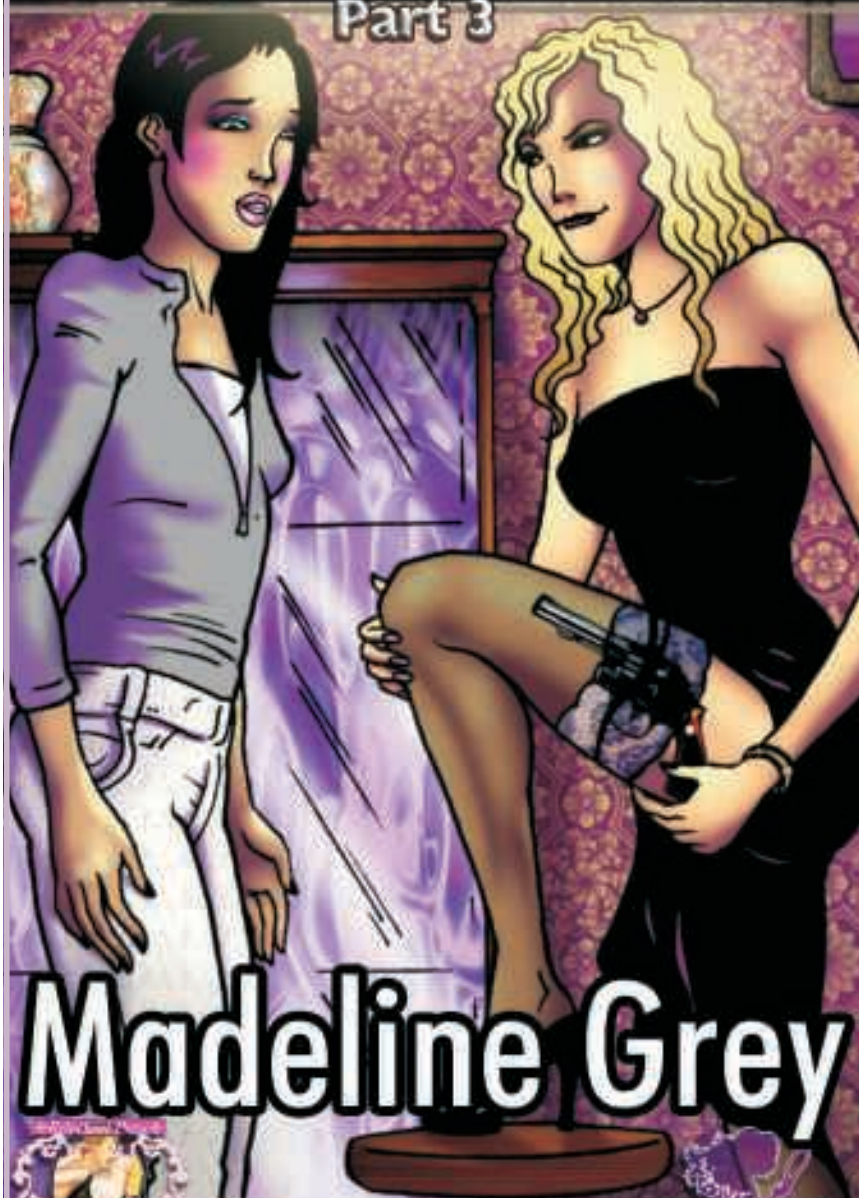


The
Prime Minister's Mistress
Part 3



Madeline Grey



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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



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Prime Minister's Mistress Part 3

By Madeline Grey

PREVIOUSLY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE DECLINE OF AN EMPIRE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't you know, Megan?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No more was said by either of us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Then what happens?”

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

“Your young maid, Emma, is helping to dress you, putting on your corset. Just look above the camera, your lines are all there, Megan. Then the action can begin,” explained Stevie.

“All these floodlights make everything so hot and uncomfortable and they dazzle me, Stevie,” complained Megan like some spoiled film star.

“Do they really, Megan? Listen, you’re getting paid plenty to be hot and uncomfortable and you want more? Just do what I’m paying you for and shut up. I can have others replace you easily. Now get into position, we are ready to shoot.”

That silenced Megan. There she stood in the mocked-up boudoir of Lady Winters, her young maid Emma behind her. It wasn’t Poppy Mandrake who was here at Stevie’s villa playing the part but another fake “underage” girl like Poppy. Where did Dr. Steven find them all? I wondered?

Megan stood in her underwear, the corset laced at the back. At its midsection laces waited to be pulled by her maid, Emma. Long white silk pantaloons went all the way down to her ankles, trimmed with white lace there.

“Pull and pull, dear girl. I must have that hour glass figure.” boomed out Megan to her maid at her back. From there one saw Emma help her Mistress Lady Winters into her crinoline dress.

“That’s so much better, Emma. You’re a sweet young thing, aren’t you? Have you a boyfriend or a girlfriend?”

“No,” answered Lady Winters’ maid.

“Then you haven’t tasted the sweet delights of love. Come here,” Lady Winters said, beckoning with a finger. Milady’s lips soon discovered her maid’s lips with her own. In no time maid Emma was seduced by her

Mistress. There were to be several scenes between maid and Mistress in the movie, each more explicit than the previous ones, not to mention scenes shot in Stevie's stable featuring the stable boy and Lady Winters.

"Hey Benny," said Stevie, "what background music are you using on this movie?"

Benny the sound engineer answered, "For the orgy we'll use Ride of the Valkyries. That always goes well for orgies. For the lesbian stuff, I'll go with Delibes' Flower Duet. I always think that is suitable with lesbian scenes."

"Right, I'll go along with that. Dub it on the sound track."

As Stevie had said, two new girls were in the film, Carol and Sheryl by name. They were both very pretty and had shared Stevie's bedroom that weekend. Carol was Lady Dorothy; Sheryl played Lady Margaret. Megan was in many lesbian scenes with both. Then the final scene was a big orgy where Ladies Winters, Margaret, and Dorothy, their husbands and maid Emma were all involved in various combinations of sexual delight.

I had a feeling about Carol and Sheryl; there was something not quite right about them. I couldn't put my finger on it then. Something inside me told me to keep a careful watch on them and their activities.

Nothing of a suspicious nature took place that weekend or for many afterwards. Dr. Steven McCulloch had taken permanent residence at his villa now that his resignation from Morningside Hospital had been accepted.

Stevie now had the time to devote himself to his vice empire. The porno films were being shot day and night and the villa was turned into a high class brothel, if it wasn't one already.

Megan informed me she was selling her cottage which gave me a problem to find somewhere else to live. I had plenty of money in my Swiss bank account to find a classy joint.

I think Megan was trying to pressure me to come to Stevie villa where she now lived full-time in her movie porno career. Then she tried to persuade me to go full-time on the game and live with her. Megan never gave up; I always resisted and would again.

I did find a nice cottage near the sea front and kept on with my job as a Nursing Sister at Morningside Hospital. However that never stopped me coming to Stevie's villa at weekends and being the paid lesbian slut.

Then it happened. The weekend started as usual on the Friday. Stevie was shooting one of his pornos. "Women without Men" I think it was called. It was all lesbian stuff with Megan being involved with Carol and Sheryl of course.

That night once again Ellen Fitzgerald had me for the weekend. At present she was fisting me, a practice I don't normally indulge in. She was paying for my body so I went along with the practice but that wasn't to say I approved of it or enjoyed it.

It all started when Ellen asked if I had a latex glove and lubricant anywhere in the bedroom. That sort of thing in the drawers where I kept my sex toys for one had to be prepared for just about any eventually in this game.

"Sure Ellen, help yourself," I said as I open my drawer of sex toys.

Even though I had been fisted in the past. it hadn't occurred to me that was what was on Ellen mind as I watched her right hand placed in the clear glove which was then pulled up to her elbow. Even at that the penny hadn't dropped for Ellen was making love

to me. I thought she was just kinky with the latex glove on her right hand. You'd be surprised at some of the most kinky things clients got up to.

I had responded to Ellen's love making then the lube can into play. Ellen was now plastering lube all over my pussy.

"Open wider, dear," she said and I did, letting Ellen smear more lube in there.

"You'll like, this, Heather. I just know you will."

I do have to say the elderly Ellen had turned me on. I was very relaxed and receptive to whatever she wanted to do to me.

Then Ellen inserted two fingers into my pussy to give me clitoral stimulation. I was easily aroused for Ellen had prepared me well. Ellen cupped her fingers round her thumb and was now gently pushing her latex-covered hand while rotating it into my vagina. She was driving me wild. Ellen then stopped for a while to let my excitement subside.

"Take deep breaths, dear," said Ellen while spreading more lube on my pussy.

Then with a slight rotation of her wrist, Ellen was right inside me. Her hand moved in and out within me or she rotated her wrist. I was being driven up the wall. It was intense and lasted a long time. If truth be told, I didn't want her to stop. It is usually me that does all the work with the clients. The roles were reversed this time.

Afterwards, Ellen tried to persuade me to stay with her.

"Give this all up and come live with me, Darling."

I was under the impression Ellen thought I was a full-time whore in the villa, like Megan and some of

the other girls. To be perfectly honest, I kind-of WAS a whore, try as I might to deny it to myself.

A V.I.P. APPEARS

One night Megan came out with it. She was pregnant. This rather surprised me.

“I thought you took precautions, sweetheart.”

“I did, Heather but it seems they didn’t work.”

“Who got you pregnant?”

“How the hell would I know? I’m being fucked by four or five men in every film, not to mention the gang bangs. In ‘The Rancher’s Wife’ there were ten or twelve lined up behind me in the gang bang scene so who knows? It could be anyone.”

“What are you going to do, Megan?”

“Stevie said he could easily arrange an abortion and I know he could. I’m thinking things over. I don’t think I could do that to my unborn child. Maybe I’ll drop out of the sex flicks for a while. After all, there is plenty in my Swiss bank account to keep me. I’ll keep doing the sex flicks till my pregnancy shows.”

I hugged Megan. I knew Stevie checked the girls once a month for STDs, including myself; it’s a dangerous game. Pregnancy was always a risk if you didn’t take precautions; remember we were in an age where the pill was just beginning to make an appearance.

Megan’s situation was a wake-up call. Maybe it was time for me to call it a day before I caught something but the money was like a carrot dangling before me. The women who lay with me were becoming merely faces and money symbols. I fucked them and they fucked me. Love? I never really loved any

woman. That word was reserved for only one person, Marty, but would I ever see him again?

Sex with my clients had become mostly a mechanical act of going through the motions, sucking some pussy or tits, never looking at the face. A long faked moan from me told whoever what a wonderful lover she was. It was all so routine to me at that point. The sex was good at first and I put more into it than I did now. The money was good and Stevie would never have kept me if I wasn't the high-class whore that his clients liked.

One weekend I had arrived on Friday afternoon, watching a scene being shot with Carol and Sheryl. a lesbian scene as it happened. Boy, were they muff diving on each other and I don't think they were doing it just for the cameras; I think they knew all about lesbian love.

"Great, girls. That was one of the best lesbian scenes I ever shot. Get ready, there's more to come in this flick. We'll shoot them tomorrow, now run along, shower and pretty yourself for dinner. There's someone I would like you to meet."

As I said there was something different about Carol and Sheryl. At that time I couldn't put a finger on it.

At dinner that night Carol and Sheryl arrived in identical sparkling silver-coloured evening gowns like they were sisters. Stevie appeared with a man in his late twenties in a black tux and white bow tie.

"Girls, I would like you to meet Benjamin Jackson. Make him welcome here."

My ears picked up at the name. Benny Jackson. I knew him and I hoped he wouldn't recognise me. He



was MP for Sudbury City. I had briefly been introduced to him one time when Marty showed me round the House of Commons. Like Marty, Benny Jackson had just been elected for the first time to Parliament, both as members of the Progressive Party. Being ambitious young men, both of them had risen through the ranks; Marty was now Chancellor of the Exchequer and Benny was Foreign Minister.

I had learned from reading the newspapers that Benny was married to a pretty wife and had two young kids. So if Benny was here, he was cheating on his wife. Stevie's villa, after all, was a brothel; a high class one maybe but a brothel nonetheless.

I don't think Benjamin Jackson recognised me. I hoped not; at present he was too busy with his arms round Carol and Sheryl. I noticed Stevie give a wink to the girls and get a nod from Carol back. To me there was something very suspicious about it all. At the end of proceedings for the night, Carol and Sheryl disappeared, with Benny between them, to their room. I was stuck with some middle-aged woman for the weekend she was paying for with me. Call me nosey but I would rather have seen what transpired between Benny and the two girls. I determined I would find out on Saturday night. I mean, Benny wasn't here to hold hands with them, was he?

On the Saturday the weather was delightful and Dr. Steven McCulloch used that to his advantage to shoot some open air scenes for his sex flicks. Benny Jackson was there watching his previous night's bed companions playing nurses in a hospital gang bang orgy with the patients. 'Giving the Patients What They Want' Stevie had entitled this sex flick. At the lunch break Benny was surrounded by Carol and Sheryl in their skimpy nurses uniforms, with a hand up each of their legs. That sort of thing was common in Stevie's villa, as it had been at his floating brothel on the Med.

I was in no position to criticise Benny as the middle-aged dame I was entertaining for the weekend

had a hand up my knickers as we sat round Stevie's swimming pool?

"Come on, dearie," she said, "let's have a quick one before dinner," taking my hand and leading me to the bedroom. I wasn't really in the mood for such but she was paying for that privilege so naturally I went with her. It was maybe as well I did for an idea came into my mind.

Deirdre was the name of the middle-aged woman. I reckoned if I gave her my full repertoire of lesbian sex she would soon be exhausted and out for the count. So tonight she would sleep like a baby with a little help from Mr. Mickey Finn. I could then go and spy on Benny Jackson, Carol, and Sheryl to see what they were up to; nothing good, I expected.

I started in on Deirdre. I'd bet she never had sex with any woman like me before; I had her moaning and groaning and squirming all over the place. Even when she said she couldn't take any more I carried on, not listening. Relentlessly on I went she, holding tightly to me. Deirdre was exhausted and tired but I couldn't let her sleep, not yet. I left her in bed to make a cup of coffee to keep her awake till such time when it was necessary she sleep. I even helped her put on her evening gown for dinner that night.

