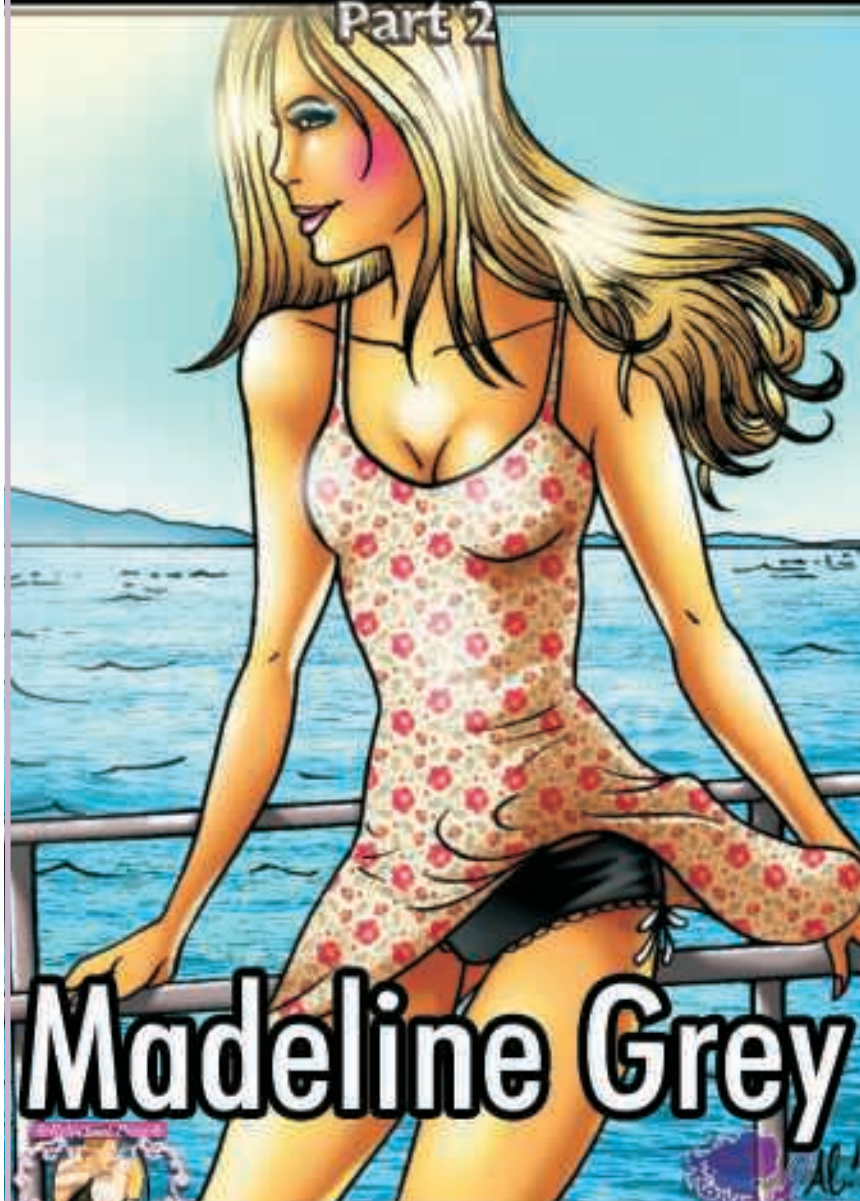


The
Prime Minister's Mistress

Part 2



Madeline Grey



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2015

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.reluctantpress.com

Prime Minister Mistress Part 2

By Madeline Grey

PREVIOUSLY

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

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

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

MORE SEX GAMES ON THE FAST LADY

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Steven handed me a flesh-coloured dildo.

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

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

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

THE ROYAL DILDO

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

looking elsewhere for a Lady with a more comely backside.

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

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

“Will you kiss it, my Queen, my lover?”

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

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

“You shall receive your deserved reward from the sacred lips of your Queen, my love. Then we shall pleasure ourselves with the Royal Dildo. Come.”

Marie held her hand to mine as I adjusted my skirts, for they had been greatly disturbed in our loving. We skipped and frolicked as we made our way further into the woods where it was impossible for anyone to see us. I knew where we were going; to a quiet spot, a clearing where we would lay the groundsheet on the grass, have our picnic and make love for, after all, we were a married couple.

The clearing was soon reached. It was so peaceful and tranquil there, with birds singing their songs. The picnic basket which we carried was opened, chicken was prepared and eaten, then a bottle of wine was opened and poured into crystal goblets and drunk. We lay on the groundsheet looking into each other's eyes, so much in love were we the Queen and I. I would from time to time drop a grape into the Queen's mouth; she would feed me with some delicious sweetmeat. It was so serene lying there accompanied with birdsong all around us.

I became so excited when I saw my Queen reach into the picnic basket and withdraw the Royal Dildo. My blood raced and I was becoming moist between my legs. The fantastic long, smooth, thick mahogany Royal Dildo was about to be applied to my person by her Royal Highness Queen Marie Antoinette. I do believe I may have shed a tear.

“My sweet Yolande, why do you cry so?” came from the lips of my beloved Queen.

“Oh, my beloved Queen, I am not worthy of such a sacred dildo as you are about to administer to your servant.”

“What is this silly nonsense I hear from your sweet lips, Yolande? There is none other than yourself that more deserves to be treated with my Royal Dildo. Not only do you deserve it, it is my pleasure to watch you contract in ecstasy. How selfish you are to deny me my pleasure. You are a cruel woman indeed, Yolande.”

“Oh my Queen, I’m most sorry. I did not mean to offend you. If it is your wish that I receive the Royal Dildo between the sacred portals of my woman’s sex, then it is that that you must do.”

I hurriedly pulled my skirts up for I did not want to delay my Queen’s pleasure. I lay on the groundsheet, my legs wide apart to receive the Royal Dildo. Marie with the magnificent weapon in her hand knelt beside me and without further ado, she plunged it between my thighs. I had received what I longed for there in my sex between my opened legs.

There are some women, I believe, who have never received a dildo within them, I pity such women for they will never know what it is to be in Heaven. Such matters were not on my mind at the present minute, however. I wanted my Queen to have her pleasure for I am not a greedy woman. The Queen was working the Royal Dildo expertly inside me. There are women, believe it or not, who just do not know how a dildo must be treated; the Queen of France was never one.

“Oh Marie! Oh my Queen! You have excited me so much, my pearly cream surely will be released.”

“That must not happen yet for I wish to taste that sweet nectar.”

The Queen withdrew the Royal Dildo from between my sacred portals; it had already received its first coating of my white juices.

Marie licked the now wet Royal Dildo as if the wetness was an appetiser for what was to come.

Having wetted her appetite Marie was then between my legs, pushing them further apart as if they were not already wide open. Her tongue was buried deep inside my sex, licking, her hands to either side of my sex, opening it that her tongue could go all the further inside. I loved it, *loved* it, I tell you. I knew my Queen was not yet finished for had she not made a promise to kiss the hairs of my silken black bush. That promise was kept for, after she had drunk her fill of my womanly nectar; her tongue was removed from my sex and licked over the shining black hair like a bird preening its feathers.

I felt it was my duty that my Queen should have the same happiness as she had just given me. So the Royal Dildo was in use once more where it is most effective: between a Lady's legs as we women all know. I used it most skilfully for I had learned a lot from the greatest teacher I could possibly have had: Queen Marie Antoinette of France. I was pleased to see her shut her eyes for she really knew the value of one such as me who could give her the utmost of pleasure with her Royal Dildo.

I gently kissed the sweet lips of her womanly sex; she still kept her eyes shut in repose. She would from time to time utter little moans of pleasure, her eyes still closed. I knew I was pleasing Her Majesty. The Princess DeLamballe could never do as I had done in pleasuring my Queen, which was one of the reasons I disposed of her.

I thought the Queen's and my activities had gone unobserved. Not so however as a big buck rabbit scurried into the bushes. He must have watched all that took place. Our delightful loving day in the woods was coming near its end as we packed up the

basket and left to return to Versailles. It wasn't the first nor would it be the last time we returned to make the love that only women can have between them in these woods.

I again certify that this is the Royal Dildo as used by Queen Marie Antoinette of France. I have also enclosed two letters of the many written between the Queen and me on occasions where we have been away from each other while the Queen dealt with affairs of the state and I was involved in family matters.

Signed

Yolande Martine Gabrielle DePolastron, Duchess of Polignac

The following two letters were contained within the box the Royal Dildo was in. The first was written by Yolande, Duchess of Polignac, the other by no less than Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

The Duchess of Polignac letter read as follows.

My dearest heart Marie

As you know I have had to leave your bedchamber for matters pertaining to my family. How I shall miss the delightful feeding and sucking from your breasts; my husband is not here which is a blessing. I have certain family business to attend to which involves my husband's younger sister Arabella. Now that she has come of the age of 21, she is entitled to inherit a large sum of money left by her father in his will. My husband as her guardian stipulated that I, his wife, must be present at the signing of papers authorising the handing over the monies to Arabella.

My husband had already left Italy on business, so I was left with his beautiful sister Arabella, in their

family castle. Having come so far, I felt I needed time to recover from the long tiring journey from my horse-pulled carriage. I was to spend some weeks in the family castle with Arabella and her mother.

Arabella was a beautiful girl as I said but an innocent one, knowing nothing of the affairs that took place between women such as me and my Queen. I asked her if she had a boyfriend as of yet. She answered no. I asked if the young men of these parts were blind to her, did they not see the beauty that I did in her person. She blushed profusely; I placed a finger under her chin and turned it towards me.

“Do not blush, fair Arabella,” I said, “for if not stupid men do not recognise your beauty, there are other who will, women. I say that as one of our sex who does.”

I kissed her softly on the lips turn and left her standing there as if she in a dream. I knew I was on fertile ground. I had gotten to her before some male brute despoiled the girl. I knew my tender approach would pay dividends and she would be mine, not just mine but part of our loving band of like-minded woman in Versailles.

