

# Made A Lady

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## Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel



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# MADE A LADY

## Part 2

**By Blind Ruth**

### THE RELATIONSHIP OF CHARLOTTE AND ELSPETH

“Abigail is coming home ,Elspeth,” said Charlotte Middleton.

“Is she? I thought her leave wasn’t due for another month,” said her bed partner.

“It isn’t but Abigail confided in me that Marie has told her that a General Election is about to be called by the government.”

“But what has that to do with Abigail?” said the Scottish woman.

“Marie wants her and Hester to help her. She has been chosen as a Progressive Party candidate and they are all party members,” answered Charlotte.

“Enough of this tittle-tattle for tonight, Charlotte. Let’s get down to it. You do have your knickers off?”

“You should know after all these years not to ask that question.”

Elspeth McFarlane had Charlotte Middleton well trained since that first time many years ago when she said “Get your knickers off.” Charlotte knew there was sex in the air and she was all for it.

Elspeth had on a short black V-neck chemise in slinky silk-touch jersey fabric, with contrasting white lace at the front, neck, hemline, and shoulder straps.

Charlotte, her lesbian partner, was taller than Elspeth. She wore an smoke blue full-length strappy lace chemise with delicate eyelash lace on the front. It was bias cut for a flattering fit in a matte satin that felt like silk. It also had a deep lace V-back with covered buttons and adjustable back straps.

Just the sight of each other in their pretty night attire aroused them for sexual contact. The clitoris of Charlotte was standing stiff even though no contact with Elspeth had taken place yet. But now she held Elspeth in her arms and contact was softly made between their lips.

Both knew that they would be having sex this night and had applied makeup to themselves. Tonight was special because tonight because it was 15 years since they first had sex together.

Charlotte’s fingers slipped under the hem of Elspeth’s short chemise to rest on Elspeth clitoris; it was not yet at full erection as was Charlotte’s. That would soon be taken care of as Charlotte nimble finger slowly rubbed over it.

She knew her bed partner was becoming aroused as she felt Elspeth begin to relax in her arms and her kissing became more passionate.

“Don’t stop,” whispered the aroused Elspeth.

The clit was now standing at full attention, pressing itself into Charlotte’s finger, much to her delight. Elspeth’s hands had gone round Charlotte’s neck while Charlotte was now astride her lesbian lover. From above, Charlotte’s heavy breasts swung in front of Elspeth’s eyes, a tempting display for her to feast upon. Elspeth’s hand left where she had put it round Charlotte’s neck to gently pull a breast towards her mouth; once there a gentle sucking took place. The breast was being devoured like a tempting apple, pear, or orange.

The erotic pair continued their lovemaking as Charlotte put a hand inside Elspeth’s pussy which was sopping wet with all the stimulation she had been receiving from her lover above her. Slow moans were released from both participants.

Charlotte had focused on Elspeth’s breasts; the short black silky chemise she wore had wrinkled up to expose Elspeth’s small breasts. Charlotte felt her partner’s breast respond to her touch as an exposed nipple hardened. Elspeth raised her body so that her sexual parts rubbed against Charlotte’s, something that had always been a favourite part of Elspeth’s lovemaking.

Elspeth mouth was still sucking at Charlotte’s breast as the pair continued their frottage. As secretions within their bodies were discharged, the sliding movements between their private parts became quicker till eventually a crescendo was reached and both fell exhausted with extreme happiness on their faces. Eventually sleep overtook the Sapphic pair.

## ALL FOR ONE

Hester Weston was welcomed into Marie Ramsay's London flat. Both women hugged and kissed each other.

"You answered my call, Hester," said the small woman.

"Of course, Marie, why wouldn't I? You have been in touch with my cousin?"

"Yes, Abigail will be here in a few days, she just has to sort some matters out in New York. She said she will stay till after the election."

"It's so long since I have seen her. It will be like old times, the three of us being together again. But I have seen nothing in the papers or television about this election."

"If Lord Armstrong says there is a General Election coming, there is a General Election coming. I have made up the spare bedroom for you tonight. Tomorrow we will go to Rudely; I want to meet the local party members and see if we can fix somewhere to live during the election," finished Marie.

"Good. I have fixed matters concerning my work. Bruce has been a dear to me and will take some cases off my hands to free me. Bruce even said that if he can find the time, he will come and help us at weekends."

"That is kind of him. I need as much help as I can get," the small woman said. Hester was shown the room Marie had prepared and the bathroom to refresh herself before dinner.

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"I phoned the takeaway and they're sending two chicken curries over. You don't mind that, do you?"

“No, of course not,” Hester replied.

The takeaway order soon arrived and a chilled bottle of white wine was opened. Both women sipped their wine

Marie as she ate could not fail to observe Hester’s breasts.

“There’s something different about you since we last met.”

“You’ve noticed them?” said she, placing a hand on her bosoms outside her dress.

“They are rather large compared to the last time we met,” said Marie.

“They are, aren’t they? I wasn’t satisfied with what I had so I got implants. Bruce likes them,” finished Hester.

“I bet he does. Probably can’t keep his hands away from you, dear. “Where did you get them?” asked the curious Marie.

“At the Better Bosoms Clinic Are you interested yourself?”

“No,” she lied.

“I sometimes wonder why my Aunt Charlotte never had that done to me. She did everything else; changed my name from David; changed my sex to female. Why didn’t she give me decent breasts? The hormones she pumped into me as a boy certainly made me feel female and gave me breasts but not enough for my liking.”

In the morning it was decided they would use Marie’s Chevrolet Spark, a small two-door car. Hester parked her car in Marie’s garage for the present time.

The women set off on their journey to Rudely which would take them some five hours. When the town was reached, they made for the Progressive Party HQ, a wooden hall in an outlying district of the town. Marie had

phoned the local party chairman that she wanted to meet him that afternoon.

“Pleased to meet you, Miss Ramsay” said the man. He held his hand out to Marie.

“You may have been somewhat surprised by my phone call the other night, Mr. Berwick. I will explain everything,” said the small woman.

“My office is this way, Miss Ramsay.” Marie and Hester followed the man past a stage and behind it to an office that needed a bit of paint.

“Please take a seat,” said Mr. Berwick, indicating two seats in front of his desk.

“Please call me Marie. I expect we will be seeing plenty of each other in the coming weeks. You may wonder what this all about. I can tell you that the government is about to call a General Election very soon and that comes from very high Lord Armstrong, the Party Chairman.”

“I see but what I may ask has this to do with you, Miss Ramsay?”

“I am one of the backroom team at HQ in London. Lord Armstrong has asked me to be our candidate at Rudely in this election.”

“We haven’t a prospective candidate at present Miss Ramsay, not for lack of trying, I have to say. No one wants to stand for the Progressive’s here and I don’t blame them. We have no chance. It is possibly the biggest majority the government has over us anywhere in the country.”

“Not the biggest, Mr. Berwick, tenth on the list to be precise,” Marie corrected him.

“Is that all? Then we have a hope,” Mr. Berwick joked.

"I am here to be that candidate. Can I count on your full co-operation?"

"Surely. I'm glad somebody wants to fly the flag for us here but there are very few of our supporters round this town. It will be hard going and no reward, I'm afraid. Call me Ronnie. You will need an agent, Marie."

"Don't worry, she is here with me, aren't you, Hester?"

"What? Who, me?" spluttered a surprised Hester.

"My agent is Hester Weston, Ronnie." Hester and Ronnie Berwick shook hands.

"I think the party should have a formal meeting, say, Monday night, to elect me. Then I can meet everyone."

"I can arrange that, Marie, no problem."

"Good. Next thing is to arrange somewhere Hester and I can stay during the time of the election. When I win, I shall arrange somewhere to live in the constituency," finished Marie.

"There is nothing like being confident, Marie. I do hope you are right but pigs might fly first," Ronnie Berwick laughed. "As for living here, Mrs. Sheldon, a good party supporter, could put you up for that time."

"I know nothing about being your agent," said Hester as the pair made their way to meet Mrs. Sheldon.

"Don't worry about that. I'll keep you right, besides you're a smart woman. You wouldn't be a solicitor if you weren't. In no time you'll get the hang of it," the small, determined, Marie answered.

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Old Nelly Sheldon, a widow for over ten years, showed Marie and Hester two rooms where her son and daughter had lived. Both were now married and far from Rudely.

"These will do nicely, Mrs. Sheldon. Is it possible to put an extra bed in the large room for another girl will be here soon?"

"Yes that can be done, dear. When you would want to move in?" asked the old lady.

"Will tomorrow be okay?" Marie looked at her watch. "We will have to go back to London, pack a few things and come back tomorrow. I will phone you if there are any changes in the plans, Mrs. Sheldon."

"You do that, dear. Meantime, I will have the rooms ready for you," said the white-haired old lady.

Later that night on the way back to London, an announcement was made on the radio that the government was to hold a General Election. All would be set up to end Parliament the coming Thursday. A six-week period would take place before voting.

"That's longer than I expected," said Marie.

"Is it?" asked Hester.

"Yes, it's usually four weeks. It means the government party is in trouble and needs the extra weeks to convince the general public to vote them back in," said the knowledgeable Marie.

## **PARTY POLITICS**

Hester Weston was on her way to Heathrow Airport London to pick up her cousin Abigail Middleton. She was

driving Marie Ramsay's Chevrolet Spar. Hester waved to her cousin as she left customs. The two embraced.

"It's been so long since we saw each other, Hester. I've missed you."

"Let's get your baggage, then we can talk on the way back," said her cousin Hester.

After a few hours, Hester pulled into a roadside cafe for a snack. Abigail looked at Hester's finger. "That's a nice ring."

"Isn't it? It's my engagement ring from Bruce."

"When's the happy day, sweetie?" asked her cousin?

"We haven't fixed a date yet."

"You love that man, don't you, Hester?"

"Yes I do. Before that blind date my step-mom fixed up for me, I wasn't interested in men. Bruce just swept me off my feet, though. Whenever we do tie the knot, you and Marie will be my bridesmaids."

"Hester and I will be most honoured. You must hold on to him, Hester. I wish you both well," Abigail, her cousin, said.

"Thank you, darling. He knows nothing about my change of sex or my relationship with you," Hester informed her.

"Then I will make sure to say nothing of that. I will be eternal grateful to you for bringing Marie and I together."

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The General Election was now in full swing. At the local party hut in Rudely Town one morning, Marie was giving a briefing to party workers.

"I want you women to post leaflets through the doors in these districts today," Marie said, pointing to a map on the wall. "And Ronnie, you will take the van fitted with the loudspeakers to here and here," she continued, pointing to the map on the wall again.

"Hester and Abigail, come with me. This morning we are going round the local supermarkets and talking to people about various issues of concern. Take a bundle of party leaflets and give them out as we make our way round the markets." For a small woman, Marie Ramsay had an big personality and she knew how to make people do as she wanted.

"Abigail, you and Hester walk round the market talking to people, answering any questions and handing out leaflets. Meanwhile, I intend to go to the kindergarten and talk with the young mothers. I'll be maybe an hour or so but will come back to pick you up."

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Saturday morning saw a hive of activity in the party hall with Marie giving directions to do this and that. Turning to Hester and Abigail and holding two scarves with red and white stripes, she said, "These are for you girls."

"Thanks Marie, but what are we to do with them?" asked Abigail.

"Wear them. We are going to the football match this afternoon," was the answer.

"How could you be so stupid, Abigail? What else would they be for?" joked Hester.

During the campaign, as promised, Abigail's mother and her old governess Miss Elspeth McFarlane came to

help out and stayed in a local hotel. To Hester's delight, her boyfriend, Bruce Barberton, was there at weekends.

As the big day came, opinion polls suggested that it was going to be close between the government party and the Progressives.

Election Day came, the hustings were over. There was nothing left but go to the count in the local town hall and wait for the result. Marie Ramsay arrived shortly after voting finished at 10 o'clock with Abigail and Hester beside her. It would be a long night for their result in Rudely Town was not expected till somewhere around four in the morning. As the poll finished each district in town would send their ballot boxes by van to be counted. A seal on the boxes was broken and the voting papers spread on a table. It was the job of Marie and her helpers to take note of the votes for their party compared to the other parties. In this way they would know where their support was coming from and where most of their votes were. In future elections, districts from where they were getting the most votes would be concentrated on.

Around two in the morning, Hester said, "Let's go and have a cup of tea."

"Good idea," replied Marie.

A canteen in the town hall had been set up for just such. Marie treated all the Progressive Party workers to hamburgers and tea.

"It's going to be close. I listened in on the radio. They said we were making some gains on the Government Party," said Abigail.

"How do you think we are doing here, sweetheart?" asked Marie.

“From what I’ve seen here, it’s a close call as well. The 15,000 majority the Government had here will be severely slashed. We have hope, Marie,” Hester said.

“I can confirm that,” added Abigail.

“I think you’re right but I won’t build up my hopes yet,” little Marie said.

The result was not given at four as expected for when Marie heard the provisional result, she asked for a recount. The results were closer than people had thought they would be.

TV cameras were in the town hall and party political pundits were talking in terms of a possible upset result coming from Rudely Town.

“There’s a recount in Rudely Town,” said one commentator.

“Who is the Progressive candidate there?” asked another commentator.

“Marie Ramsay,” someone replied.

“Oh yes, she was one of the backroom boys in the Progressives. Her late father was an M.P. and I believe somewhere in the past one of her relatives was a cabinet minister,” a knowledgeable person added.

“The Progressives are making many gains tonight but to take Rudely Town would be beyond their wildest dreams,” said a pundit.

“What do you make of it all, Lord Armstrong?” asked the person heading the election coverage.

“In our circles, Marie is known as Little Miss Dominant. She gets things done and is well liked in party ranks. She will go far. Keep your eyes on her, whatever happens in Rudely Town.”

“We will certainly do that, Lord Armstrong. I believe the result is about to be announced from Rudely Town. Over to you, Douglas.”

“The mayor is about to give the vote count,” said Douglas in hushed tones into his microphone. “Here it comes,” he added.

The microphone in front of the mayor was now switched on. “Ladies and Gentlemen, the result of the election for the Member of Parliament for the constituency of Rudely Town is as follows. Ramsay, Marie, Progressive Party, 30,874 votes. Robinson, George, Government Party, 32,420 votes.”

The mayor finished with “Therefore, George Robinson is elected Member of Parliament for the constituency of Rudely Town.”

A stunned silence came from the Government Party supporters; their majority had been cut by over 13,000 votes. Marie thanked all who helped her and a special mention was made for Hester Weston, her agent.

In his speech, George Robinson thanked the people of Rudely Town for once again voting for him to be their MP as they had done for the last 24 years, then said, “It was a fair fight, Miss Ramsay, no dirty tricks. You were a worthy opponent and I wish you well. I believe more will be heard of you. I am sure great things are in store for you.”

Marie Ramsay looked at the elderly grey-headed man with a tear in her eye and replied, “I am not worthy of such praise, Sir. You have been a good servant to the people of Rudely Town all these years. I only hope that if I ever become a Member of Parliament, I can match your achievements.”

The town hall was emptied quickly and Marie and her friends left. When they arrived back at Mrs. Sheldon’s, all

crowded round the television to watch the election coverage. It was near 6:30 in the morning.

The man in charge of the discussion on the the election was talking. "Well, we are nearing the end of our election coverage. The Progressive Party has a narrow lead but there are a few country results to come which will not be declared till this afternoon. The cliff hanger remains till then. We will return to the air then. Good-bye for now."

"I don't know about you lot but I'm off to bed," said a tired looking Hester.

"Me too. It's been a long night," added Abigail.

## **AFTERMATH OF THE ELECTION**

On Sunday Hester drove Marie's Chevrolet Spark back to Marie's London flat with Marie and Abigail in the back seats. The election was the main topic of conversation. "Well, we won, Marie," commented Abigail.

"Only just, with a majority of sixteen," Marie replied.

Abigail Middleton was going to stay with Marie, her lover, till she went back to New York. As for Hester Weston, she would return to her job as a solicitor. Marie arranged for a dinner for three at a nearby restaurant. Afterwards, all three young women kissed and departed; Hester to her job; Abigail to stay at Marie's flat till her vacation ended.

On the Monday morning Marie was up early. She made breakfast and woke Abigail. "You're up bright and early, sweetheart," Abigail said.

"Have to be, I'm off to work."

"You're not working today, are you? You must be drained of energy after that hectic run around Rudely Town."

“Work is work and it doesn’t stop just because the election is over, Abigail.”

Abigail grudgingly said, “I suppose you’re right.”

Abigail was looking at the pretty black silk peignoir worn by Marie as she sat before her at the breakfast table. Her “thing” had risen below her white satin dressing gown which she knew Marie could not see. How she wished to rip that peignoir off Marie for Abigail knew beneath it Marie was as naked as the day she was born. It was difficult to fight these desires but she had to for the present.

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Monday morning Lord Armstrong called a conference at HQ. “Good morning, everyone, and well done. I congratulate all. As you know, the Queen will this afternoon be asking our party leader, James Harness, to form a government. Then he will move into Number 10 and invite members to join his cabinet. This will occupy the rest of the day. I will be talking with the Prime Minister tonight. For now, keep up the good work. I may have more to say in the coming weeks. Marie, see me in my office.”

Marie Ramsay sat before Lord Armstrong in his office as she had done many times before.

“Marie, may I congratulate you on the result at Rudely Town.”

“But I didn’t win, Lord Armstrong.”

“Nevertheless it was a remarkable result and has been noted by the party hierarchy. Word has already been sent down to me to find a safe seat for you in the next election. I don’t think that will be hard for old Paddy Jenkins has

already indicated that he will stand down at the next election. He has a majority of some 18,000."

"That is most kind of you, Lord Armstrong but if I may be so bold, I don't want a safe seat. I would rather fight in Rudely Town once again. But the next election is a long way off"

Lord Bertram Armstrong looked at Marie. "How naive you are, Marie, but you have time and will learn. I commend you for your loyalty to the people of Rudely Town. I will let you in on a little secret; with the small majority, we will have another election soon, I am sure it will take place within the year, which is something that will be discussed by myself and the P.M. tonight."