"Leave me alone, Heather. I just want to rest, please." Her pleas were in vain as I continually slapped her face to keep her conscious.

It was a drowsy Deirdre that appeared for dinner. "What have you done with Deirdre?" asked Dr. Steven.

"I gave her a good fucking that she will never forget, Stevie."

"Oh," he said. "Carry on the good work. Another satisfied customer, she'll be back for more. The

money just keeps rolling in, doesn't it? I'll see you get a bonus for that, Heather."

I wasn't particularly interested in the money but it would come in handy. I was more interested in Benny Jackson and what Carol and Sheryl were up to with him. I mean if it ever got out he fraternised with high class prostitutes which they were, his political career would be finished, to say nothing of his marriage.

After dinner Deirdre was moaning about how tired she felt and how much she wanted to go to bed.

"Okay sweetheart, I've have just the thing to pick you up." I looked round the dining table. Benny was engrossed with Carol and Sheryl, his hands round both their waists and his face smudged with their lipstick.

"Here sweetie, get that down you. It will do you good," said I, holding a tumbler containing a Mickey Finn. I forced it down Deirdre's throat. Within seconds she flopped out on the bed. I tucked her in, took her clothes off, and pulled the sheets over her. Deirdre was naked in bed fast asleep and would be till late morning.

That worked out well, I thought. Part one was completed now, for the more serious side of things. The room Carol and Sheryl were in contained two way mirrors; in fact there were several rooms in Stevie's villa like that, soundproofed as well. He catered to voyeurs who would watch the sexual activities being performed within.

I found the very small room which, lucky for me, was unlocked. Inside were a cine camera on a tripod and a pair of binoculars, also on a tripod, all focused on the bed. A chair was placed before the cine camera and binoculars. I sat on the chair in front of the binoculars which were very large and very powerful. I could see everything on that bed enlarged ten times.

I knew every room had a hidden movie camera with a zoom lens in each of their ceilings; however that would be a top angle shot. This one in the see-through mirror room was a completely straight-on shot.

Benny Jackson and his two amorous lady friends had not as yet entered the room. I had arrived before the big photo shoot, as Stevie would say in his director role. The first to put an appearance in was Sheryl who immediately stripped all her clothes off. I must say she had a nice body. She disappeared into the bathroom for a few minutes, then emerged with what I can only call a decanter. In the decanter was a clear liquid which I presumed was perfume.

Sheryl placed the decanter on the dressing table and sat on the swivel chair before the dressing table mirror, naked. She took the stopper out of the crystal glass decanter, opened her legs and splashed some liquid from the decanter over her pussy. Then she rubbed it in there with the palm of her hands. I thought the process most unusual.

Sheryl repeated this until her pussy was completely saturated in this liquid and small dribbles could be seen on her black pubic hairs. Unusual, I thought. Having done that, Sheryl placed herself on the top of the double bed she shared with Carol. She hadn't long to wait till her bed companion Carol arrived with Benny in tow.

“Come on, darling, let's have your trousers down, then we get into the action.”

Benny was already taking his evening jacket off while Carol was taking his bowtie off and losing the buttons of the white shirt Benny was wearing. In no time Benjamin Jackson was as naked as the day he was born and sporting a rock-solid hard-on. Sheryl was lying seductively on the bed, giving him the come-on.

“Come on, Benny sweetie, my juices are already flowing waiting for you to taste them. Just put your sweet lips here to have your fill.”

Sheryl opened her legs to display her pussy glistening with the clear droplets of whatever she splashed on the pubic hairs. a tempting sight for any red-blooded man.

“Come on darling, get your sweet lips into Sheryl’s pussy,” said Carol, giving the naked Benny a push in the back. Benjamin Jackson needed no second request before he was between Sheryl’s legs. Another push on his head and he was buried in Sheryl’s pussy. The seductive Sheryl quickly wrapped her legs round Benny’s back. He was trapped, there was no way he could free himself and no way he wanted to.

Sheryl looked towards Carol, then to the dressing table. Carol gave her a nod of the head. Carol was now discarding her clothes and a naked Carol placed herself on the same seat that Sheryl had recently vacated. Once again the crystal decanter was lifted and the stopper removed. The clear liquid was splashed over Carol breasts. What was this liquid and why was it of some importance?

From where I sat I could not smell anything from the room. I was under the impression the liquid was perfume. I just *had* to find out what it was to satisfy my curiosity. Carol had liberally soaked her breasts in the liquid and I watched the liquid drip from her tits. Carol seemed quite pleased with herself as she fingered her tits, the nipples of which were standing erect.

I swivelled the binoculars to the bed where all the action was. Sheryl was still with her legs locked round Benny’s back, making sure she was being well tongued out by him. As for Benjamin Jackson, Foreign Minister of her Majesty’s Government, all I could see was the back of his head between the legs of Sheryl.

I hadn't noticed that Carol had risen from the dressing table and was now placing herself on the bed beside Benny who at present was performing cunnilingus on Sheryl.

"Hey Benny boy, forget about her. Get your sweet blips into this. It's my turn now," said Carol. Sheryl released her legs that locked Benny to her pussy; I could now see his face. I went close in with the binoculars to enlarge his face; there was something different about its appearance. Benny seemed dazed as if he wasn't in control of his actions.

Sheryl had pushed Benny flat on his back with no resistance from him. Carol, now kneeling on the bed, was assisting Sheryl to help Benny to a kneeling position facing her. Sheryl, with all the force she could muster, slammed Benny's head between Carol's tits.

"There we are, my darling. Put your sweet lips into these." Carol was cupping one of her breasts and offering it to a bedazzled Benny. As all this was happening, Sheryl was now frigging Benny off, although I was under the impression both she and Carol were more interested that Benny suck Carol's breasts for some reason.

Benjamin Jackson looked like he was on auto pilot and locked into whatever direction Carol and Sheryl guided him in. No way was this man was in control of his actions. I saw what I can only describe as a sort of strange look pass between Carol and Sheryl. There was some strange game going on between Carol and Sheryl, involving a lot more than the sex that was being offered.

Carol was determined that the Foreign Secretary of her Majesty Government receive the full benefit of both her breasts.

"Come on, darling, feed on both my tits. You know you want them. Aren't they like nectar?"

Carol was once again cupping her breasts and offering them to a dazed Benny. Like one of Pavlov's dogs, Benny was now under her command. It had come into my mind that Benjamin Jackson was drugged, but how?

Benny was now sucking licking Carol's ample breasts and who could blame him? Carol seemed pleased with the progress he was making but appeared to be waiting for something. Then, Benny fell away from Carol's breasts onto the bed. At first I thought he was dead and focused the binoculars on his body. He was still breathing but unconscious.

Sheryl and Carol had left the bed. Carol spoke in a language I didn't understand to Sheryl and pointed at the decanter on the dressing table, then Benny. Sheryl laughed, then spat on the unconscious Benny. Carol did the same. I heard the word "Englishmen" followed by laughs. Carol and Sheryl linked hands and disappeared into the bathroom. I couldn't see anymore but it seemed the shower was running.

Eventually the naked pair emerged. Their lingerie drawer was opened and panties and bras were taken out. White nylon panties wriggled up bodies and white bras were placed over breasts. A wardrobe opened and two summer dresses with floral patterns were picked out and placed on them. Open toe sandals and bare legs were the order of the day, it seemed.

A lingerie drawer opened and a writing pad and pen were taken out. A wardrobe opened and rolls of fine thin wire were taken out and put high up on wardrobes to create a network of wires all over the bedroom. Then followed a small mechanical instrument with a knob at one end which was attached to the wire that had been placed round the room. This instrument was placed on top of the dressing table. Carol pressed the knob a couple of times, said something in a language I didn't understand, gave the thumbs up and left the equipment for the moment.

I came to the conclusion that the instrument on the dressing table was a Morse code transmitter. But just where would the transmitter be sending its signals and what would it be transmitting?

Carol and Sheryl had by now pulled a couple of chairs beside the double bed the unconscious Benny lay on. Carol slapped his face a few times; he slowly opened his eyes. I don't think he knew where he was. Then Carol said, "Come on, Benny boy, it's your girlfriend Carol. You love me, don't you?" Benny mumbled something I couldn't make out.

"Yes you love me, of course you do. You're in a safe house. You've no secrets from me, your girlfriend, have you?"

"I love you, Carol. I need you, I want you," Benny told her. I was now convinced Benjamin Jackson was drugged up to his eyeballs.

"Of course you do, Benny boy. I've something between my legs that wants your cock and you will have it. However, as your girlfriend, we don't have any secrets, do we, Benny darling?"

"No," was mumbled by Benny with a faraway look in his eyes.

"Good. That's the way things should be between boyfriends and girlfriends."

From the questions asked by Carol I knew her game was more than sex. She was playing a game called espionage. It was a very dangerous game and I was right there in the middle of it.

"How many submarines does the United Kingdom have in Russian waters at present?" said Carol.

"Two at present. However there is one more to arrive in the coming weeks."

“That’s lovely. See, we are beginning to know each other better, darling.”

Meanwhile Sheryl was scribbling like mad in shorthand in her notebook all that was being said.

“What agents does MI6 have in Russia, Benny boy?”

“I don’t have access to all that information. I know of 6 within Moscow and in the Kremlin.”

“Then I must have their names and addresses. You understand that, don’t you? It’s for the greater good of the glorious Soviet Empire.”

Benjamin Jackson duly obliged and Sheryl was still scribbling like mad. A whole stream of questions were now being asked about information that only a Minister of the Government would know. This was classified information.

I quickly looked round the room; there was no sign of any paper or anything I could write on. I was trying to memorise everything being said. Just what was I going to do with all with all this information? I could put it down on paper but then what? I would think about that after. I was more concerned about what Carol and Sheryl would do with all of this information and where did Dr. Steven McCulloch fit in to all of this?

The question and answer session lasted some considerable time. When it eventually finished I could see by the smiles on both Carol’s and Sheryl’s faces they were satisfied with the outcome. I reckoned there would be more of these revelations to come and I wasn’t far wrong.

What was I to do as a citizen of the United Kingdom? This was my country being threatened by an outside and hostile power; I must do something to

stop this. Should I be discovered, my life was in danger though.

Carol was beside Benny with a tumbler containing a green liquid. "You're tired, aren't you, darling?"

I heard him whisper "Yes."

"Poor Benny. Now get this down you. It'll do you good" Carol was forcing his mouth open and pouring the green liquid down Benjamin Jackson's throat. He slumped on the bed, apparently out for the count once more. Carol looked at Sheryl, pointed at Benny, and said something, again in a language that I couldn't understand. Sheryl nodded her head again.

Both women walked over to the dressing table. Carol now sat on the chair in front of the mirror, her hand on the knob of the Morse code transmitter with a headset on. Meantime Sheryl had pulled a chair beside Carol with a note pad in hand. Sheryl started to dictate to Carol in English who was quickly tapping in Morse code. Every so often Carol would stop saying something in the language I didn't understand to Sheryl who would repeat her last sentence. Carol would nod, then tap the transmitter very fast.

I observed the faces of both women and serious looking they were. It suddenly clicked in my brain: the language both women were speaking was Russian. They were enemy agents, no doubt about that. Just what had Dr. Steven McCulloch gotten himself into?

Dr. Steven McCulloch was a traitor to his country. At this time in the 1950s Britain seemed to be full of spies and traitors. Burgess and MacLean, plus Kim Philby, to name but a few. Even though I was beginning to feel tired, I just had to stay awake for I must see and hear all that was taking place before me. I would catch up on my sleep later that day.

After some time Carol stopped transmitting and Sheryl put the notebook down. The women now started dismantling the wires stretched all over the bedroom, coiled them up, and placed the fine wire in a wardrobe with the Morse code transmitter. A conversation in Russian took place between the two women; every now and again one would point towards Benny as the other nodded.

Both then focused on Benjamin Jackson. Carol pointed to the bathroom and Sheryl disappeared inside to emerge minutes later with a small bottle containing red liquid and a glass.

Carol slapped Benny's face once more. "Come on, Benny boy. It's me, Carol your girlfriend. You've been asleep so long that you're neglecting me. A girl has her needs, you know. I want that big cock of yours right up me now. Drink this, it'll give you strength to last forever."

Sheryl had poured a glassful of this red liquid and handed it to Carol. Carol opened Benny's mouth and poured the red liquid down his throat.

I focused the binoculars on Benny face; he didn't look at all well. His face had a grey appearance. Sheryl placed a hand on his penis which was at present semi erect. She started to frig him off and eventually it started to rise. Meanwhile Carol pulled her panties down, placed herself on the bed, then sank down on Benny's by now erect penis. She now astride him, facing his head. Sheryl joined the party; she too was pantyless.

Sheryl knelt over Benny's head and slowly lowered her pussy onto his face, looking towards Carol. As Sheryl lowered herself, her summer dress billowed out to envelop Benny's face underneath it. Carol linked hands with Sheryl over Benny's naked form. I could no longer see Benny's face. Under any other circumstances most men would be delighted to be the meat in the sandwich between two beautiful ladies with his penis up one and his head buried in the

pussy of another. I had the feeling Benjamin Jackson was not at all conscious of what was happening to him.

If he was not, certainly Carol and Sheryl were. Whatever that red liquid was, it seemed to prolong intercourse a lot longer than one would normally expect. Eventually Carol rose from Benny to see a deflated penis slowing leaking a white pearly liquid. Sheryl eased herself from Benny's face and her pussy dripped with her own juices. Both spies had certainly enjoyed their sexual experience with Benny boy.

Benjamin Jackson was still breathing but he didn't look well. Just how did he have the strength to fuck two women at the same time? It has to have something to do with that red liquid.

"Benny, do you really love me?" said Carol.

I faintly heard him say "yes."

"I can't hear you, Benny boy, say it louder."

"Oh yes, my darling Carol. YES, I LOVE YOU."

"That's most reassuring. Would you do anything I ask of you? anything to show how much you love me, without question?"