I had devised an ingenious plan which with your permission, my Queen, should be instigated in the Royal Palace. I wanted to use this plan as a means of seducing the beautiful Arabella, my husband's sister and my sister-in-law. I do admit I am tempted by pretty young women from time to time. This does not mean that I do not love you, my Queen. You should never think such a thing. Have I not been witness to you with maids, making love to them? I was never jealous of seeing them in pure ecstasy from the administrations of your hands and fingers within their cunny or fondling their breasts. I trust you will not be jealous of my activities either.

What I propose is the creation of the Royal Grand Order of the Royal Dildo which will only admit women. The headquarters will of course be in the Royal Palace, there may be other branches outside the Palace.

You, my Queen, will be The Most Worshipful Grand Mistress; there will be other offices. If I may, I would like to submit myself to be the Deputy Grand Mistress. I suggest meetings should take place perhaps twice a month. Meetings should be held in the Hall of Mirrors in the Palace of Versailles. Such a splendid surrounding for our womanly activities!

At these meetings new women would be admitted to the order; there will be a ceremony they will have to undertake.

At the beginning of each meeting, all women should line up before you on the throne. Your breasts will be bared as shall become the custom. I as the Deputy Mistress will curtsy before the Most Worshipful Grand Mistress Queen Marie Antoinette who sits on the Grand Throne.

Then I shall rise and kiss your naked right breast once. The other women will follow my example by kissing your left breast three times. Should any woman fail to do that, she will be punished and fined at a later meeting. Then each woman will walk past the smaller throne I sit on and kiss my right breast three times. They then take their seats. Of course it is permitted to kiss other woman's breasts if they wish after they are seated. No member is allowed to refuse a sister of the order that privilege.

The Grand Recorder will read out the business before the Grand Order of the Royal Dildo that day. It will typically consist of the admittance of a new member. The Neophyte who has shall have been prepared

in advance. She will be naked underneath a white robe of the finest silk and blindfolded to signify she is pure of any sexual relationship with a male. The blindfolded woman will be led by two of the members to come before your throne, my Grand Mistress Queen Marie Antoinette.

You will have already opened your skirts in preparation for the act of allegiance to the Order and you the Grand Mistress. As is the usual at all meetings of the Order, you and all members will have no underthings below your skirts. The blindfolded Neophyte will be told to kneel on the red satin cushion in front of the Grand Mistress. You will then open your legs and order the Neophyte to kiss the sacred spot of the Grand Mistress. This is something all must do twelve times upon their entrance to the Order to show their obedience to the aims of the Order and the Grand Mistress.

Should the Neophyte not comprehend or understand this command from the Grand Mistress, the two women at her side will whisper in her ear and aid her to bend forward and kiss the sacred spot of the Grand Mistress twelve times. Once this task has been accomplished, the Grand Mistress will remove her white silk robe to reveal the nakedness of the Neophyte for the approval of all within the Hall of Mirrors.

The delights of the Neophyte will be seen from every conceivable angle for they will be revealed by the mirrors all around them. That includes her breasts, that which is between her legs, and her big backside if she has one. The ceremony is not yet finished for the Neophyte for she is to receive the greatest pleasure of them all.

Now more women join the two at her side; they hold the Neophyte high and steady in front of the

Grand Mistress. A long narrow deep box at her side is opened and the Royal Dildo is carefully taken out by Grand Mistress Queen Marie Antoinette. I expect that many women within the Hall of Mirror will become moist between the legs just at the sight of the implement.

The Grand Mistress with her experienced and expert hands now enters the Royal Dildo between the Neophyte's legs. The Grand Mistress moves the Royal Dildo back and forth within the cavern of the Neophyte. I expect that some will be in pure ecstasy and pass out in pleasure. Others may not be able to keep their pleasure to themselves and loudly moan.

When the Neophyte finally releases her juices, the Grand Mistress will be there to drink from the sweet lips of her cunny. After that is finished, the Grand Mistress will remove the blindfold so that the new member may see her womanly companions. It will be the custom that the new members give any member of the Royal Grand Order of the Royal Dildo the same pleasure the Grand Mistress has received if they wish it. This will not necessarily take place at the meeting as it may transpire in their bedchambers at a later date for the number of members who desire such service may be too much to accommodate there and then.

These are my plans which I hope meet with your approval, my Queen and lover.

I have drifted somewhat from my plans to seduce sweet Arabella. I had planted a seed in her; I cannot believe some young man has not wooed her and seen the beauty in her that I have seen. I can see that she is right for plucking and delivery into my hands. If she had never been told of her beauty, I suspected she may be curious of my remarks and the fact that I had kissed her and left her in suspense.

The next morning I awoke and dressed myself for I had not taken my personal maid with me. I passed Arabella's room in the castle from which one has a marvellous view over the surrounding countryside. The door was open; she was at present having her corsets pulled by her personal maid, a woman twice her age.

"You may go about your business for I have much to discuss with your Mistress. Be gone with you," I addressed the maid. I knew she daren't answer me back; after all, I was the Duchess of Polignac.

She curtseyed. "If it is Madam's wish," she said and left as I took the laces of Arabella's corset in my hands.

"What a nice figure you make, my dear Arabella, one that would be admired by the Ladies at Versailles, even Queen Marie Antoinette herself, if I'm not mistaken."

She blushed. "You know the Queen, Duchess?"

"Of course I do. Has my husband not mentioned it? The Queen and I have a very close and intimate relationship. You do understand what a close and intimate relationship between women is, Arabella?" I knew she did not for Arabella led a sheltered life away from Paris and the Palace of Versailles and what took place between we Ladies there.

"Do you and the Queen kiss each other as you did to me yesterday, Duchess?"

"Yes and a lot more, for the Queen and I love each other."

"Is there more than a woman kissing a woman, Duchess?"

“Have you never kissed another woman, sweet Arabella?” I gave a stronger tug on the laces of her corset.

“No, that had never happened to me before, till yesterday.”

“Did you like it?”

“I cannot say I didn’t like it for I had strange feelings after and I have thought of it since.”

“Were your thoughts nice or bad, Arabella?”

“They were not bad, Duchess, I...I just do not know.”

As Arabella had her back to me, I gave another sharp tug on her corset laces and kissed the back of her neck. I felt her body shiver.

“Was that nice, darling Arabella?” She never answered. I whispered in her ear, “Tonight come to my bedchamber and you will learn what the Queen of France and I do in her bedchamber.”

The innocent child would come and lose her innocence. I finished with her corset and helped her dress in her crinoline. Her waist was small and I suspected her maid had her corseted since girlhood. As you, my Queen, always said show me a small-waisted woman and I’ll show you a woman with a big backside. Arabella was in that category; her backside would be felt by me. Her big backside added to her beauty and how much it would be admired at Versailles among us women. I would try and persuade her to visit me there in the future so not only the Ladies there could admire and feel her bottom but you my Queen Marie Antoinette as well.

That, however, was all in the future at that point. The coming night was uppermost in my mind.

At the breakfast table we were served by a flighty serving maid called Carlotta, I caught her eye.

“Carlotta, come to my bedchamber after breakfast.” It was a command that one gives to the lower class and expects to be obeyed. I waited on her arrival; she was young and pretty which is sometimes seen among Italian girls. Carlotta was maybe of the same age as Arabella. As I said she was a flighty girl and an ambitious one.

The young girl stood before me in her maid’s outfit. Her figure was most desirable and I would sport with her before I returned to Versailles.

“What money are you paid for your services at this castle, Carlotta?” She told me a mere pittance.

“How would you like to earn double that as my Personal Maid, temporary of course till I return to the Palace?”

Her eyes lit up for I expect she had never known as much money before.

“But Duchess, will the Mistress not object for then I will not be able to perform my duties for which I am paid?”

Her Mistress in this case was my mother-in-law, Arabella’s mother.

“Leave that in my hands. I shall discuss the matter with her. As of now you are my Personal Maid.” The girl was most pleased with the turn of events in her life. I looked at her clothes; they were most unsuitable for one that would be my Personal Maid.

“Carlotta, your dress is tacky and not fitting for one who would be my maid. You may discard it for I have more suitable dresses and skirts for you. The position you will hold is as the maid to a Duchess, a favourite of the Queen of France no less.” I could see I had her in my hands and she was receptive to whatever I told her.

“I shall this very day take you to the dressmakers and have you fitted in the finest of silk, satin, and lace as is more befitting to the one who shall be my Personal Maid.”

“Yes, my Duchess, your wish is my command. I am here to obey my Mistress as your humble maid.”

“Then I want you near to me at all times. Remove your belongings from the servants’ quarters and take them to the room next to mine.” That room had a connecting door so Carlotta would be available to me at all times.

Carlotta didn’t look the same woman when we had finished our rounds of the shops. After our shopping trip, she looked more sophisticated, more desirable.

Carlotta knew more about life in the raw than the innocent Arabella. I learned she had slept with men; this didn’t surprise me.

“What of young girls or even older women?”

“We serving maids sometimes have to sleep three or even four in one bed. So the female anatomy is not unfamiliar to me. I would watch others undress and even witness familiarities between us girls. As for older women I was always the favourite of the cook. She would sometimes kiss and cuddle me—nothing more—saying I was so like the daughter she lost to the plague.”

“Then have you been familiar with a woman in more than just kissing, Carlotta?”

“No.”

“Would you like to be?”

Carlotta looked at me, then looked at the fine clothes she now wore and summed up the situation very quickly. She never had a room to herself before or clothes as fine as these or so much money. Why spoil it all now just as she was climbing out the of the mire. If the Duchess wanted a kiss or even more, what harm would it do?

“Yes!” she gaily answered.

“Then that request will be answered, sweet Carlotta, but first I must ask you this question. Do you know what a dildo is?”

“Yes Milady, I do indeed know.”

“Good. And do you know where one can be purchased in these parts?”

