

# The Prime Minister's Mistress



A "New Woman" Novel



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# THE PRIME MINISTER'S MISTRESS

by Madeline Grey

I am a transsexual. My male name? Forget it. I have; as the old cliché says I was always a woman born in a male body. I am the Prime Minister's Mistress. You have never heard of me for Marty is a married man. M I 5 and all that lot who are security for the PM know all about me as it is their business to do so. Everything about me has been kept hush hush from the public.

What you are about to read is intended to be released to the public in fifty years' time when the PM's personal papers are declassified. It's called the Fifty Years act or something like that. I'm not clued in on these things. Then you will find out all about Marty's affair with me. Make no mistake, I would have been his wife if things had been different.

At the time when Marty and I fell in love, things were not as they are now. For a start there was no way to change a birth certificate from male to female.

Marriage is no problem legally for a transsexual nowadays. That was most certainly the case back then.

But at the time when Marty and I fell in love, it would have caused a scandal. I am sure it would have brought the government down. An election would have followed and the Progressives would have lost.

I did not realise at that time how much power I had from just opening my legs for Marty the Prime Minister!

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It all started well before Martin Townsend became Prime Minister. He wasn't even a Member of Parliament at the time. The local Progressive party was about to select a prospective candidate for the next general parliamentary election which would be years ahead. The Progressive party was not even in control of government at that time.

Sudbury City was held by the Progressives with a reasonable majority. It wasn't what you would call a safe seat by any means but neither was it a marginal one. It was one of these seats that were winnable by any party under the right circumstances.

I was a party member for I believed in many things the party stood for. However I was not so high up that I was part of the Sudbury City party selection committee, therefore I had no part in Marty's selection as the Progressive party candidate for Sudbury City. In fact I never met Marty until a General Election was called which was about eighteen months after he was selected as candidate for Sudbury City.

After his selection Marty came from time to time to Sudbury. He didn't live there but if elected, he would take a house within the city. It was my misfortune never to be present at times when Marty was in the city.

I had my op four years before I met Marty and was living as a woman without any hassle. I earned a living as a nurse at the local General Hospital in

Sudbury, something I always wanted to do. It's such a noble calling. In the past I had been a male nurse so there was no problem there. I had moved away from where I lived before so no one knew anything about me when I arrived in Sudbury. I lived on my own in a nice flat.

I was to see more of Marty once the election was called. During that time he hired a flat to live here in Sudbury until after the election.

The Saturday of that first week, Marty came to Sudbury Progressive party HQ to meet party workers. I was one of them, unpaid of course. The only reason I was there was because I was not working that day.

Barry Barnsfather chairman of the local Progressive party introduced us all.

"This is Miss Heather Archer, Martin."

His eyes met mine. There was something between us. I don't know what to call it. Sparkle?

"How nice to meet you, Miss Archer. I haven't seen you here before."

"Mr. Townsend, I'm afraid work has kept me away from here as much as I would like to help the party." I blushed.

"Of course Miss Archer, I understand. I'm afraid work is the curse to all of us. I do hope to see more of you during our campaign."

"I will give as much help to you and the party as I can, Mr. Townsend."

"I am sure you will, Heather, if I may be permitted to call you so."

I blushed once more but not the same kind of blush I gave the first time. I supposed that as a candidate, Martin had to be nice to all people. It's all part of being elected. But I had obviously taken to Martin. I had never really looked for a man friend up to that

point but make no mistake, I did want to be loved as a woman. I hadn't had my operation to live out the rest of my life unloved as the woman that I am.

For the rest of that day I carried on the usual work as a party helper; handing out party leaflets, knocking on doors, and putting the leaflets in letter boxes.

On the following Sunday night I was sitting before the television, watching some romantic play. It was the usual mindless nonsense: the hero sweeping the heroine into his arm and kissing her. That sort of thing.

The phone rang and I answered. "Hello, is that you, Heather? Martin Townsend here."

"Yes," I answered, wondering what our Progressive candidate wanted.

"Good. I wonder if you can help me. On Tuesday night I am giving a talk to the Young Mothers Association."

"Yes Mr. Townsend, I know that is on your agenda."

"Good girl! I like that you have your eye on these things. The thing is...well, going there without a woman such as you by my side just does not look right if you see what I mean. So I am asking you, Heather, if you could do me that favour."

My heart skipped a beat. "Of course I would be delighted to do so, Mr. Townsend, but don't you have a girlfriend or something?"

"I've never met the right woman yet, Heather although I live in hope that I will one day."

I say here and now that I fancied Martin and make no apologies for saying so. Then the thought occurred to me that maybe he was using me. After all, he is a politician. Then I thought that there were other single women in the Sudbury party he could have asked. That cheered me up.

“Of course, Mr. Townsend. I will be more than delighted to help our party campaign in any way I can.”

“I most sincerely thank you, Heather for helping me out of this hole. You were the first woman that came to my mind for this meeting. I shall pick you up, say, around quarter to seven at your flat on Tuesday night.”

You would have to have scraped me off the ceiling as I put the phone down. I was on Cloud Nine. But then I thought, “You’re only going to help the party candidate out. It’s not a date with some man, stupid.” Then something else struck me. I was on night duty at the Sudbury General Hospital that night from ten to seven in the morning. The ward Sister Kenny was a stickler for promptness but the meeting should be finished before ten, shouldn’t it?

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On that Tuesday I finished my night duty and as usual came back to my flat, made breakfast, then went to bed till about two in the afternoon. This was routine when I was on night duty. What was not routine was the time I was taking to pick the right outfit to wear to this meeting of the Young Mothers Association that Martin would be speaking at.

I decided the dress had to be blue, the party colour. But which of my blue dresses should I wear? I had three; which one would Martin approve of? I certainly didn’t want to be dressed like a tart so that ruled out the blue polka dot dress that stopped at the knee. The other two both were long and suitable but which one was better? I decided on the long plain blue dress. It was nothing fancy and might be right for there were going to be many other women at this meeting who would be watching whatever woman was at Martin’s side and her clothes. So my outfit should contain nothing controversial. Such things could conceivably sway votes and I did want to be the right woman for Martin.

I also felt the right jewellery was essential so I opted for a three-row pearl necklace and matching

earrings. I didn't overload myself on that score although I may well have wanted to for my man. He wasn't mine or anybody else's for that matter but I couldn't deny I wanted him.

I had spent so much time worrying about what clothes to wear that it was now time to apply my makeup which caused more difficulties. What kind of woman was Martin looking for? Definitely not a tart so the makeup was not plastered on. I took particular care in applying paint and face powder. Not too much powder and a light red lipstick and that was that. No mascara or eyeshadow. I hope Martin would appreciate all the trouble I was taking. The thought ran through my mind that all he wanted was a woman by his side and it just happened to be me for now.

I looked in my dressing table mirror at myself. If I do say so myself, my appearance as a woman is not all that bad. I am raven haired with large brown eyes. I have high cheekbones, a thin aristocratic nose, and a wide sensuous mouth. I am narrow-waisted, wide of hip and I have long, luscious legs. I am somewhat flat-chested although I contemplated doing something about those in the future with bigger implants. I have elongated thick nipples which should delight some man.

The time was fast approaching for Martin to pick me up and I kept fidgeting. Had I picked the right blue raincoat and blue leather handbag? I stood before the dressing table mirror, turning this way and that to see myself at all angles in the mirror.

Then the door bell rang. "It's him!" I thought, my heart pumping fast. Upon opening the door, there he stood in a stylish lightweight black plastic mac; double-breasted, with eight-button fastening and tie-up waist cord over a black evening suit and bow tie.

"Do come in, Mr. Townsend. I just have to put on my coat, then we can make our way to the meeting." As I put the coat on, I picked up my handbag.

"You do look pretty, Heather," said Martin.

“Well thank you, Mr. Townsend,” I replied and blushed.

“Oh, I think calling me Martin or Marty would be more suitable, don’t you?”

“Yes, if that’s what you want, Martin.”

We left my flat to his car waiting outside. As Martin drove to the meeting he became very chatty, telling me that he worked as a lawyer. If elected, he would give that job up to concentrate on a career in politics for he had always wanted to help others.

“And what sort of work are you involved in, Heather?”

“I’m in nursing Martin at the Sudbury General Hospital. As it so happens I am on duty tonight.”

“Very worthy profession. Lady with the lamp and all that. What time are you on duty, Heather?”

“At ten,” I answered.

“Then I shall drive you to the hospital after the meeting. That’s the least I can do, seeing as you’re helping me out of a hole.”

We arrived at the meeting which was well attended by young mothers. Martin was made welcome by the President and presented to those attending.

Martin launched into the party manifesto and what the party planned as benefits for young mothers and babies if he was elected. As a party worker, I knew all this by heart. He occasionally looked down from the platform above to where I sat below with other women. I would smile back knowingly. After about a half-hour Martin finished, after covering not just what the manifesto said about benefits for young mothers but other parts of party policy.

“Thank you, Mr. Townsend. That was most interesting and informative. I’m sure many here would like to ask you questions about your party policy,” said Madam President.

“I will be most happy to answer any questions that those here may wish to ask, Madam President.”

There followed a question and answer session during which I thought Martin was most efficient and effective in his answers. From my observation of those women around me, Martin had gone over well. I was sure he had picked up a few votes from the undecided. I looked at my wrist watch. The meeting was running long and I was going to be late at Sudbury General Hospital for duty. Sister Kenny would come down on me like a ton of bricks.

“You must join us in a cup of tea and a slice of cake, Mr. Townsend.”

“Of course, Madam President. I will be more than delighted.” Martin now came towards me to join him, taking my hand to sit beside him.

“Martin,” I whispered, “I’m going to be late for duty.”

“I’m so sorry, Heather, that’s my fault. Ladies, I’ve delayed Nurse Archer from her duty at the Sudbury General Hospital. I’m sure you will forgive me for we must go. Some other time perhaps.”

Martin made his excuses and we departed.

“I’ll explain everything when we arrive at the hospital. I’m sure they will understand.”

“I hope so, Martin. Sister Kenny is one of the old school and not the easiest person to get along with.”

Sudbury General Hospital is over a hundred years old, in need of needs modernism and I told Martin so.

“Then I shall fight for that once elected, Heather.”

Martin was to see fit or himself once we had passed through the wrought iron gate at the entrance and parked his car. We made our way to the nursing station in the middle of Ward 2. At the station were three nurses and Sister Kenny who was sitting writing reports. She glanced up as we approached.

“I’m so glad you found time for work, Nurse Archer. It must be a nuisance for you,” she said sarcastically.

“I’m so sorry, Sister. It’s entirely my fault. You see, we were at this meeting.” Before Martin could get any further, Sister Kenny interrupted him.

“I don’t know who you are, boyfriend or whatever. I’m not interested in excuses. Nurse Archer knows the rules.” Then looking at me, she continued. “For lateness you will be docked half a day wages. Get that muck off your face at once, we’re not running a knocking shop here. This is a ward full of sick people. Get to the changing room at once.”

I immediately made for the changing room and removed my makeup which I had taken care to apply so as not to look like a tart which Sister Kenny had implied I was. In the changing room were lockers containing our uniforms to which we changed into at the start of duty.

In my day nurse’s uniforms were not like the pantsuits that nurses wear now. I wore a blue dress over which a white pinafore apron was put. I had a black belt at the waist, heavy black stockings and flat black shoes. I placed a white cap on my head and I removed all my jewellery and pinned a pendant watch to the uniform.

As I came back to the ward, Martin was still there trying to convince Sister Kenny it was his entire fault that I was late for duty but she wasn’t listening.

“I’m afraid you will have to go for there is work to be done, Mr. Townsend. No doubt you will see Nurse Archer when she comes off duty in the morning. Goodbye.”

With that, poor Martin departed. I felt sorry for him.

In the morning as I came off duty at seven, I heard the peep of a car horn and there at the gate was Martin in his car waiting for me.

"I'm sorry for getting you into trouble, Heather. How can I apologise? Is there anything I can do?" he said as we drove to my flat.

"No not really, Martin. These things happen."

"But you have lost half a day's pay all because of me. I'll think of something, leave it to me."

By this time we had arrived at my flat. I invited Martin for a cup of tea and we chatted.

"Heather, I was going to ask you if you would accompany me to some of my meetings with various groups at night but I don't want to put you in any more trouble with Sister Kenny. She's a bit of an old battle-axe isn't she? Who would ever want to love her?"

I had just gotten friendly with Martin and wanted to know him better. "Martin, I could always help you out during the day."

"Could you, Heather? That would be very helpful during this election. It would help if you were at my side."

"I'm sure you could have other women with you at these night meetings." I didn't want any other women at his side. I knew I would be jealous if that happened but I did want Martin to win.

"I'll think about that Heather but I would prefer you. Whatever happens in this election, I want to see more of you."

Those words had my heart beating faster than it ever had in the past.

"I will only be too happy to comply with that wish for it is mine as well."

"Thanks for the cup of tea, Heather. I mustn't keep you from your beauty sleep." With that, Martin swept me into his arms and kissed me. I put up no resistance. It was our first kiss but it would not be the last. I went to bed in a dreamy way, having fallen in love

with Martin and dare I say it, I think Martin was in love with me.

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I was to find out what Martin said about Sister Kenny being an old battle-axe was not true. She did have love in her heart for the right man as I was about to find out.

Sister Kenny was a single woman in her forties and she had been a devoted nurse all her adult life. A tall woman with blonde hair, she never wore makeup, at least not on duty. She always seemed to have a stern-looking face and she was not afraid to give a piece of her mind to the younger doctors when they would visit the ward. There was no doubt they feared to visit Ward 2 where she was Ward Sister except for one doctor who was around the same age as Sister Kenny, Dr. Hampton. They seemed on rather friendly terms. They were actually very friendly with each other, as I was to find out.

Sister Kenny was on leave for a week and Staff Nurse Thompson was left in charge of the ward.

“Nurse Archer, would you do me a favour? Drop these reports off with Sister Kenny at her home please. I know it is on your way back to your flat.”

“I thought Sister Kenny was on leave, Staff Nurse?”

“She is but Sister Kenny is a very conscientious and caring nurse. Even though she is on leave she still wants to see the reports on some patients in this ward.”

“I will be more than happy to do so, Staff Nurse.”

So there I was in my old beat-up car (you can't afford much else on my pay) heading home. Sister Kenny lived in a nice residential part of town, a house on its own with a front garden. I stopped in front, walked up the garden path and knocked on the door. No answer. I suppose I should have put the envelopes

through the letter box for maybe she wasn't at home just then. However I gave the door a push. It opened. There was no one in sight so I stepped in. I was about to call out for her when I heard a noise coming from one of her rooms. I went nearer to the room.

THWACK! SMACK! SWISH! and another SMACK!

I quietly opened the door just enough to peer into the room. There before my eyes was a most amazing sight; a naked Dr. Hampton at the end of a bed. The bed itself was a magnificent traditional Victorian brass bed with solid brass horizontal and vertical bars, capped with intricate spun brass collars, and legs topped with large bed knobs. The headboard stood 52 inches high while the tailboard was 42 inches.

It was the tailboard that attracted my attention for there was the naked Dr. Hampton with his hands on the top curved horizontal rail of the tailboard that ran from one brass knob to the other, his feet on the highly polished wooden floor. At his side stood Sister Kenny, cane in hand with her back to me.

The cane was raised and smartly descended on Dr. Hampton exposed buttocks a number of times. How many times that cane descended on Dr. Hampton's backside before I arrived, I have no idea.

"You are such a naughty boy, Lionel, aren't you? Don't do it again otherwise you'll get more of the same." This was Sister Kenny speaking.

That warning didn't seem to deter Dr. Hampton for the warning words of Sister Kenny only caused him to have an erection, a large one.

"Oh Marion," he said as he swept Sister Kenny into his arms. She made no attempt to discourage this advance. Dr. Hampton hands were now at the back of Sister Kenny's dress, a nice sparkling blue one. I must admit I never seen her dressed so well. I could see his hand had immediately gone to the top of her dress at the back and I heard the sound of a zipper being pulled down. I watched, fascinated, as her dress fell all about her to the highly polished floor.