"Yes, just name it, my darling."

"That is very good. Now listen carefully and remember what I tell you to do. It is for your love of me and our happiness. This is what I want you to do. When you come back here to the villa next week, you must bring your cabinet files and then thereafter without question. Do you understand? Only if you do this for me will I know you love me and you will be rewarded for such."

Carol was a strong, beautiful, and powerful woman and Benny was attracted to her. I was certain

all that was discussed in the United Kingdom Government cabinet meetings was about to be in the hands of the Soviet Union.

Everything became crystal clear to me at that moment. Carol and Sheryl were using their bodies to extract secrets from men for the greater good of the Soviet Union. In other words, they were communists.

I had to do something quickly. Both women were beginning to dress for breakfast while Benny lay still on their bed. I looked at my wrist watch; it was just after seven. It was time I left from here.

I quickly made to my bedroom where Deirdre lay flat on her back fast asleep and snoring. The Mickey Finn had certainly worked. I showered, freshened myself up, and remade my face. I didn't want Deirdre anywhere in the room this morning. I was hoping I had fucked her enough yesterday afternoon that she wouldn't be looking for any more just yet.

"Come on, Deirdre dear, it's time for breakfast. No wonder you're exhausted. I think you did everything to me accept swing on the chandlers."

She drowsily opened her eyes. "What time is it?"

"Time you were up and had breakfast, sweetheart."

"I don't remember a thing, Heather. What happened?"

"You don't remember? I'll tell you what happened. You felt me up in every way possible. You had me climbing the walls I was so sexually excited, that's all. I tell I've never had a night like it before. You're a sex Goddess of the highest order," I lied.

"Was I really, Heather? Funny, I can't remember one part of it. We must do it again soon."

Deirdre seemed quite pleased with herself. I had laid it on thick. Hopefully with these thoughts on her mind this morning, I would have some peace to do what I had in mind.

I had Deirdre taking a shower and dressed for breakfast in no time. Charmaine fussed around us serving breakfast as I made conversation with her “You must be looking forward to that op, Charmaine dear.”

“Yes, as you know I’m on hormones now. We’ve—that is Maxine and I—have seen the surgeon and all is okay for the op in a few months time. Afterwards, Maxine and I will marry. Strange I’m a woman yet they tell me I’m a man so there is nothing to stop me marrying another woman. Maxine and I will live as two women, have sex like two women and we aren’t classified as lesbians. It’s a funny old world. My penis is useless, I can’t get it up to raise a hard-on so it is really like two women making love. After the op I no longer will have a cock.”

“You’re lucky, Charmaine, to have a strong supportive loving woman like Maxine at your side.”

“Yes and don’t I know it, Heather.”

I finished the pleasant conversation with Charmaine. My thoughts were on Deirdre and how to dump her for the rest of the morning.

“Deirdre dear, it’s such a nice morning. Don’t you think we would be better putting on our bathing dresses, lying by the swimming pool and soaking up the sun?”

“Yes, that’s a good idea. I’m all for that.”

In our bedroom I put on my skimpy two-piece bikini and watched Deirdre struggle into her one-piece costume. I rubbed her organ stop nipples and she moaned.

“Come on, darling,” I said. “That’s just a starter for tonight. Now run along to the pool. I’ll join you soon, then this afternoon we’ll have some rumpy pumpy.” I had no idea what I was saying, anything to get her out of the way.

I had a plan in mind so I quickly looked round the room for bottles, anything that would contain the liquid I had seen Carol and Sheryl splash themselves with and pour down the throat of Benny. I had to sacrifice two small bottles of very expensive perfume and a bottle containing nail polish. All was poured down the sink. As I would have expected the bedroom of Carol and Sheryl was locked, especially since it contained their Morse code equipment. However both girls were on a film shot this morning and most of the afternoon.

There were five women employed by Stevie to tidy and clean the bedrooms after breakfast. These women were all handpicked by Stevie to keep their mouths shut about what went on in the villa and were well-paid well for their silence. There was no doubt they would discover rubbers and such in the rooms. It wouldn’t be hard to put two and two together and realise that Stevie was operating a brothel in his villa.

There was an elderly woman called Sally. I spotted her cleaning in some bedroom.

“Sally,” I said, “how would you like an easy £100 to do me a favour.”

She looked at me with a curious look in her eyes. “And what would I have to do to earn this £100?”

“Just give me your pass key for a few hours. If anyone asks, you lost it.” As I said this, I opened my handbag. I already had a roll of notes with an elastic band round them amounting to £100 and I held it out to Sally. She quickly took the roll and stuffed it down her bra between her ample breasts.

“So I did, Miss Heather, how stupid of me. I must be more careful, one never knows who is around here.” She had a leather belt round her waist from which a metal chain hung with several keys attached to it. One was undone and handed to me. No more was said.

A £100 in the 1950s was a lot of money and although the women were paid more than any cleaning woman would receive, £100 was not to be sniffed at. From what I was receiving from Stevie for my services as a whore, I could easily afford it.

I now made my way to the room Carol and Sheryl and shared straight for the bathroom I went. There was a medicine cabinet. When I opened it I saw the red and green bottles. I opened them and sniffed. Although I was a nurse, whatever was in them it was something I had never come across before. I poured a small amount of each into the two perfume bottles I brought with me. There were other bottles in the cabinet; none were in red or green. As for the decanter, there were three to be precise, all the same as each other. I removed the stopper from each and smelled two I thought were perfume; the other certainly didn't smell like perfume. It was a liquid I couldn't detect.

I put a small sample of it into my nail varnish bottle. I placed all three bottles in my handbag. That left two bottles I had no samples of. I would take the three samples back to my room and find other containers to fill with what I thought were perfume. I disposed of another two bottles of perfume and nail polish and came back to the room occupied by Carol and Sheryl I looked at my wristwatch. I had plenty of time to complete my task. I could take a look round the room.

I first tried to open the wardrobe I had seen the fine wire and Morse code transmitter put away in. It was locked. I looked over the dressing table; there were a few lipsticks which I didn't think were right; call it a woman's intuition. On twisting the barrel of one of the lipstick holders, a red object which at first looked

like lipstick emerged. On closer inspection it was a 4.5 mm single shot lipstick gun. Pressing at the back of the lipstick container would fire the bullet, very effective at close range. Who would think a woman taking her lipstick out in public to remake her face had such an object?

There were three such lipsticks on the dressing table. Having now searched through their lingerie drawer, I found two Remington Derringer Model 95 revolvers. It didn't surprise me to find these revolvers. What did surprise me that they were American. I suppose one goes for the best. These small revolvers could easily be concealed in a woman's purse and used in a tight corner. Carol and Sheryl were beautiful women but very dangerous. I feared for Benjamin Jackson for these women would have no hesitation in disposing of him by whatever means.

At present I thought Benny was safe. There was more information to extract from him as Carol had commanded him to bring cabinet papers to her. Benny was in her pocket and was valuable to her and the KGB for many years. My job was to stop that NOW.

I had all I wanted from the room so I sought out Sally and returned her pass key. "There was one wardrobe I couldn't open in that room shared by Carol and Sheryl"

"So *that* was the room you wanted to see. My lips are sealed. I hear nothing, I see nothing, I know nothing. It's funny you mentioned that; I couldn't open it either. We cleaning women are supposed to have the keys for everything. That lock has been changed. Before those two came here, I could open that wardrobe."

That was interesting information as the only one who would have done so would be Dr. Steven.



I was now back in my bedroom and had writing paper in front of me. I put every word I could remember from last night down. I have to say my memory is good; it has to be as a nurse.

I had all this information but just what was I going to do with it? There was only one thing I *could* do with it. After all these years I had to get in touch with my old boyfriend, Martin Townsend Chancellor of the Exchequer, the man I had walked out on. I had to swallow my pride as he was the only one in high office in Government I could think of who would believe my story? That would have to wait till I left the villa. It was too risky to do there. I gathered everything up and placed it in my overnight case to put in my car trunk. I wanted no one to discover my things.

“What are you doing Heather?” the dreaded words of Dr. Steven came just as I shut the trunk of my car.

“Oh nothing, Stevie. I thought one of the gowns I wanted to wear this evening was here in my car trunk. It’s not. I must have forgotten to bring it with me.”

“You girls have so much money, don’t you? I just can’t keep up with all the gowns you buy. Megan’s exactly the same. I wouldn’t worry, Heather, you’re beautiful in anything. By the way, that Deirdre woman wants you again next weekend. Be early. She seems desperate for you. Something about swinging on the chandeliers. What’s that all about, Heather?”

I gave a sigh of relief that Stevie hadn’t seen me put my overnight case in the trunk.

“I think you could say I gave Deirdre the full works last night, Stevie. She was moaning and carrying on like nobody business, another satisfied customer,” I lied.

“She’s a good client, Heather. I’ll remember that when I dish out your money. There’ll be something extra in it for you.”

It was near lunch time so I joined Megan on the veranda. She had a housecoat thrown over her and was naked underneath, having just finished a sex scene.

“Have you come to any decision as to what you are going to do about the forthcoming baby, Megan?”

“Yes. I took the bull by the horns and told Stevie I was not having an abortion and that I would cease filming as soon as my pregnancy showed. I expected him to blow his top. Instead I received the opposite reaction. He said I need not stop working when my bump shows.

“He said I’d be surprised how many men fantasize about having sex with a pregnant woman and that I’d be able to ply my trade here in the villa with men. I reminded him that I’m a lesbian although I’ve done sex scenes with men in his movies. He said when my pregnancy shows there are many men who will pay a fortune to have intercourse with a pregnant woman. For that short period I would earn more than I ever did doing the lesbian part. He promised to make it worth my time.”

Anything to make a fast buck, that was Stevie’s motto. Maybe this time he had taken on more than he could chew, though.

“That money is going to come in handy for the baby, Megan.”

“Exactly what I thought, Heather. As I said before there are four or five guys fucking me per film, not counting the gang bangs, so if some guy has a turn-on about fucking a pregnant woman and pays for that privilege, I say let him and give me the money.”

I presumed the best sex position for Megan during her pregnancy would be Woman Superior because there would be no pressure on her stomach as there would be in the missionary position and some others. I think Megan was fixated on the well-being of her unborn child-to-be. I'm sure she would make a good mother, even if she was unmarried.

“What do you want, Megan, a boy or girl?”

“A little girl would be nice but I'll take whatever comes as long as it's healthy, fit and, well.”

While Megan had her worries, I had mine with Carol, Sheryl, and Benjamin Jackson. I wasn't going back to the room with the see-through mirror; there was nothing I could do about that at present. Yes, both women could extract more information out of Benny by whatever means but at the moment my job was to be put in touch with Martin Townsend as soon as possible.

I could have left Stevie's villa on the Sunday night but I thought would be suspicious and out of character for that had never happened in the past. That night I had to pass the time with this Deirdre woman, giving her as much sex as she wanted...and boy did she want plenty.

Breakfast couldn't come quick enough for me to get the hell out of Stevie's villa. I was just about to step into my Humber Pullman Mark 3 car when Megan appeared with Maxine by her side.

“Haven't you got a kiss for your girlfriend before you go, honey?”

Of course I had. Megan needed all the love she could get at this time. I kissed her and slipped a playful hand inside her loose housecoat; Megan was naked underneath, ready to shoot her next sex scene in the sex flick for that day.

“Oh,” she giggled, “I’m going to have plenty of that today but that was a nice appetiser to start the day off. Now you take care. I’ll miss you every minute till next weekend, darling.”

I left her there with her greasepaint on which I suppose made her look really beautiful under the cameras.

I MEET THE LOVE OF MY LIFE ONCE MORE

I was back at the cottage Megan and I had shared once more. I had just came off night shift. I was nervous for I was about to phone my once-boyfriend and lover Martin Townsend, now Chancellor of the Exchequer of her Majesty’s Government. The phone number I had when we were lovers could well be out of date; I mean how does one gets in touch with such an important man as Marty now was?

I nervously called the number; it rang for ages with no answer. What to do? There must be some official government number. I found it and rang the number.

“Yes, and who is this calling?” came some very official-sounding voice.

“This is Heather Archer. Is it possible to speak to Martin Townsend, Chancellor of the Exchequer?”

“One minute please. I’ll put you through to his private parliamentary secretary.”

As easy as that, I thought. Not so.

“This is Edward Creswell, private parliamentary secretary to Martin Townsend, Chancellor of the Exchequer. How can I be of help?”

“This is Nursing Sister Heather Archer of Morning-side Hospital. Is it possible to speak to Martin now.”

“I’m afraid not, Sister Archer. The Chancellor is in conference with some very important business men, for most of today and much of tomorrow I would think. Is there any message I could give him, Sister Archer?”

At that time I didn’t want to pour out the whole story of myself, Stevie, and what I saw in the villa. After all, this man was only a subordinate of no importance compared to Marty.

“Yes,” I answered, “this is very important. I would say if you don’t give him this information you could very well lose your job. Do you understand?”

I had caught his attention without doubt. “Yes, Sister Archer, I am all ears.”

“All you have to say, and it is so simple even a child could deliver it, is that Heather Archer phoned and has some very important information for his ears only and for no one else. Do I make myself clear, Mr Creswell. I’ll give you my phone number. Remember to mention the name Heather Archer. That is of the utmost importance.”

“I understand, Sister Archer.”

As I hung the phone up, I heard a click from the other end the line. I was being listened into by MI5, I thought. if Mr Creswell didn’t give the message to Martin, MI5 would. It also meant that Marty would now know where I lived and that I may be under the surveillance of MI5 from now on.

I stayed near the phone for the rest of the day waiting and hoping for that call from Marty. It came around seven that night. I nervously answered the ring.

“Yes, who is this?”

“HEATHER. HEATHER ARCHER.”

It was Marty. I would know that voice anywhere. “Yes Martin, it’s me. Listen very carefully. I have some very important news that is only for your ears and not MI5 who I am sure must be listening in on this conversation.”

“I understand, Heather” I heard a click which at a guess meant Martin had some means of switching them off from his phone.

“That’s better, now you can talk freely without being overheard. Where have you been for the last four or five years? I missed you deeply. I love you so much, you never left my mind.”