"That information will never pass my lips, sir," answered Marie.

"I know that, Marie, otherwise I would not have mentioned it."

"Lord Armstrong, it may not be my place to suggest such a thing but my agent Hester Weston was thrown into the deep end and made a good job of it. I would suggest that she take the place offered to me of taking over Paddy Jenkins' seat."

"Is she a party member, Marie?"

"Yes, she was on the Progressive Party committee with her cousin Abigail Middleton at university, sir."

"I see. Middleton, that name rings a bell."

"Her father was an M.P. and died shortly after she was born."

"I remember now. James Middleton. It caused quite a scandal; her mother, Charlotte, was caught in bed with another woman. All hell broke loose but things were hushed up as the party was in Government and our majority was thin. An election at that time and we could well

have lost. But I can't hold that against your girlfriend, Marie."

"Abigail has nothing to hide." Marie Ramsay said nothing about her own mother Phyllis being of the same persuasion but felt this party chairman knew many things about her family as he did about many party members.

"I will keep your friend Hester Weston in mind for future reference, Marie. Meanwhile, you look worn out after all the energy you expended during the election. I would advise you to take a rest, no, I am ordering you to go on holiday for the rest of the week, Marie."

"But sir..." Marie Ramsay never got any further.

"I need a refreshed vitalised Marie Ramsay when this election is called. That's an order."

"Yes sir." There was nothing left for Marie Ramsay but to clear her desk and take the holiday Lord Armstrong suggested.

## **WHAT HAPPENED ON MARIE'S HOLIDAY**

Marie arrived back at her flat about noon. Abigail was busy fixing lunch for herself. "You're home early, sweetheart. Something wrong?" Abigail asked.

"The boss told me to take a holiday to refresh myself after the election."

Abigail looked at the weary Marie. "Quite right too. You look all in. I'll make us some lunch. Fancy fish and chips?"

Abigail made the fish and chips and both sat there eating. "Marie, how about getting away for a few days, forgetting everything and relaxing? I know, let's get some sea air into the lungs."

"Where would you suggest, Abigail?"

“Blackpool. Its ages since I’ve been there. I’ll phone now, okay, darling?”

“If you say so. I’ll leave all the arrangements to you.”

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Blackpool during the summer months is all hustle and bustle and full of holiday makers. The five star Northbrook Hotel is slightly off the beaten track and a mile or so to the north of the Golden Mile. The exclusive hotel is for those with a good income; the service is first class and the magnificent bedrooms defy description. Abigail and Marie had just arrived and their baggage was taken from them and delivered to their room as they signed in.

“Dinner is at seven-thirty, ladies. Shall I reserve a table for two?” asked the receptionist.

“Yes, please do,” answered Abigail.

“What names?”

“Miss Abigail Middleton and Miss Marie Ramsay. Please give our phone a call around 7.”

“That will be attended to. Do you wish a call in the morning and papers.”

“Yes, please. The Times and I expect Telegraph for you, Marie?” Marie gave a nod of the head to confirm.

When both women reached their room a ten pound note was given to the bellhop by Abigail for bringing their baggage.

“You picked a nice hotel, Abigail,” said Marie eyeing the huge luxurious double bed with the satin sheets and pillows.

“Should be, sweetie. It cost an arm and a leg but it’s only money,” laughed Abigail.

“Don’t worry, I’ll pay my share,” said Marie.

As both women dressed for dinner, Abigail’s eyes were fixated on the small Marie. She fitted the classic little black dress with the white Peter Pan collar and cuffs, beautifully adorned with an elaborate beaded pattern, lending this piece a distinctive vintage feel. The back ties, when pulled in, created a flattering flare shape.

Abigail had already seen the figure-hugging medium control high-waisted briefs in black silk with lace side panels. All this increased Abigail’s desire to have Marie as she had done many times since her governess Elspeth McFarlane had thrown both of them naked into the bath tub when they were girls.

Marie noticed Abigail staring at her. “It’s my breasts, isn’t it, Abigail?” said the small woman.

“What are you talking about?”

“You’ve seen your cousin Hester’s breasts. They’re enormous, aren’t they?”

On that matter Abigail had to agree, they were indeed large but what was that to do with Marie?

“I’ve been thinking of having something like that done myself. What do you think?”

“I have never really thought about it till you mentioned it. Let me think the matter over. If I said I approved, would you do it, darling?”

“Like a shot. Even if you didn’t say you approved. I think I’d still go for it.”

“Won’t you be kind of top heavy, dear? I must say that even so, that idea fascinates me.”



“Then that’s it. I’ll get in touch with Better Bosoms, the clinic where Hester had hers done.” Marie Ramsay had made her mind up.

"I'm glad we sorted that out," laughed Abigail.

Both elegant-looking women made their way to the dining room; Marie in her little black dress, and Abigail in a long white rayon dress with a plunging neckline, which showed her breasts to their best advantage as she wore no bra.

The head waiter stood at the entrance to the dining room. The head waiter pulled their chairs out for them, then handed the menu to each woman. "I will send the wine waiter while you decide what to order."

When the meal was finished, both women went to a small ballroom in the hotel where a four-piece band was playing slow romantic music. A waitress came to their table where drinks were ordered; a martini for Marie and a glass of white wine for Abigail. As they sipped their drinks, Abigail suggested they have a dance.

"Splendid idea, Abigail" Marie said. Both left their drinks and onto the small dance floor they went. Abigail held the small figure of Marie Ramsay close to her.

"You smell delicious tonight, Marie," said the taller woman.

"Do you really think so? It's Rose of the Valley."

Marie looked up into Abigail's eyes and snuggled into her body, feeling safe. Abigail placed a hand under Marie's chin and raised it upwards. They were now looking into each other's eyes. It came as no surprise that their lips met each other's in a long, lingering, lipstick kiss. It mattered not to them if anyone saw such an action and it was doubtful if anyone did in the darkened surroundings.

The following morning at breakfast it was decided that both women would sunbathe on the beach near Central Pier. Swimsuits were put on under their clothes and they took a tram ride to the famous Blackpool Tower. Soon

both women were lying on the famous beach, lapping up the sun in their swimsuits. Some of the male population soon turned towards the pair and a few wolf whistles were heard. A few of the lads tried to chat up the pair. All of the lads got the cold shoulder. Not that it worried the boys much for there were plenty of other birds on the beach to chat up.

“Just what are we doing tonight?” asked Marie.

“I’ll think of something,” said Abigail. Abigail added. “Lie on your stomach while I slap on some suntan lotion. Then you can do the same for me, sweetheart.” That having been done, Marie decided a dip in the sea would be just the thing. Abigail came with her and splashed water over Marie to giggles and screams of delight from both young women.

“That was fun wasn’t it, Marie? I haven’t seen you so relaxed for a long time, sweetie.”

“Yes, I’m beginning to wind down after the election, Abigail.”

“I’m glad of that. Let’s get these wet costumes off. I think a trip to the Pleasure Beach is in order.” Abigail held a large white towel before Marie to hide her undressing and drying herself then slipping into her dry clothes. Marie did the same thing for her girlfriend. Their wet costumes were put in a plastic bag they had brought with them. A tram from the promenade took them all the way along the seafront of the town, past the South pier, and on to the Pleasure Beach.

At the Pleasure Beach, they visited the Crazy House. Concealed jets of air blew up their skirts to the amusement of some lads following behind them.

“The small one has a nice blue pair of knickers”

“I like the big one’s sexy black panties.”

The ghost train was next. Many couples were snogging as the train entered a dark tunnel. Not to be outdone, Abigail put her hands round Marie and they did their own bit of snogging. Hands were passed up each other's skirts and knickers to the delight of both of them. As their carriage emerged into the light, both young ladies had red faces. The Dodg'em cars were next for the pair. Their car got bumped and banged by some of the lads trying to get friendly with them to no avail.

"Come on Marie," said Abigail, "let's ride the Roller Coaster next." They were strapped into their seats and it started its rapid, stomach-churning ride.

"I'm going to be sick," Marie informed her partner.

"Not here, sweetheart, hold on till the ride is finished" answered Abigail.

She held her breakfast in until the woman's toilet was reached where she brought it up in a stall. "That's me finished with Roller Coaster rides forever," said Marie.

"I think we have had enough of the Pleasure Beach for now, sweetheart. It's time we got back to the hotel and dinner."

"Don't mention the word 'dinner,' I'll bring the lot up again," said Marie.

"Then go for a lie down when we get back," smiled Abigail.

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"You look much brighter this fine day," said Abigail as the sun shone brightly through the lace curtains in their bedroom.

"I feel much better, darling. I could tackle a big breakfast this morning."

"Say no more." Abigail lifted the bedside phone and ordered two breakfasts to be brought to their bedroom suite.

"What are we going to do today, the beach, or have you something else in mind?"

"I have Blackpool Tower in mind. Let's go to the top, sweetie."

It was a clear day as the pair reached the top of Blackpool Tower. They saw not only the town of Blackpool spread out before them below but as far as the coast of Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Scottish borders. It was all breathtaking. After descending, a visit to the tea-room seemed in order. As they sipped their coffee, Abigail asked, "What about a trip to the Flamingo tonight?"

"What's that?" inquired the curious Marie.

"A gay club and disco," replied her tall lover.

"Should be interesting, dear," the curious Marie said.

The three-floored Flamingo had a disco on each level. Seated at a table on the second floor, Abigail indicated it was her time to get drinks in. The bar was very crowded and it was a time before she got served. When she eventually came back to the table, Marie she was in earnest conversation with a much older woman. The woman, who had her back to Abigail, was saying, "Come back to my flat. It's nice there and we could get comfortable, sweetie."

Marie looked up and saw Abigail. "This is Colette." She never got any further. The older woman turned her head to see who Marie was talking to. Abigail was enraged for this club was a pick-up place for lesbians and she knew it.

"Get lost!" Abigail addressed the woman.

The woman, named Colette rose, and left for she didn't want any trouble. She had fancied the small woman but there were plenty of other women there who might accompany her back to her flat and spend the night with her.

Abigail gave Marie two stinging blows on the cheek with the back of her hand. "You're mine. Remember that. If I ever catch you with another woman, I'll thrash you. If I hear of something like that, I'll come straight back from New York and administer it. DO YOU HEAR ME?"

A frightened Marie Ramsay answered with a barely audible 'yes'. Abigail Middleton was insanely jealous of any woman who would go near Marie. Men she never worried about because of the time Marie had been near raped by Donald Appleton.

Marie Ramsay may have been known as "Little Miss Dominant" but the one person she loved and would submit to was Abigail. It had been like that since the first time they made love.

"Come on," said Abigail, taking Marie roughly by the hand.

"Where are we going?" asked Marie.

"Back to the hotel, away from here where no one can ogle you."

Having reached their suite, Abigail had no hesitation in informing Marie that she had to get her knickers off quickly.

Abigail watched Marie pull her black silk knickers down her legs. "Come here!" ordered Abigail.

Abigail Middleton sat on the red velvet-backed walnut veneer Queen Anne chair with its cabriolet legs. "Hand them to me." Marie handed the knickers to Abigail who placed them in a dressing table drawer. "You have no fur-

ther use of them tonight. Come closer and hold your dress up.”

Marie obeyed Abigail’s order. Abigail opened her legs and pulled Marie between them.

Marie felt Abigail’s finger pass over the black silky hairs that covered her pussy and gently caress her sexual parts. Then a finger entered her pussy ever so softly and linger there. This was driving Marie wild. One finger was not enough for Abigail, though. A second was soon followed by a third.

“I’m going to come,” moaned a delirious Marie.

“Not yet you’re not. I’ve my pleasure to get, you selfish bitch.”

The fingers were promptly removed by Abigail. “Strip the rest of your clothes off and lie there on the bed,” was the order from Abigail.

Abigail Middleton watched the small Marie take her dress off. The dress was a floor-length black chiffon A-line satin evening sheath gown. The gown showed off her curves in an elegant and flattering way. It featured short sleeves and a bodice with lace underlay, red ribbon trim and intricate beadwork. The skirt of the gown fell in luxurious puddles of chiffon at her feet, draping her legs while fanning out into a lovely wispy train at the back. Abigail Middleton licked her lips in anticipation of coming sexual delights with the small woman.

Having taken her dress off, Marie stood before Abigail in just her bra, having no slip underneath in the hot summer weather. She also had on a pair of beautiful black elbow-length satin gloves which were not going to be removed by Abigail during their love making. Marie’s brassiere would certainly be removed; Abigail took a step towards the little woman to do so. The strapless black bra was unclipped at the back by Abigail. The little dump-

lings fell nicely into Abigail's hands for her to caress lovingly. Marie ran a black satin-gloved hand up and down the outside of her dress. The elbow-length satin gloves were the only items of clothing she wore except for her jewellery, if that could be called clothing. The elegant black crystal earrings framed her face well, a face she had delicately painted that night before they left for the gay bars and clubs. The aroma of perfume drifted through the air and smelled of crushed roses from the now naked body of Marie.

Underneath Abigail's dress, her "thing" had risen. "On the bed and on your tummy and knees," ordered Abigail. The tempting sight of the small Marie filled Abigail with joy. She was spoiled for choice as to which aperture her "thing" would enter first. Abigail had a hand under Marie and was now raising her backside temptingly to place her lipsticked lips on the crevice between her fleshy buttocks. A kiss was planted on that spot and Marie gave a jerky movement at that.

"Keep still, you little devil," was heard from Abigail.

"I can't, it's so nice," replied Marie to which she received a slap on the derriere from Abigail. That didn't stop her wriggling; in fact, it only encouraged it.

"If you keep still, there are nicer presents to come. Please do not move," was heard from Abigail.

In fairness to Marie, she did her level best to control her movements. The long tongue of Abigail found its way into the aperture between Marie's buttocks. Abigail had firmly clamped her hands on the derriere to hold it motionless as her tongue now wandered to the other opening down there. Marie's pussy was to receive a licking and lapping the likes of which she had never received before.

Abigail stretched herself over Marie's back, her own nipples extremely hardened with excitement. The nubs of

Abigail's breasts hardened by all that was happening pressed into Marie's back, sending shivers of delight through the small woman.

"I want it, Abigail. Give it to me now, please," moaned Marie.

"Not yet, my pretty Marie. I am not ready. Who belongs to me? Say it."

"I do, Abigail," sobbed Marie, hungering for Abigail's "thing."

"Then you will never, ever, look at another woman again, will you?"

"No, because I love you, Abigail, but please give it to me," begged the small woman.

"That's better. Then we both know where we stand and for that, you will receive your reward."

Abigail Middleton had Marie Ramsay's clitoris standing the stiffest it had ever been in its life. But Marie's pussy was not where her "thing" was about to enter; tonight Marie's tight anus was to receive the pleasure of the "thing."

Abigail's hands pulled Marie's bottom cheeks as far apart as they would go. Her rampant "thing" she now eased within. The passageway was tight; If Abigail had been male, her "thing" may have caused poor Marie some pain but it didn't. It was indeed a tight fit but snug and comfortable.

Abigail had fully lodged her "thing" to the hilt inside Marie and let it rest before she started the pumping of Marie's arse.

Then she started her "thing" sliding back and forth, in and out. Abigail had gotten into her rhythm and having done so, could increase speed. Abigail was fascinated

watching Marie's elegant black crystal drop earrings sway and swing with the motion.

"You love this darling, do you not? Tell me," asked the tall Abigail.

A husky sex-filled voice came from Marie. "Yes, oh y...es, my lover."

"Then you would never want anyone else but me." Abigail kept on about this, that she was the only one Marie would be allowed to have sex with. Abigail was very possessive.

"Yes, oh yes, give it all to me, plea...se."

That was the answer Abigail wanted to hear from her partner. She could now concentrate on her own pleasure as well as Marie's. The tempo increased as did the up and down motion; bed springs creaked from the weight of the two making love.

Marie could not see her lover but that mattered not for she was deriving maximum pleasure. The peak was coming quick as the anus of Marie filled to the brim with the spending shooting forth from Abigail's "thing." Marie was not far behind. Finally, she too had come and the white juice poured from her pussy in a sticky mess onto the bed sheets.

Two naked people, arms around each, other fell asleep.

The early rays of the morning sun shone through the lace curtains and awoke Abigail to another round of love-making. It was prolonged as this would be the last day of Marie's holiday. When both came back to Marie's London flat, Abigail would be flying back to New York in the early hours of the following day.

## BACK TO WORK

Marie Ramsay was sitting before Lord Armstrong that Monday morning after her holiday. "You look all bright and breezy this morning, Marie. Maybe it is a boyfriend?" suggested the noble lord.

"Oh no, sir," answered she, thinking how delighted she was to be well fucked by Abigail during that holiday.

"Marie, I have been thinking over what you said about Hester Weston and researched a little. It seems you and she were on the student committee at university and made an excellent job of it. So she is no stranger to politics, is she?"

"No, Lord Armstrong, her cousin Abigail Middleton was on that committee as well," replied Marie.

"I see. I think Hester will be a good candidate for the seat, seeing you don't want it. It is a safe seat so she should be elected. You know her better than I so I will leave it to you to break the news to her," finished Lord Armstrong.

"That will be my pleasure, sir, but before that I may beg you for a few days off. I know I have just come back from a holiday but..."

"Surely you still have a lot of days left from your leave. What it is for, if I may be so inquisitive."

"Err, cosmetic surgery," blushed Marie.

"So you *do* have a boyfriend!" laughed Lord Armstrong. Marie Ramsay didn't reply.

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Marie Ramsay had phoned Hester Weston about Lord Armstrong's decision. There was silence on the phone line for a few seconds. "Are you there, Hester?" asked Marie.

"Yes. I'm stunned to say the least. Why me?"

"Because you are worthy of it. Lord Armstrong wouldn't have given it a second thought if he thought you weren't up to the job. You will accept then?"

"Yes, of course. I'm honoured but this is not the same as when we were at university. This is for real, Marie."

"Look, I'll come and have a talk with you in a few days but meantime I will be delayed. I have something important to do."