There my ward sister stood in a white slip, embracing Dr. Hampton. She had a hand on his erection, but not for long. The tall blonde woman found herself lifted by Dr. Hampton and placed on her bed.

“Oh Lionel,” she sighed as the doctor climbed on bed beside her. I thought maybe it was time to make myself scarce as the doctor was now on top of Sister Kenny and she was opening her legs. I thought I heard the squeak of bed springs as I quietly left the house.

I went back to my car to wait till Dr. Hampton left the house. For all I knew he could be staying the night. I certainly wasn't going to hang on that long.

As I always say, what consenting adults do in private is nobody else's businesses, certainly not mine. That, however, didn't stop me from speculating as to which kind of games Sister Kenny and Dr. Hampton played. Whatever it was, they certainly seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Yes, they certainly must have been enjoying themselves. I looked at my wrist watch; it was over an hour and a half since I left the amorous scene. If nobody emerged within the next half hour, I was going home.

I was keeping a constant eye on the front door of Sister Kenny's house. I was about to give up and leave when the front door opened. There stood Sister Kenny, still in the white slip, with her arms round Dr. Hampton's neck. He had his arms round her waist and they were passionately kissing.

As Dr. Hampton left to go to his car, I noticed the smile on his face looked like the cat that got the cream. As the doctor left, I quickly made for the front door, knocked and waited. I heard some hurried activity inside. Eventually the door opened and there stood Sister Kenny in a quilted printed lavender housecoat which had two side pockets and a little stand-up collar. She wore a pair of pink fluffy open toe mules. She quickly buttoned the front of the housecoat although that hadn't stopped me from seeing her white slip underneath.

“Staff Nurse sent me with these reports, Sister Kenny. She said you wanted them urgently,” I said handing her the envelopes.

“Oh yes, yes, Nurse Archer. Do come in, that was good of you.” I was invited to her living room.

“I’ll make us a cup of coffee seeing you have taken so much trouble, Nurse.”

Sister Kenny had makeup on, not much I must admit but it included face powder and lipstick, plum coloured. Having had her back to me when I peeked in her bedroom, I couldn’t see that. I was sure she had stockings on at that time but she wore none now.

I was seeing a different side of Sister Kenny from the hard nose battle-axe that some nurses called her. Maybe I shouldn’t say this but the good fucking I’m sure Dr. Hampton gave her did her a world of good. It seemed to make her more human.

Sister Kenny came back with a couple of mugs of coffee and a plate of biscuits. We talked mainly about nursing matters.

“Sister Kenny, I thought I saw Dr. Hampton leave here a few moments ago.” I was curious to see how she would answer this. I can be a devil at times.

“Ah well... yes, it was just a social call. Lionel is a nice man that way, Nurse Archer. I wouldn’t mention that to anyone in the ward.”

“Of course not, Sister. Does Dr. Hampton visit you often, socially of course?”

Sister Kenny didn’t answer. It may have occurred to her if I had seen Dr. Hampton leave, I would probably have seen her in her lingerie and kissing him.

I would never have mentioned what I saw to anyone. That was Sister Kenny’s private life and no one’s business. I was just glad she had some love in her life, whatever form it took. I did however take the liberty of sometimes addressing her as Marion. She

never remanded me for that which she would have done with some other nurse.

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The electioneering was in full blast and I found myself nearly full-time with Martin most afternoons. Not that I minded, I welcomed it for it meant Martin and I were closer to each other.

One day Martin said to me, "You know, Heather, you are right about Sudbury General Hospital. It does need modernising for the present age. I have a plan that it should be one great structure and incorporate all departments within it. As you know, there are various hospitals spread all over Sudbury. Maternity is in one place, children's in another. It makes sense that there should be one hospital catering for all. That Victorian structure should be knocked down and a new modern hospital constructed in its place with all the latest equipment there."

"I couldn't agree with you more, Martin. In fact, although Sister Kenny gave you a lot of stick, she's been in the forefront of advocating the same."

"Is she indeed? Then maybe I have an ally for I do not intend to let the matter rest. Should I be elected, this will be brought up in Parliament. Not only that but I am going to hold a press conference to highlight the fact that people's lives are at stake."

"It could cost a lot of money, Marty."

"I have no doubt it will, Heather, millions but what is that compared with people's lives? I would ask a favour from you, Heather."

"Anything I can do to help you be elected, Marty, just ask."

"When this conference is all set up, I want you by my side, not as you are but in your nurse uniform. That could communicate a lot better what we seek for

Sudbury and the surrounding district. I hope you don't mind, Heather."

"No, of course not if you think that will help."

I perceived Martin Townsend was a man of great foresight and would go far in political circles, never imagining then that he would reach the very top.

It was one night while on duty that I mentioned to Sister Kenny what Marty intended to do regarding Sudbury Hospital.

"I am behind this boyfriend of yours all the way, Nurse Archer. If there is any way I can help, just ask. I'm sure Dr. Hampton could also be persuaded as well."

I was sure he could be persuaded by Sister Kenny after seeing the goings on between the pair. But in all seriousness it was true that Dr. Hampton had previously spoken out that Sudbury City needed a new hospital instead of the antiquated present General one.

I relayed this information to Martin.

"Great news, Heather. I will have a talk with Sister Kenny and Dr. Hampton. They could very

well help at the press conference. I have it all set up for next Wednesday for coverage by local TV, radio coverage and papers. The only snag it is on prime time TV which is awkward for you, Heather."

"For this cause, Marty, I will take the day off."

"Such a great sacrifice you are making. Heather. There must be something I can do to make this up for you?"

As things happened, Marty need not have worried once he talked with Sister Kenny and Dr. Hampton about them coming to the press conference. They in turn talked to the hospital board who of course were in favour of the suggestion and we all got the evening off with no loss of pay.



To say the least I was nervous that night about the press conference. Marty was very composed and in command of the situation. Sister Kenny and Dr. Hampton were also very composed. I could understand that from Sister Kenny for she expected to be obeyed like the strict disciplinarian she was.

Sister Kenny was never one to mince her words. Before the conference started she informed Martin, "I never voted for your party but when it comes to Sudbury Hospital, that is a different matter. I will give you all my support for this city needs a new hospital. If you are going to push for one, then I am right behind you."

"I appreciate that, Sister Kenny. We may disagree on some matters but on this we both agree. I will fight for this hospital no matter which party you support. It is for the common good of all."

We were only minutes from the programme starting and were placed in chairs in front of the man fronting the programme. We could see the monitor screen as the opening title music stated. The programme heading came on the TV screen. "Sudbury Tonight"

Harold Lumley, the presenter, opened the program up. "Tonight, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are here to discuss a vital question that concerns all within the community of Sudbury City, our hospitals. This of course affects everyone, no matter your political view. Tonight we have Mr. Martin Townsend from the Progressive Party, Dr. Lionel Hampton, a senior doctor at Sudbury General Hospital, Sister Marion Kenny and Nurse Heather Archer also from that hospital. To start off, I would ask Mr. Townsend about his plans for Sudbury Hospital."

"First of all, thank you Mr. Lumley for inviting me on your programme. This gives me the opportunity to express my proposal that a new up-to-date hospital be built in Sudbury Town, for the town and outlying districts.

"I have to say that I can take no credit whatsoever for this proposal as there were others more fore-

sighted than I who suggested such.” Marty looked at Sister Kenny and Dr. Hampton.

“However having said that, if elected as the MP for Sudbury Town I will do all in my power to see such is built for the people of Sudbury. In fact I will go further. I pledge that it *will* be done. If not, people can vote me out when the next election comes along. I visualise a multi-story hospital that incorporates all departments in one place; maternity, children’s care etc. It should have a room for each patient, the best of facilities and equipment for nurses and doctors, more operating theatres than at present and a helicopter pad on top of the hospital. Let’s not forget that Sudbury Hospital is the nearest facility to some islands offshore. I have asked some of those who work in the hospital to come here to support me.”

Sister Kenny cut in here. “Every word Mr. Townsend has said, I whole heartily agree with. This is something Sudbury Town has needed ever since I became employed at the hospital. I will even lead a picket line outside Parliament if need be.”

Sister Kenny was not in her sister’s uniform. She wore a smart dress and did have some makeup on.

Dr. Hampton joined in on the praise for Martin. “I agree with everything Sister Kenny has said. I will even join her in that picket.”

“I thank you for your support, Sister Kenny and Dr. Hampton. Let us hope it may never go that far and those in power may see sense, whatever their political persuasions,” thanked Martin Townsend.

During this conversation I said nothing as I sat in my nurse’s uniform. I just sat there looking pretty, hoping no one was going to ask me a question.

“Mr. Townsend, don’t you think this will cost the government a lot of money? At present they are trying to save money and costs.”

“Mr. Lumley, my party is not yet in government so we don’t know the figures they are talking about. Whatever they are, I am sure you would consider this

a priority no matter the financial situation. Money must be found for people's lives are at risk. As for money, we are talking in the range of several millions."

"Would you oppose your party if you are told there is no money for this scheme, Mr, Townsend?"

"Mr. Lumley, my party is a caring party and would listen to what I have to say. I feel so passionately about this cause that I will keep bringing it up in the House of Commons."

"That could be very awkward, Mr. Townsend, as the polls suggest the election is very tight and if the Progressives win, your majority will be small. Would you make waves for your party in government?"

"Whatever the majority, I don't intend to let the matter rest, Mr. Lumley."

"Even should the Prime Minister tell you to leave it alone, Mr. Townsend?"

"I would regret such a situation should it ever arise but my loyalties are with the people of Sudbury, no matter what party they voted for."

"Then you would be a party rebel, Mr. Townsend?"

"I would hope that situation will never arise and you are talking in hypothetical terms. However should such a conflict come about, then I must back those who elected me but we have not yet reached that situation. I have to win the seat yet."

"I wonder if any other candidates for Sudbury Town would be as brave as to put their head on the line as Mr. Townsend has, Mr. Lumley. I have yet to hear so." This was Sister Kenny speaking. She was not one to hold back down on her opinions.

"Good point, Sister Kenny. I will offer time for any candidate to say his piece on a subject that must be in the mind of all from Sudbury City. Tell me, Nurse Archer, what are your views on this subject?"

I was now on the spot. Marty was used to this sort of thing. As for Sister Kenny, she was not afraid to let loose on any matter.

“I must agree with all that has been said. I have worked in better equipped hospitals than Sudbury General. This city needs all that Martin Townsend has said.” I surprised myself that I had the courage to even say that. Then I added, “I hope he is elected MP.” Well, I would say that, wouldn’t I?

Martin smiled at me. I was happy.

“There you have it, folks. I have invited the local press here to ask questions. It is open to them now,” finished the programme presenter.

Martin took the brunt of the questions although Sister Kenny received a few. I thought Marty handled things well. This appearance certainly didn’t do him any harm in the election.

Martin thanked all of us for taking part in the programme.

“You did well, Heather.”

“I didn’t really say anything Martin.”

“What you did say was relevant, Heather. I wanted someone who was a nurse from the hospital to be here and speak. I was impressed.”

I didn’t know whether he was or not. His saying so certainly made me happy but as I kept saying to myself, he is a politician and it is their job to make people happy. That’s how they get elected.

“Can I give you a lift home, Sister Kenny? It’s on the way back to Heather’s place.”

“That’s most kind of you, Mr. Townsend, however Dr. Hampton will take me home. Won’t you, Lionel?”

Dr. Hampton’s face lit up. “Of course, Marion. It will be my pleasure.”

Ah, but what *kind* of pleasure? I said to myself, remembering that day I was an unexpected voyeur.

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There was only a day left till polling. It was all hustle and bustle at Sudbury Progressive HQ.

“Heather I’ve got you a pass to be at the count in the town hall tomorrow night. It will go into the early hours of the morning. It’s not going to clash with your work, is it?”

“No Martin, I’ve taken time off just for that.”

“Good. I wouldn’t want anyone else at my side when the result is announced, darling.”

“Do you think you will win, Martin?”

“I’m quietly confident about winning the seat, Heather.”

“Do you think the party will win the election?”

“That’s a different matter. If I am honest, I think it will be very tight but I do think we will get there with a small majority.”

“Remember your pledge, Martin. If the party wins with a small majority, you may well be in trouble.”

“I can’t forget it. No matter what, I intend to see this through. I have made the pledge and intend to keep it. The people of Sudbury City will judge me by it.”

I couldn’t help worrying about Martin should he and the party win the election.

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Polling day came. I was up early for much would need to be done for the party. I had made my beat-up

old car available to ferry supporters to and from polling stations, mainly schools. I hardly saw Marty during polling time for he was doing the same with his car as well as a bit of last minute electioneering. At ten that night we all assembled at Progressive party HQ to go to the count.

“Run your car home, Heather. I’ll be right behind you, then we will go to the count,” said Martin.

It was nice and comfortable sitting beside Marty as we made our way to the Town Hall. It was full inside with supporters from all parties contesting this parliamentary seat. By now ballot boxes were arriving from all districts of Sudbury City and were emptied on tables where counting started.

Marty took my arm as he wandered round the tables, taking note of the bundle of votes for him. “Reference where those who voted for me are coming from, Heather. Next election we can concentrate more there.”

It was coming on to one in the morning when Marty gathered our party workers round him. “The result should be announced in about half an hour’s time. I think a burger and coffee for all is needed till the result is announced.”

Marty paid for all, the least he could do for his volunteer supporters.

“Do you think we will win the seat, Martin?” asked someone.

“From my own observation, I am sure we have it. I may even have increased our majority. Fortune is going our way and we are winning seats from the government party. However the celebrations cannot start yet for it is going to be tight right down to the wire.”

Marty was defending a majority of some 4,000, a winnable seat if things went their way. But as we were seeing from the television screens, the government was losing seats to the Progressives. As Marty had said, it was close.

Marty was asked to go to the platform as the returning officer was about to announce the result. My heart was beating so fast for my man. That's how I regarded Marty. *My man.*

There were five contenders for the Sudbury City parliamentary seat and the result was given in alphabetical order. Marty was last. Marty had not only won but increased his majority from 4,000 to over 8,000.

He made a speech thanking the returning officer and all the other candidates for making it such a clean fight. As he descended from the platform, I was about to rush to him and congratulate Marty but was beat to it as the press and TV cameras surrounded Marty with a load of questions.

"Mr. Townsend, if your party wins tonight, and it looks very tight, do you still intend to press for this new hospital for Sudbury City?" was asked.

"The final result has not been delivered yet, however the voters of Sudbury City have shown faith in me. I cannot let them down. I must pursue that goal."

"Would you rock the boat should your party win with a small majority against a Prime Minister that tells you not to ask such questions?"

"Thank you for all your questions, gentlemen. I think the answers to what you ask will come in time." With that, Marty left the crowd of journalists.

My arm was taken by Marty. "It has been a long day for all, Heather. It's time we went home."

As he dropped me off at my flat, we kissed just like our first kiss.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Heather, when we are all in better shape." And with that, he was gone.

I was so tired I didn't wait up to watch the election results as they came in.

I awakened on Friday morning with a phone call from Marty.

“Heather, I’ll meet you at Progressive Party HQ, say about one. Is that okay?”

Soon, I was in the main hall, Marty at my side. He had gathered all there round him.

“I know many I would wish to see be here are at work. I sincerely thank all for the hard work they have put in to have me elected as the MP for Sudbury City. I do hope the faith people have put in me will be realised. Once again, I thank you all.” A polite round of applause was received from those present.

“Heather, let us retire to the reading room and watch the rest of the election results.”

County shire constitutes spread over a wide area would be announced as would those from islands for it would take time to gather ballot boxes at those places for the count.

There was a television screen set up for all to watch. Since eight that morning there had been a sort of lull; no more results had come in. The rest would come that afternoon. The present standing still gave the government a small lead of five.

As I sat beside Marty, he said, “We have won, Heather.”

“How do you know that, Martin? The government party has a lead of five.”

“Yes but twenty results are still to be declared and fifteen we hold with a substantial majority. The way things are going, I wouldn’t expect the party to lose them. So if my math is correct, fifteen minus five leaves ten with five that could go either way. At the very least, we will have a majority of five. It will be a busy time in parliament for me as an MP whichever way it goes.”