“That I know as well, Milady”

“Then you shall purchase one for me, won’t you, Carlotta?”

“I have no money for such a thing, Milady.”

I opened my purse, took a silver coin out and pressed it in Carlotta’s small hand. “Will that be enough?”

“Oh yes, Milady.”

“Then you shall buy one. Bring it back to me and another silver coin you shall have. No names will be mentioned at any times. I can assure you that, if I am pleased with your services, more silver coins you will see.” I am sure the girl had never seen as much money in her life and whatever she had to do to receive such coins she would be willing to do.

My plans were now ready for the coming night, I lay on my bed and thought of the sweet delights I was to receive between the thighs of Arabella.

Carlotta had come back from the errand I had given her. The honest girl handed me back the change she had received.

“You may keep it for your honesty, Carlotta. Here is the silver coin I promised. Always remember that lesson and you will go far if you are ambitious and I know you are. There are Ladies who will throw a maid on the streets if they try to swindle their Mistress. When I depart, you do not want to go back to the lowly position of a scullery maid once more, I am sure.”

She shook her head in agreement.

“Good. I thought as much. Would you not agree that Miss Arabella’s maid is becoming somewhat old for her work?”

This Carlotta also confirmed.

“Then I shall put in a good word on your behalf. I am sure Miss Arabella will give her maid a tidy sum, retire her, and employ you as her Personal Maid. Of course you must be an obedient maid and do as your Mistress wishes, *whatever she asks of you*. You do understand what that may entail, yes?”

I'm sure Carlotta knew what I was suggesting, however her new Mistress-to-be was not known to be friendly with other Ladies in the manner I was suggesting. That was about to change after this coming night.

I had told Carlotta to bring me a light supper and thereafter assist me into my night attire. I gathered Carlotta had never seen such pretty nightdresses as I had with me before. I stripped naked and my maid assisted me to put the long silk nightdress over my body. The material being diaphanous, one could see the outline of my mons and ample breasts through it. A loose peignoir was put over that. It was also diaphanous, made of silk with a belt tied round the waist. Both these garments were made of pure white silk.

“Oh Milady, I have never seen such gorgeous things in my life as you wear,” Carlotta gushed.

“If you do the right things and please your new Mistress, I am sure such things will grace your pretty body too.” Carlotta was most impressed and I could see that she knew what she must do.

I was now all prepared for the arrival of Arabella. I shooed Carlotta from my bedchamber. “Be as quiet as a mouse. Shut up and observe and you may learn a thing or two.”

The sun was setting when I heard footsteps approaching my bedchamber. A knock on the door was heard.

“Who is it?” I called in a charming and inviting voice.

“It is I, Arabella, Duchess.”

“Do come in, darling. I am preparing for bed.” I lay invitingly on the bed cover.

Arabella opened the door. She was also in a night-dress, not as pretty as mine I have to say. With the proper grooming that would change before I returned to Versailles, however.

“I am so sorry. I did not know you were in your night things.”

“Why, my dear Arabella? Do you not wish to see what other Ladies wear in bed. Is it not pretty?”

“It is, of course, Duchess. It is very pretty and most becoming of you and most daring.”

“Darling Arabella, I have seen a lot worse among the Ladies in the Royal Palace. This in comparison is very modest.” As I said this, I undid the tie belt round my waist. The peignoir fell open to reveal my ample breasts under the diaphanous nightdress, breasts of which I am proud of as you know, my Queen.

Arabella eyes were fixated on my breasts in wonder.

“Have you never seen a Lady in her night attire before, darling?”

“Only Mama but her nightdress is not as pretty as yours, Duchess.”

“Tis a pity. Mothers should lead by example so daughters can learn. Now that you have seen mine you must purchase such a one. I saw such a shop today on my travels. Tomorrow we will go there.”

Arabella, I could see, was mesmerised by my presence. I beckoned her to come closer, then I put my

arms round her neck and placed a sweet kiss on her lips. No resistance was met. Arabella was ripe for plucking. I kissed her once more.

“Now wasn’t that nice, Arabella? Shouldn’t ladies greet each other that way when they meet, don’t you think?”

“Oh very nice, Duchess. It was very different from when Mama kisses me.”

“That is a motherly kiss between daughter and mother. This is a kiss from one woman to another, from one who admires the beauty of the other, a much different kind of kiss.”

“Then may I be permitted to kiss you, Duchess?”

“Of course. It is what beautiful women do. You are pretty, Arabella, and it is one of your own sex who is telling you that.” From what was happening and from what was being said, the progress of Arabella would be quicker than I thought. She could be occupying my bed every night till I returned to the Palace.

It is time to progress my seduction of sweet Arabella.

“You know, there are other kisses that beautiful women share between themselves, much more delightful, sweeter. I would be ashamed if you did not know of them for you deserve to be taught about them.”

“But Duchess, how can they be sweeter? I am in heaven just now, surely they cannot be better than this.”

“I am glad to hear such words, however you should not be denied even greater pleasures for you deserve such. Come closer.”

This Arabella did, eager as she was to know what could be better than kissing a woman on the lips. I slipped the top of her nightdress down to expose her breasts, ripe for sucking. She was about to open her lips to say something. I place a finger over them. “Shush.” She said nothing more; by now we both were lying on my bed.

Her breasts were fully developed, large but not big if you understand my meaning Marie. I placed a hand on one. How soft and pliable it was with a red-tipped nipple. I placed the nipple between thumb and finger and rubbed it with a finger. I could see the nub expand in response to my stimulation. It is still a wondrous sight to behold no matter how many times I have practiced such with a lady friend.

I bent my head down and kissed the agitated nub, then sucked it. How delicious that was; from the look on Arabella face I could see she was in ecstasy. I wonder could she stand anymore ecstasy or would she die the “little death” as I had seen other women do. Press on regardless, was my motto.

Arabella lay there on the bed. I could do anything I wanted to do to her which I was planning to do anyway. Her other breast received the same treatment as the one I had left. It was the sweet opening between Arabella’s legs that my thoughts were now centred on. That would have my full attention when I finished with her breasts.

Arabella, I knew, was in full sexual shock. This is a rarity for it will happen only the first time an innocent girl receives her first sexual experience. Afterwards

she will be more sexually wise and her innocence will then be lost.

Now was the time to transfer my attention to the spot between her legs. The slit was nestled, nicely covered with black silky hair. Her slit was long although I had seen longer in my time and her clitoris was stiff. If ever a woman was ready for what I was to do to her, Arabella was. Never rush an innocent young girl on her first occasion with another woman such as me. I was too experienced to let that happen. I wanted her, not just for myself, but also that other women should enjoy her young delights, perhaps even the Queen of France.

I widened her legs, made myself comfortable and I was about to enjoy myself by making a sexual conquest of the young woman.

My face was now buried in her cunny, licking and lapping it. My hands were on her rump, manipulating it, pressing it so my face filled her cunny. It was then that I heard the first moans of pleasure emitting from Arabella. She was to emit more, many more, before I was finished with the girl. Arabella was becoming moist quicker than I had anticipated; I wanted all the pearly juices I knew she would release. My tongue was now in the progress of flicking over her stiffened clitoris.

“Oh please, please Duchess. I am in heaven. I cannot take this any longer.”

“You will, my darling, and be glad of it.”

My tongue began working faster inside her. The volcano was about to erupt, then it did, spraying its white fluid all over my tongue. Not just spraying; drenching it. Arabella was exhausted. I was exhausted. We both were exhausted. I took her in my

arms and we kissed once more. There was no need to coax Arabella; her innocent days were past. I had saved her from the arms of an oaf of a man, whoever he might have been. From now she was to become a lover of women forever.

Matching Arabella and Carlotta would be simple. This I would suggest in the morning for Arabella would be sleeping in my bed this night and many other nights before I left. Oh happy days and nights. My life was going to be busy twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

It was in the morning as sweet Arabella lay by my side and her arms round me that I approached the subject of her Personal Maid.

“Arabella my dearest, do you not think your maid is becoming too old for her work? I mean that in the nicest possible way. Should she not enjoy the rest of her life in retirement?”

“Yes Yolande, you are correct as you always are. The problem is where will she live and what means of support will she have? Also, who will replace her as my maid?”

“All easily answered. Firstly, your Mama is a kindly woman. I will talk to her and I am sure she will not turn out a faithful servant and will provide her with a room of which there are plenty in the castle. As for support, I am sure you would give her a small allowance for the rest of her life. As for replacement, there is a suitable person here in this castle whose talents have been ignored for so long: Carlotta. I have appointed her as my maid till such time as I must depart. She is young and more suitable for you, don't you think? *Carlotta will be more than willing to do anything that you may ask of her, and I do mean anything.*”

My point was empathised as I kissed the darling girl on a naked breast.

Arabella had learned quickly in our sexual escapades of the night.

“Then I shall appoint her to that position once you have departed, darling Yolande.”

Arabella was learning fast the ways of women who love others of their gender. I must say I was proud of myself for having recruited two young beautiful women to the ranks of those women who love women.

There was much work to be done this fine bright sunny day. “Be off with you, fair Arabella. After breakfast we must visit your bankers and arrange your money matters so that you may never work for the rest of your life. We shall also make a trip to your dressmaker so that you are more suitable when you visit me and the Queen of France, as you will, my dear.”

I was sure Arabella’s head was now filled with the glorious life that lay ahead as a woman of leisure. I knew of the vast amount of money and the estate that Arabella had been left in her father’s will. If she invested wisely, she may never need to work again or soil her pretty little hands, perish the thought.

The morning’s work was successful in more ways than one. Her bankers made wise investments. Her dressmaker had taken my advice on the latest fashions in the Royal Palace and in particular what Queen Marie Antoinette wore for was she not the leader of fashion among the Ladies in the Royal Court?