Those were words I was glad to hear. I despised this woman he was engaged to even though I had never met her. I would fight for my man, even tear her hair, scratch her eyes out; she had one advantage over me. She could marry him and I couldn’t.

“Listen carefully, Marty darling. What I have to say cannot be revealed over the phone. We must meet. It is of the utmost importance to our country, do you understand? I would never have contacted you unless it was.”

“I understand, Heather. Anything you have to say will be treated with the utmost respect. From what you have already said it is imperative we meet as soon as possible. How soon can you come to London?”

I looked at the clock on the wall. “I could catch the first train in the morning and be there by nine.”

“Right. You do that and I’ll have a car at Kings Cross to meet you and take you to number 11 Downing Street.”

“How do you know the train will arrive at Kings Cross, Marty?”

“When you gave me your phone number that gave your location away and the nearest railway station is on the Kings Cross line. Now just get yourself down here as quick as possible. I can’t wait to see you once again and hold you.”

Our conversation finished and I was already packing my suitcase for the journey to London and deciding what I would wear in the morning to meet Martin. I had never been so excited in my life. My one and only male lover was in my life once more.

I woke up early with my case already packed with a number of expensive outfits and a small vanity case inside with my makeup. I showered, perfumed myself, and sat before my dressing table to make up my face. I took some time with it. After all it was Marty—MY MAN—I was about to meet again. Once finished and satisfied with my womanly appearance, I could proceed with my dressing.

I had a rather sophisticated-looking blue satin dress with jacket in mind and matching knickers. “Don’t forget the knickers,” I said to myself, hoping Marty would have them off in no time.

I was now ready for my train trip to London and Marty; I drove my Humber Pullman Mark 3 to the train station and left it in the car park till such time that I came back. Having purchased my ticket, I stood on the platform, case at my side, in my light pale blue coat and feathered hat with mesh veil over my eyes. I was a really high class-looking lady. The journey was uneventful and I passed the time reading a woman’s magazine with an article about the latest fashionable dresses.

Kings Cross eventually arrived and I left the train. No sooner had I stepped on the platform than a man in a smart suit approached me.

“Miss Heather Archer?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Very good, Miss Archer. If you would kindly follow me, we will be on our way.”

How this man knew I was the woman he sought I will never know. but then it is their business to know things, isn't it? I followed the man to a side street near the station where a Rolls Royce was parked. The door opened and I was pushed inside by the man I had just met. A hand grabbed me and there I was on a plush seat sitting beside the man I loved, Martin Townsend.

“You're still as beautiful as you ever were, Heather. If anything, you're better than when I last had eyes on you.” Martin swept me into his arms and we kissed... passionately. He had never lost his love for me not had I lost mine for him me.

In no time we had arrived at number 11 Downing Street where the Chancellor of the Exchequer lives. It wasn't crowded with tourists at this time in the morning as it would be later in the day. That was back then. Today you won't get anywhere near Downing Street never mind Number 10 for there is a wall and a gate to stop you entering and a guard on the gate.

We entered Number 11. Marty removed my coat and gave it to a servant hovering nearby who was about to take my suitcase.

“No,” I said, “that is of the most importance at this moment.” It was indeed for it contained the bottles of liquid which Carol and Sheryl plied Benjamin Jackson with and the notes I had taken as best I could from memory.

“Come into the drawing room, my dear. It's a more relaxed atmosphere where we can talk in private and without interruption.”

I followed Marty. He indicated a large comfortable armchair for me to sit and drew up another one to sit beside me.

“Would you like something to drink, Heather? You used to like Bacardi and Coke?”

I indicated a yes and he pressed a buzzer. In no time a servant appeared. Martin gave the order and included a whiskey on the rocks for himself.

“Before we go anywhere, Martin, I must tell you of my life since I walked out on you. It is relevant to what happened later. It isn't easy for me to say this Martin or even admit it to myself but I am a prostitute. There is no one else to blame but myself. Well, some may have pushed me into it but in the end it was my decision.” I then poured out all that took place since I walked out on him up till the last few days at Stevie's villa.

“I was sinking further and further into the cesspool, Marty. Then it all came to a head when I saw Benjamin Jackson involved in a sex triangle with two women. I saw a lot of that in Dr. Steven McCulloch's villa. Benjamin Jackson's private life was of no concern to me until he started spilling out state secrets. Then it was my concern. I have taken notes of their conversation as best as I could remember and I have samples of the liquid he was given.” I opened my suitcase and gave Marty the containers with the liquids and my notes.

“If it was anyone else, I wouldn't believe what you just told me, Heather. Benjamin was a trusted colleague. We came through the ranks in the Progressive party together, became MPs together and rose in office together. Christ, I have even met his wife and kids. Mary will be devastated when all this blows up. I must have further proof before I take any action, Heather. I will have these bottles of liquid analysed and see what we come up with right away.”

“What sort of proof would you suggest, Martin?”

“Have you any photos of Carol and Sheryl or, better still, Benjamin in sexual intercourse with these women?”

“No.” Then I thought. “However I am returning this weekend and could take some, if that is of any use.”

“Good, that would be excellent, I am sure MI5 could do something with photos.”

“Remember Marty, these are dangerous women. They have two revolvers in their knickers drawer and won’t be afraid to use them if needed.”

Marty and I had spent a long time in discussion and it was getting late in the day.

“I think we should go out and eat at that night club we used to frequent. They can keep their mouths shut as to who is there.”

There was a nice meal laid on at the Lovely Lady club. During the meal I said to Marty, “You never mentioned one word about the woman you’re engaged to, Marty. Where is she?”

“Audrey at the present minute is on holiday on the continent visiting the capitals. Paris. Rome, Athens and others places. Audrey wanted me to come with her however that was impossible at the present time. My job is 24/7 as you can understand, Heather. I have no spare time.”

“Do you love the woman, Marty? She looks very pretty.”

“Love her? I must admit I like her. she is a very nice and friendly woman but love is and has always been

reserved for yourself, even when you weren't near me."

"Have you ever had sexual relations with her, Marty?"

"No, in all honesty we never have, although we have indulged in heavy petting many times in the past."

"Will you marry this Audrey, Martin?"

"Till you came out of the blue that was the way things were going. Now I don't know, Heather."

"We've been over this ground before, Marty. You know I can't marry you, much as I would like to. As far as I'm concerned, you may as well marry her. That is not to say I won't be insanely jealous of her for stealing the man I love."

"We could still have a relationship even if I was a married man, couldn't we?"

"That means that I would be your Mistress?"

"Yes I'm afraid it would. I don't care what it means. I want your body. I *need* your body."

If truth be told, I wanted his too. He was the only man I needed to make love to in a sexual way. We had in the past and it was wonderful. Just to feel his warm body close to mine once again, to take his male member inside me once more would be exquisite. I craved for it. This was what I had been missing for the last four or five years. This was more than sex between a man and a woman. It was love.

It was becoming late. "Marty, you will have to drop me off at the Ritz on your way back to Number 11."

"Why?" he asked.

“I’ll have to book in for the night, otherwise I’ve nowhere to sleep.”

“You’re booking in nowhere, Heather. You’re coming back with me. You’re sleeping with me this night.”

Martin Townsend could be very authoritative at times; his job called for that. I wasn’t going to argue with him. I was glad he put his foot down. I wanted to sleep with him even if he was engaged to this Audrey woman.

I was of the opinion that many of the persons employed within Number 11 were in the secret service, including the women. They were there to protect Marty; however it wasn’t their job to interfere with his private life. So nothing was said when I’m sure the maids must have found my night attire in his bed in the morning.

I found my suitcase had already been taken to his bedroom; I had forgotten about it.

“Like a little nightcap before we retire to bed?”

“Yes, the usual, Marty,” I said nervously. It wasn’t as if I hadn’t been to bed with Martin before. I had many times in the past.

“I’ll have a little snifter myself. If you don’t mind me saying so, Heather, you look different...your breast are, err, larger than I remembered.”

“That’s correct. I had implants put in. I hope you like them, darling.”

“I do but doesn’t that cost a lot of money, Heather?”

“It does but as I told you, I’m a high class whore now and can afford such luxuries. I’ve a Humber Pullman Model 3; a Nursing Sister cannot afford such a thing. My body earns plenty of money, I don’t

deny it. I also am a lesbian for sex only. I've never loved a woman even if I did tell Megan my partner I did. The only one I have ever loved is you, Martin, and that is the honest truth."

"I believe you, Heather. Even if your life style has changed dramatically from the woman I once knew, I still love you and want to have sex with you this very night here in my bed."

"That's something I've missed all these years, Marty" I was about to say something further as I undressed in front of Marty but that was cut short as he grasped my semi-naked body and forced it on to the bed. While I was face down on the bed, I felt Marty take my knickers down. I offered no resistance. That was what I wanted him to do. I temptingly raise my rear end to allow his penis to enter whichever aperture he wished.

I could not see him or his face but I did feel a hard erection enter my pussy. This was something his betrothed had never received. I was glad I had been the receptacle of his hard erection and not she. Maybe at some future date she would receive the same. if such did happen, I would be very jealous of her for she would have stolen that which rightly belonged to me...and in me.

My job at the present minute was to enjoy myself sexually and to give Marty pleasure for if he was not sexually satisfied with me and my body, I had failed in my mission.

Marty's hands sought my massive breasts to play with; I gave him all the assistance he needed for I was extremely proud of them. Marty had designs on them which would be fulfilled as the night went on. Marty was taking his delight in my pussy. His penis was going in and out. I was being pumped rotten and loving it like the whore I had become. How much I loved his penis! It had to become part of me and mine only, never to be owned by Audrey. There was only one way

I could fulfil a desire I had in my mind and I was about to execute that desire.

Martin for the moment had had his fill of my body and was lying flat on his back on the bed, recovering after his delightful ride. His penis was flaccid and no wonder. I had been fucked like never before.

“Come on, Marty, you can get it up again, can’t you? Get it up for me.” I was already giving him a hand job and was about to proceed further. I placed my legs on either side of his, lowered my head and took his penis inside my mouth. I swallowed his penis till I was sure it almost touched my tonsils. Maybe I’m bragging but that was what it felt like. I went to work on that member, licking, sucking. it was no longer flaccid, it was fully erect and alive in my mouth, jerking inside. The cock of Martin Townsend, Chancellor of the Exchequer was mine. It belonged to me and not Audrey Dickenson and would forever be mine.

Martin’s penis jerked, throbbed inside my mouth. It was excited as it had to be from all the attention it was receiving from my tongue. The eye of his penis was receiving and responding perfectly to it. That eye was weeping plenty; on my tongue it dripped its pearly liquid. My tongue lapped up the tribute it gave me. I knew Marty loved me and only me but could never marry me. Whether I liked it or not I was to be his Mistress for life and had to accept it. Such was my lot in life.

I could see the joy in Martin’s eyes as he held me tighter. I knew he was about to explode in my mouth. I was expecting it.

“Oh Heather!” he exclaimed. “I love you, I always have. Why did you ever leave me? We could have lived in peace even if I had to give this all up. I would have.”

Then he exploded inside my mouth. I swallowed his love juice. It was all for me, mine, I said to myself.

Mine and only mine. This loving tribute I would ever cherish forever, a man's love. I wanted to drink his man juice for that would forever belong to me, not her. It was my elixir of life. I needed it. I wanted it. I hungered for it, slut that I was.

Our sexual activities for the night were not ended by any means. I knew Marty had seen my tits and desired them. I offered them to him. "Come on, Marty, you've been slaving over these all night, haven't you? Now is your chance to have them to do all you wish with. I can't wait for you to handle them."

I had expected him to lick, suck, and such like. Just what was my lover going to do? It didn't take long to answer that question.

My breasts must have seemed like mountains, standing there proudly upwards. From where I lay on the bed they obscured my view of my own pussy. That's how huge they were.

Martin Townsend was well-built and well-hung for a man. He would have kept any woman satisfied in the sexual arena. I have to say I was more than satisfied by what he offered, no complaints. He was at the present placing his more-than-ample penis between my breasts. If I bent my head forward I could touch the tip of his penis. I could feel my juices churning inside of me in expectation of which was about to happen. There was wetness between my legs but that was not going to deter him from putting his erection between my breasts, which was done very quickly.

This was a new experience for me and Marty. As far as Audrey was concerned, she had never been any further than a hand up her knickers from Marty. I was extremely glad that my tits would be the receptacle of Marty's erection between them. Marty buried his penis between my tits. I bent my head forward, opened my mouth, and pushed my tongue out to just reach the head of Marty's penis. The reaction was quick and decisive. His cock spat cum all over my face. I loved this, whore that I was. My face was abso-



lutely splattered with the pearly white cum from Marty. It had landed all over my face and dripped slowly from my forehead, over my eyes and onto my cheeks. Marty was quickly licking his own cum from me, kissing me as I kissed him. We rested but our night of sexual fulfilment had not yet ended.

I was about to receive anal intercourse from Marty. something we never indulged in the past. It was not as if I hadn't received anal intercourse before. I had but that was by means of the Royal Dildo said to belong to Queen Marie Antoinette that was used in the lesbian games on the floating bordello and at Stevie's villa many times. My backside could easily accommodate Marty's penis as that channel had seen a dildo many times in my lesbian relationships. Having said that, this was the first time it welcomed a male member within its portals. The muscles within my anus worked overtime milking Marty dry and he was loving every minute of it.

The light of a new dawn was beginning to shine brightly when at last we finished our sexual games. Marty lifted his bedside phone and ordered breakfast. There was no reaction from the maid who arrived with a hearty breakfast on seeing Marty naked in bed with a unknown woman in the same state beside him. I was sure she was part of the secret service, there to protect the Chancellor of the Exchequer from harm. Even his chauffeur was a MI5 man.

I was to stay another two nights with Marty, both of them sex filled. On the Thursday morning I would return to Morningside. As far as my work as a Nursing Sister goes I had taken a leave which was owed to me for having volunteered for overtime when they were short staffed.

POLAROID CAMERAS AND WHAT THEY REVEALED

Friday morning I would depart for Stevie's villa again, this time with my Polaroid camera and a few packs of film.