Marty certainly knew his politics for as we watched, the fifteen seats he mentioned were all won by the Progressive Party. Of the other five, we won one after a recount.

“We won!” I said, gloriously happy.

Marty, with more caution than me, said, “It is true the Progressives have a majority over the other parties but not an overall majority, Heather. We will need support from the lesser parties to pass bills through Parliament. However I expect the Queen will ask Tommy Williams, our party leader, to form a government.”

That somewhat diminished any celebrations I may have had in mind.

“Heather, time is passing and you will need to get ready for duty. We don’t want any

run-ins with Sister Kenny again, do we? I’ll take you home. Tomorrow night we will meet for a meal, what do you say?”

What would I say? What would you expect but an enthusiastic yes? After that night I would be off duty till Monday.

Saturday night Marty picked me up from my flat. I had dolled myself up, perfume scented bath and all that. I was wearing a stunning black outfit, figure hugging.

“You really do look a beautiful woman, Heather. I am more than honoured that you should be by my side tonight.”

Like any woman you like to hear such compliments and especially from the man you love.

Marty took me to one of the best restaurants in the city. It had first class service and the meal was delicious.

“Heather, I said to you once that I never found the right woman for me but that has changed since I met you. I have now met the one for me. Heather, we have seen plenty of each other since this campaign started. You freely gave up your spare time to help me. I appreciate that there was no need for you to do

that. I have bought a little present to show my appreciation and also my love for you.”

Marty then took a small presentation box out his jacket pocket. He opened it to display a Sterling Silver and Crystal necklace and matching earrings.

“Oh, you shouldn’t have, Marty. I don’t deserve this.”

“Oh but you do, Heather. May I?”

Marty proceeded to remove the necklace from the box, remove my existing necklace and replace it with the one he was presenting to me. I took the two stud earrings, removed the ones I had in my ears and put the ones Marty had purchased in my pierced ears. I then took my compact from my handbag, flipped it open, and looked in the small mirror. I was pleased with everything I saw. I gave Marty a big sloppy kiss.

“I take it from that you liked it, Heather?”

“Of course I do, Marty and I must confess that I love you too.”

“In that case I must ask a favour of you again. I said if I won here in Sudbury City, I would have to find somewhere to live locally. From what I see of the election results, I am going to be a busy man in Parliament and time is of the essence. What I am trying to say, Heather, is that during the week I am going to be occupied in the House of Commons and house hunting is something I will not be able to find time for. The favour I would like you to do for me is to look for a house here for me. Of course the final decision will be mine. I will also have to look for a flat near Parliament for when it is in session. God knows where I will find the time to do that also. Would you be so kind as to do that for me, Heather?”

“Oh course. I will anything I can do to help you.”

We did kiss when Marty took me back to my flat; apart from that nothing improper took place. I considered him a gentleman. Of course there are times

when you cannot keep your love for a man under control. This was not one of them.

I was on hand when Marty left on the Monday by train to make his way to the Houses of Parliament. He phoned on Monday night. "It's all go here, Heather. One of my fellow MPs has suggested some flats I may wish to look at while Parliament is in session. We are in the middle of swearing-in at present so I could squeeze some time in for that. The PM had given us all a pep talk, especially new boys like myself. Be prepared for long sleepless nights for he does want to get a few bills through before calling for an election. How's the house hunting going, sweetheart?"

"The estate agent had ringed three places to look at. I will give them the once-over and report back to you, however the final decision will be left to you."

"Yes but I shall take in any suggestions that you may add, dear."

Everything was going fine between Marty and me. I was in love with him and it seemed he was with me. Doesn't the world look a great place when you are in love? I had looked at a cottage just outside of Sudbury City he could come back to after a hard week at the House of Commons.

That first weekend back from House of Commons, Marty was pleased with the cottage.

"Just what I was looking for, Heather. I'll arrange to have my things transferred over next week."

"Have you mentioned anything about the hospital in the House, Marty?"

"I haven't forgotten. I had a meeting with the PM in private and he came straight out with it. He said my cause was worthy and he agrees with everything I said, however this is not the time to bring it up. I can lay the grounds to bring such a bill up and he won't stop me. However, he said, being an old parliamentarian, he could tell me exactly what would happen. It won't be passed simply because there is no time to.

He expects to hold an election before that. He suggested I leave it till we have a decent majority, then I will have the full backing of the party.

“I believe that would be a wise decision. I may have let a lot of people down for the present but I shall not forget, believe me.”

I did for I was sure Martin Townsend was an honest politician, not something people can say about most politicians.

It was a tired Martin that came back home every weekend on a Friday night. Even so on Saturday he had to listen to constituents and take note of any complaints or matters that concerned them. Sunday was a day for writing letters about previous matters brought to him.

Our romance was slow. We did kiss from time to time and Martin would on an occasional Saturday night take me for a meal.

“Heather, I would be more than delighted to ask you to come to London with me. However we wouldn’t see much of each other for at present most of my time is taken up in the House of Commons.”

“I understand, Marty.”

“I really couldn’t have a better woman than you, Heather. I do love you.”

I blushed. Over the time Marty was away, I supervised his belongings when the removal vans arrived. Martin informed me that as an MP he had to be one full-time; therefore he had given up his practice as a solicitor. Of course his experience in that field was more than valued by the party in the formulation of many bills the party wanted to put through Parliament. He may not have realised it then but he was to become very valued to his party in future years. The second term of government by the Progressive Party came, as Marty, forecast just over a year after they won the one in which Martin had become an MP.

During the first days after that election, Martin received a summons by the PM to Number 10. He was honoured and expected some junior appointment for one wasn't typically called before the PM unless there was something on offer.

The great man sat at his desk as Martin stood in front of him.

"Martin, I have given serious thought about you. It is time for new faces in our party. I won't be here forever. I have singled you out for one of the most important jobs in government, having seen your help and advice during the last Parliament. It's a job I think you will like and devote all your time to. I am making you Attorney General."

"But Sir, I've only been an MP just over a year. There must be others more worthy than me."

"I wouldn't be asking you if I thought so, Martin. The amount of time one is a MP has nothing to do with it. I know you will make a success of the task, I have a feeling about you, Martin."

When Martin told me of his promotion, I was highly delighted for him. He was on the way up in the political ladder.

"Heather," he said one weekend, "I've bought a house outside of London instead of a flat. Things are not so hectic now that we have a majority of over a hundred. I was thinking maybe now would be the right time for you to visit me, that is if you can find the time, of course."

"Yes Marty, that would be nice. I have some vacation to take and to spend it with you would be wonderful."

I had never been to London before and I decided that a new hairdo was in order as well as a new dress. It was time I got one, I was meeting my boyfriend and I really wanted to doll myself up for him.

Marty met me as I got off the train at Kings Cross. We kissed, he took my overnight case and we made

our way to his chauffeur-driven car. Being the Attorney General, nothing less than a Rolls Royce would do. All just part of the job.

“Where are we going, Marty?” I asked.

“My house, Heather dear, followed by some lunch, then I’ll show you round the Houses of Parliament. Tomorrow we will do some sightseeing.”

It was only when we sat down to lunch at a quaint old English pub called the “Dog and Duck” that I realised my overnight case had been left at his house. That could only mean one thing; Martin wanted to sleep with me. Don’t get me wrong, I had the same desire but there were problems.

After a hectic day with Marty and being seen round Parliament, we were driven to his country house.

“I’ll pick you up around eight tomorrow, Sir,” said his chauffeur

“Yes please do, Harry. I’m not going to Whitehall. I am doing a tour of London for Miss Archer’s benefit.”

“Very good, Sir,” said his chauffeur and left with the Rolls.

We had had something to eat earlier.

“Drink, Heather? I’ll pour you out a Martini.”

“Yes, that would be nice,” I said as Martin poured out a whiskey on the rocks for himself.

“It must be wonderfully exciting being the Attorney General, Marty, meeting all these people?”

“I must admit it has its advantages. I’m only in the job but a few weeks. I was a solicitor so although it throws up many things I may not have come across before, my previous experience does help. But let us not get involved in serious matters. I get enough of that in the House, darling. It’s you I’m more interested in. As I’m sure you can tell, I have fallen in love with you.”

So saying, Martin put his hands round me and we kissed passionately. Nothing unusual about that; we had done that many times before. What was not usual, however, was that Martin started to unbutton my white blouse?

I gently put a hand down to stop further exploration.

“No Martin, please. I’m not sure if I am ready for that. It’s not that I don’t love you. I do but this is not the right time.”

Martin withdrew his hand at once. There was silence between us for a moment.

“I’m sorry, Heather. I respect you, please believe me. I would never do anything against your wishes.”

“It’s getting late, Martin, time I went to bed.”

“Yes of course.” No more was said as I retired to the spare room where my overnight case lay on the bed.

I considered the situation. I was a transsexual. During the times I am talking of, that situation was not like it is today. For a start, I couldn’t change my birth certificate from male to female and same sex marriages weren’t allowed. I could change my driving licence to my female name which I had already done. I could change my name to a female Christian name as I already had. So everything was stacked against me. Martin knew nothing of my past. I had never considered myself as male but I knew that someday Martin would need to know the truth.

I couldn’t marry as a woman. I could get married but not to another man and it was a man I wanted to marry. The only way I could have sex was as a woman as my body was now formed female. Still under the laws in effect at that time, I was considered a man in many ways. I loved my man as a woman, however. I wanted him to have my body as any woman does. But society told me I couldn’t. I cried myself to sleep that night. Why, why was I born this way? Had God played some cruel joke on me?



My eyes were still red that morning as we ate breakfast.

“Is there something wrong, Heather?” Martin asked me.

“No, oh no,” I said as I took a hanky from my handbag to wipe my eyes. I wasn’t the most pleasant of companions to Marty that day as we toured round London, sightseeing. I probably wasn’t aware of many things he pointed out to me.

“Darling, I think a visit to Burlington Arcade would be have interest to you, don’t you think?”

I was so deep in thought about yesterday’s events I didn’t realise where we were. I took Marty’s arm and we proceeded to enter the arcade. It was then I noticed it was full of jeweller’s shops, expensive ones at that. There were some of the most beautiful and expensive rings I have ever seen. “Why has Marty taken me here?” Was my thought. The answer came quickly.

“What do you think of that, Heather?” Marty was pointing at a diamond ring displayed in the jeweller’s window. It was a very nice ring, with an equally nice price tag.

“Do you like it, Heather?”

“Yes, it is nice.”

Before I could say any more, I found myself standing in the shop and Martin talking to the assistant there.

The assistant disappeared into the back and reappeared with a tray of rings.

“Pick whatever you like, darling. It’s our engagement ring,” Martin smiled at me.

Any girl would have been delighted to hear such words from the man she loved. I was yet at the same time I knew there were problems ahead.

“You do love me, don’t you, Heather?”

Of course I did and I certainly didn’t want to hurt Martin’s feelings toward me. I went through the procedure of picking a ring. I could see Martin was sparing no expense as I looked at the price tabs on the tray of rings. I picked what I thought was a nice ring with a big diamond.

He placed it on my finger and we kissed.

“We will do it right, Heather, and preserve your body till after the wedding.”

I said nothing. I couldn’t marry him and I yearned so much for him to have me.

The vacation was soon over and I was once again back at work in the Sudbury General Hospital.

One day Sister Kenny called me into her office.

“Nurse Archer, I’ve been watching you in the ward closely.”

“Uh oh,” I said to myself, “what have I done now? I’m about to get a rocket from the old battle axe.”

“Yes, Sister?”

“You are a very hard working nurse and a competent one, if I may say so.”

“Thank you, Sister Kenny.”

“I haven’t finished, Nurse Archer. I think that you could do better for yourself if you care to take higher exams in nursing. It could lead to better pay and that will always help,” she said, looking at my engagement ring.

“However it may mean you leaving here to go to other hospitals but that is entirely up to yourself, Nurse Archer.”

“Thank you, Sister Kenny. I did have something of the sort in mind but your encouragement certainly will spur me on.”

“Oh by the way, how are you and your boyfriend getting on?”

“As you can see we are engaged and as Attorney General he will soon be putting his plans for Sudbury General Hospital before Parliament.”

“Good to see he hasn’t forgotten about us, despite what the papers say. Wedding bells soon, Nurse Archer?”

I never answered.

It is funny how you can misjudge people. My opinion about Sister Kenny was changing. She did care about all the nursing staff under her after all. Maybe her bark was worse than her bite.

I enrolled myself in a course of higher nursing during the week; this meant between shifts at Sudbury General and my studies that I had hardly time to breathe. At the weekend, Martin was back to Sudbury and his usual consultations with the general public on Saturday.

During the time since we had gotten engaged, I had given serious thought to my situation. There was no way I could marry Martin. I desperately wanted to but the law said such marriages were forbidden. If the marriage had not been forbidden, I could preserve my virginity till after the ring was on my finger and remained the prim and proper virgin. I was being forced into a corner; whether I liked it or not, I felt I had to prove my love for Marty by giving him my virginity.

I made the decision to make love to Martin. I think it came somewhat as a surprise to him for I am sure he was resigned to breaking my maidenhead only after we wed.

I softly said to him one night as we lay dreamily in each other's arms, "Marty, the time is right. I'm ready for you to have my body."

He said nothing but took my hand as we made our way to his bedroom. The merging of two bodies into one is wonderful when you are in love. I spent the night in bed with Martin in that cottage, something I had never done with any man. We were deeply in love.

I no longer felt ashamed of what I was doing. We were sleeping together regularly, not just at his cottage outside Sudbury but also whenever I visited him in London.

I was exceedingly happy as I had found the man for me. I could never love another man. That was to cause problems later, funny as it may seem.

Sister Kenny seemed also exceedingly happy for she, too, now had an engagement ring on her finger.

"Who is the lucky man?" I asked her as if I didn't know.

"Lionel asked the question while we were on holiday in the Riviera."

"That's nice, Sister. Have you a date in mind for the wedding?"

"We are not rushing things, just taking them as they come. Lionel is looking around for a house."

"I wish you and Lionel well, Marion." Sister Kenny and I were now on first name terms.

"Thank you, Heather." Then she whispered in confidence. "Lionel has now moved in with me."

I never said a word but I was happy for her. It was none of my business as to what kind of arrangement existed between the pair, sexual or otherwise.

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A year or so later, a number of things had happened. Firstly, I had obtained my higher certificates in nursing. Sister Kenny had put a word in for me to be installed as a Sister of a ward. It was true that Sister Raymond was retiring and a vacancy had to be filled but never had I considered putting my name forward for the position.

“You have all the qualifications, Heather. I see no need to waste them as a nurse in my ward. You deserve the promotion.”

“But Marion, you said I would need to move on to other hospitals for such.”

“I do have a bit of influence you know, Heather; besides the experience will be good for you. Should you ever wish to leave Sudbury for a better post, it can't do any harm.”

That certainly made sense. As far as Sudbury General Hospital was concerned, things were moving along. Martin had already put things in motion in Parliament. Work was now in progress and the structure of the new hospital was being erected. That was the first phase. When it was finished, the old hospital would be demolished and the second and final stage would begin. A brand new hospital would be erected that all in Sudbury City could be proud of.

My affair with Martin continued. Martin told me of some MPs who were cheating on their wives but it was all kept very hush hush. It was common knowledge that I and we were engaged. Due to Martin position in government he was constantly invited to dinners, cocktail parties, and such. As his fiance I would accompany him, providing it did not interfere with my duties as Ward Sister. At such times I booked myself into a five-star hotel, paid for by Martin. This I suppose was to demonstrate some kind of respectability in our relationship. It didn't mean we weren't sleeping together; we were but the opportunities were somewhat infrequent.

I know Martin was a good man for the situation was not to his liking, I always found some excuse to put him off whenever he mentioned marriage. Any other woman would have jumped at such an offer from a man like Martin. I cried whenever Martin was not there.

Don't get me wrong, the sexual union of two bodies is a wonderful thing but how much better it would be if we were married.