One thing that pleased me, was how Arabella kept eyeing pretty Carlotta. Carlotta was wise to her ad-

mirer and encouraged this admiration with becoming smiles, which I would call bedroom eyes. Carlotta was certainly not doing her cause any harm, the pretty little fucktress.

Arabella and Carlotta was becoming more friendly and talkative as the day went on and a loving relationship between them was inevitable. What was also inevitable was that Carlotta would fill my bed in the afternoon every day I was in the castle. For Carlotta no learning curve was needed; she may not have had any sexual relations with another woman but she had learned plenty from watching others including myself and her future Mistress.

It was from Carlotta that I heard of a thing called the “German Vice.” Upon enquiry she informed me that it was what occurred when two women made love to each other.

“Surely you are mistaken, Carlotta, for you are Italian, I am French and Queen Marie Antoinette of France comes from Austria. The womanly love we have for each other cannot be named the ‘German Vice.’ It was not that I have anything against Germans but surely people would never call lovemaking between women a vulgar name like that.

I shall be leaving this castle shortly. I see Arabella and Carlotta now holding hands and kissing when they think no one will see them. I do, however. Arabella has an open invitation to visit her dear sister-in-law at Versailles with her Personal Maid and have the pleasure of meeting Marie Antoinette the Queen of France.

I must end this epistle my dear, dear Marie, Queen of my heart.

Entirely Yours

Yolande Martine Gabrielle DePolastron, Duchess of Polignac

The letter back from Marie Antoinette, Queen of France read as follows:

My Dear Heart Yolande

I have read your letter with the greatest of interest I am most intrigued with your wonderful idea of the Royal Grand Order of the Royal Dildo. This should be established at once on your return to Versailles. I have already summoned the Royal Jeweller in preparation of the throne for the Grand Mistress.

That will be made from gold encrusted with many jewels such as diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and such like befitting the office of Grand Mistress. The seat of the throne will be lined with the softest of satin. You, my dearest Yolande as Deputy Grand Mistress shall have an equally Grand Throne as befitting your office. As you rightly say there is only one place where meetings of the Order can be held: in the magnificent surroundings of the Hall of Mirrors. There, one can see the wondrous form of our womanly figures from every conceivable angle.

The Hall of Mirrors will also inspire our members to greater heights in their love making as they watch others ladies in making love with each other. I have a few ideas of my own which I think should be incorporated in the initiation ceremony. Those I will discuss on your return.

As for your comments about your charming sister-in-law Arabella and her delightful maid Carlotta, I do hope to make their acquaintances. The Royal Order of the Royal Dildo by that time will be fully set up and both will be admitted. I'm sure. I cannot wait to taste their delights and drink the nectar that emits

from within them. I even now become excited at the thought.

Since your departure, a number of things have happened here in the Royal Palace. I am having my portrait painted without any clothes on. I think I shall have the painter make two of me; one will be hung above my bed, the other above the throne of the Grand Mistress of the Royal Order of the Royal Dildo.

I have taken a new lover in my bedchamber till you come back to me. Like Arabella, she is an innocent girl brought to the Royal Court by her mother. Her name is Lady Monique. Her mother, the Countess of Burgesses, had brought her to find a husband of considerable means for her to marry. There were plenty of such men in the Royal Palace. It would be a rich Lady she would be in the hands of when I finished with her, however.

My opportunity came during one of these weekly mundane occasions when various people are introduced at the Royal Court to the King and Queen for whatever reason. As usual, I sat on my throne beside the King. My day enormously brightened up upon the appearance of young Lady Monique with her mother.

The Countess of Burgesses, never having been at the Royal Palace before, knew not of the custom of we Ladies going bare-breasted. I think she was rather embarrassed, however she said not a word. How could she before the King and Queen of France?

I talked with the young Lady Monique and invited her to my rooms that afternoon. She of course could see my ample breasts during the time we talked. I was quite unconcerned of it, or at least I acted so. She, however, could not take her eyes off my mammaries, as I expected would be the case.

At our meeting that afternoon I was seated in my spacious drawing room, my breasts still exposed.

“My dear, dear Lady Monique, how nice it is to see you once again. Shall we have coffee while we converse?”

I lifted a bell beside me and rang for the maid to bring and serve coffee with delicious cakes. I do like cake. It will be my downfall one day. I had risen as Lady Monique entered the room and kissed her on the cheeks chastely. My exposed breasts may have accidentally brushed against her crinoline. How careless of me.

The maid quickly came back and served the coffee and cakes. Lady Monique and I daintily sipped coffee with our pinkies in the air as we made conversation.

“My dear Lady Monique, I see you are not familiar with the customs of the Royal Court. Since this your first time here, that can be forgiven.”

“Oh My Queen, how have I offended you? Please forgive me and inform me of my misdemeanour.”

“It is nothing serious, sweet Monique, and can easily be rectified. You may have noticed that all the Ladies in the Royal Court, including myself, are bare-breasted. Why not? We should not be ashamed of our wonderful assets. As Queen of France, I must lead by example.”

“I was not made aware of the custom. Mother never told me of such. From now on I will follow the example of my Queen for it must, of course, be right.”

“Then on the morrow I shall see and admire your beautiful assets. A word of advice from your Queen; you are now of the age of consent and may do as you

please. It is time you stood on your own feet; mothers are not necessarily right and you must make your own decisions. I am well aware that your mother has sent you here to attract some rich Duke or Count. You could easily end up as the darling of some old man who probably has a Mistress. I know only too well about such matters because of my relationship with the King. I would think a relationship with a rich woman would be to your advantage. Your mother, I am sure, would abhor such a situation in your case, however it is your life and happiness, not hers.”

I must admit to being pleased with my recitation. After that matter was settled, we did discuss other matters that would come up during her time at Versailles.

We ended our talk on a happy note and on friendly terms with each other. Again I held her close to me and ‘accidentally’ brushed her crinoline with my exposed breasts. We kissed gently before she departed from my rooms.

I am sure Lady Monique had a furious row with her mother the following day as we Ladies gathered together in the Hall of Mirrors that morning. The Countess of Burgesses had a most unpleasant expression on her face as she watched her bare-breasted daughter mingle among us Ladies. To put Lady Monique at ease, I came over to her, I do believe our breasts touched and I must say that Monique has full, round ones. We gaily talked like the old friends we had become and fluttered our fans as Ladies are apt to do.

“My dear Monique, I simply adore your company. I command that you again come to my rooms this afternoon.”

This caused a lot of chatter among the women present and a lot of fans being fluttered. Some whispered that Lady Monique must be the Queen's new favourite. I'm informed that a few of the Ladies who were new to the palace enquired as to what exactly that meant. They were filled in about my proclivities. I suppose that I should be offended that my Ladies were talking out of turn about my private affairs behind my back but, truth be told, I am actually titillated by the thought of my sexual activity being the subject of gossip.

A lot of admiration was given to Monique's breasts. I am sure a lot of Ladies had marked their cards with her name. Although Monique's mother was looking for a rich man for her daughter, she could end up being a kept woman by some rich Lady.

The afternoon came. I greeted Monique with a more passionate kiss than before and the touching of our breasts, which was inevitable. There was no crinoline there to stop the meeting of our breasts. I had rouged the nipple tips of my breasts so that when our nipples met, an impression of red would be left on her nipples.

"Aren't you glad, my dear Monique, that your breasts and nipples are now free from their constriction of being covered and now can be seen by all us Ladies and admired for their beauty?"

"Yes, my dearest Queen. I am now free to do as I wish. I had a tremendous argument with Mother when she saw me bare breasted and she insisted that her daughter must cover herself and not go bare-breasted lest she be consider a hussy by all who saw her."

"I told her that I am no longer a child but a woman. She has no control over me and I do as I wish."

“Good for you, sweet Monique. May it ever be so.” I had complete control over Monique. It was time to put some pressure on her.

“Monique, do you not think your nipples would be more enhanced and admirable like mine should some makeup be applied to them? Haven’t you seen other Ladies today with makeup on their breasts? I can tell you there are other places that cannot be seen where makeup is also applied on their bodies. I will introduce to the Ladies so adorned that you may see for yourself. ”

I had caught her imagination and she was most curious. Now was the time to press my point home.

“Would you not like to see your breasts made all the more beautiful, Monique?”

“Oh yes, my Queen, but who has the skill to do such a thing for me?”

“It will be my pleasure to apply the makeup, not only to your nipples but also to your magnificent breasts so that they may shine like a star.”

I just happened to have all my makeup nearby. Now wasn’t that fortunate? Monique was going to receive the full works. By the time I was finished with her, she would be begging for more and the Royal Dildo would be working overtime. Her mother, the Countess of Burgesses, could wait up all night for her precious daughter if she chose. She might see a bleary-eyed Lady Monique emerge from her rooms by noon, if she was lucky.

“Sit down, my fair beauty. I will apply the makeup to your enchanting person.”

I seated her on a petite bedroom chair with French Cabriole legs. I drew up a similar chair and sat in front of her with my makeup beside me. Monique was young; her breasts were firm and plump and desirable. They would have my fullest attention. As I am a mature woman, my breasts are inclined to sag a bit.

I set to work on her. Firstly I applied moisturising cream to her breasts; this was a labour of love. I worked and kneaded her breasts between my hands. From the expression on her face, she was in Dreamland. If I do say so myself, I did a good job. Her breasts shone magnificently; I could kiss them but I would save that pleasure till later. Her nipples had my greatest attention at the moment.

I lifted the small brush which I had acquired from the artist who was painting my portrait. This I dipped into a rouge that was of the deepest red which was nearby. I gently brushed the protruding nub. It did what I expected it to do: become proudly erect. I glanced at Monique's face. It was the picture of a young woman who was in the middle of her first sexual experience. Who was I to forbid her that pleasure? A woman's work is never done, however, as there was a second breast that needed my attention. Happily I dipped the brush once more into the red rouge to apply to the waiting second breast. A long slow moan was emitted from the sweet lips of Monique. I think that was a moan of approval for my expertise at beautifying her breasts.