Polaroid cameras were new in the 1950s and very expensive. I had purchased one because of their instant photos. I was involved at the time with taking very explicated photos of Megan and myself, and therefore did not wish to have photos exposed in a chemist shop and maybe face prosecution for obscenity. I could easily afford such a camera. Charles, or now the woman called Charmaine, was developing most of the porn films shot. She gave stills from the movies to Megan. I had no need to use the timer built into my Polaroid for I would be taking pictures from behind the see-through mirror of all that transpired in the room Carol and Sheryl shared.

The Friday arrived and I set off early for Stevie's villa in my Humber Pullman. I came in time for lunch. I spotted Megan on the veranda with a housecoat over her; she would of course be naked underneath having just shot some scenes in a porn film. We kissed as I sat down beside her.

"How are things, Megan?" I asked.

"Oh so so. I'm having morning sickness but that's only to be expected with this," she said, patting her stomach. "I wanted to have a talk with you, Heather. Would you be the Godmother of my baby?"

"But of course. I'd be delighted. That is indeed an honour. When is it due?"

"Oh months away yet, sweetheart," she laughed.

“Don’t you think you should be taking a nap in the afternoon, if not for yourself but for the baby’s sake?”

“Where am I going to find the time? My schedule is full up. I’m shooting these porn films for Stevie and at night I’m being fucked by some guy who has a preference for pregnant women. It’s all money in the bank and I’m going to need it for babykins when I drop it, won’t I?”

“Have you enough put by for after the child comes along?”

“I’ve thought a lot about that. I’m going to buy a house and take care of baby till such time as it goes to primary school. Then I’ll look for a part-time job as a nurse again. They’re always short of nurses.”

“Then you’re giving up the porn acting, Megan?”

“Yes. I would never want the child to know its mother was a porn star being fucked by dozens of men in every film. I will fit into some suburban residential estate as a widow with a wedding ring on my finger. The child will never know I am an unmarried mother.”

“That would be the best thing for all, Megan. I’m glad to see you are going back to nursing. You didn’t become a Nursing Sister without caring for the sick and the elderly.”

I looked at Megan; how beautiful, radiant, and serene she looked. It is true, a woman looks her best when she is pregnant. It was the most beautiful that I had ever seen Megan look.

Maxine had by this time sat down beside Megan and me with her vanity case beside her.

“Don’t let me interrupted your chin wag, girls. I’m just preparing Megan for the next scene that will be shot by Stevie.”

“How are things going with you and Charmaine, Maxine?” I asked the mature woman.

“Couldn’t be better, Heather. She goes in for the snip in a few months. Best thing for her, I told her. We’ve booked a private room together in the clinic till after her op. Then we have a nice bungalow near the sea all sorted out. I think between us we have a nice nest egg to retire from all this. We will of course live as two sisters if anyone asks.”

“You do love her Maxine. I know Charmaine loves you. I think you have found each other and the best lifestyle for your situation which is living as two loving women.”

“Thank you, Heather, you are so understanding. I only wish there were more people like you.”

The lunch hour was ending and cast members started drifting back to the open-air set where filming was about to start on Stevie’s latest porn movie.

I had spotted the two Russian girls on my way to the boudoir where I usually lived while at Stevie’s villa. I think darling Deirdre would soon arrive for her fun with me. I had decided there was going to be an early start; I wanted her tired and exhausted before the night’s activities with our Russian friends. I would administer another Mickey Finn to her and in the morning tell her how wonderful a lover she was.

“I can’t remember a thing,” she would say.

“That’s because you were drunk. You had me squirting all over the place. Don’t you remember?”

“I’ll have to stay awake. I’m missing all the fun.” This was how I visualised the resulting conversation in the morning.

Deirdre waddled into the boudoir an hour later; ‘waddle’ is the only word I could think of to describe

this heavy-built woman. She put her overnight case on the bed and proceeded to open it. I moved quickly and had a hand up her drawers in no time.

“Stop it ,you sexy thing.” There was no way I was going to stop. My hand was already inside her drawers and on her hairy grotto with a finger in it. Already her first moans began. I had no intention of stopping. Her wetness was starting and she beginning to soak her drawers.

“Get them off this very second, Deirdre,” I commanded her. She needed no second telling as she was more than up for it. In no time she had pulled her wet drawers off. They were not the latest of fashions I must say; white cotton Directoire knickers elasticised at the knee, although they did have fancy white lace there.

“You’re going to cum for me, aren’t you Deirdre darling, aren’t you?”

“Yes!” she excitedly answered. Of course she would cum I hadn’t been a lesbian prostitute all these years without knowing how to make my female companions cum.

The only thing that worried me was the mess on the bed and sheets; however Stevie always kept one cleaning lady on duty after the women finished in the morning.

The bed was a sticky white mess after I had finished with Deirdre. She came like a madwoman and had a very satisfied look on her face like the cat that got the cream. I was young, she was not and very exhausted after I finished with her.

“I’ve only started, Deirdre. I can’t wait to have you between the sheets this night. You excite me.”

“I do?”

“Of course you do! I can’t keep my hands off you,” I said, feeling up the naked woman once more. The bitch responded I was somewhat disappointed for my work was not as yet finished. She needed a good seeing to; I had to get down to the job once more after dinner. I had to see the cleaning lady before all that, though. I was in luck, it was Sally who was the on-duty cleaning lady. She didn’t need any persuading to give me a passkey.

“You can keep that one, dear. I’ve have others, Maybe I misplaced one, right?”

“And maybe I found it.” This time I gave her double what I did the last time. This key was going to Marty with the Polaroid photos.

Deirdre had a nice designer dress on, which I have to say would look prettier on a younger woman but then she had the money to buy it which maybe a young woman could not afford.

At dinner my hands under the table were up her dress and on her knickers, feeling her up.

This was a common occurrence at these dinners at Stevie’s villa. Dr. Steven McCulloch looked at me, smiled, gave a nod of his head, and everyone carried on as if nothing had happened.

Benjamin had arrived with Carol and Sheryl to either side of him. Carol was making a fuss of him, plying him with bubbly while he had a hand on her tits. I think you could say Benjamin Jackson would be well and truly pissed by the time he was in the girls’ bedroom which was just what the girls had planned for. It was therefore imperative that Deirdre was fast asleep as soon as possible. She didn’t look like she was going bye bye any time soon. My strategy had to change. Knock out drops were foremost in my mind.

“How would you like a little nightcap before proceedings begin, Deirdre dear? That pretty body of

yours is going to be well fucked by me. I can't keep my hands off you, can I?"

She giggled, "You are a one, Heather. Yes, a gin and tonic. Mother's ruin, so they say."

Stevie always kept the cocktail bars in the rooms well stocked with drink. You name it, it was there. Yeoman of the Guard Gin, never heard of it, was taken out of the cocktail cabinet with a couple of crystal glasses and a small bottle of tonic. I slipped some knockout drops in the drink unobserved by Deirdre dear. I had already poured out a Bacardi and coke for myself. We clinked glasses. "Here's to bottoms up and knickers down, Deirdre".

She giggled, "You are...a..."

That acted quickly, thank goodness. She'd be in Dreamland till morning, then I'd tell her what a wild party we had last night with some other women in the villa.

I could now concentrate on what I really was here for this weekend: Benjamin Jackson and the two Russian women. I changed from the skimpy outfit I had on to entice Deirdre who, as it happened, didn't need much enticing. I put on a more sensible dress, then placed the Polaroid camera and a number of re-fills packs in my handbag and promptly made for the see-through mirror room.

I had arrived just in time. I hardly settled on the seat before the binoculars when Benny Jackson and his two lady loves entered the bedroom, plastered. They weren't but he was and was pawing Carol.

"You'll get plenty of that, Benny boy, if you have that little present I asked of you the other day."

"Sure darling," he said in a slurred voice, "it is all here in my brief case if I can find the damn thing."

“Is this it, Benny boy?” said Sheryl holding up a brief case.

“Yeah that sure looks like it, darling, the one with the royal monogram of Her Majesty the Queen no less, God bless her,” he said in a slurred voice, then he stood up and gave a pretend salute.

“You’re pissed, Benny boy, aren’t you?” said Carol.

“We’ll see who’s pissed. Come here and drop your panties and you’ll soon see who’s pissed.”

Carol nodded to Sheryl and pointed to the brief case. Sheryl nodded back. “Have you the key for this brief case, Benny?”

“Now wouldn’t you like to know? Try and find it.”

“Okay, its fun and games time, is it? Right. Carol and I will have the clothes off you in no time.

“Good, that’s what I was hoping for. The first to find it gets fucked by me. Now isn’t that a great prize?”

“Oh, it’s that kind of game. I like that,” said Carol who immediately dived on the bed, followed by Sheryl. Benny found his clothes stripped off him and the women searching every part of them for the key. Carol found it, said nothing, and threw it to Sheryl. While all this was going on, Benny’s hands were wandering all over the girls’ bodies. They were not paying attention to that; there was more important work to do.

“I’ve got it,” giggled Carol. “I claim your cock for myself and Sheryl can get lost. Now a little drink before you fuck the living daylights out of me.”

She winked at Sheryl who was at the cocktail cabinet pouring out drinks and slipping some sort of pill in Benny’s drink.

Benny was still conscious but I was of the opinion he didn't know what was happening around him. Carol had taken all her clothes off; Benny lay naked on the bed, his penis limp. Carol took it in hand and masturbated him until it rose. Benny's face remained expressionless even when Carol climbed on top of him and sank slowly down onto the erection with a smile on her face. My Polaroid was taking plenty of photos of all that was happening. I quickly had to put another pack in the camera.

With all that was going on, I hadn't that noticed Sheryl had taken the portfolio that Benjamin Jackson brought with him, opened it, took all the papers inside it, and placed them on a table. Then she opened their knickers drawer which seemed to contain everything but knickers. I am no expert in the spying game but what she had in her hand looked like a micro film camera. For now she was holding it over the many sheets of paper which came out of Benjamin Jackson's Foreign Secretary portfolio.

I could see from the endless number of sheets of paper this was going to take some considerable amount of time to photo. Sheryl was in no hurry as she painstakingly took a clear and precise photograph of each page. You could hear the click and whirr as each photo was taken. I tried my best to photograph Sheryl taking them; thank goodness they couldn't hear or see me as the room was soundproof.

When Sheryl finished, she gathered all the papers together, put them back in the portfolio, and locked it. Benny Jackson, in his drugged state, would never know what was going on. In Carol's presence he was a zombie; she had complete control over him.

At present he was fast asleep and the girls had rigged up everything to transmit in Morse code. This didn't take as long as last time. I guessed all that was transmitted was that they had secured vital papers from the British Foreign Secretary.

I thought I had all the evidence I needed for Marty however I found other means of slipping away from Deirdre dear the following two nights. On the Sunday which was a very sunny day, I suggested we go out riding. Deirdre, I found, had never ridden before. Charmaine, among other things, was in charge of the stable. I winked to her, "Have you got an awkward horse, Charmaine? That bitch of a woman I'm coupled with for the weekend is giving me a hard time."

"Sure, Heather," she winked back. "Old Charlie Proper is a right one to handle. He'll throw her in no time. If she gets back on him, he'll set off all over the place at a fast gallop and she'll have to hold on tight."

"That's the one!" The horse seemed very docile, like he wouldn't hurt a fly, I thought. By this time Deirdre had been fitted out with all the riding gear; jodhpurs, riding boots, and a whip.

"Over here, Deirdre. This is the horse for you. I'll give you a hand up." This I did as the horse stood still. Then I mounted my own horse, a black one, and moved off.

"It won't move, Heather," came from Deirdre dear.

"Try your whip on it." That was the only thing Charlie Proper needed to hear. Suddenly, you couldn't see him for dust and Deirdre was hanging on for dear life to the reins. I laughed as did Charmaine. We set our own horses off to catch up with her; we did after a few miles.

Charlie Proper decided he'd had enough of this and came to a sudden halt, the result being Deirdre sailed over Charlie head and landed with a thump six feet in front of the horse. The horse gave a neigh which probably meant it was laughing at Deirdre. She had landed in a puddle and was soaked to the skin. We helped her up. Deirdre was out of action for the day. There would be no fun this night for her.

Back in the stable I said, "Charmaine, make sure Charlie Proper get an extra supply of hay. He deserves it for he did me a favour."

"Sure, Heather. He's a nice horse that wouldn't harm a fly," she laughed.

With Deirdre resting for the rest of the day, I could watch Benny and the girls that night without interruption. By the time the night finished, I had used all the packs for the Polaroid. As far as the girls were concerned, they had gotten all the information they wanted for the weekend. There was nothing left but to supply sex.

Carol kept reminding Benny she was his girlfriend and he must keep giving her these presents and she would reward him well for she loved him. I'm sure Benjamin Jackson was in a drug enhanced state even when he was away from the villa on cabinet duty. Carol had control over Benny's mind. As long as she supplied sex, she had him as her slave.

I often wondered what part Sheryl played in all this. She was a sort of second string but maybe needed for their operation in some capacity. She did use the micro camera effectively and maybe she had been well-trained for that.

I would be leaving on the Monday morning; one thing I had decided I must do is obtain that microfilm before I left. This was not a hard task for after breakfast both girls would be shooting films, their room empty. I quickly made my way to their room. The knickers drawer was the first place I looked and there the microfilm was, wrapped up in a pair of silk panties. This I quickly dropped in my handbag and smartly let the villa in my Humber Pullman.

I wasted no time when home. I phoned Marty via his Private Secretary and was put through to him promptly. I briefly told him what happened over the weekend.

“Listen Heather, there is no time to waste; I’ll have a MI5 car at your house in no time. Pack a few things for you will be in London very soon.”

Within the hour a car had arrived at my door and a tall man with a moustache in plain clothes stood at my front door.

“Miss Heather Archer?”

“Yes,” I answered. He held out an identity card with his photo. Underneath it said, “On Her Majesty’s Service.”

“Please come with me, Miss Archer. The car is waiting.” I lifted my overnight case containing the Polaroid photos and microfilm and was soon in the back of the car between the moustached man and his colleague, a clean-shaven man, also in a dark suit.