As far as our careers went, they couldn't be better. Martin was extremely liked by his fellow party members and Mps. As for me, I was beginning to see where Sister Kenny came from and maybe the younger nurses thought I was an old battle axe too. I told the younger nurses to remove their makeup while on duty and disciplined them for not doing so. I was becoming older and wiser although I was still in my twenties.

## **MY CRISIS/OUR CRISIS**

There once was a Prime Minister who said "Crisis? What crisis?" He lost an election after that comment, which many found clueless at best. My own crisis was approaching; it was not a political one but one of the heart. I was a constant companion of Marty now and I tried as best I could to sort shifts to suit meetings with Marty in London.

We had just come from watching "Guys and Dolls" at the Coliseum. If you know when that first ran in London, you will have an idea as to the period I am talking about. We were back at Martin's house outside London. We had just had intercourse. Martin was always considerate as to keeping me from becoming pregnant and used condoms. I knew was impossible although he did not. I considered Martin a clean person, never having anything to do with other women in that respect. However I used the condom to keep him from finding out my secret.

We had just finished a loving union; I always enjoyed making love with Marty. He was my man, the only man I would ever open my legs for. We rested na-

ked, arms round each other and caressing with the love we had for each other. It was then that Martin once again asked the question.

“Heather, when are we going to marry? I want no fobbing me off. Give me a straight answer.”

This was it. I couldn't delay it any longer.

Then Martin said, “There isn't someone else, is there, darling?”

“No, never, Marty. You are the only man I love.”

“Then what is stopping us from being married right away. We have been engaged a few years now.”

“It's not as simple as that, darling.”

“Isn't it? I must be thick. I see no reason to stop us from being married.”

I was starting to cry. Martin cuddled into me. “What is it, my darling Heather?”

Between sobs I stuttered my story out. “I cannot marry you. The law will not allow me to.”

“What sort of stupid nonsense are you talking, Heather? Explain yourself.”

“I am not a woman although I consider myself to be one. I have had an operation to make me a woman in all respects. My penis was removed. Unfortunately the law does not recognise my status so I cannot marry as a woman. My birth certificate tells me I am a man. I could marry as a man but only to a woman and it is a man I love, you Martin. I can never marry you.”

There followed a long deep silence between Martin and me.

“I cannot believe this! The woman I want to marry is a *man*? And yet you do not look like any man I ever saw. I mean when our bodies merged it was a won-

derful love I never felt before. Someone somewhere is playing a trick on us. Tell me it's not true."

"I only wish I could, Marty."

"I don't care what you are, Heather. I love you dearly. I want you. We will live in sin if that what it is called if I love a woman I can't marry."

I cried again at Marty's words of endearment. It wasn't as simple as that. If only it was.

"Marty, don't you realise that if the true situation between you and me is ever discovered, it could mean the end of your political career?"

"I don't care, Heather. I can always give up my political career and start my practice as a solicitor once more."

"Martin, you have so much to give this country I suggest you find some other woman and marry her."

I knew saying that would break my heart, I felt that I must step out of Martin's life. As an MP and Attorney General, there was so much greatness in the man. I couldn't stand in his way to achieve his true destiny. I had made a heartbreaking decision. I had to walk out of his life. I left Martin on the Monday when he dropped me off at Kings Cross station on his way to Westminster. I didn't go on duty till the following night.

## **MORNINGSIDE HOSPITAL AND HAPPENINGS THERE**

I received a nursing journal once a month which contained many articles of interest to those in the nursing profession. It also had a 'jobs available' column. I quickly perused it. I was in luck; there was an ad for a Nursing Sister with experience. The hospital that had placed the ad was as far away from Sudbury as I could want. I dialled the phone number in the ad.

"Morningside Hospital. How can I help you?"

“Yes, could I speak to someone about the ad for a nursing sister?”

“One moment please.”

There was no classical music played over the line in these days. It was some minutes later that I heard a woman's voice.

“Matron Docherty here. Who am I speaking to?”

“Sister Archer from Sudbury General Hospital. I'm making enquiries about your vacancy for a ward sister.”

“Yes Sister, all the requirements are listed in the magazine. An appointment can be arranged with me and the hospital board. Can you come in, say, Friday for an interview?”

“That would be most suitable. Thank you, Matron.”

“You're leaving us, Heather,” said Matron Bonnet of Sudbury Hospital sadly as she handed me her written recommendation which I would take to my interview.

“I haven't got the job yet, Matron.”

“I've written a glowing recommendation of you, Sister Archer and I wouldn't have done so if I didn't think you were worthy of it. I'm sure if that hospital board has any sense, they'll hire you. I'll be sorry to see you leave. You have done your job most efficiently.”

Sister Kenny dropped in to my ward to encourage me in my interview. “The pay is better than here, Heather; I may have applied myself if I was younger but now that I have Lionel, things are different. I wish you the best of luck, Heather.”

I supplied my recommendation and various certificates from my nursing exams. I was nervous but thought I gave a good account of myself to the questions asked about my qualifications in nursing.

“Thank you, Sister Archer. You will be notified of the board’s decision by letter within the next week.”

I knew I was not the only one who had applied for this job; as I left the board room there was a number of women sitting outside. I may have been the youngest, based on looking at the faces there. Would that be a good or bad for my prospects? I wondered.

Martin usually came back to Sudbury City on a Friday night for his local office stint on Saturday. I made the excuse that I had to visit a sick aunt that day and wouldn’t be back till the Monday. I had an Aunt Eleanor in Edinburgh who was as fit as a fiddle and nowhere near sick. I’m afraid poor old Aunt Eleanor god the nod as the one who was supposed to be sick. I had decided to stay in Morningside for the weekend away from Martin. I would know the result of my job application the following week. If successful I would move to Morningside that week. If not, I wasn’t sure what I would do.

Morningside is a pleasant seaside resort out of the way from the hustle and bustle of bigger seaside places like Blackpool. I hadn’t any time to see the town and its facilities. I was interested in estate agents and their properties although I hadn’t the job yet. If I did get it, I wanted to move as soon as possible out of Martin’s life. I had spotted a few that I was interested in should things go in my favour.

Every morning that week as soon as the post came through the door, I was scrutinising the mail to see if the letter I was looking for had arrived. Then there it was, the letter I had been waiting for. I nervously opened the envelope.

I had to read that letter many times to believe what it said. What it said everything I wanted it to say. I had the position of Sister to Ward No. 7.

I immediately phoned the estate agents and informed them that the cottage a street away from the shore was mine. I would be there within a few days. Calling the hospital at Morningside was the next thing I did. I spoke to Matron Docherty.

"I wonder, Matron, if it would be possible to start work sooner than your letter stated?"

"Yes, Sister Archer. As it happens we are a bit short staffed at the moment. When would you suggest?"

"Monday if that is alright with you."

"Excellent, Sister Archer. Have you somewhere to live? You know the hospital will give you time off to find one without you being out of pocket."

"Thanks for the offer but I have already found a place."

"Good, then I shall see you 8:30 Monday morning after I complete my rounds of the wards."

I thought I was going to like Morningside Hospital from the pleasant manner and tone of Matron Docherty's voice.

I hadn't as yet informed Sudbury General of my immediate departure. That was discourteous as in my position as Sister I should give four weeks' notice. If the hospital was sticky about it, they were entitled to make me work it.

I was somewhat uptight when I knocked on Matron Bonnet's door. I explained I had the new job and that I wished to leave and take up my position at Morningside on Monday.

"I don't blame you for leaving so soon, Sister Archer. Their salary is much better than here. I intend to address that matter when the new hospital is finished. I shall regret to see you leave for nurses like you are hard to replace. I wish you well and you will receive a month's salary."

There was nothing in my way to leave Sudbury City...and Martin. I said my goodbyes to all including Marion Kenny. I owed a lot to her. If she hadn't pushed me to take the various courses in nursing, I would never be in the position I now was.

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That first Monday at Morningside I sat in Matron Docherty's office, sipping a cup of tea with her.

"We'll soon fit you out with a Sister's uniform, Heather, then I'll show you round the ward to meet the nurses. I'll leave you. It is your ward and I consider you a competent enough nurse to know what you are doing."

"Thank you, Matron."

"Just call me Connie. We are all on first name terms here, Heather. I think it creates a better atmosphere between the Sisters and nurses. I want us to be all one big happy family. The one thing I hope I am not portrayed as is an old battle dragon."

I was quite taken with Connie the Matron. I could lose myself in nursing and maybe forget about Martin. I must admit I kept an eye on politics in the papers and anything they had to say about Martin so I wasn't quite as detached from him as I hoped I'd be.

During the summer months I found time to wander down to the golden sands of Morningside. I bought a one-piece swimming costume, laid on the beach and soaked up the sun. One or two men gave me the eye. I suppose I should have been happy with but there was only one man I could ever love.

It must have been just over a year since I came to Morningside when a certain Sister Stark arrived at Morningside Hospital. Megan Stark to give her full name was a blonde woman, five foot nine and somewhere in her mid-thirties. Exactly what her background was I never really knew. I don't know if she was married, divorced or what; she was most secretive. Megan was a pleasant enough woman to everyone and got on well with all.

She, like me, had bought a cottage in Morningside. Away from the hospital we would run into each other sometimes in town.

One day as I lay on a large towel in my one-piece swimsuit on Morningside sands, Megan appeared.

“Hello there, Heather. We’ll have to stop meeting like this,” she laughed.

Megan sat down beside me. She wore a light blue two-piece swimming costume. I have to say she filled it well and from the looks of the male population around she would never be stuck for a date. Despite that, I never heard a word of her having a boyfriend. Megan was good company and we chatted away with pleasant conversation. At times Megan could be very witty.

“Heather, you doing anything Saturday night. Not on duty or anything like that?”

“No, why?”

“No use in being lonely. We can be lonely together,” she giggled.

“Thanks, Megan. I’ll take you up your offer.”

“Good, it’ll give me a chance to burn dinner for someone else for a change,. See you around seven.”

It was time I made friends and Megan was full of fun. Besides I never really had a woman friend outside of work.

Megan was kidding me about burnt dinners for what she served was excellent. We chatted as women are apt to do.

“Drink, Heather? I think I’ve got the lot here.”

“Martini?” I looked round her living room. She had good taste and expensive taste. While Megan, like myself, was well-paid I thought that the furniture there was a bit beyond the means of her salary. Maybe she had other incomes that I knew nothing of.

“Isn’t Dr. Steven McCulloch dishy, Heather?”

“I had never thought of him in that context, just as a very efficient surgeon. I suppose you’re right, though. I think some of the younger nurses have a crush him. Why, do you fancy him?”

“No,” she laughed. That line of conversation was dropped, but in the future the name of Dr. Steven McCulloch would again crop up.

I have to say that the said Dr. Steven McCulloch was a very handsome man, not married and very well-paid. He had a Jag, never seemed short of female company. He also had a well-kept villa which in time I was to become familiar with.

It had become a regular item that Megan and I were in and out of each other’s homes. We would also dine in restaurants and go to the cinema and theatre together. I found Megan good company. I suppose in a way she took my mind off Marty.

I found Megan had expensive taste in clothes, in particular designer suits which were especially made for her. I often wondered how she could afford such luxuries on her pay as a ward sister. It just wasn’t her clothes either; she had a flip open compact made of silver that must have cost a fortune. Her appearance was immaculate, her makeup perfect.

My friendship with Megan had been going maybe four months; we were at the Regent theatre in Morningside at an evening performance of some play or other. Megan slipped a hand round my shoulder as we sat in the circle. I thought nothing of it then. After the play we frequented a public house, which we usually did at these times. Megan ordered the drinks; Martini for me and a glass of white wine for herself.

“That was a good play, wasn’t it?”

I had to agree with Megan. The Morningside theatrical company usually put on excellent plays. Megan gently put a hand over mine. “Finish your drink and I’ll call a cab to my place.”

It wasn’t the first time I had gone back to Megan’s after the theatre or cinema. There seemed to be

something different this time though, judging from the way she put her hand round my shoulder in the theatre and over mine in the pub. Whatever thoughts I had, I dismissed them. Soon we were back in Megan's cottage.

"Take your coat off, Heather. I'll mix us a few drinks." I did.

"Don't you look pretty tonight?" Megan surveyed my body after taking my coat off. I blushed, maybe because a woman said it and not a man.

Megan handed me my Martini, then sat down beside me on the sofa with her glass of white wine.

"Here's to us," she said and raised her glass to mine. We clinked and took a sip.

"Heather, you really are a pretty woman. I'm surprised you haven't a man chasing after you."

I didn't answer.

"Do you know what I'm going to do, darling? I'm going to kiss you. Don't resist."

Before I could reply, her mouth was on mine and we kissed. I didn't resist. That set me wondering as to my sexuality. If it had been any man than Marty I would have been disgusted with myself. I didn't feel ashamed though, Was I bisexual? I even let Megan take me to bed that night. I had never had sex, intercourse, with a woman before. From the way Megan handled herself that night, she certainly was no novice. She maybe had filled a need, a void in my life that had been missing since I left Martin. It certainly wasn't a one-night stand and I can't say I was in love with Megan. It was a pure adult sexual need on both our parts.

I can't say I was ashamed of what transpired between Megan and me. We were living in times when gay people were prosecuted and led miserable lives. Curiously, in Britain lesbians were never seen in the same light as homosexual men. I think this was because of an alleged statement by Queen Victoria who

said, when told of two women making love to each other “That can never be. It is impossible.” So there you have it straight from the horse’s mouth, or the horse’s other end perhaps.

If anyone at Morningside hospital knew of our relationship, not a word was said. I think it was common knowledge; we were always seen together in restaurants, at the theatre, and sometimes leaving together from one of our homes in the morning.

“Heather,” Megan said one day, “Dr. Steven McCulloch has given and me an invitation to spend the weekend at his villa.”

“Have you been there before?”

She was a little hesitant before answering. “Well yes, it’s a nice place, heated swimming pool and all that. He has a few other guests staying the weekend. What do you say, darling?”

“It’s tempting. Okay.”

“Good. Steven will pick us up at my cottage around noon and drive us there.”

It never occurred to me to ask Megan how well she knew Dr. Steven McCulloch to receive an invite to his villa and why she had been there before.

## **VILLA FOR SEX**

I packed an overnight case with toiletries, a nightie, and a change of clothes which I thought was all I needed for the weekend. I arrived at Megan’s cottage and was somewhat surprised she had two large cases there as she waited for Dr. McCulloch.

“Give us a hand, Stevie, to get the cases in the trunk.”

“Sure thing, girls,” he laughed, “everything but the kitchen sink, Megan.”

Stevie, as he told me to call him (off-duty anyway), was good company like Megan; it was a three hour drive to reach his villa. The villa was set high in the mountains; secluded, tranquil, away from the madding crowd. To say the least it was magnificent. Steven was one of the top surgeons at Morningside but even with that I never suspected he could afford anything like this resplendent building.

On arrival his servants took our cases to the room we would be staying in. There was no suggestion of separate rooms for Megan and me. I was more than certain Steven knew the relationship between Megan and me; there was only one bed. And what a bed! It was a four-poster with a canopy above, satin sheets and soft white pillows. The room itself was in pastel colours, very spacious, with a Persian carpet, a truly wonderful dressing table, and a standalone full-length cheval mirror. One couldn't ask for more if you were in the Ritz.

I watched Megan unpack her cases and place her dresses in the spacious built-in wardrobes. Megan had expensive designer dress and evening gowns that any woman would be proud to wear. Wherever did she get the money to afford such luxury?

"I'm afraid compared to you, I've only got a bunch of rags to wear."

"Never mind, darling," she said as she put a hand round my waist. "You can borrow anything you see here." Then she added, "In time you too can afford goodies like these," then gave me a wink. I was not sure what she meant.

"Come on, sweetheart, lets shower, have some fun, then prepare ourselves for dinner

tonight."

I was all for that and I really was beginning to enjoy myself. Steven was pleasant company and I understood others would join us tomorrow. I looked forward to that.



Megan and I giggled as we splashed ourselves under the shower, our hands wandering all over our naked bodies. We towelled each other down, then held hands as Megan led me to the bed. We made passionate womanly love. This felt like the best lovemaking I had ever had with Megan. She wanted it to be for some reason, and I responded like I had never done before.