"I am so glad, my dearest Monique, that my skills meet with your endorsement. For that you deserve a kiss." My lips touched the deep red nub of one of her breasts. I can't remember which one and it matters not. It responded as I thought it would; the nub of the nipple hardened to my tongue. I felt a hand round my neck, forbidding me to retire from my administrations. I was happy in my employment and would

gladly continue with my work forever. Happy is the woman who enjoys her work, I say.

Monique insisted that I pay attention to her other breast.

“Your wish is my command, my dearest Lady Monique. It will have my fullest concentration.”

Another ripe cherry popped into my mouth to be succulently tasted and savoured. My cup was full and running over.

“Don’t you think, my darling Monique, that my own sumptuous breasts should not be left out for they also hunger to be fed upon?”

“Oh my Queen, that is most remiss of me. Do forgive me. That matter will have my full attention as of now.”

The hungry young Lady energetically devoured my breasts with aplomb. She had now entered the same club as you and I, membership in which requires being familiar with and friendly towards our own sex.

From there, matters were accelerated; Monique was to see the inside of my bedchamber for the first time as her dress found the floor. Her posterior was large, not perhaps as large as Arabella’s however. We cannot all be so lucky. Nevertheless it attracted me and was felt lovingly by my hands.

Her slit, I was sure, had never been entered. It is not often that one receives a pure virgin into their hands, a rarity indeed. She had been saved from being despoiled by some oaf of a man and will remain in the caring hands of we women forever.

Soon I was between the thighs of the young Lady Monique, dividing the black silky hair that covered her cunt...and such a nice looking one it was. As you know, Yolande, I have seen many in my time of all sorts but hers ranks among the finest I have had the pleasure to see. I consider a thick bush of hair round a woman's cunny unhygienic. As you well know, Yolande, mine has been thinned into a nice little triangle. I shall see to it that Monique's cunt is treated thusly so that it is more healthy and hygienic. With some women one never knows what infections they may carry or even who they may have slept with.

Her cunt was something to savour as my tongue explored her inners. This caused her to buck somewhat. She was already secreting her pearly fluids. They tasted delicious with more to come. I did think I was in for a long night ahead. When one is happy at their work, how time flies.

I had Lady Monique squirting seemingly endlessly in no time. It seemed my pleasure that night was breaking in Monique to our womanly delights. From then on she was my nightly companion in my bed-chamber.

If her mother was looking for a rich man to marry her, I was looking for a rich woman to have a kept woman. The Royal Court is always full of these intrigues and liaisons which make life so interesting.

I knew of such a woman, a dear, dear friend of mine. She would have to be, of course, for she and I shared the same bed...many times.

She came from England and is a great friend of yourself, Yolande. My luck was in for she had recently arrived on a visit to Versailles. She was none other than Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, I am sure you must have romped with her many nights in

her bed in England as she has in my bed. It would mean that Lady Monique would find herself in England. That mattered little I expect for she would be away from her scheming mother. I would liaison with the Duchess and discuss the matter for she was always interested in young ladies.

I extended an invite to the Duchess to come to my rooms. The Duchess had taken to the custom of going bare-breasted at Versailles so that she would not offend anyone. I understood from her that it was not the custom at the English Royal Court, such a pity. She was trying to persuade the Ladies there that it was a delightful custom of the French. I wish her all the best in her endeavours for it will indeed be nice to see our English cousins display their assets when visiting the Royal Palace in Versailles and when we French visit Buckingham Palace. I think that will strengthen the bonds between our two countries in a way only we woman can do.

The Duchess entered my rooms. We greeted each other with kisses on the cheek and the touching of our breasts. As special Lady Friends, as was the custom, we kissed each other's nipples, I don't do that with every Lady friend.

"How delightful it is to see you once more, my dear Georgina. I hope you have enjoyed your visit. I must spend more time with you before you leave. I have been so busy with affairs of the state you understand, otherwise I would have seen more of you."

"I know how these things go, Marie. I have had business affairs of my own to deal with in the past."

"Georgina, I will come straight to the point. Are you still interested in young Ladies in the way that I have seen you sport with them before?"

“I may be becoming older Marie as we all are but that desire never fades. Why do you ask?”

“There is a young woman here, Lady Monique, with her mother the Countess of Burgesses. Her mother is trying to marry her off to some rich man in the Royal Palace, She does not belong to any man; she is for us Georgina and has been prepared for women like you and me, if you understand my meaning.”

“I have seen the young woman you named. She is pretty and I have admired her assets very much.”

“Would you be prepared to take her back to England and have her as your kept woman in your home?”

“That is indeed a very tempting offer, however if I did she may not live in the castle. I would set her up in a cottage not far from the castle and away from prying eyes. I would not want my private business known or what my sexual preferences are.”

“Then you are interested in her, Georgina?”

“You can say I definitely am but will she leave France?”

“Leave that to me. I think she will be glad to see her mother out of sight, even if it means going to England. If you want to preview her delights and expertise in love making with women, then you know where the spy hole so you can observe all that will take place in my bedchamber tonight.”

“If the young Lady has been in your hands she will have served her apprenticeship, Marie.”

“I do hope so. There will still be some fine tuning to do. That is where you come in to prepare the finished article.”

We concluded our business with numerous kisses on cheeks and breasts.

Later that night I had a serious talk with Lady Monique.

“I have a proposition for you, Monique. I think it will be to your financial gain. There is a Lady here who will pay you well for your services if you make her happy as you have done with me all these nights. It would mean you leaving France and your mother to live in England. I do believe you will find much more money in it than some man would pay if you married him. I do think it will be to your advantage to be in the arms of a loving woman who will see you want for nothing. She will shower you with gifts jewels and such like for your services to her. What will your answer be?”

I had buttered her up and made it sound so good that she may not have realised she was going to be a kept woman for the rest of her life. I am sure Georgina Duchess of Devonshire would pass her on to her girlfriends when she tired of Monique for I knew Georgina was a notorious gambler. Monique would be bartered in payment of some debt that the Duchess owed.

Monique could see her baggage moved all over England, from a castle to a country mansion or even the Royal Palace itself. What did I care? She was just a mere pawn in an amusing game played among us Ladies at Versailles. She would be replaced by some other virgin next month. The Lady Monique should have listened to her mother for she would have no means of coming back to her homeland and would

spend the rest of her days lying on her back as some plaything for a rich Duchess or whatever Lady was keeping her.

Lady Monique had no hesitation in answering yes.

“Then you will be introduced to Georgina Duchess of Devonshire. Prepare your things to leave with her when she returns to England. This will be your last night in my bedchamber for tomorrow you will meet her in the Hall of Mirrors. Till she departs, you will spend the rest of your time in her rooms.”

I think the recent virgin was thrilled at the prospect of being in bed with another woman. Tonight I would be giving the full range of what Monique had learned in the short time she had occupied my bed, all for the benefit of the watching Georgina. Versailles was riddled with secret passages and one was at my bedchamber. One need not be uncomfortable there for a chair had been placed at the spy hole where you could sit in comfort and watch the activities that went on my bedchamber. No sound could be heard from the observation point, the wall being so thick.

The preparation of Monique was now a formality; her breasts were moisturised and the nubs of her nipples rouged. I had taught her to apply makeup to my own breasts and nipples and she was a fast learner. Monique would go far and acquire many women seeking her services.

As you know, Yolande, many a time we have had a young woman, even a virgin, between us in my bedchamber and drove her wild, begging for it. Monique was in that position; begging for it and she was going to get it.

Monique received the full treatment. I had her moaning louder than she ever had before. I did hope

Georgina had seen her cunt for it was now free of the bush she once had there. The process had been part of our foreplay one day when I used a pair of scissors to trim the hair and make a neat triangle round her heavenly slit. If I say it myself, it did look pretty.

Monique was now between my legs, sucking me out. The once novice had learned plenty from me and proud I was of that. She was going to make me release my pearly juices. The little fucktress was now well trained. It was Monique who had her hands on the Royal Dildo and was to use it on me. I had even forgotten there was a voyeur present in our mist. And so the night went on. Exhaustion came and sleep fell on two weary women.

In the morning at the Hall of Mirrors, Lady Monique was introduced to Georgina Duchess of Devonshire. Monique's mother was there and completely ignored by her daughter. Whatever could Monique's mother have thought as she saw an arm round her young charming daughter, held there by an older woman. Not only that but the Duchess was seen fondling the exposed nipple of her daughter openly before the women who gathered in the Hall of Mirrors. I, the Queen of France, smiled approvingly at to the loving display before me. As you know, Yolande, this is not an uncommon sight in the Hall of Mirrors. There was an excited fluttering of fans at the loving sight among us ladies. The Countess of Burgesses' fan was not one of them.

Lady Monique and the Georgina Duchess of Devonshire have now gone. I personally saw them off as they entered the Duchess' carriage, both received the kiss here at Versailles; that of on the cheeks and the nipples. They returned the compliment in kissing me in similar fashion. The carriage doors were shut by the footmen, there was a crack of the whip by the coachman and four black horses were in motion,

their destination Calais where a sailing ship would take them to England. As the coach sped from the Royal Palace, the hand of Georgina was seen drawing the carriage window blinds down. No one would be unable to see inside the coach as it made its way to Calais.

I am well aware of the antics of the Duchess with a pretty girl such as Monique. The drawing of the curtains over the coach windows was but a prelude to the activities that were to take place within the coach on its long journey. In a short while skirts would be raised by both parties, fingers would be active and diddling would take place within the confines of Georgina's and Monique's cunts. Of course their breasts would be attended to as well.

Georgina, I am certain, would within her travelling bag have a strap-on dildo. As dresses had been raised, the Duchess would have remove her pantaloons; delicious long ones that come down to her ankles. They are made of the finest satin that money can buy with lace trim round at the ankle, a wondrous sight to behold as I have seen...many a time. Her dildo would now be strapped round the waist as she was assisted by her young companion Lady Monique who was now in a state of sexual excitement. I congratulate myself on her training; she would have been lost to the brutal hands of men if not for me and the preservation of her body for the delights of women.