"You can stay at my flat and we will talk it over. I'll be delighted to see you once again. You can tell how you got on with my cousin."

Marie Ramsay had booked herself into the Better Bosoms Clinic and talked with surgeon Mr. Whitlock who would be doing the breast implant operation.

"There is nothing to worry about, Miss Ramsay. Have you decided on which breast implants you would like?"

A number of such items were at present on the table before her. Marie lifted the biggest breast form she could see.

"This one, Mr. Whitlock, unless you have anything larger," suggested Marie. Then she added, "My girlfriend, Hester Weston, has large breasts."

"I remember her. I did the operation myself. I think we could satisfy you with something considerably larger if that is all right with you, Miss Ramsay."

"Splendid."

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Marie Ramsay stood naked before the dressing table mirror in her London flat, admiring her breasts. She felt the roundness of her bosoms; they were worth every penny she paid. She was about to leave to go to Hester Weston's and discuss matters pertaining to Hester's adoption as the Progressive Party candidate for Hillingdon Burgh South, a very high class district. Hester Weston was the right candidate, as Hillingdon Burgh was full of retired solicitors, doctors, and business men.

Marie found some difficulty finding a brassiere to fit her new chest. In the end she gave up and went braless. She felt somewhat uncomfortable as she drove her car to Hester's place as her breasts flopped about in her dress. A whole new wardrobe had to be purchased; that would be done as soon as possible.

"Darling!" exclaimed Hester Weston as she opened the door of her expensive luxury flat. The now big-breasted Hester put her arms around Marie to embrace her and kiss her on the cheek. This was done with the greatest of difficulty as both women with their large bosoms found it hard to do embrace.

Hester had prepared the spare room for her guest and Marie disposed her overnight case on the bed.

"I've prepared dinner. Wash and freshen yourself, then we can discuss all the latest scandals."

"That was delicious, Hester. You must give me the recipe for that steak pie, darling."

"Yes, of course. Bruce liked it too."

"Becoming domesticated, Hester," Marie joked.

Both women relaxed on the well-upholstered divan, cups of coffee before them on the small table beside the divan.

"I suppose we may as well get down to the nitty-gritty of it," suggested Marie.

"Let's do," Hester said.

"The first thing is introduce you to Paddy Jenkins, the MP who is retiring, to get him on our side before you go to the adoption meeting. With Paddy on our side, there should be no opposition to being adopted. Then I would suggest you visit Hillingdon Burgh as often as you can before the next General Election. I will come with you but as soon as the election is called you're on your own."

"Where will you be, Marie?" queried Hester.

"At Rudely Town."

"But why? Hillingdon Burgh has a bigger majority than Rudely Town. You deserve it more than me, sweetheart."

"I feel I belong to Rudely Town after coming so close last time. I'll win it this time. I feel it."

"You're a brave woman, Marie. You will go far in this party I'm certain and I will support you all the way" encouraged Hester.

"I'll not forget those words, Hester and thanks for them."

"I suggest we don't let the grass grow under our feet. When can we meet Paddy Jenkins?" asked Hester.

Marie Ramsay opened her handbag, took her cell phone out and punched a few numbers.

"Hello Paddy, it's Marie Ramsay here. I wonder if it will all right to talk to you in person, say sometime tomorrow. Two o'clock at your house. Yes, that will be okay.

I'm bringing Hester Weston with me. Nice woman. What's that, you old devil?" Marie with a giggle put her cell phone back in her handbag.

"Two tomorrow afternoon. His constituency is in the Midlands. I suggest we set off around ten, okay?" Marie informed her friend.

"Do you know him well, Marie?" said Hester.

"Working at party HQ I got to know all our party MP's and some of the other party's as well. You may wonder why I was giggling when I said I was bringing you. He asked if you had big tits. He says that to all the women. I have no doubt his wife is used to it," finished Marie Ramsay. She then went into an uncontrollable fit of the giggles, pointing to Hester's chest area.

"I don't know why you're laughing, Marie. Have you seen your own?"

Paddy Jenkins' eyes almost left their sockets the first time he met Hester Weston then he transferred his gaze to Marie Ramsay. She had certainly gotten bigger in front as well. How he wished he was younger and could get his hands on them.

"What can I do for you ladies," asked the grey-headed man.

"I think you know, Paddy. Word will have filtered down to you that your replacement is to be a woman. Well, this is Hester Weston," said Marie.

Hester extended a hand to shake Paddy Jenkins'.

"You're so young and so..." Paddy was staring at Hester's breasts.

"Big," laughed Hester "I'm becoming used to people looking at them. To be honest, I rather like it."

The outcome of their talks was that Paddy was quite taken with Hester and there would be no problem introducing her to the local party committee.

“I think you will make a good M.P., Hester. Being a solicitor will keep you in favour with your constituents. During the coming campaign, I will be at your side. I was always a back bencher but I think you are destined for better. And this little lady,” he continued, pointing at Marie. “is going far in party ranks. Exciting times lay ahead for you both and the party. I only wish I could be there but my time is past.”

“We appreciate your confidence in us. Even though you say you were a back bencher, your work has not gone unnoticed at party HQ, I can tell you,” finished Marie.

## **ELECTION TIME AGAIN**

The Progressive Party had been in government 10 months when the Prime Minister called an election.

“This is it,” said Lord Armstrong, addressing those in the Progressive Party HQ staff. “We all know what to do, we have been through it all before. Some I shall not see around here till after the election,” Lord Armstrong said, looking at Marie.

“Good luck to all and fight for our cause” These were the last words Marie Ramsay heard from the noble lord till after the election. In the morning she was once again back to Rudely Town.

There was no Hester Weston this time to be her election agent however her lover Abigail Middleton was coming over to help her. Marie would ask Abigail if she was prepared to take that task on. In her phone calls to Abigail, she was informed that once her mother and her old governess Elspeth McFarlane would help out. Marie

Ramsay was much better known this time for she had made regular visits to the town since the last election.

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The night the election was announced, Hester Weston was lying naked in bed with her boyfriend, Bruce Barberton. Despite their intimacy, Hester Weston wanted to remain a virgin till she was married.

She wrapped her arms round Bruce's neck to passionately kiss him while he held the side of her breasts. Hester was enjoying himself immensely. Bruce Barberton had had a few girlfriends in his time but none had a bust like Hester's. He couldn't keep his hands away from it.

"Do you love me, Bruce?" Hester asked Bruce.

"I love them... I mean you," said he, his eyes fixated on Hester's mammoth breasts.

For that answer, Bruce received more passionate kisses.

Hester watched the purple-headed dome slide faster between her breasts. Excitement was building up in her as her clitoris swelled.

Bruce was coming to his climax; from his penis spurted forth steam after stream of white liquid onto Hester's face.

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The election was now in full swing and the hut in Rudely Town that was the local Progressive Party's HQ was a hive of activity. The Prime Minister himself was visiting as Rudely Town was a marginal constituency. The great James Harness emerged from the battle bus

which was plastered on the outside with Progressive Party posters. Inside it was a hive of computers and screens.

Marie Ramsay was there to welcome the Prime Minister with her party workers. "We at Rudely Town are pleased to welcome you, Prime Minister and we hope to deliver this constituency into the ranks of Progressive Party seats at the Election, sir."

"Thank you, Marie. I have every faith that you will do so. I am here to see that will be done not just for Rudely Town but for our country for our party must see through the looming crisis the last government put us in and we will with energetic M.P.'s like you, Marie."

"Thank you, Prime Minister, for such praise. May I introduce you to my agent, Abigail Middleton, her mother, and Miss Elspeth McFarlane."

All the women gave a little curtsy to the PM for which he reprimanded them. "I am not royalty and you must never think that. I am one of the people and this party stands for the people and only the people."

"Yes, Prime Minister," was heard from all.

"Prime Minister, I have planned a tour of the constituency. I suggest we first go to a few supermarkets to converse with the shoppers. Then at lunch I have planned a meal at the Colossal Steel Engineering works canteen where questions can be answered from the workforce. Then this afternoon we will visit some parents groups if that is all right, sir"

"Marie, you certainly have planned well. I must keep you in mind for the future," finished Prime Minister James Harness.

During their visits, James Harness would make reference to the fact that both Marie's and Abigail's fathers had

been M.P.'s and that politics were in their blood. The Prime Minister was not a well man but he would not step down from that high office till well after the election, if his party was returned to office.

It was a successful day for all as questions were answered, not just by the P.M. but Marie as well. They were surrounded by the press and television camera's as they made visits during the day. A high tea had been laid on by the ladies of the local party at the hut that acted as their HQ.

During tea, Marie asked if the P.M. would visit her girlfriend Hester Weston during the election.

"I'm not sure if I will have the time. My schedule is tight and Hillingdon Burgh South is one of our safe seats. If I have time, I will try and squeeze your Miss Weston in. I have never met her before and I do like to meet all our Member of Parliament of which I am sure she will be one."

The battle bus left to resounding cheers from all assembled for its next stop without the PM as a helicopter had come for him. James Harness was on television that evening to debate with other party leaders important matters of the day.

"Well I think that was a successful day," Abigail Middleton, Marie's agent and lover, said.

"I must agree but we cannot rest on our laurels, there is much to do. I have an interview with the local paper first thing in the morning."

"I know and I have also fixed a discussion with your rivals on Radio Rudely Town for next Wednesday, Marie"

"Good girl, Abigail," said the small woman.

"And don't forget that on Sunday we will be going to St. Mary's chapel."

"Have you got a decent hat, Abigail?"

"Two, sweetheart. The biggest and floppiest I could buy for us. We do want to be seen, don't we?"

"Of course, but we are not Catholic girls, are we?" asked Marie.

"Who cares? It matters not as long as we are seen. Let people think what they will."

"Abigail, sometimes think I underestimate you. You have cleverly calculated that there are more Roman Catholics in this constituency than any other denomination," Marie praised her tall lover.

Marie and Hester kept in constant touch with each other during the election via their cell phones. For two days before the poll, they decided to tour together in both constituencies. It was like old times, the two of them together, along with Marie's agent, Abigail Middleton.

The polls finally closed once again and ballot boxes were once again being taken to the count in Rudely Town Hall. There was going to be no recount this time for as Abigail told Marie, "You've romped it, sweetheart."

There was a big TV screen in the town hall where all could watch the results coming in from other constituencies. Among the early results, Hillingdon Burgh South was announced. Hester Weston had won with ease and had increased the party majority. This was an early sign that the Progressive Party were to win the election handsomely.

Marie immediately had her cell phone in her hand and congratulated Hester. "I'm so excited, Marie. This is a great night for the party, but what about you, darling?"

"Our result won't be in for an hour or so but Abigail says we have won it."



Abigail congratulated her cousin and sent kisses down the line "I only wish I could be with you two in Parliament and the best of luck."

"Have you found a job yet in the U.K.?" asked her cousin.

"Not so far but I am trying. I do so want to be with Marie."

"Maybe something will turn up soon. We three are meant to be together. Darling, I must dash away for someone wants to interview me on television," finished Abigail's cousin, Hester Weston.

"Look!" said Marie, pointing at the large TV screen. There was Hester Weston and her boyfriend Bruce Barberton being interviewed.

"They make a nice couple, don't they, Marie? I wonder when they are going to marry."

The returning officer finally announced. "Therefore Marie Ramsay is elected Member of Parliament for the constituency of Rudely Town."

The usual speeches of thanks were given however Marie made a point of mentioning George Robinson, the defeated and standing MP. "Although we were on opposite sides, it was a fair fight and I salute you, sir, for all the work you have put in for Rudely Town. I only hope I can live up to the high standards you have set."

George Robinson thanked Marie for her kind words and let it be known that this would be the last election he would fight. He was retiring.

The TV and press converged on Marie for interviews which she happily gave to all. Lord Armstrong phoned and congratulated Marie.

"Thank you, sir," she answered.

"Marie, you need no longer call me 'sir' for I no longer am your employer. You belong to the great British public. You are their servant. Besides, you always were your own

woman. Remember that and your head will always guide you. You have a great future in store, mark my words."

The following day, Marie toured the town in the loud-speaker van, thanking everyone for electing her their MP.

There was nothing left but to wind down over the weekend. Parliament would not be sitting till Monday when all Members would be sworn in, then the first full session would start. This session of Parliament would take a year or more.

"Abigail, I must thank your mother and Elspeth McFarlane for all the help they have given me," said Marie.

"Mother is leaving the hotel after lunch. Come with me."

That Saturday, Marie was at lunch with Charlotte Middleton and Elspeth McFarlane.

"You have been so helpful, Mrs. Middleton and you too, Miss Elspeth. As a small token of gratitude, it is only fair I pay for this lunch."

Charlotte Middleton drove her Bentley back home with her daughter and Elspeth in the back seat.

"Will you not miss your girlfriend. Abigail?" inquired Elspeth, Abigail's old governess.

"Of course I will. I have hungered for her touch ever since that holiday after the last election, ten months ago. But it is only fair she regains her strength. I would be a distraction. Marie has a whole career before her in politics. I fear I may see less and less of her." A tear rolled down the cheek of Abigail.

Elspeth put an arm around Abigail to console her. "That darling will never happen. You two were meant for each other. I've seen it in both your eyes."

“Thanks for your concern. I love you and mother. I could not have better.”

“Have you had any luck yet with a job here in the U.K.?” inquired her mother.

“Nothing so far. I would take anything, anything to be near my beloved Marie.”

“But you have higher qualifications than working a checkout in a supermarket. I did not teach my girls to take such menial jobs,” Elspeth McFarlane said haughtily.

To change the subject, Charlotte Middleton said, “Did you know, Abigail, that Elspeth and I are going on a Caribbean cruise?”

“Are you? When?” asked her daughter.

“Sometime in December to get away from the winter here,” chimed in Elspeth.

“You both deserve it, you’re hard workers. How is your book coming on, Mommy?”

“Almost finished, dear, but I’m afraid it may not be for your innocent eyes,” laughed Charlotte.

“That is one reason for the vacation. Your mother threw herself into that book night and day. She really needs a rest otherwise she would burn up,” Elspeth, Abigail’s mother’s lesbian partner finished.

## **HOUSE OF COMMONS**

Marie Ramsay and her girlfriend Hester Weston stood outside the House of Commons with Big Ben looming over the Palace of Westminster.

“Ah, Miss Ramsay and Miss Weston. If you follow me, we will go through all the formalities, then you will be sworn in,” an official said to them. That done, a meeting of all Progressive Party M.P.’s was called with the Prime Minister James Harness.

After that came a photoshoot of all Progressive M.P.'s and of the new members separately. Some smart photographer had spotted the big-breasted Marie and Hester

"Come on, girls, press together.". The two girlfriends gladly complied. "Closer, ladies, hands on each other's shoulders."

The next day, the photo was on the front page of one of the bigger tabloids with the caption, "They're all boson buddies in the Progressive Party"

Marie Ramsay, as promised, had taken a house in Rudely Town; she was a busy woman when Parliament was in session. From Monday to Friday she sat in the House of Commons. On Friday afternoons, she drove back to her house in Rudely Town. On Saturdays she was available in the local party hut to her constituents for any questions or issues they might want brought up in Parliament with a note pad handy to write them down.

Hester Weston had sold her flat taken a flat in London to be near the House of Commons. She bought a house in Hillingdon Burgh and, like Marie, went there at weekends.

The only times the two girlfriends saw each other was when they sat on the back benches in the House of Commons during debates.

Marie Ramsay found herself on a few committees. She lived up to her reputation as Little Miss Dominant because she got things done.

It was during the early months in Parliament that Marie found she was entitled to claim expenses for a personal secretary. This gave her an ideal opportunity to bring her lover Abigail Middleton back home to the UK for she was pining for Abigail.

Soon Abigail found herself installed in Marie's London flat. Abigail was a very good personal secretary and as efficient as she had been acting as Marie's agent during the election.

One night Hester had a phone call from her old governess and teacher, Elspeth McFarlane. "Hester, I wonder if I could impose myself on you for a few days."

"Sure, Miss Elspeth, no problem. Stay as long as you like." answered Hester.

"I'll let you into a little secret. Your Aunt Charlotte thinks I have come on a shopping expedition before we go on our Caribbean cruise. What I really have come for is some cosmetic surgery, While I may have my breasts augmented, I can assure you it will be nothing like what you have. I will also have my skin tightened and generally have my body smartened up. I will of course reimburse you for my stay here, Hester."

"There is no need, Miss Elspeth. It will be my pleasure to house you during your stay for I owe a lot to you. I am sure you will be pleasant company. The only thing is I am busy at Parliament nearly all day, sometimes late into the night."

"That's okay, I shall be away for a few days anyway at the Hartley Street Clinic for the operations," said the short Scottish woman.

When Elspeth went into the clinic, Hester sent her a bunch of flowers and a get-well card. She also got a visit from cousins Hester and Abigail. Marie was there too.

"You girls have been so good to me. Abigail, you have a decent job now. I'm glad of that and I'll let your mother know you are enjoying yourself now."

"Yes, Miss Elspeth, and I am with the one I love," said Abigail, holding Marie's hand.

Elspeth McFarlane kept in touch with her lesbian lover Charlotte Middleton during her stay with Hester. At the weekends, she went with Hester to her house in Hillingdon Burgh.

It was with regret that Elspeth had to depart and got hugs kisses and tears from Hester "I love you, Elspeth, you have been so good to me."

"And I love you too, Hester. We must get together much more often. We are like mother and daughter, aren't we?"

Her own mother Hester had never known. As for her stepmother, Stephanie Weston, she never had been really close to her.

## **THE CARIBBEAN CRUISE CAPER**

It was late November when Charlotte Middleton and Elspeth McFarlane flew to Fort Lauderdale Florida to pick up the ship they had booked for their Caribbean Cruise. The "Caribbean Sun Queen" was a modern luxury cruise liner. They were shown into their stateroom. It had a balcony with sitting area. A Queen Size bed in the middle of the room was surrounded in deep pile Persian carpets. With a private bathroom and shower, it was the last word in comfort and luxury.

The ship was crowded with women and women only; all on board were women looking for others of a "certain age". There were young women, middle-aged women and mature women.