“Was that good, darling?” I was asked by Megan.

“Fantastic, the best lovemaking we ever had, Megan.”

“Do you love me, Heather?”

It was a question I hesitated to answer at first; Martin was still in my mind. I could hurt Megan by saying no, I thought and my chances of ever seeing Martin again were few and far between.

“Yes,” I softly told her.

“You’ve made me so happy.” Nothing more was said as we prepared ourselves for dinner. Megan had adorned herself in a truly magnificent long black evening gown with a train made from the finest satin. I have to say my lady friend looked fantastic. With the gown she also had on elbow-length leather gloves. Those, like her figure-hugging gown, adhered tightly to her skin. She also wore black leather shoes with four-inch heels. What one couldn’t see under her gown Megan wore was a pair of black nylon seamed stockings. These in the times I am speaking of were an expensive rarity, Megan had many of all colours and gave me a couple of pairs. It was like gold to any woman of that time and would be cherished and fondly taken care of by me.

“Don’t worry, Heather. If you ladder them, I’ve plenty more at home” I was informed by Megan. Where did she get the money to afford such luxuries? I wondered.

“Don’t you look really pretty, darling?” my lesbian partner said. I blushed. “Oh, but you are, dear.”

Megan kissed me. It made me proud of what I was wearing; everything on my body belonged to Megan. I was beginning to think *I* belonged to Megan as well, for there was no doubt she was beginning to have a great influence over me.

We were both dressed by now; it was early spring and still light as Megan and I made our way to the cocktail reception. From Megan I learned these were the usual run of things whenever she was at Dr. Steven McCulloch's villa.

On entering the cocktail lounge, Steven, who had a dazzling blonde on his arm, spotted Megan and me.

He left his lady companion and made his way to Megan and me.

"What delightful ladies you both look!"

I blushed once more and before I knew it, the dashing Steven had kissed the back of my hand and Megan's. He snapped his fingers and a waiter came to his side. "Charles, serve these beautiful ladies whatever they wish."

"Yes sir," answered Charles in his white tux and bow tie.

"You must forgive me, ladies, but Sam needs all my attention," he said, directing his eyes to the dazzling blonde. "However at dinner maybe we can make conversation and I can get to know you better, Heather."

Steven left to link arms with the dazzling blonde. The hovering Charles took our orders and left. Megan led me over to a table. We sat down and placed our beaded clutch purses on top.

"Smoke, Heather?" asked Megan.

"No thanks." I was surprised that a nursing Sister like Megan smoked; surely she knew the repercussions of such, although in the Fifties smoking was not taken as the serious threat it is seen as in the present day.

“You don’t mind if I do, Heather?”

Megan opened her purse, took out a jewelled cigarette case, withdrew a filter-tipped cigarette, and lit it with an equally expensive-looking lighter.

I kept wondering wherever did Megan get the money for her expensive clothes. I had a suspicion they were hand-tailored. That jewelled cigarette case and lighter could have been a present, I supposed. There was no doubt our salaries at Morningside were some of the best in the country for nursing Sisters. I considered myself very prudent with my money; even so I could never afford the type of clothes Megan wore. I came to the conclusion there must be other means of income that Megan received. Was I being too nose? After all, it was none of my business.

Megan and I made pleasant conversation till Charles appeared and announced that dinner was ready and would all make their way to the dining room?

Charles and his tuxedoed flunkies poured out wine before dinner started. The choice was wide; red or white from a large selection of such. From the look of the labels, Steven McCulloch kept an expensive cellar.

Steven’s dazzling girlfriend was introduced to Megan and me as Samantha Mc Call. She was all giggles, a dumb blonde in my opinion, but her figure was something else. I know plenty of women who would give their back teeth to have a body like hers.

“There’ll be others coming tomorrow. Poppy will be here,” we were informed, whoever Poppy was.

Megan gushed about this Poppy. “She is unbelievable, Heather. You cannot believe her when you see her! Just you wait.”

At the dining table there were six of us including Megan and me, Steven and the giggling Samantha. There was an elderly man called Harold Bernard and a young man named Desmond Barrington who kept

eyeing the giggling Samantha, I don't blame him for truly was beautiful.

Everyone was easy to have conversation with, and Megan and I being nurses it was part of our job to converse with people on a daily basis.

I learned Harold Bernard was what one called a business magnate and had a conglomerate of companies which dealt in widely diversified goods and services. He was a multi-millionaire, divorced and glad to be shot of a nagging wife who, he said, had made his life miserable. That was water under the bridge and she went away with a fat cheque so she could live in clover for the rest of her life.

As for Desmond Barrington, he was an up-and-coming young business man, a high flyer well on the road to making his fortune with a food company that tinned baked beans.

It seemed obvious to me that Steven McCulloch mixed in high society. How did he have the money for that? As I said before he was a top surgeon paid plenty but did that put him in the same financial bracket to mingle with the cream of society?

I noticed that when proceedings broke up for the night and all said their good nights, the giggling Samantha, or Sam as Steven called her, had an arm hooked round Desmond's arm and both were making their way to Desmond's bedroom. If Sam was Steven's girlfriend, he didn't seem the least concerned by this turn of events. I thought he would have been livid that his girlfriend had accompanied another man to his bedroom but it seemed not. There was something strange happening here but I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

When Megan and I returned to our room, the bed had been turned down and our nightdresses lay on top of the pillows. Megan's nightdress was out of this world, a dreamy cream-coloured silk which had a fantastic silky feel about it. This I knew as I handled it in our sexual activities.

I felt rather ashamed of the nightdress I wore, a cotton flower-patterned one. However as our sexual pleasures progressed through the night, it was removed by Megan, as she usually did. She had a strong personality and knew it. She offered me her breasts, knowing I could not refuse them. I could not refuse Megan anything.

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Morning saw the dawn break through the Venetian blinds. The sun's rays were strong. I rose to adjust the blinds and lessen the light shining in the room. I could not help but see the naked body of my lover sprawled over the bed fast asleep. I bent down and kissed her buttocks, a slight movement and a satisfied gurgle was the response. Megan was still asleep. I sat on the chair in front of our dressing table mirror and perused my naked form. I was extremely proud of my body for it was now what it should always have been: a woman's. Megan knew nothing of that nor was she likely to find out. Marty knew and it was the only reason we could not marry I cried in self pity, lifted a tissue off the dressing table, and dried my eyes.

Megan had awoken by now. She stretched herself. I came over to her, wrapped my hands round her, and kissed her.

"What was that all about, sweetheart?" Megan asked me.

"Oh nothing. Can't I hug the one who is so nice to me?"

"Any time you like, darling. Want breakfast?" Megan lifted the ivory-handled phone at the bedside table and ordered breakfast.

I snuggled beside Megan in bed and she kissed me sweetly. "You're a funny one, aren't you?"

I looked up into her eyes. We kissed again, then lay quietly in each other's arms, both of us deep in thought.

In time our reverie was interrupted by a knock on the bedroom door.

“Who is it?” enquired Megan.

“The maid, Madam, with the breakfast you ordered.”

“Enter.” The young woman did to see the sight of a naked Megan and myself, something I got the impression she was used to in this villa.

The breakfast tray was put over Megan and me with its pot of marmalade toast, fried eggs, bacon, beans, and pot of coffee.

“Shall I pour, ma’am?” enquired the maid.

“Yes please do, Miriam,” said Megan as if she was used to this life of luxury I was beginning to think she was.

“Did you remember to pack your swimming stuff, Heather?”

“Yes, of course. Why?”

“We are going to lap up the sun beside the swimming pool. It’s heated.”

Breakfast was finished and I looked in the built-in wardrobe for my one-piece bathing suit. I was about to put it on when there was Megan beside me, giving a hand.

“Stop it, Megan,” I giggled for the hand Megan was giving me was all over my body, feeling me up.

“Never mind, Heather. You can give me your hand when I put mine on. It’s only fair.”

Eventually after a lot of messing about between us, we got round to putting Megan’s bathing costume on.

What a revelation that was; while I was Miss Prim and Proper in my one-piece, Megan revealed her

two-piece Bikini, which even in these modern times would still be daring to wear.

Whatever Megan had to show was all there to see, for the two-piece white Bikini was almost see-through in the bright sun.

I messed around with Megan ample breasts as I helped her put it on, lingered even.

After our fooling around, we were both ready to go to the swimming pool. Megan took my hand and led the way. The water was crystal clear, the pool surrounded by tables with sun umbrellas. Megan had brought a large towel which she spread at the pool side, then she opened her slingback shoulder bag and took out a bottle of sun cream.

“Heather, be a darling and rub this sun cream on my back.” Megan lay face down on the towel as she handed me the bottle.

I knelt beside the prone body of my girlfriend with the bottle in my hand.

“Don’t forget to undo my top. I want to be tanned all over.”

I felt embarrassed as I took the top of the two-piece bikini off. Nobody else around us seemed to care as they looked on at my embarrassment and continued whatever they were doing.

“Ah, that’s better, darling,” said Megan as I massaged the cream into her shoulders.

Massaging was something Megan and I had to do to patients from time to time. That was completely different, though, for there was no audience watching. Megan sighed like when we made love. I was sure she had cum in her Bikini bottom.

After a while Megan said, “ Now you lie down, sweetheart and I’ll give you a massage.”

Megan rose, her Bikini top remained on the towel, and all there were able to see Megan’s ample breasts

without a comment from any of them. As I wore a one-piece bathing suit, there was no chance anyone would see my bare anatomy.

Megan's soft hands kneaded the sun cream in my back. It was so relaxing, and, I have to say, *very* sexy. I shut my eyes and from the way Megan was going about things, I felt I was going to release my womanly sex juices. Oh no, not here in front of this crowd of keen eyed observers. Try as I might, there was no way I could avoid it; crossing my legs wasn't going to stop it. I felt the wetness between my legs. There was nothing I could do so I let it happen. No one said anything. Whether anyone there suspected anything, I will never know.

By the time I recovered from my embarrassment, I was sitting on a deck chair at a table with the sun umbrella above.

Charles was once again hovering at our table. "Drink, Madam?" was asked. Megan ordered two Pina Coladas.

"I'm going for a dip. Coming?"

"Cover yourself up, Megan," I whispered.

"Oh yes. Give us a hand, darling." I'm sure everybody got an eyeful as I helped Megan with her Bikini top.

We splashed around the pool, giggling like a couple of silly schoolgirls.

"Now wasn't that fun?" Megan said as I unclipped my bathing cap. Then she gave me a wet kiss. I know she wanted one back but I couldn't reciprocate, not with everyone watching; I's had enough embarrassment for one day.

At our table waiting for us were the two Pina Coladas with the Maraschino cherries and small cocktail umbrellas stuck in them, and the black straw to suck them with waiting for us.

I settled down, relaxed and looked around at our neighbors round the pool at their various tables.

Giggling Sam was there with Desmond Barrington, both of them seemed in earnest conversation with Steven McCulloch. Harold Bernard in a pair of shorts was on his own, his head buried in some newspaper, probably the Financial Times or Telegraph. In his hand was a glass of Scotch on the rocks.

Megan and I sat in silence for a while till someone shouted, "Poppy is on her way!"

"Let me see," Megan asked Steven who came over with a pair of field glasses. He gave them to Megan. From where Steven's villa was situated one could see the valley below on a bright spring day. Megan focused the glasses on the sport car below about to start the long twisty, turning climb to the villa.

"Want a look, Heather?"

I was handed the glasses to focus on the red sport car. I couldn't really tell what make the car was, not that I was expert on sports cars. All I could see it was an open top car and a small woman with a scarf that was fluttering strongly in the breeze tied over her head.

Eventually the small red car entered the parking space in front of the villa. I was informed by one more knowledgeable than me that it was an MG TF with a wooden framed body, separate wings, and running boards. Whatever all that meant.

The woman who emerged from the driving seat was immediately greeted by Steven McCulloch with a kiss and hug. I looked at the woman. She had the appearance of a mere girl not old enough to have a driving licence.

"How old is that girl, Megan?"

"How old do you think she is, Heather?"

"I would say maybe fourteen or there about, certainly not old enough to have a driving licence."

Megan laughed, "You wouldn't be the first person to say that."

Megan waved her hand at this woman. "Poppy darling, would you come over here? I'd like you to meet my girlfriend." The woman came over to Megan and me.

"This is Heather Archer, my girlfriend. Heather, meet Poppy Mandrake."

We shook hands.

"Poppy sweetie, would you mind showing Heather your driving licence?"

She opened her handbag and produced said item. There it was in black and white; her age was 23.

Poppy laughed. "Here is my passport, I keep it with me all the time, especially when I go into a pub. No one ever believes I'm over 21."

Neither did I but there it was in black and white. Even so she still looked like a schoolgirl. Just then a woman called Maxine (who I found later was a beautician and one of the very best) came over. "Poppy dear, its time you came with me."

"Yes of course, Maxine. There is much to do is there not? Bye girls, see you all later."

What a pleasant woman with a personality full of sparkle and vitality. I wondered how Steven McCulloch came to know Poppy. I wondered a lot about many of the people I met there that weekend, all of whom seemed pleasant to me.

By now Steven had a barbecue going. It was a help yourself with paper plates and forks. I along with Megan made our way to the table by the poolside where burgers and sausages lay on their trays alongside bottles of barbecue sauce. I noticed another woman had appeared at Steven side, a redhead this time and not a giggler like Sam. This one looked the more serious type of woman, an intellect if I was not mistaken, possibly a student.

Desmond Barrington had transferred his eyes to the redhead, although Giggling Sam was at his pool-side table. Sam didn't seem at all jealous of her red-headed rival for the affections of Desmond, or Desi as the redhead was now calling him.

Steven came to our table and introduced the redhead. "This is Pricilla DeValera," I was informed. We shook hands.

"Heather sweetie, do you mind if I borrow your girlfriend for a while?" Megan and Steven disappeared into the villa hand in hand talking in a tone that to me looked very serious.

I was left with redheaded Pricilla who was indeed a student at university, studying politics, most knowledgeable. She could tell you every little detail about all the Prime Ministers of the U.K. from past to present. I expect now that the fifty-year embargo on the release of government papers is out, Pricilla will know every little detail of my affair with Martin Townsend, ex-Prime Minister.

Anyway the morning passed into afternoon and there was no sign of Megan. I wasn't really worrying about her for she was a big girl now and could take care of herself. The time at the pool was nearing an end as people left to prepare themselves for dinner. Pricilla made her excuses and headed in the direction of Steven and the two left arm-in-arm.

There was nothing left for me to do but go back to our bedroom and dress for the evening and dinner. There was still no sign of Megan so I removed my one-piece bathing costume with no interferences from my playful girlfriend. I showered and talc'd my body all over with lovely honeysuckle with Megan on my mind. I wrapped a large towel round my body, then sat at the dressing table looking at my complexion as I was about to start on my makeup. The bedroom door opened and in came Megan.

She gave me a kiss. "So sorry I wasn't with you sweetheart, something cropped up that delayed me."

"Nothing serious I hope?"

“No, just an old friend. That’s what I want to talk to you about, darling. You see Hillary Benson, a dear dear friend has turned up and we had a good old chin wag. Hillary is passing through on her way to a Caribbean cruise and I may not see her for ages. Well, the thing is, darling, Hillary and I have a lot to catch up with and we may not see much of each other tonight, but I’ll make up for it, don’t you worry.”

“That’s okay. These things can’t be helped, anyway we’ve plenty of time on our hands.”

“I knew you would understand, sweetheart.”

Megan came and gave me a very passionate kiss. She quickly peeled off her two pieces and made for the shower. Call it women’s intuition but I had the feeling Megan was taking more precise care with her makeup and with choosing the gown she would wear this evening than she typically would. I shook off any latent suspicions I had. It was nothing I should worry about.

Megan smelled marvellous; she had used Madeline St. Clair, a very expensive perfume. It was something your average woman could never afford. God knows I couldn’t.