“Miss Archer, could you please hand over the Polaroid photos and microfilm now, thank you?” the man with the moustache asked.

I opened my overnight case and handed what he had requested over along with the pass key to all the rooms in Stevie’s villa.

He looked at the photos. “What do you think, Bill?” he said, handing them to his companion.

“It’s them alright. They gave us the slip in France. So *that’s* where they landed. You’ve done a great service to your country, Miss Archer,” said the clean-shaven man.

“Unfortunately, Miss Archer, before we reach London my colleague and I will have to ask you many questions,” said the man called Bill.

The car was moving fast towards London at a speed of over 100 miles an hour. I was grilled like I had never been in my life about every minute detail of everything I had seen between Carol, Sheryl, and Benjamin Jackson, even the sexual details.

“I’m sorry for this, Miss Archer, but every sordid detail has to be known by us. It’s a dirty game, spying. That’s not to say Her Majesty’s Secret Service doesn’t use the same dirty tricks at times. We do. Everyone does,” finished the man with the moustache.

We finally arrived at 11 Downing Street. I was quickly taken to Marty’s office where he sat before his desk.

“I know what happened in the car, Heather. You were grilled by MI5. It had to be done. Your photos will be checked against MI5 files. Two of the samples of liquid you gave us were perfume, expensive I might add. Of the other three, one was a truth drug. That would explain how easy it was to extract the details Benny gave so freely. One was a sort of hypnotising drug. Benny was under the influence of the woman called Carol. The other was a sort of Mickey Finn.”

Just then the phone rang and Marty picked it up. “Yes. Yes. I see. Then we must move quickly. I’ll inform the PM right away. The final decision is in his hands. Do nothing till further notice.”

Marty turned to me. “Well, Benny’s playmates aren’t Carol and Sheryl but Svetlana Bazerov and Lizabeta Smirnov. Very English names indeed,” he laughed.

“Smirnov seems appropriate for there was plenty of his vodka consumed in their bedroom,” I giggled.

Marty turned serious. "Both these women operated from a communist cell near Paris. MI5 were keeping a watch on it and them. They lost contact with the two women for weeks and weeks. You did us a favour by being suspicious of them, Heather. Take your things up to my room upstairs and make yourself comfortable for I shall be gone for some time. The PM must be informed of all this. What the outcome will be, I have no idea."

Marty pressed a buzzer on his office desk and a woman came in. "Kathy, take Miss Archer to my quarters. See that she is made comfortable and stay with her till further orders."

"Yes Sir. Miss Archer, if you would kindly follow me."

I followed the smartly dressed woman in a black skirt, white blouse and black stockings and court shoes. As I left, Marty lifted his phone.

MEETING WITH THE PRIME MINISTER

What is now recorded in my memoirs are things I never knew at the time. It was fifty years before any of these details were revealed to the public.

Marty phoned Prime Minister Thomas Williams asking to meet immediately. At present the PM was on a visit to the Midlands to open some factory.

"Right Marty, I'll drop everything and come back to number 10."

Their talk went late into the night. "Martin, what you say is devastating but the consequences will also be devastating for the party. Can't you see that a General Election is only six months away? At present we are sitting nicely in the polls and should have a handsome victory. When it is seen that Benny Jack-

son is involved in a sex scandal, our party as well as the security of the country are at stake. We are going to be hit hard and probably thrown out of government.”

“Prime Minister, as far as I am concerned it is a case of party or country and I’m afraid my country comes first. You will, of course, release Benjamin Jackson of his office, won’t you?”

“You know that Benny’s father contributes millions to the party funds. When this breaks, I would think that will cease.”

“I would think he should be ashamed of his son consorting with prostitutes. And what about Benny’s poor wife and his kids? Whether you like it or not, Prime Minister, if you do nothing or say nothing, I certainly will.”

“You’re forcing my hand, Martin. When this blows up, you’re out of office,” raged PM Thomas Williams.

“I may be out of office anyway. and I would expect you will follow me out the door from the repercussions that will result from this.”

“Very well. I will instruct the secret service to do as they think fit and to keep me informed.”

One could say the two men parted not the best of friends.

Kathy took me up to Marty’s bedroom, carrying my overnight case. She was a pleasant woman and we made conversation.

“Whatever will you think of me sleeping with Martin, an engaged man?”



“I am not the least bit interested in Mr. Townsend’s private life, Miss Archer. What he does is his own business. I am here to protect his life.”

“You know I love him dearly. I’m not a floozy. Marty loves me.”

“I’m sure you’re not, Miss Archer. There is no need to say anything to me. I see, I hear, and I say nothing. That is my job.”

“Have you seen Miss Audrey Dickenson here at number 11, Kathy?”

“Yes I have, many times.”

“Has she ever been in bed with Marty?”

“That I cannot disclose. It is not for me to confirm or deny such information. You would have to ask Mr Townsend that question.”

I still had some doubt in my mind even though Marty had said he had never been further than heavy petting with Audrey. I was jealous of the woman; the man was mine and nobody else’s.

“Tell me, Kathy, how are you going to protect Marty? I mean someone could rush in this very minute if he was here and kill him by whatever means.”

She took the hem of her black dress. slowly pulled it up to her waist to reveal a small revolver strapped to her shapely leg above the welt of her black stocking.

“We are prepared for all eventualities, Miss Archer. No stone is left unturned.”

Our conversation turned to more womanly matters till later in the night when Marty arrived back home.

“I’ll leave you now, Miss Archer,” said Kathy.

“Marty darling, you need rest. Come to bed now.” I had already put on my baby doll; however this was not the night for frolics. Marty rested his weary head on my large implants and fell asleep soundly.

The morning saw a brighter Marty. “Heather sweetheart, I’m afraid things are not going well between the PM and me and I may be out of office very soon.”

I never heard the whole story. Things moved swiftly that day. The microfilm roll, I was told, had been replaced with another with false information, taken back to Stevie’s villa, and placed back in the knickers drawer of Carol and Sheryl, or whatever they were called. MI5 can move quickly without anyone knowing. It was presumed that Carol or Sheryl would pass the microfilm on to other agents before the week was out. MI5 presumed correctly.

“You will have to go back to the villa this weekend, Heather, otherwise Dr. McCulloch may be very suspicious.”

“Yes, of course, Marty. What do you intend to do?”

“That is no longer in my hands; it is the PM who now controls matters.”

“I understand. What about Morningside Hospital? I should have been on duty by now.”

“That is all taken care of. The Board of Governors of the hospital have been told you have been detained at Her Majesty’s pleasure, nothing else.”

“That makes me look like a criminal, Marty.”

“I’m sorry, Heather, but that is the way things are at the present minute. You’ll just have to accept it.” No more was said and that was the end of my visit to

Marty. I was taken back home in an MI5 car. In MI5 terms, I was a pawn and had fulfilled my usefulness to them.

I had arrived home on the Tuesday. I could not go back to Morningside Hospital. To them I was at Her Majesty's pleasure and they had been told to keep their mouths shut. If anyone asked questions as to my whereabouts, they were quietly informed it none of their business. I passed my time till the Friday, then set off once more to Stevie's villa. All was going as per usual at the villa; nobody suspected anything of me.

Megan was still shooting films of a dubious nature, getting as much money as she could before her baby arrived.

My heart wasn't in the women Stevie had arranged for me to service. Still I must never let him know it. I faked my climax many times.

It was on the Saturday night the balloon went up, as they say.

A convoy of cars and vans were assembled at the foot of the long twisty climb to Stevie's villa. MI5 personnel were within the cars and vans. It was pitch dark as they made their way to the villa, unobserved. All within the cars were well informed as to what they must do. Everyone knew the layout of the villa and where they were going.

The still of the night was disturbed as cars arrived; gun shots were heard as well as screams from the many women as doors were opened and occupants forcibly removed in various states of undress.

That included me and the woman who at present was in the same bed as me, not Deirdre as it hap-

pened. She was in quite a state. "Do you know who I am?" That question made no difference to the woman who was forcibly leading her to a waiting van. I found myself in another van with other women, some without a stitch of clothes, including Poppy Mandrake. From what I learned later, the raid had been a success.

Benjamin Jackson was put in a separate car and Carol or Svetlana Bazerov had been shot dead during an attempted to retrieve her revolver from her knickers drawer. Sheryl or Lizabeta Smirnov was detained for interrogations. I was never to see her again; I heard she was exchanged for some of our spies in USSR at a later date.

As for Dr. Steven McCulloch, he was found to be in the employ of the KGB; they supplied him with agents mainly because of his social scene and connections with high Government officials. Stevie was paid well for his introduction of Benjamin Jackson to the likes of Carol and Sheryl. It was also determined that Dr. Steven had other ministers lined up. Where there was money, Dr. Steven was never far away.

Now I really was detained at Her Majesty's pleasure for it was certain a trial was to come quickly. There was no way the raid on Stevie's villa could be covered up, even though Prime Minister Thomas Williams wanted it to be. Even he knew that it must be disclosed. A cabinet reshuffle was in order. Benjamin Jackson was disposed of office since he was in jail awaiting trial. Martin Townsend was also removed from office which came as a surprise to many members of the Progressive party as there was no explanation for his removal.

As far as Benny Jackson was concerned. he was not only out of office and in jail but his wife started divorce proceedings on grounds of adultery.

I had hoped that Marty would in some way come to my rescue but that was not to be. The papers were going to have a field day. What more could they ask

for? This story had everything: sex, celebrities, and spies.

THE TRIAL

Well it had to come eventually, the trial I mean. Before the trial even started Charmaine, the once Charles, and Maxine were released because there was no evidence to hold them on any charge. If you remember it was Charles as she was then who loaded the cameras in each room with film. Of course she had made sure that the room that she and Maxine shared never had a camera in it. It was me who had informed Marty of the existence of such film and how to obtain in. Charles had made things easy for MI5 for he had catalogued and dated each film. The films were going to expose many public figures and celebs. As far as MI5 was concerned, though, it was Dr. Steven McCulloch and the spies from the KGB they were interested in.

Unfortunately Morningside Hospital was about to receive adverse publicity which it didn't deserve. I can still see the headlines in my mind's eye "Sisters of Sex," meaning myself and Megan. "The Hospital that prescribes Sex." "Doctor Sex," and so on the papers and media went.

When the jury was sworn in they were informed that this would be a long trial. They would be subjected to explicit films of a sexual nature; each film of what took place in the bedrooms of the villa and of the goings-on on the "Fast Lady" were to be shown.

All this was not to the advantage of the Progressive Party. Their ratings in the polls fell very fast with an election on the horizon.

To give a description of all the evidence used in the case would take too long. Here is a brief summery.

Lord Boothby, when confronted as to why he had been brought up on a charge of having intercourse

with a minor, said he was encouraged by Poppy Mandrake. Miss Poppy Mandrake when asked about this said, "Well, he would say that, wouldn't he?"

Many newspapers gave full descriptions as to what Miss Poppy Mandrake wore that day. Poppy being Poppy took full advantages of the photo shoot and her best schoolgirl outfit on: black schoolgirl pleated frock, white blouse, white ankle socks, Mary Jane shoes. There was no doubt Poppy loved all the publicity and acting the innocent schoolgirl. I do think Poppy had an eye on the judge who did look a little hot under the collar every time he set eyes on her. Poppy Mandrake could very quickly sum up the men who had preference for underage schoolgirls and she played on it. It seemed the judge Lord Liddell was one such man. Of course there was nothing illegal about having sex with Poppy as she was over 21, although you would never think so. However the charge against Poppy that she was using her body for money.

That generally was the charge against me, Megan, and the other whores Dr. Steven McCulloch used in his villa as well.

As for Dr. Steven McCulloch, there were numerous charges against him. He was accused of using his villa and yacht for immoral purposes, plotting against the State, and God knows what all else.

From the first I could see that I was going to prison for there was no Marty present during the trial to save me. I felt he had let me down; even so I still loved him. What a funny thing love is.

During the trial I did see a face from the past; Sister Marion Kenny from my old job at Sudbury General Hospital. I thought that was nice of her. She was the one who encouraged me to take higher exams to become a Nursing Sister. I believe I let her faith in me down when the lurid facts in the case were revealed, however.

Megan's pregnancy was beginning to show and she used it for own purposes. I don't blame her for who would want to give birth in a prison? But it was all in vain.

The trial eventually finished after months and months of evidence. Sentences were handed out and all were found guilty. The court was crowded that day as it was every day during the trial. The press and other media were there to report every word.

The judge Lord Liddell gave his verdict as he looked at Dr. Steven McCulloch.

"You are an evil man and traitor to your country. You have spawned a vice empire of prostitutes and whores the likes of which this country has never seen before. For a man of your standing and education, you should be ashamed of yourself. Men like you must be put away from the public so that you can not contaminate others. Therefore you will be put in prison for thirty years." There was a large intake of breath round the courtroom. By the time Dr. Steven McCulloch came out of prison, he would be an old man.

As for myself, I feared the worst. If Stevie was given 30 years, what was coming my way? Yes, he was the ring leader and I and others merely obeyed his orders but this judge wanted to make examples of us all, I figured.

"Now we come to those under the control of the evil Dr. Steven McCulloch. As for the Nursing Sisters Miss Heather Archer and Miss Megan Stark, there is no excuse for those in the noble profession of nursing. They are an utter disgrace to their profession, more than any other women I have seen in this court. I therefore must make an example of these two women. Both will be sent to prison for five years. As for Miss Stark, her sentence will be served in a less harsh environment till such time as she has her baby."

Megan fainted at the severity of the sentence. I said nothing. I was shocked but what else could I expect? The other women employed by Stevie received sentences of around three years, including Poppy Mandrake.

WOMEN'S PRISON

It was a dull day when I first set eyes on that well-known woman's prison in London. The van entered through the gates of the prison and closed behind it. I was about to be locked away for the next five years. There were eight women in the van; some, I learned later, had been in prison before. For others, like me, this was their first time. There were two who I would call young girls; innocent they looked. By the time they were released they wouldn't be so innocent. It was only natural that lesbianism was rife within those prison walls.