"This is a nice cabin, Charlotte," said the Scottish woman.

"Should be, Elspeth. I paid plenty for it."

At the cocktail reception, the drinks flowed freely. A waiter with a tray came round so one could help one's self to whatever was their fancy. Elspeth had a glass of whiskey in her hand as usual. Both Elspeth and Charlotte mingled with the company and made pleasant conversation.

All the ladies filed into the luxurious dining room in their cocktail dresses and evening gowns. A woman pianist played a Chopin polonaise and some Gershwin tunes.

Elspeth and Charlotte became chatty with the women at their table.

"That face is familiar. I've seen it somewhere before," said Charlotte, indicating the elder woman at the Captains table.

"Well you would, dear," answered the woman next to her with an American accent.

"Would I?" questioned Charlotte.

"It was in all the papers years ago. Evangeline Harrison is, or rather was, the wife of Senator Zachary Harrison. That was till he found out she was a he at one time. They had been married for over twenty years. Imagine that!"

"It seems to come back to me now. Men becoming women. Do you think there are any others on the ship?" said Charlotte.

"My name's Dolly. Well, you never know. That's the exciting bit on these cruises. It could be fun finding out, don't you think?"

"I suppose it could be, Dolly. My name is Charlotte. Nice to meet you. Say, what about coming to our cabin after dinner for a few drinks?"

"Sure, but going back to Mrs. Harrison, you would never know she was a he for his male member was re-

moved long before he, or she, got involved with Zachary Harrison. Do you know anyone like that, Charlotte?"

Charlotte was not going to mention David Weston who she had transformed into Hester as a boy

"She looks a nice mature lady, Dolly," said Charlotte.

"That she is and a proper lady, too. She wears her age well for a fifty-something."

"She does indeed, Dolly," answered Charlotte.

Charlotte Middleton eyed Dolly Brinkley up. She was a woman around her own age. Since Charlotte had met Elspeth McFarlane, she had never looked at another woman but at the moment, Elspeth seemed involved with another woman at the table.

Charlotte and Elspeth weren't the only women that night getting friendly with women they hadn't met before. There were so many women, one could have a new partner every night if one wanted to, it was that sort of cruise.

Elspeth had gotten herself involved talking with a big Russian woman called Olga Gregarine who, she found out, had been a shot putter for Russia and looked it. Her muscles rippled and she had thighs that looked as if one could crack walnuts between them!

"To my cabin, come you must," said this Goliath of a woman. Soon, Olga was holding Elspeth by the hand and making for her cabin. Elspeth had a fear of a finger being broken but that didn't happen.

"Tell me all you hear, I must," said Olga in her broken English, at the same time plying Elspeth with her favourite drink, a glass of whiskey.

"No," said Elspeth "I want to hear about how you won all these medals at competitions."

Olga Gregarine was only too happy to recall how she won the medals. After chatting for about twenty minutes, a key was heard in the cabin door and Olga's room companion entered. It was the other woman at the Captain's table, Bunny Lee. She was a small woman, petite. How had these two ever come together, thought Elspeth.

"Bunny, this is Elspeth, a Scotch woman," said Olga in her heavily accented Russian English.

"Is she?" Bunny drawled in her South of the Mason-Dixon Line drawl. "We must get better acquainted" said Bunny. Bunny was already at the drinks cabinet, pouring out drinks for all.

Olga winked at her partner at a moment when Elspeth had her attention somewhere else. Bunny nodded back in acknowledgement. Something was afoot between these two.

"There we are, Elspeth" said the petite Bunny sitting on the couch beside Elspeth. Bunny's hand had found its way round Elspeth's shoulder and Olga rested her hand on the outside of the Scotch woman's tartan skirt.

Elspeth McFarlane was past caring who was doing what to her and slightly parted her legs. Bunny Lee's hands had already found the buttons at the back of Elspeth's tartan blouse and undone the top three. Olga's hand was now seductively moving slowly back and forth on the outside of Elspeth tartan skirt.

The blouse had been completely removed to reveal a white bra and reasonable sized breasts.

Olga had pushed up the tartan skirt to reveal Elspeth's tartan knickers and wasted no time in getting them off.

"The bed, Olga" said the petite Bunny. Olga Gregarine lifted Elspeth as if she was a feather and deposited her on to the Queen-Sized bed.

Both Bunny and Olga descended on the bed beside Elspeth and got to work on her. They lay her completely naked and cast their clothes off to join her.

The small Bunny placed herself in the middle of the bed and Elspeth was rolled on her back. Bunny's face quickly got to work on licking Elspeth's pussy. The massive Olga promptly fell on top of the Scotchwoman. An Ooph sound came from Elspeth as the air expelled from her lungs.

Olga was grinding her pubis against Elspeth and deriving much pleasure while Bunny continued lapping Elspeth. Elspeth was in pure ecstasy. Elspeth McFarlane was the meat in a sandwich with Olga on the top and Bunny on the bottom. Never was a sandwich enjoyed so much by all three in the process of eating and being eaten.

Three exhausted women found themselves awakened in the morning by the maid bringing breakfast.

Charlotte and Elspeth were lounging on their deck chairs, overlooking the open-air swimming pool. Elspeth was writing postcards which had views of places where the ship had stopped.

"Who are you sending them to, Elspeth?" inquired Charlotte.

"Hester, your daughter, and Marie of course," replied the Scotch woman.

"That reminds me I must get some postcards from the gift shop on board before the end of the cruise. You like Hester, don't you, Elspeth?" said Charlotte.

"Yes, ever since the first time we met. She looks upon me as her mother. We got on well when I lived with her before we went on this cruise."

“Yes and then you had your breasts augmented. You are a sly one at times, Elspeth.”

“But you like them, don’t you? You never left them alone the other night.”

“I can’t deny it, at least they’re not as massive as the ones Hester had put in.”

“You disapprove of them, Charlotte?” queried her bed partner.

“No, that is entirely her decision. I think Hester wants to be a woman as much as she can, although in my opinion, she is overdoing it,” Charlotte replied.

## **MARIE’S TIME HAS COME**

While her mother and old governess may have been having a good time on their Caribbean cruise, Abigail was busy as the private secretary to her lover Marie. Abigail soon got into the swing of Parliamentary procedure; there were speeches to prepare, talks to give at various functions and groups.

Abigail may have thought coming back to the UK and being near Marie would give them more time to make love. Not so. At the present, love had no place in Marie’s plans for she was ambitious and it was work, work, and more work for her for now.

The Progressive Party had been in government just over three years when it happened. Marie was looking at television while eating breakfast one morning. Then an announcer came on the screen.

“We interrupt this programme with the sad news that Prime Minister James Harness has passed away during the night. We have no further details at the moment but we will interrupt programming when they come available.”

"Abigail, Abigail!" shouted Marie.

Abigail Middleton wakened, came to the breakfast table and was informed of the sad news.

"What is going to happen now, Marie?" asked Abigail.

Marie Ramsay already had her cell phone in her hand. "Hello, Hester. You've heard the news? Yes, I'll be right there. See you soon." She put the phone down.

"Get dressed quickly and meet me in my office at the House of Commons. I have no time to explain. I am on my way there now." Marie Ramsay quickly flung a jacket on, grabbed her brief case, and was gone.

"What do you make of it, Marie?" asked Hester Weston.

"Early days, Hester. We may have a better idea after our Parliamentary Committee meets this afternoon. Let us wait and see."

It came out in later news bulletins that the Prime Minister. A panel of political pundits was asked who would succeed him as party leader and Prime Minister.

"His Deputy Prime Minister, John Johnstone, must be in the running, I would think," said one knowledgeable person.

"I would go along with but there are others. Derek Summers must be in with a shout," said another.

"A bit of a lefty. The Parliamentary Committee meets this afternoon; we may have a better idea then. All candidates have to be declared by a week from Thursday," added another.

"There will be a lot of wheeling and dealing and in-fighting, I would think, during these ten days before declaring," said the first pundit.

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The Parliamentary Party meeting of the Progressive M.P.'s started with a two-minute silence for the Prime Minister's death.

The Deputy Prime Minister, John Johnstone, was in charge of proceedings. "We are gathered here today because of the untimely death of the Prime Minister. A leader will have to be found quickly. I will act as such till a new person is found for affairs of the state must carry. I think we are all familiar with the rules of election. I will not be putting my name forward for election as this is a job for a younger, more vigorous, person than me. Whoever it is, I wish them all the best. The nomination of names closes in ten days time from Thursday. That is all I have to say for now."

Marie Ramsay then rose. "May I say how sorry I am to hear that you are bowing out of the chance to become leader of the party."

"I am deeply touched by your sentiments but I have no intentions of retiring just yet. I may always be a thorn in the Prime Minister's side, whether he belongs to this party or the opposition."

"I am sure you will be, sir and any decent Prime Minister would not want it any other way," answered Marie Ramsay.

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"Look who's thrown their hat in the ring, Marie," said Hester.

"Yes I saw that. Donald Appleton. It didn't take him long."

"Well, what are you going to do, Marie?" asked Hester Weston.

"What can we do, Hester?"

"You let me down, Marie Where's your fighting spirit? We leathered him at university, didn't we. You don't want that bastard to be Prime Minister, do you."

"No but it was different at university. Who would vote for me? After all, I have only been an M.P. for three years."

"I would vote for you and I would be your agent in the leadership election. Get Abigail involved and it would be like old times. You are very popular in the party. Maybe this party is looking for a powerful, exciting, and dynamic leader. That's you, Marie."

"Well, I will think it over, Hester."

"Don't take too long. I am waiting, the party is waiting, and the country is waiting."

Hester Weston's words had their effect. Within twenty-four hours Marie Ramsay's name was put forward on the list of candidates.

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"Well that's it, gentlemen," said the anchorman of the television show "It's Your Government."

"Who do you think will become Prime Minister out of the four, Lord Armstrong?"

"As party chairman, it is not for me to say as that would be looked upon as favouritism. However, whoever is elected will, I am sure, have the whole party behind them."

"Douglas Whiteman, you keep your eyes and ears on the political scene. What do you make of it?"

"Derek Summers has the left side of the party behind him and Donald Appleton could well have the party's right. Bernard Barrington seems in Nowhere Land. It will

be interesting to see how his followers vote in the second round."

The anchorman of the programme cut in here. "To give some context here, if no candidate has an overall majority after the first round, the two top run off against each other so there are votes to be picked up. You haven't mentioned Marie Ramsay yet, Douglas"

"She is to the left, maybe not as much as Derek Summers. I would expect Derek to pick up her votes in the second round."

"Then you would discount Marie Ramsay. She has no chance?" asked the anchorman.

"Yes, she is out of it for sure. It is between Derek Summers and Donald Appleton. I predict that Donald Appleton will just edge it by a whisker," said Douglas Whiteman.

"You rule out Marie Ramsay at your peril," cut in Professor Horace Belfry, another political pundit.

The anchorman seized on an argument. "Then you think Marie Ramsay has a chance, Horace?"

"I do know she is well liked in the party. She could very well be a spoiler."

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"There you have it, Marie, you are either a no-hoper or a spoiler," Hester Weston, acting campaigner manager for Marie Ramsay laughed.

"I wish I had never taken this challenge. I realise the responsibility I have taken on should I win," Marie said.

"Marie, I believe you will win, this is what you are destined for," Abigail Middleton, Marie's lover, encouraged her.

“You do want to grind that bastard Donald Appleton into the dust, don’t you, Marie?” said Hester.

The day of the vote approached and neutral counters were appointed for the vote.

At six on Thursday evening, the result would be announced at a private meeting of the Progressive Party in the House of Commons.

All four candidates stood in the room with their supporters. John Johnstone Acting Prime Minister, gave the results in alphabetical order.

“Appleton, Donald has 173 votes. Barrington, Bernard has 27 votes. Ramsay, Marie has 149 votes. Summers, Derek has 63 votes. There has been no overall majority won by anyone, therefore a second round will take place, contested by the top two, Donald Appleton and Marie Ramsay. That will take place next Thursday. Should there be a tie, I shall give the deciding vote.”

The expression on Donald Appleton’s face was one of shock and disbelief.

“There is a lot of work to be done yet, Marie. Let’s get started now,” Hester Weston advised and added, “we can do it.”

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Later that night the political programme “It’s Your Government” came on the air.

“Well gentlemen, what do you make of that?” asked the anchorman.

“I’m flabbergasted,” said Douglas Whiteman.

“It was you who said that Marie Ramsay had no chance,” the anchorman pointed out.

"Yes, I confess I have egg all over my face. Everything is up for grabs. She certainly is the surprise package," Douglas Whiteman said.

"What about you, Professor Horace Belfry? You never ruled her, out did you?" inquired the anchorman.

"That's not exactly what I said. However, having gotten this far, Marie Ramsay may well take this party by the scruff of its neck and lead it into pastures new. I'm sure Donald Appleton in his wildest dreams never expected this," finished the Professor.

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Marie Ramsay received a strange phone call from Donald Appleton.

"Could we arrange a private meeting between the two of us, Marie?"

"Why, Donald?" asked the small woman.

"That is a private matter, Marie," replied he.

"Where would that be, Donald?"

"At my flat, Marie."

"Alright but any funny business and I'm leaving. What time?"

"Say around seven tonight," answered Donald.

Marie Ramsay entered the luxury flats Donald Appleton lived in with his mother. She was made welcome by Donald and offered a drink. "No thanks, Donald. Is your mother here?" asked Marie, trying to be sociable.

"No, Mother has gone to the opera tonight to leave us alone."

Thank goodness for that, thought Marie for she and Donald's mother, Concordia, hadn't exactly seen eye-to-eye the last time they met. Marie had told her that

her son was a bastard and a would-be rapist. That was at the time when Donald Appleton won his seat in a bye election and Concordia was his agent.

“Okay Donald, let’s not beat about the bush. Why exactly have you asked me here?”

“What would you say if I asked you to stand down from this election, Marie?” asked he.

Marie Ramsay had expected something like this. “Why?”

“I don’t expect you to step down just like that, Marie. You would want something in return; a high office, say, Deputy Prime Minister or even Chancellor of the Exchequer.” He hadn’t wanted to offer the latter position for it was a stepping stone to becoming the next Prime Minister. He was willing to put anything on the table to get her off his back, though, for his campaign managers had advised him Marie Ramsay was a dangerous opponent. If she took that post, she could soon be disposed of in a cabinet reshuffle and one of his cronies could be put in.

“You can keep your offer for I am not interested at all,” replied Marie Ramsay.

“Is that your last word?”

“Definitely.”

“You will live to regret this, Marie. You will be down on your knees begging me for a job, you’ll see,” an angry Donald Appleton told her.

“Is that so? Donald, I am going to defeat you soundly and you’ll get the thrashing you deserve,” said Marie Ramsay, storming out his flat in a rage.

Marie Ramsay was now addressing the groups in her party with a more aggressive line of attack on Donald Appleton. Hester, having heard the outcome of the meet-

ing between Marie and Donald had suggested that line of attack.

"I think we have them Marie" whispered Hester Weston after the speech with a wide grin on her face.

"If we have, it is all thanks to you, Hester, and the speech you wrote for me. I won't forget."

On the next Thursday, the Acting Prime Minister, John Johnstone, stood before the assembled members of the Progressive Party with the result of the election.

"The votes cast for the election of our party leader and therefore Prime Minister of this country are, Appleton, Donald, 117 votes. Ramsay, Marie, 284 votes."

A massive cheer went up.

"Ladies and gentlemen, order please," said John Johnstone. Then he continued. "Therefore Marie Ramsay is elected leader of our party and the new Prime Minister. May I be the first to congratulate you, Marie, and offer condolences to Donald?"

Marie received a kiss on the cheek from John Johnstone. Donald Appleton was not a happy man, to say the least.

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"How did your audience with the Queen go, Marie?" asked Hester Weston.

"She wished me well as Prime Minister and put me at ease but I suppose she has met many Prime Ministers during her reign," replied Marie.

"Having been elected, your next job is to name your cabinet," advised Hester.

"I know that. For all your help and guidance, how would you like to be Foreign Secretary, Hester?"

"I am not worthy of such a high position, Prime Minister," answered Hester Weston.

"Nonsense. I believe you have the ability and brains to do that job for me successfully. In fact, I am ordering you to take it, Hester."

"If you believe in me, Prime Minister, how can I refuse? It will be a challenge."

"Good, then that's that settled. I want Abigail in government too for I have a specific job for her. Abigail has been a great comfort to me during these trying times," Marie emphasised.

"The easiest solution would be to promote one of our MPs with a safe seat to the House of Lords, then hold a bye election, Prime Minister," advised Hester.

"Yes, good idea. Who would you suggest?"

"Let me think on that, Prime Minister, but what post had you in mind for my cousin?" asked Hester.

"Nothing less than Chancellor of the Exchequer, the office Donald Appleton offered me."

"Now wouldn't that be ironic, Prime Minister, the position my cousin took from Donald Appleton at university. Abigail is an excellent choice but that is a position that must be filled right away. You cannot wait till my cousin becomes an M.P.," said Hester.

"I will have a decision first thing in the morning. The whole Cabinet will be named by lunch tomorrow," finished Marie Ramsay, now Prime Minister of United Kingdom.

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The following morning was to see a procession of Progressive Party M.P.'s coming and going from Number 10

Downing Street, London. Some found their stay longer than others. One such was Derek Summers.

“Derek I’ll come straight to the point. I hope you have no hard feelings from being defeated in the election,” said Prime Minister Ramsay.

“No, Prime Minister, the party has voted and I accept that,” answered Derek Summers.

“Good Derek, that’s the answer I had hoped for. I am offering you the job of Chancellor of the Exchequer. However, should you take it on, it will only be for a short time. I have earmarked Abigail Middleton for that position. I have great faith in her and her ability. I believe she will have wonderful plans for this country. I do hope you will not be jealous and take this position temporarily for the good of the country.”

“If you put me down for the job, I am willing and will do this to the best of my ability, Prime Minister.”