“Ready, darling?” Megan asked and we made our way to the cocktail lounge once more. The place was more crowded than last night. Giggling Sam had gone back to Steven and brain box Pricilla was linking arms with Desmond. I think Desi was playing musical girlfriends with Sam and Pricilla. I expected it would be Sam’s turn tomorrow night, or was there another lady friend yet to arrive on the scene?

“Excuse me, Heather,” my girlfriend said and made her way to a woman in her forties standing by herself. The woman who I took to be Hillary Benson smiled as Megan approached her. The women embraced each other, kissed, sat down at a vacant table and ordered drinks.

I was left on my own so I could look around and peruse my weekend companions. Giggling Sam was still with Steven; Desi and brain box Pricilla were in

deep conversation, probably Pricilla revealing some dark secret about various British Prime Ministers. Then there were Megan and Hillary. Hillary was certainly older than Megan; she had a few grey hairs but that only made her look more distinguished. There was something about the name Hillary Benson. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, just something about that name. Who was not present at this time, strangely? Harold Bernard and Poppy Mandrake.

Charles as usual was hovering at my table. "Pina Colada, please, Charles. By the way, have you seen Harold Bernard or Poppy Mandrake anywhere?"

He was evasive in answering and quickly left. When Charles came back he quickly put the drink on the table and was gone before I could ask him any more questions. I silently sipped the drink till it was time to go to the dining room.

I wasn't alone at the dinner table; while Steven and Giggling Sam sat at the top, to either side down the table various couples sat opposite each other. I sat next to Desi while opposite him was Pricilla who seemingly had deposed Sam for the position of his current girlfriend. Further down the table was my girlfriend Megan across from Hillary Benson.

There were still three seats to be filled. The one on the other side of me from Desmond was filled by Maxine the beautician whom I found to be a quite pleasant character. Maxine, a woman in her forties, had been a beautician since she was in her teens. She gave me plenty of beauty tips. Harold Bernard and Poppy Mandrake were still to appear.

A couple did appear. One of them was definitely Harold Bernard; the other looked to me like some schoolgirl who should be in bed at this time in the evening.

This girl was dressed in a black pleated sleeveless gym slip that stopped at her knee and a white button-up blouse. Her hair was done up in pigtails. She wore white ankle socks and Mary Jane shoes. Accompanying them were a little necklace, a bangle, and that was about it.

She was small and kept calling Harold 'daddy' in a lispng girlish voice, I was certain he

wasn't her father. He kept giving her little kisses on her neck. She giggled and not the womanly type Sam gave but more girlish. It was almost obscene and I felt embarrassed. No one else at the table seemed to care, though. I don't know what game they were playing but the word 'paedophile' came to mind; it was sickening watching the pair behave.

I turned to Maxine. "Who is that schoolgirl?" I asked.

"Don't you know? You met her at the pool this afternoon."

I racked my brain. "I don't remember seeing her today, Maxine."

"You do remember the woman in the MG sports car, don't you, Heather?"

"Yes but that was Poppy Mandrake. Wait, you...don't mean that schoolgirl is her!"

"One and the same. I think I deserve an accolade on my accomplishments. I must admit Poppy has a lot going for her with her young girl's appearance. Her hair is long and easy to put in pigtails. With my skilful knowledge of makeup, voila, you see before you Poppy The Schoolgirl."

"I must admit your skills with makeup is beyond belief but why what is the point, Maxine?"

"Don't you know anything about Harold Bernard. He keeps his secret close to his chest however he has disclosed his desires to Steven and he likes young girls, schoolgirls."

"But Poppy is not a schoolgirl, although looking at her tonight, I was certain she was one. So where does Steven come into it?"

"He can procure such a person...for a price, and fulfill Harold Bernard's desires, and there is nothing

illegal about it. Harold is a wise person; he and Poppy are both adults so whatever transpires between them is all above board.”

“What *does* transpire between them, Maxine?”

“Come on, Heather. What do you think happens when you see them leave together and make for Harold’s bedroom? I don’t have to spell it out for you, do I?”

She did not indeed; Harold got his sexual thrills from pretending he was fucking an underage school-girl. Just what other secrets were behind my new-found friends? Time would tell.

Dinner was again served by Charles and his coattailed, bowtied assistants. Whatever it was, it was delicious; some French dish with an unpronounceable name. Megan was too occupied with her woman partner to notice me. Charles had done his wine waiter bit; I was under the impression Charles was a Jack Of All Trades. Sam had got a trifle tipsy with the wine; red I think, and was giggling like there was no tomorrow.

The three-course meal was finished and Sam was in an uncontrollable fit of the giggles. Again.

“Come on, Sam, I think it’s your bedtime,” Steven told her.

“Oh good, sweetie, now you can fuck my brains out,” was followed by yet another burst of the giggles.

Sam certainly knew what was good for her. Maybe that brain-fucking could stop her giggles, I thought, as it seemed her brains were between her legs. The last I saw of Sam that night, Steven’s hand was round her waist and he was taking her out of the dining room, presumably to have her brains fucked out.

That seemed the signal for others to depart the scene; there was no sign of Megan and Hillary so I may as well make to the bedroom. I undressed and cleaned my face as Maxine had described. What a difference that made compared to my usual cleansing



methods. Still no sign of Megan. She did say not I should wait up for her so I curled up and fell asleep.

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Morning broke as the sun shone through the slats of the Venetian blinds. No sign of my girlfriend. I pondered over her; although I had said I loved her to appease her, there was no doubt Megan had a strong influence over me, like no woman ever had.

I lifted the house phone and ordered breakfast. Miriam the maid entered with the tray and placed it over me as I sat up to receive it.

“Miriam, have you seen Megan this morning?”

“Yes Ma’am, when I took breakfast to Madam Benson’s boudoir, she and Madam Stark sat up in bed to receive it.”

“Were they in the same bed, Miriam?”

“But of course, they always are. Why?”

“Oh nothing. I just wondered.”

So Megan was two-timing me, even after I had pledged I loved her. Was I jealous? Of course I was. I would have this out with her.

Megan wasn’t there and the sun was shining. I wasn’t going to waste time crying over her. So I showered, put my bathing costume on, and made my way to poolside. Others were there taking breakfast, including Maxine who was sipping a cup of coffee.

“Do you mind if I sit beside you, Maxine?”

“Help yourself, Heather. I’ll pour you out a cup.” This she did and we sat in silence for a while.

“You are going riding this afternoon, Heather?”

“Riding? What are you talking about?”

“It is a bright and sunny day and Steven is arranging a trip over the valley. He keeps a stable here. I’m going, the views are fantastic, just lovely.”

“I would like to, Maxine but the thing is I can’t ride.”

“Don’t worry about that. Steven will keep Charles near you and put you on old Bessie who know the land like the back of her hoofs. You just say ‘gee up,’ lie back, and off you go.”

“Okay. Maybe I’ll do that for there is no sign of Megan.”

“Megan? You can forget about her for the rest of the weekend.”

“Why would you say that? You know something I don’t?”

“It seems I do. Don’t you know who Hillary Benson is? She is a high-flying business woman who grinds her rivals into the dust; some say she is a man in a frock. She is also a lesbian of the butch type; if you see her today she will more than likely be wearing a pantsuit or culottes.”

Now I remembered where I knew the name Hillary Benson from. She was always in the papers doing some business deal, buying this or that company and selling them when they weren’t making a profit. It was the poor old workers who suffered, flung out of work and on unemployment. That was of no concern to Hillary; all she was worried about where was her next million coming from.

“You don’t mean Megan was having sex with this woman, Maxine?”

“I certainly do. Don’t take my word for it. I’ll give you proof if you want.”

“Proof? What kind of proof?”

“Filmed proof, my dear, in glorious Technicolor if you can bear to look.”

I wasn't sure I wanted to see my girlfriend making love with another woman. But if I am honest, curiosity got the better of me.

"Okay, Maxine."

"Right. I may be taking a risk but I reckon Steven wouldn't have invited you here if you weren't okay with him."

I wasn't too sure what Maxine meant by that at the moment. I was to find out later.

"We'll make for the viewing room. I'm a trustee and have the key; Charles is needed for the projector, however."

Maxine beckoned Charles with a finger.

"You wanted something, Madam?"

"Yes Charles, we want you to come to the viewing room and your help in operating the projector there."

"Would that be to see the delightful film of last year on the Master's yacht at Monte Carlo, Madam?"

"No, it would not. It would be to see the delightful film of the action that took place in Madam Benson's boudoir. You know the one I mean."

The smiling face of Charles changed; he raised his eyebrows and looked at me.

"It's alright, Charles. If anything goes wrong, I'll take the blame," Maxine assured him.

I thought Charles seemed a bit reluctant, nevertheless we three made our way to the basement of the villa which was kept locked at all times. Maxine produced a key, then down we went. We stopped before a door, also locked. Maxine opened it with another key. There within was a small private cinema with twenty comfortable seats and a screen. At the rear was the projection box into which Charles disappeared.

We made ourselves comfortable, the lights were dimmed and on the screen appeared the title 'Hillary Benson and Megan Stark' and below that the date 7/4/51. This would have been a month before the first I came to Steven's villa.

The film started. The first to enter Hillary's boudoir was Megan, followed by Hillary. It didn't take Hillary long to peel Megan's dress off. Megan sexual parts were clearly seen in all their Technicolor glory. Hillary was stripped naked by Megan and the two were soon in a 69 position, Hillary on top.

A strap-on dildo came into the action; wearing it was none other than Hillary. The film had sound and all the pair's grunts and groans were clearly heard. The sexual activities of the amorous pair went on as I was forced by emotion to look away at a few points.

"Tell me, Maxine, did Hillary and Megan know this was being recorded and how were the cameras concealed?"

"Hillary and Megan do know. Hillary demands a copy of her sexual activities for her own enjoyment. Others may not know that the place has cameras, however, I can tell you every room is rigged up with cameras, even the bedroom you and Megan sleep in. As for the concealment, many are built in to the ceiling, others are behind two-way mirrors. Steven caters for voyeurs, that is why there are the mirrors. There is nothing of a sexual nature that Steven cannot supply...for the right price."

I was amazed at the revelations that were now coming thick and fast.

"What does Steven do with all these films, Maxine?"

"They are his insurance in case anyone blows the coop. They can be used as blackmail."

I was beginning to think Steven McCulloch was onto a good thing. The money he must be making for supplying what his rich customers wanted must be tremendous. It also occurred to me that the giggling

Sam and Pricilla must be high-class prostitutes. I was to later find out that I was wrong. Pricilla was a struggling university student using the money to work her way through school.

What of Poppy, though? Was she also on the game? No, Maxine said she was an actress in films and plays; because of her size she played child parts, schoolgirls in particular.

“Steven spotted her one time, made her an offer she couldn’t refuse, and now she played the part of the underage schoolgirl for him. Don’t think Harold Bernard is the only man who has a passion for underage schoolgirls or at least an actress who plays the part to perfection. I can tell you some of the others think she is indeed a schoolgirl; Steven never puts them any the wiser. It was Poppy who recommended me as her beautician for the part she is now playing with Harold Bernard. I was a beautician for the film company for which she had made some films. Poppy also knew I could make the costumes you see her wear this weekend. They were all hand-made by myself.”

I had finished watching Megan and her so-called ‘dear friend’ Hillary Benson. There were no doubt they were a very *friendly* couple from what I observed.

“Want to see Poppy and another gentleman, not Harold?” enquired Maxine.

I was getting sucked into Steven McCulloch’s sick world although he had never said a word to me about the activities that took place in his villa. To put it plainly he was a procurer of vice, and I must have been naive or stupid, probably both, not to have realised it. By the time I knew it, I was already enmeshed in his vice empire.

“Okay Maxine, let me see the X-rated schoolgirl and her sugar daddy.”

“Get the schoolgirl flicks, Charles,” shouted Maxine at the projection box.

Charles came out of the box. "They're in the vault but I'll have to put this lezzy stuff back in there cans and put them away. Won't be a sec."

"How many films do you have here, Maxine?" I asked.

"Hard to tell. Steven's been putting these things on film before Poppy or me ever came here. Charles could tell you more than me; he's been with Steven since I don't know when. Charles labels them all and has a catalogue with who is on film and the dates they were shot. Very precise is our Charles."

I was soon watching Poppy and her sugar daddy. I can't remember his name, but it was all in the catalogue. To me he was just another old man in his seventies. These men with all their money could easily afford any high-class call girl and fuck the life out of them if they wanted. Apparently it was not and what Steven was charging them was a lot more than any high-class call girl would. I imagined that finding an underage schoolgirl who was supposed to be a virgin willing to give them her maidenhead was a rarity worth a lot to the old geezers.

"But Poppy is not a virgin," I told Maxine.

"Of course not but many men think she is for we use the old Madams' trick. Alum is used on her pussy to tighten the vagina. Many of the old fools think they have broken her maidenhead; some even stuff a handful of tenners down her blouse for that privilege."

"Interesting," I thought, "this Steven McCulloch knows all the tricks in the book."

The action on the screen between the schoolgirl and her sugar daddy was heating up. Poppy was sucking a big lollipop and sitting on the sugar daddy knee; he was trying to put a hand up her gym slip

"Oh, stop that!" Schoolgirl Poppy told him, her white cotton knickers just peeping slightly on display.

"I'll give you a ten-pound note, my girl," said the grey-headed old man.

Poppy, seductively sucking her lollypop, stopped to consider the offer.

"What do you want me to do for your ten pounds?"

"Let me feel your legs and knickers."

Poppy wasn't slow on the uptake. "I want twenty pounds."

The man's hand's crept up Poppy's legs. She still sucked seductively on her lollypop as if she was disinterested in the proceedings. Whether she was or not, she soon felt a large protrusion between her legs.

"Getting excited are we?" asked Poppy. "That could cost you more."

The grey-headed man's hand had reached the edge of Poppy's cotton knickers, which he definitely wanted to enter. The little hand of Poppy clamped down on his.

"No further unless..."

The grey-headed old man looked at her and finished the sentence. "I know, unless I pay you more money, say another thirty pounds?"

"Yes that will do nicely, but for a further ten pounds, you can take my knickers off and smell them if you wish."

"Tell me, little girl, what are you studying at school?"

"Finance, why?"

"I thought as much. You're going to be good at it. You'll be a millionaire in no time, I know."

The elderly man proceeded to take Poppy's white cotton knickers down and off. Poppy

assisted him to turn the knickers inside out. “Sniff!” was her command as she held them to his nose. He inhaled the item with a large smile on his face.

It was obvious the grey-headed man wanted more than sniffing a pair of girl’s knickers, a *lot*

more. He had paid Steven a heavy wad of notes for the privilege of deflowering this underage schoolgirl, as he apparently thought she was.

“What’s the going rate to take your maidenhead, little girl?”

Poppy who knew what she was there for, stopped sucking her lollypop.

“Oh Sir, you can’t mean that! Why, I’ve never done anything like that before,” she lied.

“Everyone has their price. What does that calculator in your head tell you?”

Poppy started sucking her lollypop once more in serious thought.

“I tell you what. Make me an offer I can’t refuse.”

The elderly gentleman quickly came back with an offer of £500.

“I couldn’t let you have it so cheap, it is precious to me. Once lost, it can never be replaced.”

“Okay little girl, I understand. £1000.

“You’re on!” Little Poppy, who was acting the schoolgirl, answered.

No sooner said than Poppy that than she found all her schoolgirl clothes off. The elderly man had her pinned to the bed and was on her. He found her pussy very tight to enter. This was indeed a virgin, he must have thought.

She should worry, she has gotten some pin money out of the old fool, followed by a nice fat cheque to come from Stevie.

“Want to see any more, Heather?” asked Maxine.

“No thanks. I get the gist of the activities that take place in the villa.”

I left the basement wondering if I should say something to Dr. Steven McCulloch; I knew nothing about the law on these matters. All involved were adults, even Poppy, although I must admit she didn't look like one. Maybe some would not approve of what I had been seen on film but what consenting adults do in private is of no concern of mine. I remembered Sister Kenny and her cane and Dr. Hampton. To me that incident was amusing; to the pair it was part of their foreplay before intercourse.