We were quickly taken out of the van and led into a large hall where a number of wardress told us to undress. We naked eight women were then taken to a room where we given underwear. It was rough to the feel, nothing like what I was used too. This was followed by a uniform of a light grey drab colour. After what I had been used to with my expensive designer dresses, I knew hard times were ahead for me.

One wardress who looked liked a hardened bitch addressed us.

“Right, you women stand to attention. You will now be taken to the Governess who will address you. Listen carefully to all she says. Follow me.”

We were all brought to an office where the Governess sat on a swivel chair. If the wardress looked like hardened bitches, the Governess looked even worse, if that was possible. She rose from her swivel chair dressed in a severe looking black skirt and white button-up blouse, black stockings and black leather flat shoes. Then she spoke.

“My name is Margaret Court, Governess of this prison. You will always address me as Madam or ma’am. Is that perfectly clear? Your time here can be pleasant if you toe the line. If not, it can be very unpleasant. This is not a holiday camp; you will be given work to do during your time here. Some of you have come back again. I don’t need to tell you what life is like here. Others are here for the first time. I will watch your progress and woe betide you should you step out of line.

I see we have a celebrity among us, Miss Heather Archer no less who, it seems, puts it out about a bit. Well, I think you will get your hands dirtied here, Miss Archer. Stay behind when the others leave as I have something to say to you. Mary, you may take the others to their cells. Dismissed,” the Governess addressed the wardress that had taken us to see her.

After all had left, Margaret Court stepped towards me,

“You’re a pretty one, aren’t you, Heather? I like pretty women around me,” said she, feeling the hem of my dress. “Now if you are nice to me I can make things pleasant for you, if you understand my meaning. Your clothes could be better than you now wear, softer, finer, and prettier. Of course you would have to do certain things to earn that right and please me. Nothing that you have never done in the past from your record in Dr. McCulloch’s villa.

“I can see you are the type of woman who likes to be smothered in beautiful clothes and deserves to be. However if you don’t play ball with me, I can be a bastard. Life can be very harsh in a women’s prison. I can make it easier for you. I hope we understand each other, Heather.”

I certainly did. The Governess of this prison was a dyke, and not the only one as I would find out.

“Yes ma’am, I understand perfectly.”

“Good, then we has set off on the right foot. We will see more of each other during your stay. Much more.” Margaret Court pressed a buzzer on her desk and a wardress entered her office.

“Take this prisoner to cell block Z. Put her in the same cell as Mildred and Dorothy.”

“Yes Ma’am,” replied the wardress who then led me through various corridors till we arrived at cell block Z.

Taking a key that hung from a leather belt round her waist, she opened a cell door where at present two women lay on bunks.

“Here is your new playmate, girls, a VIP no less. Now you will take good care of her, I’m sure,” she laughed.

Mildred and Dorothy were not the most beautiful women I have ever seen. However whether I liked it or not, I would be stuck with them for the next five years.

Mildred, the older of the two, came over to me. “So you’re the Heather they’re all talking about. High class prostitute, eh? You were putting it about a bit, were you? Old Maggie the governor must be delighted to have you here in her prison; you’ll be treated like royalty provide you lick her pussy good. Well, you’ll get plenty of that in here but you won’t be paid for it, will she, Dot?”

“No, she certainly won’t. I think we will be having a piece of her ass soon, Millie. Did you see the young ones that came with her? Nice pieces of ass they are too.”

“You always like them young, don’t you, Dot? Well, there is plenty of time for that nonsense. Me, I’m like old Maggie. I go for the ones with plenty of experience like Heather here,” said the woman called Mildred.

These women were on either side of me, hands on my shoulder. It occurred to me that my life as a lesbian prostitute hadn't ended...with one difference. I would be giving it away for nothing. I could act the little Miss Prim and Proper but little Miss P and P was in for a hard time in this prison. Not only that but, as I learned later, you could be subjected to physical violence by some of the heavies. Mildred looked like one you could call a heavy, although she could be nice to you if you were nice to her as I quickly found out.

Yes I did subject my body to their advances if only to protect my face from being rearranged. Nothing of a sexual nature happened that first night although both women kept eyeing me up.

I think they were summing me up as my protectors. They would protect me from others who would have me as long as I gave them whatever sex they wanted. However both knew that there was one superior to them who could have me any time she wanted: Margaret Court, Governess of the prison. As far as Margaret was concerned, both Millie and Dot could have me as long as they liked. till such time as she desired my body.

I was assigned to the medical staff for I was a Nursing Sister at one time. it could have been worse as I very well knew. Millie and Dot were put to work in the laundry, not the easiest of jobs.

My first experience of how tough and rough life could be without protectors came the first time I went to the communal showers. It was well known in the prison that you daren't touch any woman who was accompanied by Millie and Dot for fear of something unpleasant happening to you.

At the showers I found myself undressing in the same cubicle with Millie and Dot. In the showers were two guards supervising us prisoners who turned a blind eye to some of the activities within the showers, probably because of their own lesbian pro-

clivities. This incident happened after work and before evening meal on the first day after I arrived. It was well known certain wardresses had their own lovers among the prisoners and the two new girls that had been admitted with me were targeted. Of course the guards gave full reign to the prisoners to seduce the young girls in the showers. They would in time have them handed down to them, by that point well-experienced in lesbianism.

I was witness to two young girls in the showers surrounded by a number of women. A couple held them tightly as others subjected them to rape, the only word I can use to describe the actions taken by the numerous women round the young pair. Two of the women held a hand over their mouths that no sound was uttered while their companions had hands everywhere on their bodies. The guards could see all that was happening but made no move to go to their assistance. My protectors watched with interest. As long as no one came near me, they were not interested. This wasn't the last rape I was to witness for rape of a woman by a woman or women.

Of course with a Governess like Margaret Court, if they protested to her there was nothing she was going to do. After all she was the de facto Queen and ruled as she pleased. All I wanted was a quiet life so I let the Governess and Millie and Dot fuck me.

My first taste of the Governess came after my first week in prison. We had showered when work finished and were back in our cells ready for dinner. Two guards came to my cell and one addressed me.

“Right, Archer, on your feet. The Governess wants to see you.”

Millie quick as a flash said, “Got her strap-on, has she?” She got a stern look from the guard but nothing was said.

There I was between two guards being led out of cell block Z. Prisoners in their cells were watching me. Word travels fast in prison faster than you may think and shouts of "There she goes, Maggie's pump" and "Well, if you open your legs for the gov, you'll get anything" were heard.

I had not as yet had any sort of lesbian relationship with the Governess, yet word was out that I was favoured by Margaret Court. There is a grapevine that these women get information from, especially when I was seen being escorted to the Governess' premises. Some women were, I'm sure, jealous of me for they knew the advantages of being Maggie's favourite: a softer life. a less strenuous job and, as I was about to find out, nicer clothes. Others who hated Margaret Court and anybody or anything that belonged to her would have harmed me if they could. Make no mistake, I was the property of Margaret Court while I remained in that prison. As for Millie and Dot, Maggie tolerated them for she knew they were protecting her property, as she regarded me.

I knew where my bread was buttered; the Govern-ess could have as much of me as she liked and she did.

Margaret Court had a very luxurious flat in the prison. I would put it in the same class as the rooms in Stevie's villa. Margaret sat on a chaise lounge dressed ten times better than when I first met her in her prison office. No longer in her black sombre outfit, she looked almost human.

The guards were dismissed. She beckoned me to sit beside her. "Now Heather my dear, I expect you would like something more sophisticated than that drab prison uniform, wouldn't you? I know I would for we are about to partake of dinner. I like pretty women around me as I eat. I have laid out a number of beautiful outfits I shall be delighted to see you in for my pleasure. You will find them in my bedroom. Dispose of these horrible rags, then we shall eat."

I found the items on her bed were indeed most delightful. Of course she knew the right sizes for me from my medical records. I do have the suspicion that other prisoners may have advised her as to what clothes should be gotten for me to gain favour from the Governess. I wanted to be favoured by Margaret if only to make life easy for myself.

I stripped myself naked and slipped a nice white pair of nylon panties up round me. My bra was in place and I had already put on a suspender belt. The garter tabs I threaded under the panties to await the nude-coloured stockings I was about to put on.

I was ready for the white stiffened petticoats, a number of them, which would hold out the black with white polka dots knee-length sleeveless and backless dress I now put on. What a marvellous feeling to wear women's clothes again and not the so-called women's uniforms in this hell hole of a prison. I could now sit before the dressing table mirror and make up my face. Now there is something you don't see in a woman's prison, makeup, not unless you are some favourite of a guard or the Governess herself.

For the first time in weeks I really looked like a woman again. I suppose my time with Dr. Steven had softened me up. I was used to the high life; in this women's prison being the Governess' favourite was about as near to the high life as I would have.

I had that sensuous feel of women's clothes around my person again; you don't know how much that means to a woman. This was a habit I could never kick. If I wanted more of it, I knew what I had to do: submit to whatever desires Margaret Court wished.

I finished my dressing by slipping on a pair of black four-inch heels and made my way to the living room of Margaret Court.

“Now don’t you think you look pretty, Heather?” She gave me a kiss on the cheek.

“I think we are going to enjoy ourselves tonight, don’t you, darling?” How could I say anything else but yes?

“I’m so glad we are getting along nicely, darling. We have so much to do, haven’t we?”

I think I had Margaret excited for as I sat, the stiffened petticoats that held the dress out exposed the little panties I wore. I’m sure she took her fill of my underthings; she probably had picked the stiffened petticoats for just that purpose. The delightful meal was made and served up by inmates of the prison, more of her favourites and it would be well noted by them that I would be spending the night in her bed.

The servants were dismissed and taken by guards back to their cell block.

“That’s better, dear, we are all alone at last. Come and sit beside me where we can be friendlier.”

I didn’t reject the Governess’ advances. I couldn’t if I wanted an easy life in this prison, could I? It was only a short step from the chaise lounge to the Governess bed which I was destined for.

While I might have said Margaret looked like a hard bitten bitch—and she could be at times—she could show her softer side when she wanted to. I have to say here her lesbian skills were exceptional and I should know. The governess was a big breasted woman, maybe not in the same league as me but I had breast implants put in...big ones. While Millie had made a joke about a strap-on dildo, I never saw one that first night.

“Help me, darling, to remove my things,” I was asked. Of course I would. In no time the naked figure of the Governess of this prison stood before me.

“Maybe I should help you dispose of your clothes?”

“Maybe you, should Margaret, although tis a pity such finery is to be discarded from my body. I was just beginning to feel as if I was a woman again.”

“I know what you mean, unfortunately you are stuck with these horrid uniforms that we supply to you prisoners. However I shall see that the one you put on is made of a softer, more feminine material, say satin.”

Margaret had by this time pressed her naked body into mine as she unzipped the back of my dress. It was all part of her foreplay as each item on my body was precisely stripped from me.

There we stood, our naked forms facing each other on that bedroom floor. Margaret stepped forward, placing a leg between my thighs and pushing her breasts to mine as our nipples touched. She had pressed the right buttons for she was indeed a skilful lesbian. I couldn't believe it; there I was rubbing my pussy against her outstretched leg and loving it.

I kissed her passionately, something I never thought I could do to the Governess for she had worked me up. She returned the favour with an even more passionate kiss, slipping her tongue in my mouth. This was nothing new to me, however I had not experienced a kiss so intense before.

We were on top of her bed in no time and I had opened my legs with Margaret between them. Margaret rubbed her pussy vigorously against mine, a form of sexual activity she was particularly fond of. In no time both our pussies were very slippery with their juices which can be very nice between two women. Again we kissed...passionately.

I may be ashamed to say it. but I was a good lay for the Governess and I was to become her favourite during my time in prison. That had its hazards for my life

was in danger from some of the women in the prison who hated Margaret Court and there were many. Millie and Dot did protect me 95% of the time but there were times when they could not.

ATTACKED

As I said Millie and Dot were my protectors but that could only be when we went to the communal showers, to recreation in the prison yard or at other times in the cell block. However during the day we were separated for Millie and Dot worked in the laundry and I worked in the medical centre.

I was a trustee which meant I was the sort of prisoner who could be trusted on her own without guards watching over me. My medical experience was superior to those in the centre. I had passed exams which those in the centre never had and I had been in charge of a ward as a Nursing Sister.

It was no surprise that from time to time I was left alone with some prisoner, sometimes more than one.

You cannot believe what some women would do just to have revenge on the Governess or something or someone they regarded as hers. In this case it was me that was regarded as the Governess' property and I suppose they were right. I was Margaret's lap dog.

Anyway, two women who had been fighting were brought into the medical centre with cuts and bruises on their arms. They would, of course, face disciplinary action and come before the Governess. I had already treated one with a guard in attendance.

"I'll leave you with Vicky Heather, I've something to do. I won't be long," said the guard. She had taken Bessie, the woman I had just attended to, next door and left her. She would be taking both prisoners back to their cells when I had finished with them. The guard found herself facing disciplinary action later for her stupidity.

No sooner had the guard left than Vicky grabbed me and shouted, "Bessie, I've got her, the Governess' little pump."

Bessie, a hefty woman, quickly entered the medical room. "Well done, Vicky, give it to her."

Both women were now punching me on the face and I can tell you they packed a hefty punch. My face was swelling and cut, although I didn't realise it at the time. I shouted for help and just in time for Bessie had withdrawn a knife from the inside of her dress and was about to slash my face when the guard entered to struggle with her. That didn't stop Vicky from putting a few more punches into me. I slumped to the floor, unconscious. Vicky was putting the boot in to my side but I never saw her. The guard had already pressed the alarm button and in no time others arrived and soon had Bessie and Vicky under control.

I found it was a put-up job by Bessie and Vicky. They had faked their fight and cut themselves to make it look real.

The cunning pair knew I worked in the medical centre and usually took care of cuts and bruises and hoped for such an opportunity as occurred that day to get at me, the Governess' pet. As for the knife that Bessie had on her person, that can easily be explained for such things were made in the workshops and smuggled into their cells.

I was laid up in hospital with a bruised face and broken ribs where Vicky had kicked me. I considered myself lucky; it could have been worse for they were vicious women.