“Wonderful, Derek. I will be holding a full meeting of the Cabinet first thing tomorrow morning. At present I will be consulting with Hester Weston as to who to promote to the House of Lords to make a seat available for Abigail Middleton. Your services will not be forgotten, Derek,” finished Marie Ramsay, Prime Minister.

“I think that went over well, Hester”

“Yes, Prime Minister. Have you studied the papers I put before you this morning?” asked Foreign Secretary Hester Weston.

“Hester, you certainly put some work into that report since yesterday. You know in a few weeks, I have been invited by the Chamber of Commerce to make a speech.”

“Yes, Prime Minister, I have made arrangements for your dress fittings for that occasion. The Prime Minister of

Great Britain must look her best before all those businessmen," smiled Hester.

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In her speech two weeks later, Marie made mention that Foreign Secretary Hester Weston had made arrangements for a trade delegation to visit the Far East and congratulated her on such an enterprise. Marie had decided that because of the importance to the industries of the country, she herself would head this delegation.

Film of Marie Ramsay in her dazzling evening gown of black satin and sequins and with a bouffant hair style which made the small Marie look taller than she was was shown on TV. As one political pundit said, Marie Ramsay was probably the prettiest Prime Minister this country has ever had.

## MONTHS LATER

"It was so kind of you to invite Mother and Miss Elspeth down here, Prime Minister," said Abigail Middleton, now Chancellor of Exchequer.

"Think nothing of it, Abigail. I want to talk to your mother on a private matter."

"Am I privy to the conversation, Prime Minister?"

"I am afraid not at the present, Abigail." Marie added, "I am sure your mother will inform you in time, Abigail, but for now I wish to keep it secret. I will also talk with your old governess, Miss Elspeth."

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Charlotte Middleton now sat before Marie Ramsay in the Prime Minister's private study at Chequers.

“Prime Minister, I believe you wanted a word with me in private,” said Charlotte Middleton, dressed in a pair of blue culottes and matching blue blouse.

“Yes, Charlotte. You can call me Marie; it is only when I want some authority that I am called Prime Minister. I always feel at ease when you are around. I am working on the New Years honours list. My advisors, of course, tell me who should be on it. I go along with them, however I do offer my own suggestions. I have put you forward for The Most Noble Order of the Garter,” said the small woman.

“I am greatly honoured, Marie, but I am not worthy of such a high honour. The Order of the Garter is limited to 24 members,” said Charlotte with tears in her eyes.

“I know that. At present there are only 22 members so there is no problem. As far as I am concerned, you deserve to be there.”

“Then before you do so, there are some questions I will ask. Do you keep in touch with your mother, Marie?”

“Not that often. She did phone me after I was elected party leader and Prime Minister. Why do you ask, Charlotte?”

“Then you must know that I am writing my autobiography,” Charlotte told her.

“Abigail has told me that, Charlotte. Why?”

“My daughter may know that but she has not as yet been privy to the contents of the book. Some chapters are, shall we say, very explicit, about my relationships with other women, Marie.”

“Abigail told me a long time back that you were a lesbian, Charlotte. Then I found out that my mother was also of that persuasion.”

"Then it may shock you to know your mother was one of my bed companions. I hold nothing back in my revelations. I would consider that first before going any further," finished Charlotte Middleton.

There was silence from Prime Minister Ramsay. Finally, she spoke slowly and deliberately.

"I should not be surprised of anything I hear of my mother. Since university, she and I have not gotten along. I don't approve of her relationship with Frau Zelia Brunt but then it is her life not mine so whatever you have written, so be it," finished Marie Ramsay with a tear in her eye.

"We have been frank and honest with each other, Marie. I only wish you had been a daughter of mine. How proud I am of you and what you are trying to do for this country," said Charlotte with compassion.

"I only wish such sentiments came from my own mother." Marie rose from her seat and embraced Charlotte as if she were her daughter.

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"Then you will become known as Dame Charlotte Middleton," said Elspeth McFarlane as the two lay in bed that night at Chequers.

"Yes but then I will have to address you as Lady Elspeth McFarlane but you deserve it for all the work you put in for my daughter and Hester." The two mature women embraced each other with a loving kiss.

"You know something, Charlotte, 'Dame Charlotte Middleton' is going to look good on the cover of your autobiography. It could boost sales of the book. Have you decided on a name yet?" asked Elspeth.

"I was thinking of 'Women I Have Loved' or 'Women Who Have Shared My Bed.' What do you think?"

"What about 'Revelations of a Lesbian Dame' or 'Between the Bed sheets with Dame Charlotte Middleton.?"

"Both sound too long. I'll think about it after this weekend. I am thinking about putting another chapter in," said Charlotte.

"What would that be about?" inquired Elspeth.

"My bitterness about my husband not being given a title after all the work he did for the party. I should have been Lady Middleton ages ago. Just because I was caught in bed with Helen all those years ago, James was ignored. Now the Prime Minister has given me the title I deserve," finished Charlotte.

"And Marie seems all right with what you have put in about her mother?" asked the Scotchwoman.

"Seems like it."

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Charlotte and Elspeth were not the only people invited to Chequers that weekend. Hester Weston and her fiancé Bruce Barberton were also there.

"I have hardly seen you since you became an M.P. I'm missing you, darling," said a lovesick Bruce.

"I know, darling, but now that I'm Foreign Secretary, my work load has increased. It was a successful trade mission to the Far East but I am snowed under with work. To be honest, I really shouldn't be here. I should be at my desk in Whitehall."

"Hester, when can we marry and start a family?" asked Bruce.

"God knows, Bruce. I do want to marry you but you must be patient," answered Hester.

"You and your bloody job. I want you so much, Hester. Give it up, I have more than enough to provide for both of us and a family. I want you," said a frustrated Bruce sweeping Hester into his arms and passionately kissing her.

"I know that, darling, but can't you see this job is of importance to not only me but our country and that must always be first, Bruce?"

There was no doubt Hester Weston was deeply touched by Bruce's sentiments but there was the trust the Prime Minister had put in her. She was deeply torn between her love for Bruce and the loyalty she owed to Marie Ramsay and Great Britain.

"There has to be some solution, Hester. We can't go on like this, can we?"

"I am sure there is, Bruce but at the present I can't think what it can be. I am sure our love will find a way. As I said before, you must be patient." No more was said but Bruce Barberton not a happy man.

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Saturday morning after breakfast, Elspeth McFarlane had gone for a morning stroll on the vast grounds of Chequers to get some fresh air. She spotted Marie Ramsay sitting on a bench. "Hello, Prime Minister" she greeted her.

"Oh, hello Elspeth."

"You look very studious this morning, Marie," said the small Scotch woman.

"It's affairs of the state, Elspeth. I never realised taking this job on would be so tiresome. It's 24/7 because of some crisis somewhere in the world."

Elspeth looked at the young woman. "Listen Marie, at the rate you're going, you will be an old woman before your time. You want to ease up a little, dear," Elspeth advised.

"How can I?" said Marie.

"When was the last time you made love to Abigail?"

"I think it was that vacation we took to Blackpool before the last election, but Abigail is tied up as much as me, Elspeth."

"Was it that long ago? I would advise you to forget about yours and her workload for one afternoon and make love? You don't want me to throw the two of you naked into the bath again, do you?" questioned Elspeth.

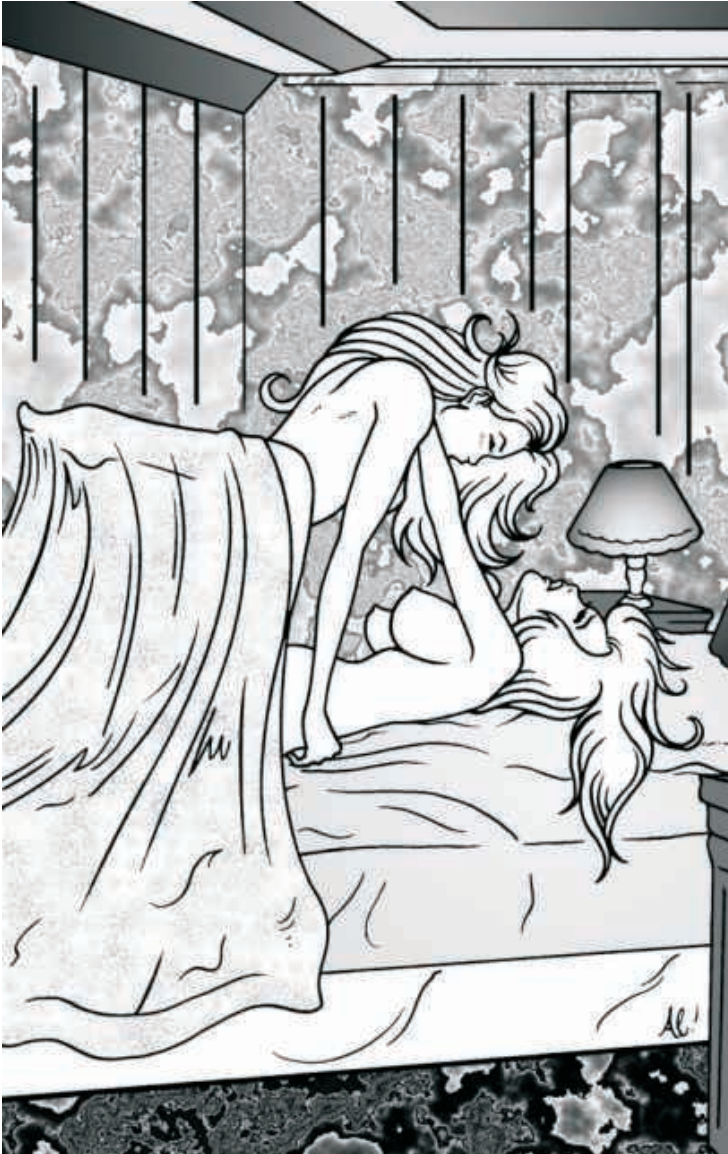
Marie Ramsay laughed. "No, I don't think it will come to that. You are right, I will make time right this minute. If we are late for dinner, start without us."

"I'll hold you to that I don't expect to see either of you at dinner at all."

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"It was your old governess that set this up, Abigail," said a naked Marie covered with a satin sheet as she lay in the double bed in the Prime Minister's bedroom at Chequers.

"Good old Miss Elspeth always had my best interests at heart, but now that we are like this, let's not waste time," said Abigail Middleton, equally as nude as her bed partner.



Abigail rolled Marie onto her stomach. Her “thing,” already erect, was placed in Marie’s pussy. Her “thing” started a slow pumping of Marie’s pussy. This was only the beginning of a most satisfactory love session for both of them. As always, it was Abigail who dominated be-

tween the sheets. For Marie, it was a sort of relief that someone was dominating her for a change.

“Come on, Marie, give me more, you bitch,” shouted a very stimulated Abigail, her “thing” moving at a faster pace in and out of Marie’s pussy.

Marie Ramsay pushed her bottom and pussy as tight as possible against her lover. She could feel the small projection of Abigail deep inside her; it fitted her well. Marie Ramsay never wanted anything larger than what was giving her so much gratification now. Abigail was doing plenty with her small projection!

Eventually they changed positions for some variety. Abigail was now on her back with Marie astride her, slowly coming down to let Abigail’s small projection enter her pussy. Marie sighed with contentment, then started a slow ride on top of Abigail who immediately put her hands on Marie’s monstrous breasts. That only heightened Marie’s bliss and spurred her on to a faster ride on top of Abigail. She moved faster and faster along the smooth body of Abigail with her lover’s “thing” still erect inside her.

Abigail was slapping Marie’s backside with her hands to encourage Marie to go faster. It was becoming something of frenzy. Something had to give and it did as Abigail shot stream after stream of her love juice deep into Marie’s pussy.

Hugs, kisses, sighs, moans followed amid words of endearment to each other.

“We needed that, Marie. I feel a keenness to tackle my work once more. How about you?” Abigail finished.

“I agree with that feeling but when will we ever be able to do that again, darling?”

“I don’t know but we must find time somehow, sweetness, we just must,” a determined Abigail said.

## **DAME CHARLOTTE MIDDLETON’S SCANDALOUS REVELATIONS**

The following is an excerpt taken from Dame Charlotte Middleton book entitled “My Life and Lovers” which was to cause quite a stir during the upcoming election. For maximum sales effect, the publishers deliberately withheld the release of the book till then.

### *Chapter 9*

My Theories Concerning The State Of Women Loving Women

It all came to mind after meeting Phyllis Ramsay; what a strange family she had. We already had been to bed a number of times. Phyllis was another lesbian I met during a Progressive Party conference, this being before Helen who I describe in a later chapter. It seemed a good place to pick up like-minded women.

Phyllis introduced me to her grandmother and Aunt Lydia, both fine-looking women. Her grandmother Bella always seemed to be surrounded by women; she was like a magnet to her own sex. I soon found she was a lesbian like her daughter Lydia, and granddaughter Phyllis. Sadly, Bella is no longer with us for I am sure I may have ended up in bed with her, even at her age!

Long story short, I was seduced by Aunt Lydia who I am told never had any sexual relationship with any man and never wanted to. When I say ‘seduced,’ that may be the wrong word for I wasn’t exactly an innocent young maiden by then, having been between the sheets with a few women including. Phyllis Ramsay. The first woman

who did seduce me was my old tutor, Mrs. Caroline Keenan, about whom you have already read.

It is possible Phyllis had told Lydia of our relationship; nothing concerning Phyllis Ramsay would surprise me whatsoever. I did find Lydia paying more attention to me every time I visited grandmother Bella (Lydia still lived in the same house as her mother).

The house was a country mansion with many rooms. I was given one for myself every time I visited with Phyllis. Funny that with our relationship we were never put in the same room. Bella certainly knew what we were.

Lydia was a wit and raconteur. Some of the most outrageous stories I have ever heard came from her lips. I did like her company.

One day after lunch I had retired to the drawing room with a book taken from the study of the mansion. Lydia came in with a glass of Manzanilla in her hand.

*"I see you have found the library, Charlotte,"* said she.

*"Yes, your mother told me if anything interested me, just to help myself."* Lydia had by now sat beside me on the chaise lounge.

*"Have you any political ambitions, Charlotte?"* I was asked.

*"No, not really. It is James who has them."* I had been married to James Middleton my husband for some time.

*"Pity, for you will find many books there with political themes. As you know, my family is steeped in politics."*

*"Yes, Phyllis mentioned it."* By now, Aunt Lydia had put her glass of Manzanilla down on the small table beside the chaise lounge and put her arm round my shoulder. Her hand was slowly going up and down my arm.

*"You have lovely skin, Charlotte, so smooth and silky."*

I said nothing and let her carry on. I had a feeling we were going to end up in bed and I was right! Her hand wound round my neck. I watched as if frozen to the spot, letting it do so.

“Your lips are so red and full. I am going to kiss them. You will not resist, Charlotte.” Her lips touched mine with a sharp kiss. Her eyes flashed with passion. I have seen that look by many a woman since. Her lips left mine and a finger lightly stroked my powdered face.

“You smell so womanly. Charlotte. I like woman who are women.” I could not comprehend the meaning of these strange words at that time.

“Where is your room, Charlotte?” she asked me.

“On the first floor overlooking the lawn,” I answered.

“Delightful room and excellent view.” Before I knew it, she had clasped my hand and Lydia was making for my room with me in tow.

Once there, Lydia took the chair at the dressing table, reversed it, and sat on it with her legs spread to either side of it. “Come here,” said she, looking at me over the back of the chair.

“Your makeup is beautiful. You must have spent a lot of time sweeping these eyelashes out, how long they look. That lipstick, what colour is it? I know. Crimson Passion. How could it be anything else? It suits you, Charlotte.”

Lydia indicated with a finger to come nearer to her. Some compulsion made me do so.

“Turn round,” she said.

I obeyed. Her fingers were immediately at my neck on the zipper of the dress. She smartly pulled the zipper down to my waist. The dress being eased off my shoulders fell past my waist to the floor. I stood there in just my

bra and knickers, side hook girdle and stockings, with my back to Lydia.

“The black push-up bra does wonders for the breasts. They are ample to start with but that helps to increase the look of their size and it will be my pleasure to handle them. The black silk knickers are an excellent choice” I nodded my head in agreement.

*“I won't remove your lingerie just yet. Lie on the bed while I dispose of my own clothes.”*

I obeyed and Aunt Lydia began taking her clothes off. Lydia was some 20 years older than me but her body looked nothing like 20 years older than me. She had kept in good trim. She was about five feet seven inches in height with blonde upswept hair. Her makeup was fabulous and she looked like a blonde bombshell.

The light white nylon dress was quickly pulled over her head and thrown on the chair. She had no slip on but wore a white bra and satin knickers that matched her dress. Her jewellery must have been worth a cool £10,000 but money was never any object to her family.

Like me, she had kept her lingerie on and she pulled the bed sheets back and slipped in beside me. The three hook and eye attachments at the back of my brassiere were already being undone by the nimble fingers of Aunt Lydia. My ample breasts fell into her eager hands, then she lifted my hair at the back to kiss me on the nape of my neck. Her hands to my breasts while she continued kissing me passionately on the neck. This foreplay continued for some time. My nipples had by now become erect.

Her hands transferred themselves to my black silk knickers and one slipped under the black lace edging at my leg. A finger travelled through my pubic hair towards my holy of holies.

I said, "Why don't you completely remove my knickers?"

Aunt Lydia immediately removed her finger. "If you are so anxious about your knickers being removed, we will eradicate that problem forever when you are here. You will never wear any knickers when you visit this house, ever! I will inspect you to see that this is carried out and that includes in the worst of winter weather. Understand? Not only that, I will make a point of wearing the finest lingerie in your presence. You will see me in the finest silk creations. You will be jealous and beg and plead to let you put them on. But I shall deny you that pleasure. It will be my triumph over you. Never question me again."

I did say hers was a strange family; Aunt Lydia was the strangest woman I have ever met but I did love her. She certainly made wonderful love to me from then on whenever I visited Grandma Bella. When Lydia finished her lovemaking with me, she took my knickers with her along with the black dress I had been wearing that time. I had brought other dresses with me and knickers but I daren't put woman's undergarments on for fear of Lydia discovering my condition. I often wondered exactly what Lydia would have done had I worn knickers in her presence.