Maxine and I went riding with Steven and others including Giggling Sam. Megan and her dear dear friend were missing, I was too preoccupied to notice that or the beautiful views of the valley and dales of the countryside. I was thinking of what I had just witnessed on film and what this villa was all about.

This being Sunday evening some guests had departed, not including Megan and her dear dear friend. Megan came over to me at dinner, the first time since the Saturday night when she left arm-in-arm with Hillary Benson.

“Darling, I shall be with you in the morning when Hillary is leaving.”

“Will you indeed” I replied with what one would only call an icy smile.

The following morning saw most of the weekend crowd leave after breakfast. Megan and I would leave after lunch with Steven.

I lounged at the pool in my bathing suit soaking up the sun. Megan joined me. “I want to have words with you, Megan. To the bedroom NOW.”

I think Megan was quite taken aback with the manner in which I had spoken to her; she came meekly without a fuss.

When we arrived at the bedroom I laid into her. “Just what the hell do you think you are playing at, Megan?”

“What are you talking about, Heather?”

“Hillary Benson. You and that...woman.”

“I told you before, she is a dear friend of mine.”

“Liar!” I slapped her twice on the face with the back of my hand. She was astonished to say the least.

“But that is the truth, darling. She is a dear friend.”

“You know something, Megan? You look beautiful when you’re lying. I could almost kiss you.”

“But it is the truth, sweetheart.”

“That’s not what the film shows. You’re two-timing me, Megan.”

There was silence between us for a while, then, “What film?”

“You very well know what film. I’m not going to stand here to describe it.”

Megan came over to me, hugged and kissed me most passionately. “You know I love you, darling.”

I have to say she was very nearly convincing.

“Then why are you making love with another woman?”

Her mind must have been working overtime. “It is all for the two of us, Heather. You see, if I can put enough aside, then we can buy a house and live together for the rest of our lives.”

I bought it. Later when I had time to think it through, I thought I must ave been really naive but it was too late by then.

I didn't say anymore. Megan that morning made some of the most passionate love to me she had made for some time. OK, I was a sucker. I admit it.

After lunch the three of us made the three-hour journey back to Morningside. It was in Megan's cottage, she handed me a sealed brown paper envelope.

"What's this, Megan?" I enquired.

"Open it and see, sweetheart."

I did. It was full of brand new ten pound notes, £1000 worth.

"What this for and who gave it?"

"It's for you and Stevie gave it, darling."

"But I can't take it. I've done nothing to deserve this."

"Don't be so stupid, Heather; you can put it towards that house we both will share. Stevie has plenty more where that came from."

Megan had convinced me. I stupidly accepted her story. I had never seen so much money in one lump sum before.

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It must have been a couple of weeks after the time at Steven's villa; Megan told me she had two tickets for a fashion show at a high-class exclusive salon.

"What's the point, Megan? I'll certainly go with you but I can't imagine they'll have anything I can afford."

“Don’t worry about that, darling. Anything you take a fancy to, just tell me and we’ll charge it to Steven’s bank account.”

I must say there were some gorgeous gowns on show by equally gorgeous models. There was one black number that was figure hugging/ I simply adored it. I couldn’t afford it although money was never mentioned; it was way out of my pocket I was certain. However Megan had put a carrot before me.

“No problem, sweetheart.” she said. After the show was over she asked to see the fashion designer, a man by the name of Norman Bushnell? They were in conversation for some considerable time. Finally, Megan beckoned me over to them.

“Heather, Norman will have to take your measurements.”

“If Madam will come this way, we will soon have all sorted out to your requirements.”

Norman invited me to come to his fitting shop. This I did and measurements were taken.

“Everything will be ready in a few weeks. I have to say it is a wise choice, one of my finest creations.”

“What about payment?”

“Madam Stark has taken care of all that. It will be charged to Dr. McCulloch’s account.”

I felt rather pleased with myself. I now knew where Megan received money to pamper herself in womanly finery.

A few days later as I was at my station in the ward, Dr. Steven visited me.

“Heather, did you like the dress?”

I gushed. “Oh yes, Steven. It is lovely but I still have to receive it.”

“Don’t worry about that. I told them to rush it. You’ll have it in time to come to the next weekend at the villa.”

“Will I?”

“Hasn’t Megan mentioned it to you? It is the weekend after next.”

“But I’m scheduled for night duty that weekend, Dr. Steven.”

“Don’t worry about that, Heather. I’ll reschedule that so you will be off from Thursday night to the following Tuesday morning.”

Dr. Steven never asked me if I wanted to go to his villa. I was beginning to enjoy the high life and there was more to come. You may think I had forgotten about Martin; I hadn’t, he was never away from my thoughts. I could never have sex or love with another man but I admit the desire for sex in some form never left me. Some may think I wasn’t being true to Martin in taking a woman lover. Megan was filling a sexual void in my life. If I had left Martin as I thought I had for the rest of my life, I needed love of some form from someone. Megan fitted the bill there was no denying it was a sexual love or a love of sex, but not the true emotional kind of love I craved.

That Friday come noon there I was at Megan’s cottage waiting for Stevie as I, like Megan, was now calling him. The days were becoming long and sunny and the view was magnificent as Stevie’s car started the long twisty turns climb to his villa.

Megan and I were both in our room quickly, cases unpacked; this time I had as many beautiful clothes as Megan. Soon we were in our skimpy two-piece bathing costumes and lying on the large towel, plastering each other with sun oil at the poolside.

At dinner it was a different crowd from the last time; no Giggling Sam. Steven did have a stunning buxom brunette beside him at the table. I tried to figure out which of the two young men at the table she would service. This was the way my mind was work-

ing since I saw the X-rated films of the activities that took place within his villa.

At dinner Steven asked me if he could have a word in private with him in his room after we ate. I was curious as to what would transpire there; I noticed his present lady love had been eyed by one of the young men and they seemed in earnest conversation.

I was thinking he might try to entice me to be his bed partner for the night. I should have known better. He was not the least bit interested in me for he knew Megan and I was lesbians. He did need us for his vice empire. I have to say I wouldn't have gone to bed with him anyway as there was only one man that I would do that with and he was in Parliament.

“Sit down, Heather. Would you like something to drink for a nightcap?”

“Yes Stevie, a Martini.” That was another thing; I was begging to drink sophisticated drinks and maybe too much at times.

Steven came straight to the point. “Heather, there is a woman coming here for the weekend tomorrow. She is rich. However her money cannot cure her of cancer. How long she has to live I cannot tell. It might be a week or, with luck, it could be many years. You may be wondering why I am telling you this. Well see she is a lesbian and would like to spend the last days of her life making love to a beautiful woman, which you indeed are. Would you do this to make the woman happy?”

I fell for his sob story. I found out why I was needed the following day; Megan's old friend had arrived and she couldn't service two women at the same time.

I was introduced to this woman with the cancer, a woman of around her mid-forties; nice-looking with a slim build, nice face. She was called Marcella Brackenridge. I believe she was a widow and had been left a fortune by her husband who owned a company which she sold.

She was pleasant enough. It was still the afternoon and I was at the poolside in my skimpy two-piece.

“Maybe you could give me a hand and help me into my costume, Heather?” Marcella asked me.

“Of course, Marcella.” I followed her back to the bedroom; she took a one-piece costume out the dressing table drawer and put it on the bed.

“Give me a helping hand to remove this dress? Unzip me.”

Marcella wore a yellow floral print dress; she had her back to me as I stepped forward to pull the zipper at the back down to her hips. This eased the dress off her body. As I did this, she turned and kissed me fully on the lips. I didn't refuse, of course. I was there for to make her happy. Marcella was doing her best to undress me which wasn't all that hard as I stood in only my two-piece.

Her nimble fingers soon had the hook and eye at the back of the top section unhooked and she was agitating the nipples of my breasts. I let her for she was working me up to a sexual frenzy.

My breasts were in Marcella's hands; now she was kissing my nipples, greedily I thought. There was only one thing on her mind and I was it. In no time we were wrestling on the bed in a most delightful way. I quickly had my hand on her pussy and she loved it. Not to be outdone, she reciprocated the gesture and I loved it as much as she did. It occurred to me Marcella was only the second woman I had made love too. Her tongue was in me in no time licking my cunt out; she had me squirming all over that bed. I was going to have a great time with this woman and our age difference didn't matter.

She made me come and I was supposed to be the one that did it to her. We lay back in the bed softly and gently kissing each other.

“That was fantastic, Heather and I have two whole nights with you. I'll ask Steven specifically for you next time.”

From the sob story I was told I had thought there may not be a next time. I was being used but it was too late now to do anything. We showered and I told Marcella I needed to go back to my bedroom to dress for dinner.

Megan was already there, having showered and was dressing for dinner.

“How did it go with Marcella, darling?” she asked me.

“Great and how about you with Hillary, you’re so called dear dear friend?” I asked.

“So-so. I know what she likes best. I get her sexed up very quickly. We’ll have our hands full for the weekend. Never mind, sweetheart, we’ll make up for it during the week.”

I reflected that the conversation sounded like two high-class hookers summing up their clients. In this case it was two high-class *lesbian* prostitutes. That was what I was becoming, I’m not proud to say.

It was over the weekend that Steven pulled me aside at a quiet moment.

“Heather, where are you going for your summer holidays this year?”

“To be honest, Stevie, I hadn’t given it much thought.”

“You receive a month’s paid leave, don’t you? How would you like to come on my yacht for the month? Megan will be there as well. I’m cruising on the Mediterranean, going to Monte Carlo, Cannes, nice places on the Cote d’Azur. We’ll soak up the sun and have a flutter in the Casino.”

It was all so tempting. I could never afford such luxuries on my Sister’s salary and I had never left the U.K. in my life. I jumped at the chance for it wasn’t going to cost me a penny. I never thought about the price I would have to pay down the road.

I was on Cloud Nine that night and it mattered not that Marcella pumped me rotten with her strap-on dildo. Marcello was all over my body that night; she was insatiable and I expect she got her money's worth out of me. Marcella was the first of many women I would share a bed with. Just what I was becoming I soon knew when before she left on Monday morning. She opened her purse, took out a wad of notes and handed them to me. I didn't refuse and took them. After she left, I counted them and they came to £1000. This was easy money, I thought, just lie back, let the other woman do all the work and be paid for it. Easy.

I found out Megan had already been on Stevie's yacht the previous year. Megan and I found ourselves in Stevie's villa about every three or four weeks. Steven, on the way back to Morningside, always handed us a sealed envelope. In it was always a lot more than the £1000 I got that first time for doing nothing. I wondered why he never gave a cheque; it was explained to me that it was easier and safer that way and nothing showed on his account. The money he made on these sordid affairs at the villa was put in his Swiss bank account. One thing about Dr. Steven McCulloch, he wasn't stupid about money.

"What happens on these cruises, Megan?" I asked just prior to our first trip.

"You'll see. Just enjoy the trip, sit back and have fun, fun, and more fun." She wouldn't elucidate any further. Well before the trip started came more gowns and about-town dresses, skimpy swimsuits and clothes suitable for a sailing trip. I was done up to the nines and it didn't cost me a penny. I was beginning to enjoy the highlife and very receptive to all that Steven asked of me. I was in his vice web and willingly accepted the money I received in a plain envelope.

One day Megan asked me what I did with the money I received for lying on my back and letting some strange woman have her way with me.

"I put it in the bank. Why?"

"Very good, Heather. Which bank?"

I named a well-known British bank.

“Listen, if you take my advice, I would put it in a Swiss bank account. That’s Stevie’s advice too.”

“Why?”

“That way the tax people can’t touch it nor the vice squad, should they ever find out about the activities that take place at the villa.”

I hadn’t considered that I was earning so much money that my income tax bracket would be way above what a Nursing Sister would earn if the tax man ever took a look at my accounts. More importantly, it made me realise how close I was sailing to the wind. The prospect of going to a woman’s prison loomed up. Stupidly. I dismissed it for my head was in the clouds.

“What do you mean about the vice squad, Megan?”

She never said anymore, her lips were sealed. I took out an account after that talk with Megan, with the same Swiss bank as Megan and Steven. I knew why Dr. Steven McCulloch was not writing cheques. The warning signs were all there and I wasn’t seeing them.

## **SEX ON THE SEA**

Sex on the sea it’s no different from on terra firma with maybe one slight difference; the rocking motion of the yacht makes it feel all the more sexy.

As Megan and I were both Nursing Sisters we kept a watch for any sign of venereal diseases. While most of the women I slept with I considered clean, one could never be too sure as they were almost certainly sleeping around with other females. All these thoughts were on my mind as we set off on our new adventure at sea.

Charles was there to meet all who was destined for Steven’s yacht of course, myself, Megan , and two

dolly birds I never met before. "Where does he get them all?" I wondered.

More familiar "friends" turned up while we were on the Cote d Azur, like Giggling Sam, Schoolgirl Poppy, and some others. It was going to be a working holiday, if you call lying on your back, getting your brains fucked out and getting paid for it "work".

On arrival at Monte Carlo we found that Steven has already booked us into a five-star hotel. He told us that in two days' time we would be boarding and the cruising would begin. I'm sure Steven meant 'cruising' in both senses of the word.

The main topic of conversation between Megan and me was the fact we would get to be at the Cannes Film Festival. The beach would be crowded with starlets vying with others to have their photo taken; anything to get their name in print. Some would even go topless as long as their photo was in the papers and their name was spelled correctly!

For the next two days Megan and I went sightseeing. We hired a car and found ourselves at Grasse and the perfume factories. Money was no problem now for me or Megan so we splashed ourselves with some expensive perfumes, Megan told me we had only to put a word in Stevie's ear and we would be refunded for our lavish purchases. This was the life, I thought, nice clothes and perfumed like a high-class call girl, which was what I now was. I was now among the privileged class, even more so when one night Steven took us all to the Casino at Monte Carlo. I tried roulette, then blackjack. A woman standing near me suggested craps. I did win some money. First time lucky, I suppose.

"Say honey, how would you like to come to my place and earn a lot more than that handful?"

I turned round and it was the woman who suggested I play craps. She was nice-looking, about the same age as myself.

"What would I have to do for that?"

She smiled and knew she was on fertile ground. “Be friendly to me. I think you know what I mean. You’re a smart woman.”

“What is your name?”

“Lori,” she replied in a deep Southern American accent.

“Well Lori, I think it is time we strengthened the Anglo-American ties. After all, we did fight side-by-side in two World Wars.” I put my hand round her shoulder.

“Sure is, honey,” she said and we made our way from the Casino to her bedroom in another five-star hotel.

On the way there Lori recited her history. She had been sent to the Sorbonne by Daddy who was a cattle baron in Texas. After finishing her studies, Daddy told her to enjoy a year in Europe, then come home. He was planning to retire and she was to take over the reins, so to speak.

I calculated I would be spending the night with Lori. I wasn’t wrong. The first thing I did was make for the toilet and uses the bidet to flush and clean my inners before any sex commenced. I was all prepared for Lori and any kind of sex she preferred. I went to work right there and then. I wasted no time and her blue dress soon found its way to the floor. Her breasts were firm and suckable and I paid attention to them. Lori liked that, as I knew she would. I had learned my trade well; I had an expert teacher in Megan.

Lori was now on top of me, her pussy rubbing aghast mine. I could see she was brought up in a ranch for she was riding me like she was breaking in a bucking bronco. I do think she was enjoying herself, and I certainly was. It doesn’t go like that with some women; with them you just lie there, let them take their pleasure, and get nothing out of it. Lori wasn’t like that. I did try to please her that night, I sucked her cunt out and I know she received extreme pleasure. I felt good about that.

We both slept well that night and held our naked forms closed to each other into the morning. I looked at the bedside clock. "I'm afraid I shall have to go, Lori. I have so much to do before Steven's yacht leaves in a few hours."

"Heather, I'll miss you. We had so much fun. Who is this Steven and is there any chance I could go with you?"

"That is not up to me but if you come to the yacht basin, you can talk with Steven. That's the best I can do."

"That's just what I'll do." Lori opened her handbag sitting on the bedside table.

"Do you want travellers cheques or dollars, Heather?"

