. They were pretty bimbos yes but very frivolous money-wise. To them it was spend, spend, spend with no thought of tomorrow when their looks faded and the money was gone. That was no concern of mine; I was more concerned with taking care of Number One.

Yet why was I still working as a nurse? I should be doing as Megan said; give it up and go full-time on the game. As for Megan, I rarely saw her in the cottage we shared. She was too busy making X-rated movies, mostly at Stevie's villa. The only times I caught up with her were when I would go to Stevie's villa for the sex parties he held there. These parties were becoming more regular; when I first came to the villa they were once a month; now they were going twice a month, sometimes 3 or 4 weeks in succession. None of us girls objected to that. The more the merrier and more importantly it put more money in our bank accounts.

After coming back from the sex cruise in the Cote d Azur, I arrived in my Humber Pullman Mark 3 at Steven's villa. I was showing off my purchase of the Humber Pullman. While not in the same class as a Rolls Royce, it still was a very expensive car. Why should I worry? I had to spend all that money on something, hadn't I?

The usual suspects were all there at the villa; Stevie, Megan, and Poppy Mandrake with some elderly gent latched on to her arm. She was in her schoolgirl outfit; gym slip, bare legs, white ankle socks and black Mary Jane shoes. Nothing ever changed with Poppy. Did she ever want it to? That

was her image and that was how she earned her cash. I'm sure some of the men who paid for her services knew she was more than a juvenile. Just the thought that she was underage gave them satisfaction. I'm also sure many of her clients did think she was an underage schoolgirl and that really turned them on.

Maxine and Charmaine, the once Charles, were also there, sharing the same room. Maxine was a permanent fixture now that Stevie had started the blue movie stuff for she was wardrobe mistress and beautician. Charmaine had taken up from where Charles left off. Charmaine, I learned, was soon to have her operation and was looking forward to it. She, unlike me, would have no problem sleeping with Maxine and having sex with her for that would be classified as a heterosexual relationship even though her penis was removed. If it was ever discovered that Martin and I had a sexual relationship, that would be deemed a homosexual intercourse and prison faced us both. Stupid law. At the present time, however, such thoughts were far from my mind as was the thought of ever seeing Marty again.

It was the same old routine as before. Don't ask me whose pussy I was licking or which one I had the strap on dildo for. They were all beginning to look all the same. The only thing I was interested in was the money they paid for my services.

One day when I turned up at the villa I noticed something different about Megan. It was her breasts; you couldn't miss them under the sweater she was wearing. They were bouncing around under it. They looked much larger than I had ever seen them.

"Hey Megan, what's with your tits?" I asked her in our room as I watched her take off her sweater.

"I decided on breast implants. Stevie thought it was great when I told him. They're just the thing for the movies. He said he'd pay for them and knew someone who would put them in. I thought Stevie

would do this himself; he informed me he was overloaded with work and would not have the time. What about you, Heather? I'm sure Stevie would also stump up the cash for that."

I have to admit Megan had tempted me unlike when she had asked me to go full-time on the game. In the Fifties, cosmetic surgery was new and not as advanced as it is in the present day. It was also more expensive and there were risks. Megan's boobs were large, very large. Since Megan got her implants, Stevie had talked her into heterosexual sex for his movies. I am sure Megan needed no persuading; it was the money that attracted her. Now she could do heterosexual scenes plus lesbian scenes for both were included in Stevie's films. Megan couldn't care less who fucked her or who she was fucking.

Anyway I talked to Dr. Steven McCulloch about breast implants. He was all for it. Again he tried to talk me into his porno films. I said no. I thought he might refuse the money after my refusal, however he did pay without question.

Weeks later I was sporting two very large bouncers like Megan. Boy, did we have fun playing with each other's tits. Now in the bath I play with myself and my tits. There was no doubt I was a wanton and lecherous woman. I was 'unclean' as the Bible says which was something I had never read in a long time. Soon, though, I would have plenty of time for that.

THE DECLINE OF AN EMPIRE

Dr. Steven McCulloch's Sex Empire all fell about him; I was responsible in a way for it. It started some months after the sex cruise; I had arrived as usual to Stevie's villa for one of his weekend sex parties.

I had driven early on the Friday morning and arrived at the villa round lunchtime. A film was being shot in the open air, a sort of Western with plenty of sex of course. At present an imitation of a town had

been erected and everyone was in cowboy gear. That was except for Megan who was naked leaning over a rail which horses were tied to. Megan's plump breasts hung over the rail while her equally plump backside was prominent on the other side of the rail.

Stevie, megaphone in hand like a real movie director, was shouting instructions "I want explicit close-ups. Silence on set. Action!"

A line of so-called cowboys was behind Megan. erections in hand. They were inserting their cocks one-by-one into Megan's pussy or anus. Megan was performing fellatio on those at the front of her. All her openings were being filled. Boy, was she enjoying this! The cowboys were going like there was no tomorrow. There were dicks inside Megan, hands on her overhanging large boobs. Overhead a mike was picking up all the sound emitting from the sexual endeavours of all.

From what I could see there were cameras shooting from all angles; nothing of a sexual nature was to be missed. As for the overhead microphone it received the grunts and groans and "More, more, I need more," from Megan. Eventually the scene finished and Maxine was on hand to throw a dressing gown over the naked Megan, sweat coming from her, as she sat on a chair beside Stevie.

"You were magnificent, Megan. That's another one in the can. Tomorrow we start on 'Lady Winter's Lovers'. I've some new girls coming to take part in that one."

"Have you, Stevie? Just as a matter of interest, what was the one we just finished called?"

"Don't you know, Megan?"