When Aunt Lydia and I finished our shenanigans, it was teatime.

"I must quickly dress for dinner, Charlotte," said she, lifting a discarded pile of her clothes. Her hair was in a dishevelled state due to our loving. My own appearance was not any better.

One would not think Aunt Lydia had just enjoyed a tumble in bed with one of the invited house guests. She

was immaculate in her appearance as she sat down for dinner.

During dinner, Phyllis turned to me. "It is such a perfect summer night, I think I will have a walk in the grounds. Do join me, Charlotte."

I knew it was more than an invitation for a walk from seeing her wink at me. "I will be more than delighted, Phyllis darling. You must show me your hollyhocks."

"Oh, I will show you a lot more than that, Charlotte."

After dinner, Aunt Lydia retired to the drawing room with a glass of Manzanilla in her hand and grandma Bella had gone to bed.

Phyllis took my hand. "This way to see the hollyhocks, Charlotte," said she.

We made for the summer house. I am sure it wasn't the first time Phyllis Ramsay had taken a woman there. Phyllis Ramsay was a very promiscuous woman. I am told she seems to have a permanent relationship with a Frau Zelia Brunt. She separated from her husband a long time ago, allegedly when he learned of her preference for her own sex. She has filed for divorce, I presume to clear everything to marry Frau Zelia Brunt. There are a number of countries these days that will accept same sex marriages.

I am at present in a relationship with Lady Elspeth McFarlane who I first hired to be the governess to my daughter Abigail and niece Hester Weston. It is not love between us and Lady Elspeth will admit to that. It is pure sex between two Sapphic women and it is good.

Back to Phyllis. By now we were in the summer house which looked beautiful with the display of the flowers and plants within.

“The hollyhocks are over here, Charlotte,” said Phyllis standing beside the tall plants with stout hairy stems and spikes of white, red, yellow and purple flowers.

“They small nice, don’t you think, but there are other delights to be had here. Come sit beside me on these chairs.” Phyllis was referring to two wicker back chairs near a display of hyacinth flowers? I sat beside her and she placed a hand on mine.

“Aunt Lydia told me you are a very forward person, Charlotte, and that you have decided not to wear any knickers around here. I could not believe such a thing of you. She said she’d wager me £100 that you have none on tonight.”

I didn’t believe Phyllis. I thought it was a plan by Aunt Lydia to embarrass me.

“Right then, Charlotte, lift your skirt and let me get the £100 from Aunt Lydia.”

“You don’t really want to see below my skirt, Phyllis, do you?”

“Hell, Charlotte, I’ve seen below your skirt many a time as well as what’s underneath your knickers so what the problem now?”

There was nothing else for it so taking the hem in my hands, I slowly raised the skirt. In all its glory, my pussy was there for the entire world to see.

“Aunt Lydia was right. You have been having sex with her this afternoon, haven’t you, Charlotte?”

“Yes,” said I, expecting Phyllis to explode with anger.

“I knew it. Oh well, what can one expect from Aunt Lydia? However, I am having my share too.”

Phyllis’ hand was already burying itself in my pussy.

It didn't take me long to pull her knickers down and she assisted me by rising off her chair to let me do so. While our hands were exploring between our legs, we leant towards each other and kissed passionately. We would eventually end up in Phyllis bed later that night. I had the daughter and granddaughter of Bella in the space of a few hours...or was it the other way round?

At breakfast the following morning, Aunt Lydia remarked slyly, "Did you find your hollyhocks, ladies?" with a twinkle in her eye.

## **GENERAL ELECTION TIME AGAIN**

Marie Ramsay had been the Progressive Party leader and Prime Minister for over two years and a General Election was fast approaching.

"This will be the first election during which you will be party leader and Prime Minister, Marie," said Hester Weston.

"I have asked you and Abigail here to Number 10 for a meeting to plan our party's strategy for the coming election."

"Then it will be like old times, Marie."

"We are well ahead in the opinion polls, Marie," said Hester.

"We mustn't be complacent. There are hurdles on the horizon and the polls did dip two years ago."

"But that was only because you were elected party leader and the country didn't know you then," said Abigail.

"I know you wanted my mother to stop the printing of her autobiography till after this election. I pleaded with her and she did try. But the publishers knew they were on a good thing and would not relent."

“That is something we must take in our stride, Abigail, and make the best of. I am prepared to take a lot of flak from our opponents about me and my mother,” Prime Minister Ramsay said.

“The bookshops already have the billposters out and they’re quite sensational,” added Hester.

“I have made arrangements for Dame Charlotte and Lady Elspeth to be taken to a secret hideaway till this election is over. The press and media will hound them if they’re found,” Marie Ramsay said.

“What about your mother?” asked Hester?

“At present she and her German lover are in some godforsaken country in South America. My only hope is the press won’t find her. Knowing Mother, though, when she hears of all the brouhaha, she will make herself available for an interview, at a price of course. Mother was always money conscious at the best of times,” finished Marie.

“We have all read the chapter in my mother’s autobiography concerning her relationship with your mother, Marie. I am sure I will have the press on my back during this campaign. I suggest we put this to bed right away by making a joint statement that it is our mothers’ lives and has nothing whatsoever to with us and the present election, Prime Minister.”

“I wholeheartedly agree. I’ll get my advisers to draft a statement right away. You take charge of it all, Hester.”

“I will work on it right away, Prime Minister. It will be ready for the news tomorrow.”

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The following day, true to her word, Hester Weston had prepared a statement to be read by the Prime Minister, Marie Ramsay.

The television networks had been briefed and had camera crews outside 10 Downing Street. At twelve noon, the front door of Number 10 opened and Prime Minister Marie Ramsay and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Abigail Middleton emerged. Slightly to the rear of the Prime Minister were her MI5 body guards and Hester Weston, Foreign Secretary.

A microphone stand had been set up in the street. Marie Ramsay stepped up to it with a prepared statement in her hand. A television technician gave the signal that they were on air.

“People of Great Britain, I have today issued a statement concerning the recent publication of the book written by Dame Charlotte Middleton, ‘My Life and Loves’ which many of you will have read. I dissociate myself with anything that has been said about my mother, Phyllis Ramsay, in the book. I am sure my opponents in this election will make much of the fact that there is lesbianism in my family, having read of my mother, Aunt Lydia and grandmother Bella. They may well say I am of that persuasion but I refute such a suggestion. But that is not to say I disapprove of such relationships. This is a free country, that is what this election is about and my party fights for freedom.” Marie Ramsay stepped aside and Abigail Middleton took her place at the mike and spoke.

“I can confirm all that the Prime Minister has said. I also refute any suggestions that I am a lesbian. Any such claims by our opponents cannot be substantiated and are purely for political gain. I shall instruct my solicitors to

sue whoever makes such a charge against me. I love my mother but she does have a private life in which I do not interfere. That is all I have to say. thank you."

Immediately, the newspaper journalists and TV reporters fired questions at the Prime Minister.

"Where is your mother now, Prime Minister?"

"My mother leads her own life. I could not say. Mother has not been in touch with me for a few weeks."

"Is it true your mother lives in South America with a German woman, Frau Zelia Brunt, Prime Minister?"

"You seen more informed than me it. Is true that she is friendly with Frau Brunt. What their relationship is, I am not aware of."

"Our sources say they may be getting wed soon. Your mother has been divorced, Prime Minister. Can you confirm this?" asked one well-informed journalist.

"Yes, my mother is divorced. I can confirm that," Marie Ramsay said no more.

"What can you say about the wedding between your mother and Frau Brunt, where will it be and when?" asked a reporter.

"I know nothing of any weddings plans. I am sure my mother will let me know if such an event is going to take place." Marie did know that her mother was going to marry Frau Zelia Brunt but not where or when.

"That is all, ladies and gentlemen of the press," ended Marie Ramsay.

"Where is your mother, Chancellor?" fired one aggressive member of the press.

Abigail Middleton who was about to walk back to Number 10 with Marie turned round and replied, "I haven't a clue. I am not my mother's keeper. She doesn't have

to report to me. Wherever she is, I hope she is enjoying herself. Good day," said Abigail angrily.

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"I am sorry about that, Prime Minister. I was so angry at that question, I lost my cool," said Chancellor Abigail Middleton to Marie Ramsay.

"I thought you would be used to that sort of thing by now but I forgive you. On the plus side, it means the press are rattled for they cannot find your mother or Lady Elspeth. Come to that, they can't find my mother either but something tell me that won't last long."

"I think that went over well, Prime Minister. Put the television on and watch the news," Hester Weston interrupted the conversation between Marie and Abigail.

"You did a good job Hester with that statement," said Prime Minister Ramsay after watching the news.

"I agree, cousin, excellent," added Abigail.

"We haven't time to pat ourselves on the back. I go to the midlands for a rally tonight. Hester, you fly tomorrow for a tour of Scotland and visits to the marginal seats there. Abigail, you hold the fort here in London," Prime Minister Ramsay gave orders.

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The night of the final rally of the Progressive Party arrived. It was to be held in a super stadium which could hold over 100,000. The ground was festooned with flags, bunting, and banners. TV companies had been invited to cover the event.

The ground was slowly filling and each person was given a small Union Jack flag. The rock band had started on the raised platform in the centre of the stadium. It was becoming a happy atmosphere, just what Hester Weston had planned for. No expense had been spared by the Progressive Party.

The bands kept the masses entertained. It was now time to start the political side of things.

“How wonderful this country is and how lucky we are to have Marie Ramsay as Prime Minister,” crowed one speaker and so it went on, one speaker after another.

Finally, Abigail Middleton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, stepped up to the microphone to deliver her speech before the main attraction, Marie Ramsay, Prime Minister and Abigail’s lover, gave a brief address to the assembled masses.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to endorse the re-election of the Progressive Party back to government. Let’s hear it for Marie Ramsay, a Prime Minister for all the people of Britain.”

The floodlights were dimmed and a spotlight focused on the back of the stadium.

“And now we see from the back of the stadium, a small figure of a woman emerging from the shadows dressed in a long black velvet cloak to her ankles. The spotlight is now on this woman walking towards the platform in the centre of the stadium. Next to her are two beautiful women, dressed in the same black velvet cloaks. As the party comes nearer, I can now make the centre woman in the cloak. Yes, yes,” said a TV commentator, becoming more excited as the crowd began to cheer.

“It is the Prime Minister, Marie Ramsay,” said the commentator. “She looks beautiful tonight. The party is now on the platform. Chancellor Abigail Middleton greets

her with a womanly kiss on the cheek which the Prime Minister Ramsay returns. The Prime Minister lifts her hand for silence and the crowd responds. The two women to either side of the Prime Minister now step forward. One undoes the clasp at the top of the cloak the Prime Minister is wearing; the other is holding one side of the cloak. Having undone the clasp at the top; each of the women is holding a each of the Prime Ministers cloak. The satin cloak is quickly taken from Prime Minister Ramsay. I can't believe what I am seeing! Prime Minister Marie Ramsay is dressed in a Union Jack from head to foot. How patriotic is that? The crowd is in an uproar as the Prime Minister raises her hands. The two beautiful women that accompanied the Prime Minister have also taken their cloaks off to reveal themselves dressed the same as Marie Ramsay.

"The Prime Minister now puts a finger to her lip for silence and steps up to the microphone. Let's turn listen to her speech," finished the commentator.

"Thank you, thank you so much. I appreciate it but this rally tonight is not about me or even the Progressive Party. This rally is all about my country, *your* country. We, your government, have strove to steer the country into a better situation than the one we found it in. We have been successful but there is still a considerable amount of work to be done.

"Abigail Middleton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been very prudent with the country's money and guided us through hard times. I commend her for that." Marie Ramsay then turned towards Abigail and gave her a loving look which was returned.

"We must not forget my trusted friend, Foreign Minister Hester Weston. Two years ago, along with me, she headed a trade delegation to the Far East. Many companies in this great country of ours should be grateful to her

for all the business that brought and the people who are now employed in our industries. Thank you, Hester." Marie now turned towards Hester and acknowledged her, Hester nodded to Marie.

"As I said there is still much to do we do not want to go back to the bad old days of unemployment, no work, and no orders. This I fear may happen should our opponents win this election. Thus I plead with you not to let this happen. I also ask you, nay, implore you, to vote for the party of the people, the party that fights for you and Great Britain, the Progressive Party. It is time to show your loyalty to the country we all love."

The commentator whispered into his microphone, "The Prime Minister has now lifted a large Union Jack flag from the platform beside her and is now waving it. Both the Chancellor and Foreign Secretary have done the same on this platform festooned with Union Jack flags and are encouraging the crowd to do the same with the smaller versions issued to them. The Prime minister is leading the crowd in the singing of 'Land of Hope and Glory'.

Prime Minister Ramsay has now descended from the platform to walk among the crowd and shake hands. Chancellor Middleton and Foreign Secretary Weston have done likewise. Abigail Middleton has produced a trident and thrust it to the Prime Minister's hand. Hester Weston has pulled out a helmet and placed it on the Prime Minister's head. Pandemonium has broken loose as photographers snap photos and TV cameras are beaming these pictures to all over the world. I don't think this crowd is going to let Marie Ramsay go as she is being mobbed. Has any Prime Minister ever been as popular as this one? before only time will tell. Some of the Prime Minister's bodyguards have surrounded her and are leading her out

of the stadium to a waiting car with all the cheering ringing in her ears."

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"That was a roaring success thanks to you, Hester. take a pat on the back."

"Thank you, Prime Minister. Then you think we will win this election?"

"How could you doubt it, cousin" Abigail Middleton said. "By the way, what are you wearing under that dress, Marie?"

"Nothing, not one stitch of clothing. Isn't that daring?" answered Hester, smiling at her Cousin Abigail.

"And somebody in the crowd had a feel to see if it was really me and not some illusion, I guess. I have the bruises to prove it. I shall be glad to take this flag off. Although I may be wearing nothing under, it is warm inside it."

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The voting booths had all closed and there was nothing left but the counting of votes. Many people all over the land were tuned in to watch the "This is Your Government Election Night Special" programme.

The spokesperson chairing the programme had a panel of dignitaries from all the main parties contesting the election. He spoke, "The polls have closed. It will be an hour or so till the first results are declared. George, what were the positions when the election was closed?"

"Jim, the Progressive Party had a reasonable majority. The opposition will need a swing of some three percent at least to have a majority to form a government. However,"

he continued, "should the swing go to the Progressive Party, we are looking for a landslide for Prime Minister Ramsay and her party."

"That is interesting George, especially with the adverse publicity regarding her mother revealed in the book by Dame Charlotte Middleton which is currently topping the best seller list."

"It doesn't seem to have made any difference. If anything, it has helped the Prime Minister. I think that is because she and Abigail Middleton made statements immediately that it had nothing whatsoever to do with them. Also that final rally by the Progressive Party the other night seems to have given a good feeling to people all over the country."

About two hours later, the first results started to come in.

"What do you make of these results, George?"

"Early days, Jim, but these first results indicate a large swing towards the Progressive Party and Prime Minister Ramsay. It looks like she will be returning to Number 10 Downing Street with a handsome majority and the opposition left to pick up the pieces."

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Meanwhile Marie Ramsay was at party HQ in Rudely Town, watching the election coverage on TV. Shortly after one in the morning, she received a phone call on her cell phone. "Yes, yes, I understand, Lord Armstrong, but I can't leave here till after the result is declared at Rudely Town."

Party Chairman Lord Armstrong put his cell phone down. "Harry, have you made all the arrangements?" asked Lord Armstrong.

"Yes sir, there will be a car at Rudely Town waiting to take her to the airport and a helicopter there to bring her back to London. Another car will rush her here. I think all is taken care of, sir."

Marie Ramsay finished all her speeches at Progressive Party HQ and would be going to the Queen later today to ask permission to form a government.

## **CORRUPTION**

The Progressive Party had been in government just over a year since their sensational election win. It can sometime happen that the size of a majority can make some people in government complacent and think that they can do no wrong. One such person was Abigail Middleton.

She would from time to time invite her mother to stay with her at Number 11 Downing Street, residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Like Prime Minister Ramsay, she had access to many important papers. It so happened that the government was about to give contracts for armaments to various companies. This matter had been discussed in private between Marie Ramsay Prime Minister and Abigail and was under the utmost security.

Charlotte Middleton, Abigail's mother, was staying with her daughter.

"Mother, do you still dabble in the stock exchange?"

"I have from time to time but I've never really made that much money. Why?"

"I would advise you to invest in United Armaments Company but you never heard me say that, Mother."

A nod is as good as a wink to blind man, thought Charlotte Middleton, knowing full well that the armament contract was up for grabs and shares in whichever company had the contract would soar.

“You always were a good daughter, Abigail.”

Mother and daughter embraced each other. They were family, after all. Family ties are strong and although Charlotte Middleton had not seen her sister Stephanie for some time, a visit was in order.

Stephanie Weston was rather surprised on receiving a call from her sister saying she would be visiting her.

“This is a surprise, Charlotte, we haven’t been in touch with each other for years.”

“Stephanie, this isn’t a social call. I have come to repay a debt of some twenty years ago. Do you remember me saying that if you want your share of the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow, you will have to do some dirty work? Well that time has come for your share of the gold.”

“I remember well and the struggle I had to get David into girls clothes at that time. Why?”

“Do you trust me, Stephanie?”

“If has anything to do with money, yes, sister.”

“Then give me £100,000 to invest on your behalf and I can assure you that it will increase tenfold.”

“What would you be investing it in, Charlotte?”

“I am not at liberty to disclose that information, however if you are worried about your investment, I will repay you that money if there is any loss. You cannot ask fairer than that, can you?”

“I will go along with you and make a cheque out in your name, sister. When I think of it, money-wise you are

not doing so bad yourself with the sales of that scandalous book of yours."

"The publishers tell me it is making a £1000 every couple of hours in sales. I don't get all of that but one mustn't grumble."