Even in hospital there still was a guard there day and night. The other women in the ward kept giving look although nothing was said by the nurses there. I was even sent flowers by the Governess. She visited me and the curtains were drawn round my bed then.

“Don’t worry dear, your face will be pretty once the swelling goes down and your ribs are taken care of. I’ll make sure you’re never left alone 24/7 for I’m leaving you with Mildred and Dorothy. Your attackers will be having another couple of years added on to their sentence. I’ve brought a nice nightgown for you and some makeup for once your swelling goes down, darling,” finished Margaret.

I had found out just how bad things could be as a favourite of the Governess but then I had wanted an easy life in prison. That was the risk I was taking.

There was no doubt many women in the prison despised me so I kept close to Millie and Dot for health reasons...mine.

As I said I had to give it away to Millie and Dot, not the best of lovers unlike Margaret Court, whatever they may have said about her. So most nights I lay between them, gritting my teeth.

After weeks in hospital I was released back to prison with my side strapped up where Vicky had kicked me. I limped into cell block Z where many of the inmates came to the front of their cells, booed me, made derogatory remarks at me and questioned my parentage as I passed their cells. It hurt me but I’m thick skinned and eventually let it pass.

Saturday afternoons was when visitors came. I was surprised to hear there was someone for me in the visitors centre.

“Archer, there is a woman waiting to see you. Don’t waste my time, hurry,” said a guard. I was quickly marched out cell block Z to the visitor’s centre curious as to who would want to visit me, particularly a woman.

At the centre there were tables where you sat opposite your visitor. There could only be one person at a time at the table. Others would have to wait their

turn. A number of wardresses kept an eye on all there.

I found myself sitting opposite my old ward Sister Marion Kenny although she had now become Matron of Sudbury General Hospital.

“This is a surprise, Marion. I never expected to see you here within this prison.”

“Did you not see me at the trial, Heather?” I did but had forgotten about it. In this place I had other worries.

“You must be ashamed of me, Marion, hearing the life I led after leaving Sudbury Hospital. It’s all true, I don’t deny it.”

“I’m not here to judge you, Heather. I’m here to help you. What do you intend to do after you are released from prison?”

“To tell you the truth, I hadn’t thought much about that, Marion. Who is going to employ me with my record?”

“Would you go back to nursing, Heather?”

“Well yes but as I said who is going to employ me? I’ve been in prison and have a record.”

“I would but you would be starting from the bottom. Remember, you have certificates that hold you in good stead.”

“Yes and I have to thank you for that. You encouraged me. you have a lot of faith in me, Marion, and I don’t deserve it.”

“That’s all in the past. You’d be starting from scratch and working to wipe the slate clean. I believe in you, Heather. You won’t let me down.”

I cried for the first time since this all blew up. Somebody believed in me but it was still some time before the prison gates would shut behind me and I left it all. Marion Kenny was a regular visitor to me till I was released. I still remember that time when I as a junior nurse had visited her house with a message from the hospital. Unseen, I had watched her use the cane on Dr. Lionel Hampton. They were happily married now.

I did say Millie and Dot were my protectors and a good job they made of it. Even so, that never deterred some women from trying to disfigure my face. I always felt uncomfortable and was forever looking round to see who was near me particularly in the showers. I had seen many a young innocent woman raped there as I described. The women I watched weren't interested in rape but to disfigure my face. I considered myself lucky to leave prison without any lasting damage to my person and a face not scarred for life by some knife or a razor blade.

I was released one day, accompanied by a guard of course, to attend the Christening of Megan's baby. Remember, I was the godmother to her baby. She gave birth to a lovely baby girl who she called Crystal. I had time to talk to her; she would be keeping her baby with her till she was released. There was every chance she would be released early because of the baby, providing she behaved herself in prison. As she had said, she would be using some of the money she wisely placed in a Swiss bank account and go back to nursing part-time. Like me, she was worried her record would keep her from returning to nursing work.

I mentioned the offer I had received from Sister Marion Kenny, now Matron of Sudbury General Hospital, and said I would put a good word in for her. Megan was quite delighted by that. Like me, she would have to start all over again from the bottom and would do so happily for her child's sake.

PROGRESSIVE PARTY FORTUNES

If you remember, at the time I was sent to prison the country was nearing an election. The bad publicity from the trial was doing the Progressive Party no good. They lost the election handily and Tom Williams resigned as PM. This left open who should become leader of the party and take them forward to the next General Election. Martin Townsend was taken out of office. He did retain his constituency of Sudbury Town with a very much reduced majority.

Martin, although having been flung out of office by Tom Williams, was greatly liked by his fellow party members. The fact he had stood up against the Prime Minister in the spy scandal found many members supporting him for party leader, much to his surprise. In the forthcoming ballot Martin Townsend found himself the easy winner. The hard work now started to make his party electable again. During that time Martin married Audrey Dickenson, the woman he had been engaged.

I was furious when I heard the news of his marriage; he could never marry me as I am a transsexual. Marty never even visited me in prison yet I must admit I still carried a torch for him. I loved him deeply. I am not proud of my past life but in a way I felt I had gone to prison for him. Like a fool I would have dropped my knickers for Marty any time, even if he was married.

I doubted that Marty loved Audrey Dickenson; she probably loved him, I didn't doubt. Marty had always said he would have given politics up just to live with me. That was in the past. I was already a convicted prostitute and a criminal serving a prison sentence, even though I may have had a few stolen moments in bed with him at number 11 Downing Street.

I had said to Marty that he should marry in my absence so I shouldn't have complained and I was more than willing to take on the role of his Mistress. It was

the only thing I could be in his life. Would he even remember me when I was released from this prison. Though? I did have a job for Marion Kenny had promised me one as a nurse again at Sudbury General Hospital of which she was now Matron. Marty had much to do with creating the new modern hospital that Sudbury General now was.

I was at last released from prison when my five years were up. I was never so glad as when I saw the back of the place; it was all bad memories. Hopefully I was heading for a new life. a better life, a new start. I had a lot to thank Matron Kenny for.

I was now back in Sudbury Town as a nurse once more and on a ward under another Nursing Sister. I had bought a flat; remember I still had a Swiss bank account.

I worked hard for my pay, if I say so myself. It was nothing like what I earned before as I laid on my back like the prostitute I was then. That was all given up. I was going straight; that life was over.

Matron Kenny did commend me whenever we met on the ward but that wasn't often for she was a busy woman. The only person that knew of my past was Matron Kenny. Not a word did she mentioned of me being in prison or my other activities to any of the others.

I had been working hard as a nurse for some four months when one night I received a phone call from, of all people, Martin Townsend. I must explain that when I was first sent to prison a General Election happened and not long after I was released, later another took place. Martin, as the leader of the Progressive party had won. He was now Prime Minister. Martin Townsend and the Progressive Party formed the Government.

Martin hadn't forgotten about me after all. He said he would explain many things to me after we met. *We*

were going to meet. My heart skipped a beat. I would do anything for that man, even if he was now married.

Marty asked me where I would like to meet him again. Stupid question. I would meet Marty anywhere.

“I’ll send a car to take you to Chequers for the weekend, Heather.”

This somewhat surprised me. Chequers and not number 10 Downing Street? Chequers was of course the country residence of the British Prime Minister. The other thing I wondered about was where was his wife in all this?

I packed my overnight case for I knew I would be at Chequers for the weekend and returned to Sudbury to start my shift as a nurse.

The Rolls Royce arrived with an MI5 driver and one other in the back with me. It was an uneventful journey as we pulled up in front of Chequers.

Marty was there to meet me as we entered the house. My case was taken from me, I presumed to the bedroom I would stay in during my stay.

“You look as pretty as ever, Heather. May I get you something to drink. Lunch will be served in an hour’s time. You may freshen yourself in the room I have had prepared for you,” was said by the ever charming Marty.

Soon I sat on the settee with a glass of Bacardi and Coke in my hand opposite Marty with his Scotch on the rocks. Marty sipped his glass slowly, then looked at me and spoke.

“Heather, you may think I’m a bit of a bastard and I don’t blame you. I never said a word at your trial about how you did your part in catching those spies. I never even came to see you in prison. There were

reasons. If the part you played became known, your life would have been in danger, even in prison. It would have been assumed you were working for Britain and targeted. We are dealing with very dangerous people. It was better you stay in prison for those five years for your actions with Dr. Steven McCulloch. Can you ever forgive me?"

Of course I could but I did remember the times my face could have been disfigured, the broken ribs and the times I had to submit my body to the advances of the prison governess and my cell mates Millie and Dot. What was the worse, death or what I faced in prison?

I hadn't asked Marty about his wife for she definitely wasn't here at Chequers. That could wait till after lunch.

Lunch was over and I had changed in to a more summery outfit. Marty offered to take me for a walk round the plager. This I was delighted to do for now I could ask him of the whereabouts of his wife.

"Marty," I asked him as we sat on a bench, "where is your wife?"

"She has gone with some girlfriends to Paris on a shopping trip for a few days, Heather. Why?"

"Does she know anything about me?"

"Good heavens no, not a word. All she knows is that I am here to work on some government things and for some relaxing."

"Am I one of things you are relaxing with, Marty? It makes me feel I am your bit on the side, here to be fucked at your pleasure," I came straight out with it.

“No, no, it’s nothing like that, Heather. I love you.”

“But not enough to tell your wife. Well, I won’t stand for it. I want some respect, Martin.”

“Exactly what do you mean, Heather?”

“I want your wife to know I am your Mistress and that she is not the only woman in your life.”

I had put Martin Townsend, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, on the spot and backed him in a corner.

“If this was France, Heather, our relationship would mean nothing to the general public for their Presidents and Prime Ministers are forever having mistresses. Wives have known it and said nothing. But this is England, not France.”

“Well, maybe it is time things changed in this country, Martin. I do not in the least mind that I am known as your Mistress. However we should play matters softly for now. Firstly, I want to have a talk with your wife woman-to-woman. We can deal with the press and media after.”

“You know something, Heather, you should have been in politics. You’re wasted as a nurse,” Marty laughed. “Audrey is a reasonable woman although one can never predict what she is going to do once I tell her I have a Mistress.”

“Leave it all in my hands. Just arrange the meeting, Marty.”

That night Marty and I did have sex, the kind of sex I would call aggressive on Marty’s part. I found my body used and abused. Whether our talk had put him in that mood, I don’t know. He held my face

tightly in his hands and kissed me roughly. I soon found I was offering my rear end to him, not by choice as he had forced me into that position. He ground his penis into me. It was a vicious attack on my body the likes of which Marty had never done to me before.

“Stop it! Stop it, Marty, you’re hurting me,” I told him.

His penis relentlessly went on. My pleadings were never heard, or if they were he wasn’t interested. Maybe his power as Prime Minister had gone to his head. I was his property and I belonged to him. As I have said many times I loved him and I endured such brutality to please him. I don’t know, maybe the pressure of that job builds upon a man and has to be released somehow. Maybe this show of brutality was one way of letting off steam.

To me there was no doubt that Martin Townsend was a changed man since becoming Prime Minister. He needed me, he wanted me; I was his outlet where he could relax and let off steam. Our relationship was changing but if you really love a man as I did Marty, you go with it. I found our lovemaking more violent than it had ever been before and I adapted to it.

As Marty’s Mistress I had a large part to play in his life and I helped keep him stable through the many difficult decisions he had to make in his political life. If only for my country and my love of Marty, I could endure his brutal attacks on my body.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

Marty, true to his word, arranged a meeting between me and his wife Audrey. He had not as yet mentioned our relationship to his wife. She must have known of my past through the papers and that I had served five years in prison.

The meeting took place at number 10 Downing Street one night at dinner for I had been invited.

What Audrey thought of me I cannot say. As Prime Minister, Marty was always inviting many who not necessarily thought of as along the same lines as himself. However what had he to do with a convicted prostitute?

There was no doubt Audrey was the perfect hostess for a Prime Minister. She had even done her homework and knew that I was now a nurse and going after from my past life.

After dinner, Marty made some excuse and said he would have to go to his study to write some letters, leaving me and Audrey to ourselves.

“So we meet at last, Miss Archer,” said Audrey. That gave me a hint that she had some idea about my relationship with her husband.

“Indeed we do, Audrey. I think you are a very perceptive woman. You probably know my history.”

“Yes Heather, if I may address you as such. You were Martin’s girlfriend before he became an MP. I can only make a guess as to why Martin invited you here tonight. You are the other woman, my rival for the affections of my husband.”

“Then we can come to the point. I am Marty’s Mistress. I have some idea you knew Marty had a Mistress?”

“Yes, I had that feeling ever since we married; there was something about our lovemaking that suggested that. I couldn’t put a finger on it till this meeting tonight.”

“Now that you know, what do you intend to do, Audrey? You can of course seek a divorce. That would end in a scandal with Martin out of office and the Progressive Party out of Government. As far as scandal goes, it means nothing to me for I can’t sink much lower. I do care for Martin. He has already done

so much for this country. His full potential is still to be achieved.

“I agree with all you say, Heather, and I will tolerate the likes of you. However I never want to see you again in my presence. Is that clearly understood.”

The lines had been drawn. Audrey had put her foot down. She was his wife and she knew her husband had a mistress. I was the mistress who could never marry Martin.

These secrets have been kept from the general public till now Others did come to know, even some members of the press, however nothing was ever said.

Martin Townsend and I had our secret meetings over the years at number 10, Chequers, and Sudbury.

We also exchanged correspondences in which Martin expressed his inner thoughts of matters of that time. Yes, you could call them love letters but as far as I was concerned they were more than that. The letters he sent to me will never be revealed till after my death for they did contain intimate sexual feelings we had for each other. Aubrey and I never saw each other again after that meeting at number 10 Downing Street.

Eventually, Martin Townsend, former Prime Minister of Great Britain, was knighted as is typical for ex-Prime Ministers. He became an Earl of Sudbury; his wife was the Countess and addressed as Lady Audrey. She involved herself in much charity work.

I remained a nurse till I retired. I make no apologies for my life. I had my good times, I had bad times but I wouldn't change a second of it.

The End