Georgina would had pushed her young lover onto the well-cushioned seat of the carriage, her legs spread ready to receive her weapon of pleasure. It would not be long in coming the Duchess would have sank it all the way in. Little gasps of extreme pleasure would be forthcoming from Lady Monique's lips. I'm sure the young Lady's arms would go round the neck of her more mature lover who would whisper encour-

aging words, for Lady Monique wanted more and more of the dildo within her cunny. Duchess Georgina of Devonshire would be more than willing to give her more of her dildo, I have no doubt.

What an amusing game. No doubt I shall hear the more of it from you, Yolande, from when you go on your visits to your close girlfriend the Duchess.

The beauty of all the sexual activities of the Duchess and the young Lady Monique is that no one could see inside the coach, neither would anyone hear any sound emitting from within the coach, not even the coachman. The roads are rough, some are just a track. The rattling rumbling noise as the coach made its way over the cobble stone rough roads would obliterate whatever noise came from within the coach. Georgina was well aware of such and gave her full energy to screams of sexual excitement. This I know for I have in the past been in a carriage with her, its curtains drawn and gone through the same process. There is something so deliciously exciting when you are between a woman's legs and the horse-drawn carriage swings and sways as it is fast driven along the streets.

My epistle is coming to its end, dear, Yolande. No more letters need we write for you soon will be beside me in my bedchamber.

With a Heart Entirely Yours

Marie Antoinette Queen of France

The letters did seem genuine. It is true such women who preferred the company of others of their gender existed in the French Court. Yolande Martine Gabrielle DePolastron Duchess of Polignac and Princess DeLamballe, the richest woman France at that time, were said to be the Queen's lovers. It is also true

that Georgina Duchess of Devonshire existed and was a heavy gambler. Yolande Duchess of Polignac did visit her in England for some considerable time and the two were known to be very close friends.

It is also interesting to note in the above that the word 'lesbian' is not used anywhere. The reason is simple for that word did not exist in those times. The term used was "German Vice." The "English Vice" was whipping, flogging and the use of the cane or paddle.

RUBBER DUCKY

While that history lesson was very interesting, in the meantime Megan and I had taken the large parcel to our cabin. On opening it, we found, much to our surprise, a very large rubber duck. When I say 'large,' I mean it. This one was the size of a goat but light for it was made of rubber.

I looked at Megan and she at me. "What the hell is that all about?"

"I am as curious as you, Heather." She picked up a note inside the box, read it, and handed it to me.

"Well that explains everything, Megan."

"I'd think by now you should know that anything goes. If the client pays for it, she gets it. Who cares? I think it will be fun."

"I agree. Variety is the spice of life. Since this monstrosity is not going to see action till tonight, put it in the corner."

The client in this case was Bridgette Bumsworth, a film star with airbag breasts. She kept her preference

for women a secret; it could mean a loss in revenue at the box office if it was known she played around with her own sex.

It was nearly noon and Megan and I had changed into our bikinis to appear on deck for a light lunch. The tables were all fixed to the deck in case of rough seas. As we sat at a table, Charmaine, wearing a light summer dress, appeared beside us. Remember her/him? She used to be Charles; still is under her skirt actually. She, or he, had become friendly with Maxine, once a beautician and wardrobe mistress. Before long, voila! Charles became Charmaine.

“What can I get you ladies?”

“Oh, a salad with a Pina Colada. I do like your dress, it becomes you. Wherever did you get it?” I asked her.

Unlike Charles, she blushed and talked to us in a more feminine manner.

“Oh, it was something Maxine suggested I wear today. It is nice light and summery, isn’t it, girls?”

“Oh yes. Have you any more like that?”

“Maxine is going to fit me out with many during my time on the yacht.”

“You and Maxine make a nice couple, Charmaine.”

“I think so. Maxine is a nice woman. In fact, after the cruise she and I are going to live together as two women.”

“That will be nice, Charmaine. Will there be any further journeys into womanhood?” I ventured to ask.

“In what way do you mean, Heather?”

“Well, would you entertain say the loss...of your male member?”

The charming Charmaine hesitated for a moment.

“Well...Maxine and I have discussed the probability of that. Maxine is of the opinion it would be better for the two of us that I should lose my male member.”

“And would you still want to make love to her in a sexual way?”

“Oh yes! I do love her deeply, she is the only woman who understands me and my needs. We have discussed this and we will have love as two women do, like yourself and Megan.”

I was happy for her and Maxine; I only wished my love for Martin could have been so happy.

I kept my eyes on the papers and noticed there had been a cabinet reshuffle and Martin Townsend had been promoted to Chancellor of the Exchequer. Martin was indeed climbing the political ladder. In the past it had been known for Chancellors to become Prime Ministers.

Marty was a popular man among his fellow MPs and members of the Progressive Party.

Anyway, Charmaine had moved in with Maxine for the rest of the cruise, which was good news for Dr. Steven McCulloch. He now had an spare cabin to take another passenger. More money, more sex.

Maxine had regular visits from us girls for makeup to prepare them for various men they would service. In Megan's and my case, it was sometimes for women

we would also service. Tonight it was to be Bridgette Bumsworth who was going to receive the full treatment from Megan and me, including “Rubber Ducky.”

There was no doubt I was being pulled into the cesspool. I make no excuses for myself and the degradations of my morals. I was not the only one behaving immorally on the cruise, which is no excuse for me, however.

It was common knowledge to see some couple fucking in front of all on deck with many interested spectators, including myself. I wasn't shocked which at one time I would have been. I, too, was an exhibitionist which I am not proud to say. At the time I thought it great fun when I was sucking a rather fat woman out and invited Megan to replace me. The woman concerned could not have cared less who was sucking her out; all she was interested in was her own pleasures.

We had seen Bridgette Bumsworth when she first appeared on deck; in fact you couldn't miss her because of what she had on top. I don't exaggerate when I say that I have never seen a woman with such tits. It wouldn't be inaccurate to called them airbags, they were absolutely enormous.

Megan and I were seated to either side of her on our deckchairs. She spoke in broken English but she was understandable. Her voice was sort of tiny and squeaky which I put down to breathing difficulties.

Bridgette was a small woman and curved in the right places. Her posterior was large, but not to the same degree as her airbag breasts. Bridgette informed me that she had her breasts insured heavily which seemed an appropriate turn of phrase given their mass. Bridgette would be in the company of

Megan and I till she left the yacht. Although she was about to receive double attention from both Megan and myself tonight, it might well be that she would also play singly with either of us. It mattered not to me; she would be supplied with whatever she wanted as long as the money was there.

Dinner had been served and the conversation was pleasant between all, even including tiny, squeaky-voiced Bridgette.

Giggling Sam was there also. She was a permanent sight at any event Stevie hosted. Presently she was latched on to some hunk of a man. If she wanted her brains fucked out, he seemed the one to do it. Sam was overindulging on strong drink. I do think she was becoming an alcoholic. That could well be because she had had time to reflect on the sordid life she was leading as a highly paid prostitute. It was the only trade she knew and the only thing she could do to make money was lie in bed and let some man fuck her brains out. It was true she was a very beautiful woman and wanted for nothing but in time her looks would fade and she would look an ugly old hag. Maybe it worried her that for all her money, at some point she would never have her good looks again.

Giggling Sam by now was absolutely plastered. She stood upon her unsteady feet and in slurred speech announced, "Come on. I'm giving it away. It's Bargain Day. You can have me twice for the price of one."

She slumped on her seat. She was pissed out of her mind and had wet herself. Stevie looked at her. He was used to this kind of behaviour from Sam. He waved two of his flunkies over.

"Take her to her cabin, put her in bed, and leave her."

I heard him whisper under his breath, "That's the last time that cow comes anywhere near me. She has cost me money and I have an unsatisfied client to deal with tonight."

As far as Sam was concerned, down the road she was to lose her easy lifestyle and she ended up in a drying-out clinic. This was later. After the cruise I was never to see her again, but by that time I had my own worries.

After dinner some of us retired to the cocktail lounge where Charmaine was doing her waitress bit. I ordered Pina Colada, a Martini for Megan and Bridgette got a glass of white wine. Bridgette sat on an easy chair with me and Megan on either side of her with our arms round her shoulder. Megan and I had decided to prepare the ground with Bridgette by indulging in a little foreplay before retiring to our cabin.

I had already indulged in kissing Bridgette which she gladly returned. Megan meantime had placed a hand on her bare legs and was already in her panties, caressing her pussy. This was driving her wild. I smiled at Megan and her at me; we were working in harmony. We were a good team and this would not be the last time we worked in a lesbian partnership. Bridgette was becoming moist between her legs. I knew that for my hand was working in unison with Megan's in Bridgette's pussy. We caught each other's eye; a nod between us it was time we led Bridgette to our cabin. She was ready for the games that would be played between the three of us and our giant-sized web-footed Rubber Ducky.

In no time once the cabin was reached, skirts, bras and panties hit the floor. I think Megan was anxious to play with Bridgette's breasts. I can't blame her, I certainly was as well. They were one of the first at-

tractions as we hit the bed, Bridgette found Megan and I on either side of her with a mammary each in our hands and a nipple in our mouths. I think those airbag breasts were actually her own and not some implant. I guess she was just a freak of nature. She made good use of it and cashed in on her assets at the box office.

Bridgette's airbags were certainly her weak point; in moments we had her squirming all over the place. She held us to her airbags determined not to let us leave them. She certainly was damp between her legs; she struck me as one who would always need the company of women in a sexual sense and in particular to play with her airbag breasts. She was going to receive plenty of that. Megan and I would never leave her side when she was aboard the "Fast Lady". That was what we had been paid for.

"Rubber Ducky time!" said Megan. Bridgette's eyes lit up. I think the Rubber Ducky and she were old friends.