Charlotte Middleton invested her money and her sister's in shares of United Armaments Company at a low price and waited. A month later, the government announced that the contract for the rearming of the forces of Great Britain had gone to United Armaments Company. Their shares rocketed on the stock market as investors scrambled to buy shares. It also meant full-time employment for those working there and more jobs in that area.

At the high in the share price, Charlotte off-loaded hers and her sister's shares. Charlotte strongly advised her sister to put the money in a Swiss bank account as she would be doing.

Charlotte Middleton had become quite a celebrity and was sought after by high society and late night television programmes. She had come to stay with her daughter Abigail at Number 11 Downing Street in preparation for an appearance on one such programme.

"In Town Tonight" hosted by David Burnett went out live at eleven on Saturday night with a studio audience. The ratings were always high because of some of the controversial questions he would ask of his guests. Charlotte welcomed them for it would only help sales of her book.

"And now let us welcome Dame Charlotte Middleton," said David Burnett. David took Charlotte's hand as she entered the studio, then sat beside her.

"Dame Charlotte wrote the controversial book 'My Life and Loves', he said, holding the book up so that the cameras could get a close up of the book jacket which had a photograph of her.

Turning to Charlotte, he continued, "Tell me, Dame Charlotte have you any plans to continue your memoirs?"

"No David, all I had to say is in there, but I can let you and the viewers in on a little secret. I am at present in negotiations with a film company to make a movie of the book."

"Dame Charlotte, will you be playing the part of yourself?"

Charlotte laughed. "I think at my age I am too old to play myself from when I was a young woman to the age I am at present. I have met the young actress who is being considered for the part; Heather Jennings, a Shakespearian actress. She considers this the biggest challenge of her career so far and is honoured to play me."

"Oh does she indeed? Will it maybe not a hindrance to be typecast as a lesbian? In your book, that is how you describe yourself."

"I do, David, and I am not ashamed of it. But if you have read my book properly, you'll remember that I did have sexual relations with my husband James, otherwise this country would not have my daughter Abigail as Chancellor of the Exchequer." Laughter broke out in the audience.

"But to answer your question, Heather Jennings thinks it will do her no harm. After all, she will not be the first actress to have played a lesbian who was not one herself. I can assure you Heather Jennings is not a lesbian, for she has a boyfriend."

Hoping for controversy, David Burnett then said, "Your present partner seems to be with Hester Weston a lot, according to newspaper reports."

"I don't know what you are suggesting, David, but I can tell you Lady Elspeth and Hester get on like a mother

and daughter. Hester's real mother died when she was but a child. There is nothing sinister in their relationship; just because Elspeth has lesbian tendencies, that does not mean she has no motherly feelings. Now if you think otherwise and Elspeth knew it she would put you over her knee and spank you. They say the Dominatrix Mistresses have plenty queuing for their services. You aren't one of them are you, David?"

By now David Burnett's face was going scarlet and it was time to change the subject.

"Tell me, Dame Charlotte, do you still keep in touch with Phyllis Ramsay, mother of our Prime Minister?"

"I haven't seen Phyllis since her daughter and mine graduated from university."

"You wrote a very explicit chapter about her and her family in your memoirs."

"That I did and every word is true. I have no hesitation in saying at that time Phyllis Ramsay was a very promiscuous woman. She had relations with other women at the same time we were going to bed together. I never named these women simply because I never knew their names. When you are close to someone, you get feelings when you are being betrayed."

"Have you met this Frau Zelia Brunt that is at present with Phyllis Ramsay, Dame Charlotte?"

"Yes, just once at the graduation of my daughter and hers. But I think many people will have read all about Phyllis and Zelia. Didn't one of the newspapers do a four-page spread in their Sunday magazine with lots of photos of the couple and an interview with Phyllis?"

"They say they will be getting married soon. Have you an invite to the wedding, Dame Charlotte?" asked David Burnett.

“There is not much I can add to that except to say that as now, I haven’t had an invite.”

“Would you go if you did get an invite, Dame Charlotte?” asked David.

“A lot depends on when this wedding is and where it is. At the present my book is taking up a lot of my time. Also, I am starting to write another book; fictional, that is all I can reveal at present.”

“Then that is something we can all look forward to, Dame Charlotte. Is it raunchy, sexy, full of lesbianism and that sort of thing?”

“Wait and see,” replied Charlotte.

“Well, there you have it. Thank you, Dame Charlotte Middleton,” said David Burnett. Charlotte left the studio and he introduced his next guest.

## **ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION**

Two years into the Progressive Party’s term of government, one day found the Minister Marie Ramsay and Foreign Secretary Hester Weston in the back seat of the P.M.’s Rolls Royce on their way to visit the United Armaments Company’s main factory.

“I have everything arranged, Prime Minister, the speeches, the company directors and local dignitaries will be there, along with the Mayor of the city and of course our M.P. for the constituency.”

“Who is that again, Hester?” asked Marie.

“Wilfred Bushmill.”

“Oh yes, a bit of a windbag. I remember him. He does toe the party line unlike some others I can name.”

Putting on a pleasant smile, Marie turned to Hester. “I have sorted out things for your mother to get a title. You wanted that, didn’t you?”

"Yes, thank you. I have lined up a job for her and the title will go a long way to help her as chairwoman of that charity. As Lady Stephanie, she will be paid well. I owe her for introducing me to Bruce."

"By the way, Hester, when are you and Bruce going to tie the knot?"

"Don't know, Prime Minister. When I am going to get time, I guess. It is a shame for Bruce to have to wait like this."

The P.M.'s Rolls Royce had arrived at the factory gates. The driver and the man beside him in the passenger seat got out and opened the rear doors. They were MI5 security officers for the Prime Minister's protection at the ready.

"May I welcome you Prime Minister to the United Armaments factor. It is my pleasure to show you round the factory. I do hope you will like what you see."

"Thank you Mr...." said Marie, looking at Hester for the man's name.

"Bates" she whispered in a low voice.

"Mr. Bates, I am sure I shall like all I see for what I will be seeing is real British workmanship. I will have more to say later at lunch to you and the directors but even more importantly, the workers of this factory."

The factory manager led the way and Marie followed as he proudly pointed out things as the party made their way round the factory.

At one stage in the tour, the party left one factory to go to another some 100 yards away. As they walked between buildings, there was a walkway lined with workers cheering at the Prime Minister. Marie picked out one man in red overalls standing near the front of the cheering crowd and shook his hand.

The party had now entered the second factory. Foreign Secretary Hester Weston side-by-side with the Prime Minister. Then as the factory manager was explaining some technical matter to Marie, from the corner of her eye Hester detected a movement in the background and an object being thrown in the direction of Marie.

Hester quickly pushed the P.M. away and flung herself on the fallen Marie as the object hit Hester and exploded. By now the MI5 agents had apprehended the bomber while others quickly rushed Marie and Hester to the factory medical centre. Ambulances were quickly on their way to the factory. The factory medical centre was sealed off to all except the MI5 agents. Already TV programmes were being interrupted and reports of the attempted assassination of Prime Minister Marie Ramsay and Foreign Secretary Hester Weston were on the air.

The paramedics were soon taking Marie and Hester to the ambulance. With sirens going full blast, they made for the local General Hospital. Marie had been knocked unconscious by the blast of the bomb but apart from a few scratches, she was unhurt. For Hester, it was a different story; she had taken the full blast of the bomb and a life-saving operation would have to begin right away.

Marie regained consciousness and quickly sized up the situation. "Where is Hester Weston?"

"In the operating theatre, Prime Minister."

"Then I must be updated of all that happens concerning Hester. I want phone lines in this room, a private room for the Foreign Secretary after her operation and the highest security for this hospital."

MI5 had all that taken care of. Marie Ramsay picked up a phone. "Is this line scrambled and secure?" said she, looking at an MI5 officer.

"Yes, Prime Minister"

“Good, see I am not disturbed.”

She dialled the Progressive Party HQ. “Hello Bert, Marie here.”

Before Marie could get another word in, Lord Armstrong asked, “Are you all right, Marie?”

“Well, I am speaking to you, Bert, so reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated.”

“Thank God. How I can help you?”

“Contact the television companies. I want to talk to the nation tonight from my hospital bed.”

“Are you fit enough to do that, Marie?”

“I am. It is Hester we need to worry about. I want the Chancellor, her mother, and Lady McFarlane here as soon as possible. Oh, and Bruce Barberton and Lady Weston as well. Lay helicopters on for all of them. If there is anything else, I will let you know.”

“Yes, Prime Minister, I shall stand by the phone line all night.”

“Thanks Bert, I know you would.” With that, Marie Ramsay hung up.

The TV cameras were all set up for Marie and a makeup woman was on hand to make her presentable. Marie stopped her.

“Prime Minister, these scratches need to be covered up.”

“Leave them. I know what I am doing.”

Marie Ramsay knew she could get more sympathy if people saw her like this. Ever able to sway the public in her direction, this was the ideal situation for such.

An announcer now spoke from the studio the networks were sharing. “Ladies and Gentlemen, we now go

to the bedside of Prime Minister Marie Ramsay for a statement.”

Marie, propped up with pillows in bed, spoke.



“People of Great Britain, an attempt has been made today on the life of your Prime Minister. I have survived, thanks to my brave friend Hester Weston, our Foreign Secretary. I shall be eternally grateful to her and in her debt. Hester has had a lifesaving operation. My prayers and, I am sure, the prayers of the nation are with her. These terrorists, for, make no mistake, that was what they are, will be found and brought to justice.

We must always be on guard against those who wish to replace democracy with anarchy. That has no place in a democratic country such as ours. Our Parliament which has survived for hundreds of years is proof of this. Thank you. May God be with you and this great country of Britain.”

The following morning, Marie was up at 5:30 am. She immediately called for the surgeons who had performed the operation on Hester.

“I want to be fully updated on the condition of the Foreign Secretary.”

“It is grave, Prime Minister. Miss Weston has lost her right leg. It could have been worse for you. She shielded you from the full blast of that bomb.”

“I see. Will she live?”

“Yes, Prime Minister. Miss Weston is a healthy young woman; there is no reason for her not to.”

“What can be done about the leg?”

“Nothing. A prosthesis can be fitted. She will learn to walk again in time.”

“Then I want the best experts in the land to help Hester Weston. See that that is taken care of immediately. Take me to her room right now.”

Entering Hester’s room, Marie found her fast asleep. “How is she, nurse?”

“Under the circumstances, as well as can be expected.”

“I shall stay here till she awakes. You may leave us alone, nurse.”

“As you wish, Prime Minister.”

Eventually, Hester Weston woke and saw Marie. Marie embraced her with a kiss on the cheek “I owe my life to you, Hester, and I shall be ever grateful. If there is anything I can do for you, just ask.”

“I would willingly risk my life all over again for those I hold dear to me, Marie.”

“Such brave words. I don’t deserve them, Hester. I will do all in my power to see you live a normal life. Your fiancée is here. Shall I bring him to you?”

“No.”

“What about your cousin, aunt, or Lady Elspeth?”

No more was said and Marie left with a kiss on the cheek to Hester.

The ward sister was now in Marie’s room. “I want another bed in Miss Hester’s room. Do you understand, sister.”

“Yes, Prime Minister.”

“Good, now please bring Lady Elspeth McFarlane to my room.”

Marie and Elspeth were now alone in earnest conversation. “I have spoken with Hester and as one would expect, she is very depressed woman after such an operation. I believe that you are the only one who can lift that depression from her and bring her back to her once self. I have installed an extra bed in her room. I wish you to stay with her till she is discharged from this hospital. Is that all right with you, Elspeth?”

"Of course, Marie. I will do all in my power to snap her out of this mood. I feel I owe it to her for I know she looks upon me as the mother she never had. And I must admit I feel a mother's love towards her, Marie."

"I knew that would be your reaction, Elspeth. Unfortunately, tomorrow morning I have to leave after breakfast. Affairs of the state wait for no one. I shall keep in touch with you and Hester."

## **HESTER FINDS A MOTHER'S LOVE**

Elspeth McFarlane was talking with Hester Weston. "What is this I hear about you not want to see your fiancée, Hester?"

"How can I see him like this, Elspeth? I'm of no use to anyone. I'm useless."

"Hester, I expect better of you. You are not be the first person to lose a limb. I expect you to conquer your disability otherwise I will be deeply disappointed in such a daughter."

Elspeth had decided to take the hard line with Hester. She was feeling sorry for herself but she had to snap out of it.

"Get out of that bed bloody quick and learn to walk, Hester. As far as Bruce Barberton, is concerned if he is half the man I think he is, he will stand by you and love you. Do you love, Bruce?"

"Yes but what if he doesn't want to see me like this, a cripple?"

"Then you are better rid of him, Hester. This is the test of his love and yours. I would suggest you learn to walk again as quickly as possible. You will need patience and perseverance and practice."

"Will you be with me, Elspeth?"

“Every step of the way, sweetheart. Why do you think this bed is here for me? I shall remain till Bruce sweeps you in his arms as I know he will.”

Elspeth lifted the bedside phone. “Sister, bring the crutches here. Hester Weston will now be going to the hospital gym.”

From then on, Hester Weston was in the gym after breakfast for an hour and after lunch for another hour. Hester had been amputated above the right knee. Learning to walk all over again was difficult. Hester stumbled, fell, and cried but received no sympathy from Elspeth who told her to get up and try again and again.

She would praise Hester if she did well and scorn her when she would have given up. There always had been a bond between the two but now it was becoming stronger.

All this time, Bruce kept phoning asking to see Hester. Elspeth took the calls. “She is not yet ready to see you, Bruce. Give her time. When all is right, she will see you.”

“Tell Hester I love her.”

“Of course”

Flowers and cards of get-well came every day from all over the land.

As each day passed, Hester became better in her walking, guided by Elspeth. A month later, Elspeth told her she was now ready to meet Bruce.

“Do you really think so, Elspeth?”

“There could be no better time, darling. You have progressed very well. I am proud of you as I think Bruce will be.”

“You have given me confidence but will Bruce still love me after seeing me like this?”

“It would take a very alert person to detect any flaw in the way you walk. Put that worry aside and as any woman would when they see the man they love after an absence.”

The day Bruce Barberton arrived to see Hester, she was walking on the hospital grounds. He was taken to Hester private room; Elspeth was there to meet him. “Hester is taking her daily walk on the grounds, Bruce. Perhaps you would like to watch her unseen. Follow me.”

Elspeth led him into the grounds and pointed to Hester in the far distance. “Just watch her Bruce, don’t make yourself known to her yet, just watch.”

That was exactly what he did. Hester was prettily dressed in a light flowery summer skirt and white blouse, tan stockings and white shoes. From the distance, Hester looked like any other woman as she strolled round the picturesque hospital grounds. From her gait, he could not tell she had an artificial leg.

“She has no limp,” he exclaimed to Elspeth.

“Of course she hasn’t, your girlfriend is a very determined woman and has mastered her handicap. Would you think otherwise, Bruce? Now go to her, sweep her in your arms and show her your love.”

Elspeth need not have bothered saying such words for Bruce Barberton was already running towards Hester. In seconds, he was sweeping her in his arms and kissing her. Elspeth knew it was time to leave the pair alone for they had matters to discuss.

They sat on a nearby bench, holding hands. “Why did you not let me see you sooner, darling?” asked Bruce.

“I was so confused after that ordeal and I thought you may reject me until my disability. Do you still love me, Bruce?”

"You asked me that question a long time ago and I answered yes. Nothing has changed. How many times have I asked you to marry me and you kept putting it off? Well this is one time you won't put it off. I am ordering you to marry me within the next two months. That's an order. Nothing is going to stop me this time. UNDERSTAND?"

"Bruce has seen me walk and still wants to marry me," Hester thought.

"Yes," she answered. Hester needed a man who would be her master. Maybe it was time to relax, wind down and become more domesticated. Hester flung her arms round Bruce and passionately kissed him.

Elspeth knew her work was done and, later that night, told Hester so.

"I will be making arrangements to leave the hospital. Bruce and I are about to marry. You are the first to know. I have one favour to ask of you, Elspeth."

"And what would that be, sweetheart?"

"As you know, my father is long dead. Would you give me away at my wedding, please?"

"Surely, dear, it will indeed be my honour to do so on your happy day."

"The only thing that worries me is that I cannot have children. Bruce's mother wants grandchildren."

"Cross that bridge when you come to it. For now, enjoy your happiness," replied Elspeth.

"I could not have reached the stage I am at now at without inspiration from you, Elspeth. I would have wallowed in self-pity but you let me see there is still life out there. I would like to call you 'mother' if I may."

Hester looked at Elspeth with a tear in her eye.

"If there is anyone I would wish to call me mother, Hester, it is you."

Hester had found a mother a real mother at last.

## **A WEDDING IS ON THE WAY**

Hester Weston now sat before Prime Minister Marie Ramsay in the PM's Office in 10 Downing Street. "You look really well, Hester. How are things with you?"

"Couldn't be better, Marie, and I have Elspeth to think for that."

Marie Ramsay smiled to herself. She knew Lady Elspeth McFarlane had the ability and know-how to sort matters as far as Hester was concerned.

"Your office is ready for you to take the reins again."

"That is what I came to discuss with you, Prime Minister. Bruce and I are going to get married."

"Congratulations," said Marie. "We thought that was never going to happen."

"Thank you, you are the first to know, except for Elspeth. But I am afraid that raises a problem."

"Oh?" exclaimed Marie. "What would that be? You have conquered your disability. I was most amazed when you walked in here today with one trace of a limp."

"Bruce feels I should stay at home and be the full housewife you know a loving wife. To do so means giving up a political life and career. To be honest, I need to wind down although I have enjoyed my office and there were happy times."

Marie Ramsay could see where this conversation was going but let Hester continue.

"I feel now is the time for me to step down as a M.P. I have thought long on this. I will issue a statement that with my coming marriage, I feel that I should devote myself to my husband full-time."

"I see. Hester, would nothing persuade you to stay in office?"

"No, Prime Minister. I am determined and will not change my mind. I do hope this decision does not create problems for you."

"The only problem is that I am losing a dear and beloved friend from the cabinet. When do you intend to marry, Hester?"

"Soon as it can be arranged, Marie?" answered she.