"Dollars please." I was taking a page out of Steven's book; no cheques, nothing traceable. She took out a wallet stuffed with dollar bills, flicked some and handed them to me

"Is that enough, Heather?"

I looked at the bills. "Yes, that will do nicely."

We shook hands. I suppose you could say it was a business deal; I wasn't ashamed and put the bills in my purse. I had something she wanted and she bought it for a suitable price. Simple capitalism.

Lori ordered breakfast, I phoned my hotel, spoke with Megan and told her the situation.

"Good for you, Heather. I'll have a word with Stevie. Don't worry about your things. I'll have Charles put them in our cabin on the yacht."

"If you are accepted, Lori, you may have to be quick gathering your things here in the hotel."

"It may be a case of coming on board at some other port of call but let us take things as they come."

At the marina I introduced Lori to Steven, who had been expecting her. I left them talking to each other.

Meanwhile I had discovered our cabin where Megan had already set up shop.

“This is truly magnificent, sweetheart!” I gushed.

“Isn’t it? You should see some of the others. Stevie is out of this world.”

“How many cabins are there?” I enquired.

“Twelve I am informed, not counting the crew’s and Captain’s. It has an indoor swimming pool too.”

“I’m going to love this, Megan. This is the life, lie back and let some woman fuck the life out of me and get paid for it.”

“Ah, but you’re good at it, Heather. I’ve seen the films, you know,” she said, smiling.

I supposed she had, along with many others. I was now in Charles’ filing system in that catalogue he kept. There were cameras somewhere in the cabin but where I had no idea. I did a search and found nothing; Charles was good at his job.

What we earned as Nursing Sisters was a mere pittance to what I was receiving for servicing my clients. I was sinking into the mire and I hadn’t wakened up to that fact yet. It was not a pretty picture but I was living it up so I didn’t worry.

I was told by Stevie that Lori would join us later during the cruise. He also said there would be something extra in it for me for recommending her to him. More money to put in my Swiss bank account. I was seriously thinking of giving up nursing and making this my work full-time. I knew Megan was about to do that and she almost talked me into it. Something inside me told me my duty was to serve as a nurse though.

“Don’t be a fool, Heather. Aren’t you fed up making beds and emptying bed pans, After this cruise I’m

putting in my resignation. I'll have more time to myself. Every two to three weeks I'll go to the villa and service some fat woman who is crying out for it, get a fat envelope from Stevie and Bob's your uncle."

She made it sound so good but I wasn't persuaded. I changed the subject. "Have we any work to do here?" I asked.

"Yes indeed, Steven has a client coming on board at Cannes who seems to be greedy for the two of us. We will be occupied with her!"

"That will be a new experience. I've never been in a threesome before."

"Nothing to it, sweetheart. I just know that with the two of us working together, this woman will be on Cloud Nine."

"Who is she?"

"Stevie wouldn't say. All he told me was that she is in the same age bracket as you and me. She is paying plenty to keep his mouth shut and that includes you and me. By the way, we are on bonus if she says she had a good time."

"Maybe we should get some practice in before the mystery woman arrives," I playfully said.

"Maybe we should, darling." That was the signal for a session of lesbian lovemaking right there in the cabin; the yacht hadn't left the marina yet.

"Megan, has Stevie got any sex toys on board?" I asked as we lay back after our session of making love to each other.

"I'm certain he has. What were you thinking of?"

"The double-ended dildo, strap-ons, and that sort of thing."

"I'm sure he will have that; there are some men who like a fake penis up their asses by their lady friends. Kinky. He may have other surprises as well."

The only erection I really wanted was Martin's but at the present moment that seemed a furlong hope.

The yacht had left Monte Carlo and was heading for Cannes and its marina of Port Pierre-Canto. We would be there sometime next day with a passenger to pick up.

The weather couldn't be better and I think Steven had asked the captain to take us further out the blue Mediterranean so we could admire the setting sun. This would make the sail to Cannes a little longer but who cared? It gave me time to see my other companions.

The two dolly birds were named Marylyn and Lucie. We made ourselves known to each other. I'm certain they knew what they were there for, and what Megan and I were there for. Marylyn had hooked up with Steven and would sleep the night with him. From past experience I was sure she was assigned to another gentleman yet to come aboard at a future date.

Possibly at some stage Stevie would be sleeping alone for some male member would have Lucie. That happened quicker than I thought for Stevie's yacht rendezvoused with another yacht about three hours out of Monte Carlo.

A very distinguished-looking man with a white goatee beard and Bermuda shorts was transferred from a yacht called the "Lady Beryl" to ours. A matter of interest ours was named "Fast Lady" which I thought most fitting.

It didn't take Lucie long to know where to earn her corn; in no time she was all over the man in the goatee beard. He was most receptive to her advances; I kept hearing things like, "Yes, Sir Dennis" not just from Lucie but Stevie as well.

"Do you know who that is, Heather?" asked Megan.

"I have no idea."

“It’s Sir Dennis J. Brotherton, knighted by the King for his services to industry.”

I had heard the name. He was an industrial magnate who dabbled in film as a hobby and not very successfully. He should worry with his millions behind him. His films were run-of-the-mill, nothing to do with the X-rated ones Stevie had.

That first night on board the “Fast Lady” there wasn’t much sexual activity; Giggling Sam was sleeping on her own. Okay, Stevie and Marylyn and Sir Dennis and Lucie were going to be humping; that was what the girls were being paid for after all. It was a quiet night compared as to what transpired later.

For once Megan and I settled down to sleep. We both knew that shortly we would never be off our feet. I’ve phrased that wrongly. We would be off our feet but rarely off our backs.

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The following morning there was a nice cool breeze blowing as I woke.

“I’m going on the deck for breakfast. Coming?” asked Megan.

“Sure am, darling.” We both flung on a skimpy Bikini and a robe over it and made our way to the open deck.

Charles was at our side in a flash. “What can I get you two gorgeous ladies.” He did have a way with words that put one at ease.

I asked Megan, “What does Charles get out of this, apart from a fat envelope like the rest of us?”

“I don’t know. He certainly isn’t gay. He may get some of the left overs from Stevie, I can’t say. I’ve ever seen him get his end.”

“That wouldn’t be hard with all the fanny floating about. Is he married?”

“To my knowledge he is still single, maybe he has a girlfriend somewhere.”

Why should he bother with one? I was certain he was stuffing some of these women who came to the villa? And the beauty of it for him was that any film taken of his activities would be destroyed, for it was him that processed the film. Charles had covered his back and no incriminating evidence could ever point his way, assuming he ever had sex with any of the women that came to the villa, which I was certain he did.

I always liked sailing on boats since I was young; there’s something about the motion of a boat that got to me. So there I was in my skimpy Bikini lapping up the rays with my dark sunglasses on a deck chair.

“Happy, girls?” That was Dr. Steven McCulloch with Marylyn on his arm, she in her own skimpy Bikini.

One person that I hadn’t seen was Maxine who I thought was needed for makeup with the dolly birds, Giggling Sam and especially Poppy to do her school-girl act.

I needn’t have worried for not only did the mystery woman come aboard but so did Maxine and some others including Lori.

“That mystery woman’s face is familiar,” I mentioned to Megan.

“Should be. You know who she is?”

I knew Megan was going to tell me as she knew everything. “Tell me, sweetheart.”

“She is the Queen of Skin Flicks, Bridgette Bumsworth. I don’t think Bumsworth is her real name. She just uses it to attract the punters to see her pornos.”

That was it! I knew her now. She had made films like "Naked as Nature Intended" and "The Devil Was in Her" to name a few. By present day standards they were tame but in the Fifties they were hot stuff. In the UK the censor didn't pass them, however a way was soon found round that. Private cinema clubs sprang up for members only so the general public was not admitted. The films were tame compared to the X-rated ones I had seen at the villa.

There was no sex in them but you might see a naked woman in various sexual poses without a man in sight. Naked young women threw beach balls to each other, catching them to hold to their bodies in suggestive poses.

The Black Plastic Mac Mob turned out in hordes to watch the films, which were all made in France. Bridgette Bumsworth was the best known of the skin flick actresses; she had enormous breasts, and they certainly helped her in the films. I suppose she was every man's dream to fuck, which was why she wanted the fact that she was a lesbian kept a secret. It could be bad for business.

That evening a cocktail party was held on the open deck of the "Fast Lady." The ship was equipped with floodlights for when it became dark. Dr. Steven spared no expense on his precious yacht.

The cocktail party one was to see. There were some fabulous dresses worn by us females. Some were removed afterwards by male companions I'm sure.

I was surprised to see one young delicious young woman who I couldn't recall coming onboard the yacht.

"Who is she Megan?" I asked.

For once she was stumped for an answer. "I have no idea. I haven't even seen her around the villa."

Whoever she was was daintily holding a small cocktail glass with her pinkie in the air, sipping from it in a ladylike manner. She seemed in serious conversation with Maxine.

I couldn't fail to notice her dress which was a white sleeveless sheath with a plunging V neck above a knee-length chiffon cocktail dress with ruffle beading. She wore nude colour nylon stockings and white shoes with three-inch heels. A white beaded necklace and matching earrings adored her neck and ears. Her makeup was immaculate and I was certain some of the randy bucks there would want to fuck the arse off of her. She seemed more concerned with Maxine who was older than her. Was Maxine muscling in on the lesbian scene which was supposed to be Megan's and my domain? I doubted it.

Curiosity got the better of me. I came over to Maxine for we had struck up a good friendship.

"Introduce me to your friend, Maxine."

"But of course, dear. Meet Charmaine my girlfriend. We've known each other a long time, haven't we Charmaine?"

Charmaine held her hand out to shake mine. I noticed her finely manicured fingers painted a light red colour.

"Won't you join us for a drink" Maxine asked.

"Surely. I'd like to know Charmaine better, not in the manner of the trade I ply of course. She seems a nice girl. How did you ever become mixed up with this degenerate lot?"

She looked at Maxine with what I thought was with some anxiety. Maxine patted the top of her beautifully manicured hand.

"Don't worry, darling. You know you always wanted to do this. You're out the closet and you're beautiful."

She smiled lovingly at these wonderful remarks from Maxine.

"It is a credit to my handy work; you don't recognise Charmaine for she really has everything going for her. You may have noticed she didn't speak

much. That will be worked on for it is a giveaway. When finished, there will be no mistaking that one is seeing and talking to one of the most beautiful woman one will ever see.”

“Do you mean to say Charmaine is not what I think she? Is she is a man?” I asked Maxine.

It wasn't Maxine who answered but a man's voice that sounded strangely like Charles'.

“Don't you know who I am, Heather? I owe a lot to Maxine. She encouraged and helped me. It did take some time but now I'm out and intend to stay out.” ‘She’ put a loving arm round Maxine who was not adverse to it. .

“That may very well be but who the hell are you?”

“You still don't know, Heather? Who showed the X-rated films at the villa?” asked Maxine.

“Charles! So your secret is out. Well, from seeing you I'm certain no one will ever think you are not what you are dressed as.”

“Thanks, Heather. For the rest of the cruise you will see Charles no more. Charmaine will be on view to all.” He/she squeezed Maxine's shoulder and she smiled sweetly to him.

Maxine was a rare type of woman. Charles was twofold lucky for she not only encouraged him but she was also a beautician and a wardrobe mistress, so therefore his makeup was done to perfection and Maxine picked the right skirts and frocks for him/her. Something told me there were more than just skirts, frocks and makeup to their relationship. I'm certain Maxine as a beautician and wardrobe mistress had come across men who wanted to be seen as woman even if they didn't want the op as I had had. I was sure Maxine assisted them in their quest.

I was keeping my eye on the pair not to interfere in whatever they did, but to be honest I was curious about their relationship.

My main problem would be how I would catch them at it. Charmaine and Maxine had separate cabins. My guess would be that Charmaine's cabin would be used for their sexual liaisons. I based this on the fact at the end of the day Charmaine would have to have her makeup removed by Maxine. In this deduction I was correct.

I devised what I thought was an ingenious device. I had an expensive camera with a telephoto lens (a rarity in those days). I was going to use just the telephoto lens if I could get it into the right position. That was the hard part; where Charmaine or Charles slept was a bit away from the other cabins. It was near the bow end of the yacht and it wasn't below deck as mine and others were.

I quickly reconnoitred the surroundings and made a decision. The windows of their cabin were at present open. If I put my camera on the ledge inside and covered it with the curtains, leaving the rear of the lens projecting outside, I could see all that was taking place, providing I wasn't caught. If that happened, the game was up. I prepared all and went back to sit with Charmaine and Maxine. I had a pleasant chat with them till late.

"I'm tired and must turn in," said Charmaine with a yawn.

"So am I," agreed Maxine.

"Well, I must be going too," I said. We all shook hands and made our way to our cabins.

I doubled back to see Charmaine and Maxine enter Charles' cabin.

I silently crept up and put an eye to the lens in time to see Charmaine and Maxine enter the cabin.

"Wasn't that wonderful, darling. Nobody suspected anything, not even Heather till you opened your mouth." This was Maxine talking.

"Maxine, I love you and all that you're doing for me. How can I ever repay you?"

“Oh, I think you know how, Charmaine.”

Maxine wiggled a finger at Charmaine who came over to her.

“Are you going to take my makeup off, Maxine?”

“And miss the best part? I put that makeup on for your pleasure and now I’ll have mine, a man in woman’s clothes made up so well that you would think she was indeed a woman. You know what that means, darling?”

Charmaine very well knew what it meant for she was quickly kissing Maxine most passionately. Maxine had already pulled the side zip in Charmaine’s dress down; it loosened the dress but it but it wasn’t off. Maxine helped the dress off Charmaine’s shoulders, then she helped the tight dress off Charmaine which left her standing in her bra, panties, stockings and shoes.

“Come on, Charmaine you can do better than that.” Maxine caressed the front section of Charmaine panties, white nylon as a matter of interest.

Charmaine certainly could do better with the coaching of Maxine.

“Now *that* is what I like to see.” A large prominent bulge appeared in the front of Charmaine’s white nylon panties which delighted Maxine.

And there it was in all its glory; a stiff male member, with black curly hairs round it with its purple headed dome. Such a picture that was for the member was framed by a black suspender belt that held ‘her’ nude stockings up.

And if Charmaine’s member wasn’t stiff enough, Maxine placed her well-manicured fingers on the top of it and gently rubbed the foreskin. I watched Charmaine face contort in ecstasy.

“He’s going to come,” I thought. No sooner said than done and ‘she’ spurted in an arc all over Maxine’s fingers, spoiling her nail polish, covering it.

That’ was the end of proceedings for that night, or so I thought. Not so.

“Now that’s a good girl but you can do better than that for your Maxine, can’t you, darling?”

Her’ member was rising again, being controlled by Maxine.

They knew what they were about and Maxine soon had Charmaine stripped to the nude. She soon was in the same state. They indulged in intercourse like there was no tomorrow.

Megan and I had thought Charles had a girlfriend. He did but it wasn’t that dolly birds that attracted him; he was more into the mature woman like Maxine. Not only that she was one of the rare ones that liked hanging around men dressed in skirts. When you meet a woman like that, you don’t let her go.

Charmaine certainly wasn’t letting to at the present minute; she was between Maxine’s legs, sucking her out. I can tell you Maxine loved it, absolutely loving it. I looked at my wrist watch. It was getting late. How long the sexed-up pair would be at it I didn’t know but I had seen enough as a voyeur for one night.

On my way back to our cabin I passed Giggling Sam’s cabin which as I said before was next to ours.

I heard voices one of which was unmistakably Sam’s. “You’re not going to put that into me, are you?” Giggle. ”Oh my, word you are!” Giggle. “That is a whopper. Are there any more like you at home?” Giggle, giggle, giggle. “My, but you are a big boy. Come up and see me anytime.” An uncontrollable fit of the giggles followed.

“Oh,” followed by “Oh, oh,” came from Giggling Sam.

That was followed by a man's voice. "Maybe that's the cure to stop the giggles."

A more serious voice was heard from Sam. "I expect it will, for a while!"

Giggling Sam was being pumped hard by some man on this yacht. Whatever was happening she had stopped giggling...well, for a while as she said.

*To be continued...*