"Well, it's hard to tell. The scenes are all the same, aren't they? It's one man after another in my pussy.

The only thing different about that one we just finished is there was no lesbian stuff.”

“You can’t have lesbian scenes in a Western. It wouldn’t be right. It’s a man’s world out there where men are men and women are glad of it. I’m calling it ‘The Rancher’s Wife’, subtitled ‘She Kept the Boys in the Bunk House Happy.’ The next one is a period piece; fancy frocks, crinolines. and all that. They won’t be long on your body but they do look nice. Plenty of lesbian scenes in ‘Lady Winter Lovers’ for Lady Winter. That’s you, Megan. Her lovers are men and women. The final scene is an orgy with everyone doing their piece.”

“Sounds lovely, Stevie. So what about a pay raise?”

“That’s all you think of, Megan. I’ll think about. It depends how the movie goes sales-wise You’ll need to sweat buckets in this one.”

“Don’t I always?” There was no reply from Dr. Steven.

Megan noticed me standing there, “Hello Heather, you’re just what I need right now and I’m in the mood for you darling. Come on.”

Megan grabbed my overnight case in hand. We were heading to our room in the villa.

“Easy on, Megan. I’ve just arrived. Give me a minute.”

Megan was already stripping me down and had flung the dressing gown off. She stood naked, still with the makeup Maxine had applied to her face and body for the film. It was okay for the movie and would look good on film. but not as she now stood. I thought it gave her a gruesome appearance. That never stopped her or me as in no time my pussy was being sucked out by my lover. I loved every minute of it. Megan was good at it as she always was.

“I needed that, sweetheart,” exclaimed Megan when she finished with me.

“But you’ve just been fucked by countless men, haven’t you, dear?” I asked her.

“That was work. This is love with the one I desire, Heather.”

I suppose I should be pleased with that answer. Megan loved me and I don’t doubt she did. The only person I loved, though, was Martin Townsend and he was gone. However Megan was supplying the only kind of sex I preferred at this moment in time. Heterosexual sex was out unless by some miracle Marty appeared. If that unlikely event happened, my panties were coming down for him. I had to be satisfied with Megan and make the best I could with her. Don’t get me wrong, I did have affection for Megan. It just wasn’t love. I always reassured her that I loved her, lying to keep her happy.

“I could easily get Stevie to put you in that period piece he’s shooting tomorrow, darling. It’s easy money; lie on your back and let some woman lick you off. No need to do the heterosexual stuff if you don’t want to.” Megan was once more trying to persuade me as she had in the past.

I gave her the same answer as before. “No thanks, darling.”

“Please yourself. You could be quids in and away from making beds and changing bedpans.”

No more was said by either of us.

We showered and prettied ourselves for dinner and those who we would entertain in the coming night. Stevie had already informed me that there would be an elderly lady I would meet at dinner tonight and entertain over the weekend. I was becoming familiar with my body being used as a plaything for some

woman or other. It had become second nature now. What else could I expect? I was a prostitute and my body was being paid to use and abuse.

Ellen Fitzgerald owned a steel works since her husband Mark had died many years ago. She wasn't that interested in it, however with the right people in place it was very successful. All she had to do was lie back and take the profits. She was a lady of leisure and could indulge in her sexual preferences. She had always been a lesbian; when husband Desmond was alive, her affairs were kept well hidden. Now she could be open with them. Who would say anything to her? After all, she was the boss.

Ellen had a mature beauty like other elderly women I gave my body to in the past. I could see a pleasant weekend ahead, maybe even an enjoyable one for a change. Ellen gave me unexpected expensive gifts of jewellery. They weren't refused.

"Darling," she said, "you simply must come and spend some time with me," as she clipped an expensive necklace on me. "I'll make it worth your time."

I had already gotten the gist of what that entailed as I looked at the expensive necklace. I could have time off from my hospital duties and, unlike some women, I could stand Ellen pawing all over my body. I admit it, the jewellery persuaded me. I was out to make as much as I could with my body. I truly was a slut, wasn't I?

After spending the night with Ellen, at breakfast Stevie invited everyone not taking part in his porn movie to be spectators while he shot the film. The offer was not refused by anyone. This morning various scenes were to be filmed in the wide and spacious drawing room of his villa.

Megan was to be the promiscuous and wanton Lady Winters who bedded all, be they parlour maid, stable boy, Lord or Lady. I at present was watching

Megan in the makeup room where Maxine presided with the once Charles, now Charmaine. Megan was having makeup applied and also being fitted in a period dress, crinoline and all.

“I think a beauty spot goes well to you being Lady Winters, Megan. There we are.” Maxine had placed a black beauty spot on the left cheek. Megan’s face had been powdered white as appropriate for the 18th century and had what one could describe as a beehive wig piled high on her head.

“I’m going to sweat buckets under all these clothes and petticoats, Maxine.”

“What are you worrying about, Megan? They’re only for show. You won’t have them on for long till you are in the buff. It’s all action after the clothes are discarded. It’s not as if you are going for an Oscar.”

“Right. You don’t need to tell me that. I’ll put my all into the part of Lady Winters. Has she got a first name?”

“Let me see. Benedicte, it says in the script.”

“Where does Stevie dig names like that from? OK, we’re ready. What is the first scene?”

“It is in Milady’s bedroom where her maid is dressing her in the morning.”

“Then what happens?”

“You seduce the young girl, of course. Just go, you know Stevie will give you directions before he shoots the scene. Hell Megan, you’ve done scenes like this before. You’re going to suck your young maid out. Let’s waste no time.” Maxine and Megan departed to the drawing room which was being used for Milady’s boudoir.