"Could it be delayed till after the New Year?"

"Why?"

"Because of the service you have given to me, the party, and this country, I want you to be knighted. That would be in the New Year honours list."

"There are others more worthy than me, Prime Minister."

"Don't argue with me, Hester. I owe my life to you. I am ordering you to be knighted by the Queen and that you shall be."

Hester Weston knew from past experience with Marie that she would have her way. "Yes, Prime Minister," she answered.

Within the week, Hester had issued her statement of resignation.

All this having been done, Hester now had time to concentrating on making a home for herself and Bruce. She would be selling her London flat and house in her constituency. She and Bruce had been to see a number of

properties and decided on a nice manor house in the country.

Hester now began to give thought to a wedding dress and her bridesmaids Marie and Cousin Abigail. Elspeth would have to be consulted in this matter. So it was that one day she and Elspeth descended on a well-known shop for wedding dresses. The owner who immediately recognised Hester came quickly to her side.

“Let me help you finding a suitable gown, Miss Hester, for your happy day.”

“Thank you, Miss Vera,” Hester answered.

“Then, ladies, let us proceed without delay. Follow me.”

Vera Butler led both Hester and Elspeth into a secluded part of the large shop.

“These are very exclusive wedding gowns. I am happy to say Royalty has been happy with some of my creations. Give me some idea of what you wish. I will take it from there and make the gown.”

Hester and Elspeth now started to peruse the multitude of wedding gowns. Eventually, the two decided on the general design of what they wanted.

“There,” said Vera Butler after the fitting. “I will sort something out personally fitted for you. When is the wedding day?”

“That has not been exactly fixed but sometime in the New Year.”

“Then we have plenty of time. I will have you come back nearer the happy day for any alterations. Meantime, the utmost secrecy must be kept on the dress.”

“Why”

“Because if anyone sees the design, cheap copies will be done. And we don’t want that, do we?”

“You will make similar gowns for my bridesmaids?” asked Hester.

“Of course. Who might they be?”

“The Prime Minister and my cousin Abigail. You will have to go to Number 10 for the PM, she is such a busy woman.”

Marie Ramsay had come to the conclusion that a cabinet reshuffle was in the cards after Hester’s resignation. Derek Summers who she had asked to take on the Foreign Secretary Job temporarily during Hester’s absence, would be promoted to Deputy Prime Minister. A few minor ministers who showed promise would be promoted and some ministers would be demoted. It kept all on their toes and that was what Marie wanted. Hester, Marie decided, was going to be made the Duchess of Hillingdon, the constituency for which she had been Member of Parliament. Hester would be knighted before she wed.

Wedding day arrived and unless you were on some distant planet, you could not fail to know. The newspapers for days were full of it and TV kept giving updates about it.

Her stepmother, Lady Stephanie, was a little bit miffed about not giving the bride away instead of Lady Elspeth McFarlane, who all now accepted as her mother. All now seated, the organist started the wedding march. Everyone’s eyes were focused to the back of the church where Hester was arm-in-arm with Elspeth. As she slowly walked down the aisle, gasps of admiration rose as the fantastic gown she wore was seen for the first time.

Hester wore a strapless satin wedding gown with lace and beaded appliqué, all in white. Delicate beaded lace appliqué adorned the bodice and skirt. Ruching detail cre-

ated a flattering effect. A gorgeous single-tier veil featuring a scalloped edge. Large beads and crystals on the veil added glamour to it. Elspeth had bought her a matching set of necklace and drop earrings of a floral crystal design, being the only jewellery Hester would wear that day with the exception of the golden ring soon to be placed on her finger.

The wedding and the reception now over, Hester changed into her going-away outfit. The confetti and rice having been thrown, Hester and her new husband left in the hired car to the five-star hotel which they would spend the first night of their honeymoon. Hester was a little bit apprehensive about the coming night. Not about the sexual side but how Bruce would react to her artificial leg in bed. That fear was evaporated as soon as they came to the honeymoon suite.

"Come on, darling, it is my duty to carry you over the door." Sweeping Hester into his arms, he lifted her into the bridal suite. A tip was given to the bell hop and now they were alone. "I've waited so long to have you and make you mine," said Bruce, his ardour rising.

"You really want me like this, darling, a cripple?"

"Don't you dare say that word to me again. All I see before me is the woman I love. Come here," Bruce ordered.

Hester stepped nearer to the masterful man who was her husband. Bruce Barberton's hands were already round her, unzipping her dress. Soon she felt the satin creation slithering down her body to lie at her feet. Bruce pulled her to him, passionately kissing her. Her breasts were pressing to his body, about to be freed from the restrictive confinement of her brassiere.

Bruce had unclipped the bra which lay on the floor beside her dress. Hester stood in her panties and hold-up

white stockings, she having kicked off her shoes. Bruce was now paying particular attention to sucking her big breasts. Beyond that would be new ground and she shivered in antiquation of the unfamiliar thrills to come from her loving husband.

She wanted the white silk panties to be taken from her body. This man deserved to take her virginity. She had saved her body for the right man and Bruce was the right man. Her long wait was over as her husband lifted her on to the bed and disposed of her panties to join her dress and bra on the floor.

“Be gentle with me, Bruce.”

Bruce Barberton looked at the woman beside him on the bed. Would he do anything else?

Hester felt her husband’s firm erection enter within her. He didn’t force himself into her; it was eased slowly and gently within. Hester was grateful for that; it only made her love him all the more. Bruce was going in and out of Hester’s sex, exciting her and him. Bruce was the type of man who wanted his wife to enjoy the delights of the sexual connection between man and woman. He held his climax back as long as possible to see the expressions on Hester’s face. They conveyed joy, pure sexual joy.

Now was the time as he released jet after jet of his love liquid into his wife. Hester forced her mouth on to his to kiss him with loving affection.

The morning saw two eager participants once again ready to make love to each other. Hester was happy and eager to please her husband and glad she had saved herself for him.

## A NIGHT OF LOVE AND THE CONSEQUENCE

A year had passed since Hester's wedding. One night at Number 10 Downing Street, Prime Minister Marie Ramsay felt she wanted loving from Abigail Middleton. They never seemed to find the time for their sexual desires; matters of state always got in the way. But tonight she was free; no meetings, no talks to give to business men. This was the time to release these sexual desires. Lifting her high security phone, Marie pressed the button that would put her immediately through to Abigail.

"Hello, Prime Minister," said Abigail.

"Is your scrambler on, Abigail?"

"It always is, Prime Minister, when we are on the phone."

"Good. I want you to come here and spend the night with me, Abigail. I take it there is nothing serious on at the moment."

"No, nothing that cannot wait till the morning. I shall be with you very soon."

Abigail Middleton arrived at Number 10 and let herself into the P.M.'s office.

"Well let's not hang about, Marie. You want to be fucked, don't you? To your bedroom we must go NOW."

Both made for the upstairs bedroom of the Prime Minister. The MI5 officers saw them but it was not their job to think or gossip about such matters.

Abigail roughly pushed Marie inside. "Get that dress off at once!"

At the present moment, Marie Ramsay was wearing a plain blue cotton dress belted at the waist. It was quickly unbuckled and slipped off her shoulders to reveal a white slip underneath. Abigail came to her and was now pulling

the thin shoulder straps off to watch the slip fall to the thick carpeted floor. Abigail stopped to take in and admire the small woman, the woman she would have this very night. She had implanted massive breasts to please herself and entice Abigail, her lover. These would be taken care of in time. Right now, Marie's knickers would be taken down for Abigail's delight. They concealed a white garter belt holding up a pair of beige stockings descending down her leg into a pair of flat black shoes.

Abigail's fingers were now on the waist band of Marie's knickers, easing them down her legs. Marie stood there, legs apart exposing her sex and waiting for it to be fingered by Abigail. It was only a second before Abigail's digits were trolling through the black silky fleece that covered her sex, tantalising Marie.

"Marie, it's time you got fucked."

Marie Ramsay kicked off her shoes and slipped between the white satin sheets. She lay there watching Abigail take her clothes off. Already her "thing" was tenting her knickers. Marie wanted it inside her tonight. A naked Abigail was slowly rubbing Marie's stocking leg.

"Put your hand on it," demanded Abigail.

Marie attentively placed a hand on the erect "thing."

"Open your legs while I feed on your breasts," said Abigail.

Marie complied to see Abigail bury her face between her enormous boobs. Marie hands were guiding Abigail's "thing" to her sex which was ready and willing for it to enter.

Then it was inside her, filling her. Abigail slowly started her rhythm in and out of Marie's sex which would eventually reach a crescendo. Marie had wrapped her legs round Abigail's waist; she wanted Abigail's "thing" fully

lodged within her all the way. Faster and faster went Abigail's "thing" in and out of Marie's sex. Climax, and crescendo were coming, much to Abigail's and Marie's delight. When it did, Abigail collapsed on top of Marie, breathing heavily from exhaustion.

A few weeks after Marie and Abigail had made love, Marie was not feeling well. She ignored it and carried on with her work. The feeling didn't go away so she reluctantly decided she must see her Hartley Street doctor. It had to be under high security; no one should know that the P.M. was seeing a doctor unless necessary.

"It's not often we see you here, Prime Minister, what is the problem?"

"I don't know, doctor, but lately I have not felt well" said Marie as she sat in the surgery in Hartley Street.

"Then I will give you a full medical check-up. Take your clothes off behind the screen."

Marie sat before the doctor once again as he took some notes, then looked up. "Well, Prime Minister, the good news is I have never seen a healthier woman than you."

"Then there is nothing wrong with me, doctor?"

"No. You're pregnant!"

"What? I can't be, doctor" said a now worried woman.

"Who is the lucky man, Prime Minister?" asked Dr Herbert.

"There isn't any man," answered Marie.

"Oh," said the doctor, "in that case, we will have another Immaculate Conception." With a grin, the doctor told her, "Whether you like it or not, Prime Minister, you are pregnant. I can make arrangements during your pregnancy to enter the best maternity home."

Marie did not doubt the doctor's word but there were problems. She would have to think this out. "Thank you, doctor. I may take your advice."

Back at Number 10, Marie Ramsay had a restless evening and a sleepless night. In the morning, Abigail Middleton was contacted. Her cell phone rang. "Drop everything and come to Number 10 as quickly as possible. There are matters of the utmost importance here."

"What are they, Prime Minister?"

"I cannot discuss this over the phone. Just get here."

Abigail delegated her second-in-command to take charge as the PM had some very urgent matters to discuss with her.

"What's all the rush for, Marie? Discussions were at a vital stage."

"We have a problem, Abigail."

"Have we, Marie? And what would that be?"

"I'm pregnant."

"Oh," said Abigail in some surprise. "I thought you took precautions and I always wondered if my 'thing' could get someone pregnant. Now I know the answer. But what is the problem?"

"I sometimes wonder why I made you Chancellor of the Exchequer, Abigail. I have never been seen with a man since I became Prime Minister, at least not one I have been romantically involved with. And if I was to say you are the father, then your secret would be out."

"Yes, of course, The one thing that comes immediately to mind is abortion."

"That is a non-starter. I could never take the life of an unborn child. There has to be another solution, Abigail."

“Yes, upon reflection, I agree with you 100%. It is as much my baby as yours. I would sleep on it tonight and see what thoughts the morning brings, if any.”

The following morning, Marie and Abigail were together at the breakfast table in number 10. “Have you thought of anything, Abigail. Frankly, I have nothing?”

“Yes, it has a lot of ifs, buts, and maybes. Do you want to hear it?”

“Out with it.”

Slowly, Abigail started. “I take it no one knows you are pregnant. Marie?”

“No one but my doctor,” was the answer.

“You know my cousin Hester cannot have children and why.”

“Yes but just what are you suggesting?”

“That this baby ends up in the arms of Hester and is hers.”

“First of all, does Bruce know of her condition and would Hester agree to such a thing? Even if all that was in our favour, how do we get Hester pregnant and me not?”

“Well it is only a suggestion. Have you anything better?”

“No.”

“Then let’s go with it we, I say.”

Marie grudgingly said yes.

“It’s great to see you again, Abigail. The last time must have been...”

“At your wedding, Hester” answered Abigail. “I’ve tried to visit you before but pressure of work always stopped me. You know how it is, you’ve been a minister before.”

The following morning after breakfast and Bruce left for work, Abigail knew her work was about to start.

"Hester, you look a happy woman. I take it you and Bruce have hit it off in the marriage stakes."

"I couldn't have found a better man. I am so happy."

"Hester, does Bruce know about your operation when you were a boy?"

"No and I intend to keep it that way. Why?"

"Do you still hanker for a baby?"

"That can never be and I accept that fact. My mother-in-law keeps asking me when I shall be pregnant. I lie in bed at night crying. I do my best to see that Bruce knows nothing of this."

"What would you say if there was a means of having a child, Hester?"

"Don't pull with my heart strings, Abigail."

"I'm not pulling at your heart strings, listen to me." The whole story of Marie pregnancy was related to Hester.

"I congratulate you and Marie, but what has this to do with me?"

"If this ever got out, Marie being single and Prime Minister and never being seen with any man in a relationship, all hell is going to break loose. It was my suggestion that this baby would be yours."

"I would be more than willing to take it, Abigail, but how do we get round to saying I have conceived it?"

"Let me worry about that. Have you had sexual relations with Bruce recently?"

"We have three or four times a week and without precautions for Bruce wants a family."

"Announce that you are pregnant next week. The social columns in the papers can't fail to pick that up. You went to your doctor and are four weeks pregnant. That coincides with Marie. You will have that baby yet, Hester."

Hester Weston Barberton never felt happier in her life. Bruce and his mother were told and they couldn't do enough for her. Hester was now in the privileged position of being an expectant mother.

"It is all sorted as far as Hester is concerned, Marie" said Abigail.

"Good, that is one problem solved. Now how about me? My pregnancy is going to show as the months go on."  
"

"You're a small woman, Marie. I don't think it will show as much as you think. By the way, the papers will be splashing that Hester is pregnant tomorrow."

After seeing the articles, Hester suggested to Bruce, "I suppose there is no use in hiding the fact any longer. We may as well tell the press what they printed is correct." So an official announcement was made later that week. The "Woman's World" arranged an interview with Hester. A photographer was brought along to Hester manor home to take pictures during the interview. Hester had picked a nice motherly outfit for the interview. She was just two months into the supposed pregnancy.

"It must be difficult you being disabled and pregnant, Duchess," said the young woman reporter. "Not one bit of it. I am as fit as any woman and look forward to bring up my child as any mother would be. I hope I am an example to other women in the same position as myself."

"Indeed, Duchess. I think you are an inspiration to all women with disabilities."

"Dr Herbert has been vetted and cleared by MI5 so I think now is the time to approach him and activate the next stage."

"Yes, Marie," answered Abigail. "The spotlight is now on my cousin but we must not let our defences down now,"

Dr Herbert was now told of the situation. He advised a team of nurses and doctors to take care of Marie during the pregnancy with the utmost secrecy. He also ordered that Hester should be brought into the maternity home where Marie would give birth. This could be easily explained as her doctor said there could be complications during birth with the baby. A scan had been taken on Marie, revealing it was a baby boy she was carrying.

"It's going to be a boy, Bruce!" exclaimed Hester with excitement.

"How do you know that, darling?"

"I've been up to London today. Marie wants me in hospital very soon. I have been examined by her Hartley Street doctor and he says there may be complications at birth. I may have to leave you for a while, darling."

"That matters little, Hester. It is you and our baby I am worried about. If the doctor says you must be in hospital for months."

"What shall we call the baby, Bruce?"

"I hadn't given much thought to that. Any suggestions?"

"What about Bruce David Barberton?"

Bruce was proud his own name was there but asked, "Why David?"

"I rather like that name for some reason."

“Then David it shall be if it pleases you,” replied Bruce.

If truth be told, the name David was a throwback to the days when Hester herself was a boy.

Marie Ramsay called Deputy Prime Minister Derek Summers into her office one day “Derek I’ll come straight to the point and this is between these walls and no where else. I have what you might describe as a woman’s complaint. I may have to go to hospital for a few days to sort it out. I want no one to know. I am leaving you in charge. I can assure you I will be 100% when I come back to Number10.”

“Leave it to me, Prime Minister, these lips are sealed.”

“Thank you, Derek, I knew I could trust you.” They shook hands as they left the Prime Minister’s office at Number 10.

The day had arrived. Marie knew because of the pain and the nurse confirmed it. A special car had been fitted out for this moment; no ambulance would be seen leaving Number 10.

“We made it!” said Marie as the car sped from Downing Street.

“Quiet!” ordered the nurse beside her. “You just rest.”

Hester Duchess of Hillingdon was already at the maternity home and had been for months. For the next two days, no one was allowed to go near the room occupied by Marie and Hester except the nurses and doctor, not even Bruce or this mother.

During the dead of night on the third morning, Marie Ramsay was taken back to number 10 Downing Street to resume her duties as Prime Minister. From the maternity home a statement was issued. “The Duchess of

Hillingdon has given birth to a baby son. Mother and baby are well."

Hester received a multitude of letters and telegrams from well-wishers and a special one from Marie with flowers and a note of thanks. Her room was constantly overflowing with visitors and family. Her most frequent visitors were Cousin Abigail and Marie Ramsay. Hester named Marie as the child's godmother. The magazine wanted a family photo, especially as Prime Minister Marie Ramsay was the baby's godmother, a scoop for the publication.

Baby Bruce David Barberton was in the middle of the official photo, still to be christened and baptised, held by his mother, the Duchess of Hillingdon. To her right was the Godmother, Prime Minister Marie Ramsay; next to her were the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Abigail Middleton; her mother and aunt to Hester, Dame Charlotte Middleton; and her sister Lady Stephanie Weston, all seated. On the left of Hester were Lady Elspeth McFarlane, and Mrs. Dorothy Barberton, her mother-in-law.

The once-David Weston had come a long way since when as a boy of eight he had been taken unwillingly to his Aunt Charlotte in a girl's dress. She took his maleness away forever and brought him up as a girl. And here she was today, a lady among ladies.

The End