The Rubber Ducky had been prepared accordingly. That is, a large dildo had been strapped tightly to it with the fake penis part uppermost on top of the large duck. I had my part to play; I also had a dildo strapped to me. I did think the part Megan was to play had some difficulties although the rewards were maybe greater than mine.

Megan and I had placed Rubber Ducky in the centre of the cabin. I am sure Bridgette would have energetically helped us with her old web-footed friend. I pushed her back on the sack and told her, "No, save your energy for Rubber Ducky. She reluctantly agreed.

Rubber Ducky was placed where we wanted him and all was ready for our faux aquatic friend to show



us what he was made of. Megan and I gently helped Bridgette off the bed and placed her even more gently on to the top of Ducky. What a sight to see the expression on Bridgette face as she slowly sank down on the exposed dildo. Such happiness I had never seen before. It was a marvellous sight to see Bridgette's legs straddled on either side of Rubber Ducky with a dildo impaled all the way in her cunt. Bridgette's eyes were shut in ecstasy and the fun hadn't even started yet.

Megan sat on Ducky opposite Bridgette, took an airbag breast in her hand, and sucked. Bridgette's breasts were firm and there was no sagging of them. Megan's problem, should she want to kiss Bridgette on the lips, was that the airbag breasts would not allow her to get anywhere near that part of Bridgette face, I kid you not.

This is where I came in. I was already lubricating Bridgette's anus for my part of the fun. I had already seated myself on Ducky behind Bridgette; her anus was most tempting and waiting for my dildo to sink in it. I slowly entered her backdoor. I heard a sigh of delight expel from Bridgette's lips as I have heard many times from women I have taken to bed.

This was it; we were all ready to start the flight of delight on our web-footed friend. Again Megan gave the signal and we both pressed hard on the back of Ducky. I sank into the back of Ducky as did Megan in front of Bridgette. This caused the bird to move up and down, it being made of some rubber-like material. Bridgette got into the act and she pressed hard into the giant rubber fowl.

Ducky was gathering speed; as Bridgette tried to raise herself from the dildo she was impaled on, it would come out of her pussy then just as quickly force itself back in. I was behind her with my hands

round her waist and my strap-on in her backdoor. At the same time as the duck bobbed, I was withdrawing the dildo, then forcing the instrument of pleasure into her.

You may think our synthetic was left out of the fun but not so. Inside the Rubber Ducky was a contraption which caused it to emit the sound of QUACK, QUACK, QUACK.

We three all were in rhythm now with the musical accompaniment of our duck pal. I can tell you I've been in some weird situations as a lesbian prostitute but I put this one down as one of the strangest games I've ever been in, also one of the funniest.

I could see that Rubber Ducky would be in permanent use while Bridgette Bumsworth was on board the "Fast Lady."

I suppose as Stevie had purchased the Royal Dildo for some considerable amount of money, it had to be used. Used it was on Bridgette. It was explained to her exactly what the dildo was. She should be honoured that this instrument would give her the same pleasure that the once time Queen of France Marie Antoinette had received.

It certainly did for Bridgette was to utter obscenities in French which even with my knowledge of the language I could not translate. God knows what her aquatic assistant made of it!

Bridgette Bumsworth left the yacht eventually. I noticed Rubber Ducky went with her, apparently one friend she didn't want to part company with.

With the departure of Bridgette went Giggling Sam who, after her outburst at the dinner table, had been locked in her cabin. A sad-looking woman I thought.

The departure of Bridgette saw another woman come on board. Her name was Diana Becker. She was German and not the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. That was unusual, I thought, for Stevie but Dr. Steven McCulloch is not a stupid man; he has a reason for everything. We all were soon to find out why she had been employed by the Master Tactician Dr. Steven.

As I have said before it was not unusual to see we woman in various states of undress on the deck of the "Fast Lady." When Diana Decker appeared topless on the deck, it caused a sensation. Her body was nothing to write home about; there were three or four other women on board who could beat her hands. It was what she had on top that stopped traffic.

Diana Becker was a freak like Bridgette; her nipples protruded from her breasts like I have never seen on any woman before. The nipples were stuff, however it was the length of them that caught everyone's attention. Diana was somewhat of an exhibitionist and caught our attention as she caressed her breasts.

Her nipples were stiff and long. When I say long, I am not exaggerating; they protruded a good four inches beyond her breasts Again, I kid you not.

There were men queuing to go to bed with her. Who cared about her face or body; it was her nipples that they wanted in their mouths to suck them like there was no tomorrow. All Diana needed was a word in her ear from Bridgette and she, too, would end up in the skin flicks. I was certain that would happen in time.

The "Fast Lady" was becoming a freak circus what with Bridgette Bumsworth and her airbag tits, Diana Becker and her abnormal nipples and of course

Poppy Mandrake, the supposed underage schoolgirl. Poppy Mandrake never wanted any breasts for they could well cause her to be unemployed in her role as an underage schoolgirl. Being flat-chested was all part of the image.

Speaking of skin flicks Stevie had a talk with Megan and told her he was considering going into them and asked if she was interested. Megan confided in me that that was definitely her intention. When the cruise ended she would be handing in her resignation as a Sister in Morningside Hospital. Her work as a Ward Sister would only take up time which could be employed making more money as a lesbian prostitute and now the possibility of appearing in films of a dubious nature also.

Megan tried to persuade me to do the same. I have to admit it was tempting; I had never made so much money before in my life. Should I do like Megan, resign and go full-time as a prostitute?

Megan was really persuasive. "We make a good team as a pair working together. We've had them climbing the walls with our team work we're so good."

I couldn't argue with her in that respect but something inside me said, "What are you becoming, Heather?" I told her no.

"Very well, Heather. You'll regret this but I'll take you back when and if you change your mind."

Megan sounded very benevolent and sincere...or was she trying to ensnare me further in the mire?

Megan and I still shared the same cottage so she was never far from my sight. OK, I'll come clean. We shared the same bed and made lesbian love together. After all we were good at it.

On the present cruise our private couplings were few, although we were working in unison most of the time with some woman or other.

Whenever Megan was not around or I was not servicing some client, I resorted to masturbation. I craved sex, I was becoming a deprived woman, and yet I was in the noble profession of a Nursing Sister. What was to become of me? For the moment, I couldn't care less as the money was flowing in like water. Like Megan and Steven, I put a good lot of it in a Swiss bank account and spent the rest of it.

I did work hard and put a lot of thought in my job. Stevie was always producing sex toys. One such toy was for an woman who must have been not far off sixty. It was to be the double act of Megan and me once more, and I had the major part. I was naked except for my head and Megan was to assist me put the special headpiece on. The headpiece was made from black plastic which Megan placed on me; I was completely encased inside it.

The whole outfit was tight on me; there was an opening for my mouth, and a glass through which my eyes could observe the action. It was weird to say the least, but we had some weird clients and they received what they paid for. Oh, did I mention that where the nose should be, a black plastic dildo replaced that part of the human face. Megan took a photo of me in this hood. I still have it. For old times' sake, I guess.

The black plastic dildo was thick in circumference and inside this hood or mask it was rather hot. The thought of the money made it all worthwhile, however, for this was a high-paying job.

The woman, Mary Higgins, who I understood owned a chain of children's clothing shops, was

around sixty, sort of plump, chubby-faced with raven hair and breasts that sagged. Megan and I weren't being paid to admire her body and as soon as she appeared in the cabin she was stripped naked by Megan me. Mary giggled.

I stood by, useless at the present time, for with my hood on I couldn't really indulge in the foreplay. That was where Megan came in. Mary sat in a chair was a blue velvet cushion and the naked Megan knelt on it with a perfect view of Mary's pussy. Megan was an expert at muff diving; in no time she had the woman's legs over her shoulder and her mouth and tongue straight into Mary's pussy, licking her out. Megan was preparing the woman for me to finish her off. Megan's tongue was not good enough for Mary. She craved what I was all encased in.

"Right Heather, she is all yours."

So saying, Megan rose and I replaced her on the blue velvet cushion, kneeling in front of Mary as Megan had done. I could see her pussy very clearly for the lenses of my mask were made of magnifying glass. If I had not had these magnifying glasses on, I would not have seen the intricate details of Mary's pussy. The slit was surrounded by a mass of thick black curly hair and her clitoris was erect. Megan had done her work well.

My job was to have that pussy juiced and flowing free. It was already damp. So there I was, poised and ready to plunge the black plastic dildo into this Mary Higgins' cunt. It may have been a laughable sight but to me it was serious business as it was money, big money.

I slowly brought the dildo to the entrance of the vaginal opening, which was not the easiest of tasks inside this contraption. I kept thinking to myself that

I must be nuts doing this for a living. Then the thought of what this woman was paying spurred me on.

My hands parted her thick black curly hair. I could sink the dildo into her. I knew she was enjoying this from the sigh of delight expelled from her mouth. I couldn't really look upwards; the way this hood was made, all I could do was look straight and concentrate on my work. This I did and the black plastic dildo made its slow journey into the inners of Mary.

She moved on the seat above me and I put a hand on her legs to stop that for it was going to upset my entry to her holy of holies and deprive her of even better pleasures. It was hard to control her but she eventually stopped and I could carry on. The dildo was now completely inside her to the hilt.

I let it rest there for a second, then drew it back some. My head went forward and once again my protuberance was fully inside her. In and out the dildo went. She was excited and pulled my head and hood to her; I was locked to her. Mary had thrown her legs over my shoulders. Whatever I did, I couldn't free myself from her. There was nothing for it but to continue inside her cunt and bring her off. That might release me from the vice grip she now had me in.

Mary's juices were beginning to flow freely. I heard the slurping, slurping sound coming from her pussy lips. This I had heard many a time with other women I have serviced. To me it was the sound of money going in my bank account. Mary Higgins was going to get her money's worth. Mary had tilled her head backwards and Megan was kissing her.

The concealed camera in the cabin was filming everything in glorious colour. I digress. My mind was focused on pleasuring Mary and boy was she getting

pleasured. I looked down on the black dildo as I withdrew it. A little of the white juice showed up well on the black of the dildo. I drove the instrument that gives us women so much pleasure relentlessly on and on to hear moans emitting endlessly from Mary. I have heard that sound so many times from my clients. It means I have done my job correctly.

Mary Higgins was in a right state for while kissing her, Mary was also manipulating Mary's breasts. It was hard going for I was sweating within the hood and all I could see was Mary's cunt. I drove the dildo even faster. I wanted her to cum and have this all over with for I must admit it was becoming most uncomfortable inside the hood.

At last Mary came with an explosion all over my hood as I withdrew the dildo. She collapsed in the chair above me.

"Quick, Megan, remove this damned hood from me. I'm sweating buckets under it." Megan quickly took it off, threw it on the bed and with a towel in her hand mopped my brow.

"You alright, Heather darling?" She gave me a sweet kiss.

"I don't think I'm going to be roped into that again, Megan."

"You were brave, dear, think of the bread. It's going to come in handy."

Megan was right. I was degrading myself for the cash; as long as the money was there I would do it again, but not too soon I hoped. I lay back on the bed to fill my lungs with air.



We helped Mary Higgins dress and all came on deck to rest and take some sea air in. Charmaine was soon at our side taking orders.

“Nice earrings, Charmaine,” I commented.

“Yes, aren’t they? Maxine used her piercing gun on my ears.”

Maxine was really feminizing Charmaine, the once Charles. The earrings, big gold hoop ones, did go nicely with the floral summer dress she was wearing. Charmaine came back with cool refreshing drinks.

“I take it you girls will be at the Fast Lady Derby,” we were asked by the charming “hostess.”

“What is that all about Charmaine,” I asked.

“You’ll see tomorrow afternoon. It’s being held right here on deck, I’m taking bets on all the runners. It helps to pass the time and excites all the watchers.”

As Charmaine left, a small breeze blew her beautiful summer dress up to expose her panties, black nylon ones trimmed with white lace at the legs. They looked very nice and there was no sign of a bulge in them anywhere. I expect Maxine would have taken care of that. When Charmaine sat beside her girlfriend Maxine on deck chairs, I spotted a hand of Maxine’s slyly travelling up Charmaine’s leg to find its way into her panties. No resistance was met and Maxine received a multitude of kisses from her girlfriend/boyfriend. I expect a lot of that went on in their cabin.

THE FAST LADY DERBY

“What is this ‘Fast Lady Derby’ thing all about, Megan?” I asked.

“I have no idea. You should know. Stevie comes up with some ingenious ideas. I do believe there is a fair amount of prize money for the winner.”

I wasn’t any the wiser when, around one o’clock, Megan and I made our way on deck in our bikinis. We sat on a couple of deck chairs and Charmaine took our orders. She came back with Pina Colodas for two.

“Now Charmaine, inform us all about this Derby thing.”

She did look nice in the Bikini she wore, like all the women now on deck. Her tits even looked realistic in her top. She was a lucky transvestite having a woman such as Maxine as a girlfriend for she can work wonders with nothing.

“Okay, we have three runners in the race. The man is the horse and the woman the jockey. All are naked. The man goes on all fours the naked woman mounts his back. The starting line is over there and they make their way to here, turn round and go back to the starting line again. They do that four times and the first one back is the winner and receive the prize money, split two ways of course.”

“Who are the runners, Charmaine?” I asked.

“A couple of dolly birds you know. Marylyn and Lucie partnered with a couple of young bucks that came onboard at our last call. Poppy is with her latest

elderly lover. I'm making the book that Poppy is the outsider. The price of the other two pair will depend on the money laid on them and that's it. So, girls, fancy a bet?"

"We will wait till we see all the runners and riders," I answered.

Soon all three pairs were on deck and paraded as at any normal horse race. Both men and women were of course naked. All the girls wore jockey caps of red, blue, or green and all carried riding crops. Poppy had to go one better for apart from the riding crop she also wore spurs at her ankles. She looked determined to win that prize by any means and I think the senior citizen that would be her horse would feel her spurs in his backside.

Marylyn in a red cap and Lucie in a blue cap looked magnificent mounted on their bronze Adonises, hunks of men that looked as if they had won a Mr. Universe contest. The two women and two men were magnificent specimens of the human race and very fit for the race that was before them. In comparison Poppy and her elderly citizen stood no chance.

All lined up at the starting line and Charmaine was there with the starting flag.

"When I drop this flag, the race will start. You go over there and come back to the starting line four times. First to cross the line is the winner and the couple receive the prize money. Are you all ready?"

Charmaine raised the flag as jockeys were poised on their mounts, riding crops raised at the ready to slap the backsides of their horse. Then Charmaine dropped the flag and riding crops descended on bare backsides.

Poppy shouted, "Faster, you old fool! I want that prize. If we win, you can have me as many times as you like." This was accompanied by a couple of digs in the ribs with her spurs.

The race may have started at a fast pace, however after a few times back and forth it slowed down. With two young women on their backs, even the two blonde Adonis tired, what with the riding crops mercilessly beating on their backsides.

The 'horse' that Marylyn rode bucked her off and she hit the deck. In two shakes of a lamb's tail, her stallion was on top of her. A big cheer went up as they fornicated in front of all spectators. I think the young buck wasn't really interested in the money. He was more interested in getting his end. Marylyn was responding quite nicely with her legs upon the shoulders of the young man, who seemed well endowed. Soon Marylyn was offering him her backside which wasn't refused and soon the bronze Adonis' penis found its way into Marylyn anus. I could this wasn't the first time her backdoor was offered to some man. From the look in her eyes, this was the place she just loved being screwed in, the slut.

Then I thought, "How am I any better than her?"

Marylyn shut her eyes as the bronze Adonis entered his cock in her anus. She loved it. She encouraged him as she too had obviously forgotten about the race.

Of the two left in the race, Poppy was the tortoise and Lucie and her steed were the hare but like Marylyn, they too were slowing down. Poppy was a lightweight compared to the others., though. While

her horse may be old, it didn't have as much to carry as the others.

So bit by bit, Poppy was slowly catching up the other pair. With a final two digs of her spurs in the ribs, she made it across the line just ahead of her opponent.

Poppy the outsider had made it and won a significant amount of money. Her horse then had Poppy right there on deck. Where did he get the energy? I wondered for his erection was big and he was going at it full speed. The thought of an underage schoolgirl can do all sorts of things to some men.

The cruise was nearing its end and all through it I had kept my eye on parliamentary affairs in the papers and anything pertaining to Martin. It was in the "Times" where I noticed an announcement by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dickenson that their daughter Audrey had become engaged to Mr. Martin Townsend. You could say I was very jealous of this Audrey to say the least. From the picture of the happy couple she did look pretty. If I was jealous of her, it was my own fault. I had walked out on Marty, hadn't I?

I had sacrificed my love of the man for his political career. However, Martin had said he would give everything up for my love. I had thrown it all in his face and walked out. I deserved this; the only one to blame was me.

To be fair to my decision, as far as the law was concerned there were matters that could well land both of us in jail. While I was transsexual, I was still recognised as a man in law, although I abhorred anyone would ever think I was.

Should it ever be known that Martin and I had intercourse, it would be regarded as a homosexual act which was against the law at that time. Martin's political career would be ruined.

I could never condemn Martin for something that was entirely my fault. Like any red-blooded man he had his needs.

While I could never love another man or have sex with any other man, I fulfilled my own sexual needs with Megan. I considered myself as a lesbian, at least for the time being, but the law said I was a man and such a relationship with Megan was legal. As someone once said, the law is an ass.

I was feeling somewhat melancholy that day I read the paper. Megan noticed it and put her arms round me. "What's up, sweetheart? You can tell me."

I could not tell her. Megan didn't know I was transsexual.

"Oh nothing, Megan. It was just nothing."

"Never mind, sweetie. The cruise is nearing the end. Just think on your bank account. It will have swollen since the cruise started. All that lolly and plenty to spend it on! This is the life. You sure you want to stay on as a Nursing Sister?"

"Yes, I know the pay is peanuts compared to what I have made at this game, however it is worthwhile and rewarding work."

"Tis a pity. We would have made a good team together as we have during this cruise. I'm out to make as much money as I can. To hell with making beds and emptying bedpans! I'm with Stevie and his

X-rated movies too. I believe he has everything ready to shoot the first film in a couple of weeks.

“The movies are to be shot in Dr. Stevens’s villa a few months after the cruise. After that he will turn out a movie every six or so weeks. The cash in my bank account will increase day by day. I do implore you to think again, Heather.”

We had been over this ground before. My mind was made up; I would remain a Nursing Sister at Morningside Hospital. Even so, I was still to turn up at Dr. Steven McCulloch villa once a month for his parties and work as a lesbian prostitute. Whither I liked it or not I was a whore, a label that was hard to remove.

The cruise had finished and I was back at work as a ward Sister, Megan handed in her resignation and we still lived together in the same cottage. I didn’t see that much of Megan between my shift work and her being involved with the shooting of Stevie’s movies. I did see her at least once a month at Stevie’s villas, me being a lesbian prostitute for some middle-aged woman and Megan the same with another woman. We did find time now and again to make love with each other.

Megan informed me that the villa was being used to shoot many movies and that she would be there for days at a time. She showed me some stills from various films, very explicit stuff. Megan also informed me that the films were to be distributed mainly in Europe and America. In the UK they would only be available to private film clubs; otherwise they would be severely censored for a UK audience.

I also was to learn Dr. Steven McCulloch would be giving up his day job to concentrate on his vice empire. After all, there was much more money to be made there than by helping the sick and infirm. Get your priorities right, as Stevie would say. He may not have known it then but there was a dark cloud hanging over him and all involved in his empire, me included.

To Be Continued