

Made A Lesbian



Madeline Grey



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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MADE A LESBIAN

By Madeline Grey

THEY MADE ME A LESBIAN

I was born with the name James Bruce which is not my name now as you will learn as we proceed. However it is better we start from the beginning. The beginning in this case is my marriage.

My wife maiden name was Edith Howard. We met at a business conference for Edith had her own business. She was a smart businesswoman. I was a mere sales rep trying to push some new machinery on her, state of the art stuff. Edith would never have bought it if it was otherwise.

Anyway we got talking, we liked each other. One thing led to another and before I knew it we were going steady. If you want me to say Edith was beautiful then you are wrong but that was not why I married her. It wasn't for her money either in case you are thinking along those lines. There are men who look for a domineering woman and I must admit that I am

one of them. Edith couldn't have established her engineering firm without that in her makeup. Edith was a strong woman who knew what she wanted and always got it.

It was Edith who picked the house where we would live and I have to say it was a nice mansion. It was Edith who employed our servants; I had no say in the matter but I never interfered in any of her decisions. Soon I found myself in her organisation as a salesman, no higher position for me just because I was her husband. Those of a higher standing in her business than me talked behind my back of how she henpecked me. I didn't care, Edith was like a goddess to me. I would do anything she asked of me.

Edith definitely didn't want a baby and took precautions not to; her only interest was working for her company and making money and she was dammed good at it. I would have liked a son or daughter. On the rare occasions when sex did occur, it was she who dictated the means of our intercourse; usually Edith was the superior partner. I took comfort in whatever she wanted on those rare occasions. I sometimes wondered if the sight of an erection disgusted my wife.

We had separate rooms with single beds at Edith's suggestion. Who was I to argue? Over breakfast the talk was always about business which was acceptable I suppose, seeing she had a company to run. She was always in the same business suit: white button-up blouse, black skirt, flat black shoes, and black pantyhose. The only jewellery she wore was our wedding and maybe a necklace, that was it, earrings if you were lucky. Her wardrobe didn't consist of much more than I saw at breakfast. Even when we were invited out, and we were on many occasions because of her business, she looked very plain compared to other women who were there. Dress sense,

Edith had none which never worried me for. As I said before, that was not why I married her.

One thing Edith did like was golf and she was good at it. As with everything else, Edith had the complete sprit and had to be number one.

Her first two years as a member of Ringwood Golf Club she won the Ladies Championship of the club. Ringwood Golf Club must have rued the day she became a member. Ringwood Golf Club had been one of these bastions of the male sex that were reluctantly forced into the twenty-first century and admit women members. Some of the more militant members laid down restrictions like there were only certain days of the week when women were permitted to play, and weekends were definitely out.

Once Edith became a member, that all changed. Being the forceful woman Edith was, she soon found herself on the committee of the club and let her opinions loose on the stuffy members. I must admit I admired her for that although I didn't play golf myself at that time.

I was to caddy for her when she played for the Ladies Championship of the club. I never gave Edith any advice as to how to a play a hole or which club she should use. Edith being Edith knew precisely what to do.

Her golfing clothes were not of the latest fashion as I noticed some women were in very attractive ladies golf wear. Edith was a throwback to the Twenties, actually more like the men's golfing clothes of that time. Edith wore dull grey pants, baggy at the knee, okay for men but not for women in my opinion. I did get a kiss from her at the presentation of the Ladies golf trophy.

My sister Hannah came on the scene around the time Edith had been a member of the club a few years. Edith proposed Hannah as a member of Ringwood Golf Club and although there was severe scrutiny as to members, particularly women, Hannah was accepted. Hannah was accepted because my wife was Ladies club champion and because of the fuss she was going to make if my sister was refused. As much of a pain in the neck Edith was to some of the more militant members, they'd do anything to keep her happy.

Hannah was seven years older than me and very intelligent. I was jealous of her for our parents had sent Hannah to university and she was now a doctor with her own practice.

Hannah was a spinster. Why she never married I do not know. She was pretty and had plenty of admirers yet I can't remember her ever having a steady boyfriend. The fact that she became a member of the Ringwood Golf Club surprised me. I didn't even know she played golf.

Hannah and I had gone our separate ways after she left university and set her practice up. It was when I met Edith that we saw more of each other as I introduced Edith to my family.

Edith was to introduce a number of other women as members. Some were business associates, others wives of men whose companies she did business with.

Edith and my sister got on well, to the extent that Edith would give her gifts like diamonds and pearls even if it wasn't Christmas or Hannah's birthday. Edith also insisted that Hannah become our family doctor, which I suppose made sense. My wife was a very fit woman but for some reason my sister seemed

to be making rather a lot of house calls to Edith. Of course she had to examine her privately in her room. I was not permitted entry.

“Edith is having a very strenuous time with all her worries about her company. She needs sleep and rest. I have prescribed sleeping pills for her. I am glad to see you and Edith have separate rooms. That is good. I would also advise that you refrain from...err, sexual relations with your wife, James. We don't want any of that nonsense during this stressful time. PROMISE ME!” said my sister.

“Yes, Hannah.” I didn't know I was having any sexual relations with Edith. I faithfully carried out my promise to my sister, not a hard promise to keep.

The more perceptive among you may have already sensed where the relationship between my sister and wife was going. I was dumb maybe but if I had known, what would I have done. Truth be told, nothing. As far as I was concerned the sun shone out of Edith arse. If she said to kiss it, I would without hesitation. I did eventually find out about the relationship between my wife and sister. I don't think that fact worried either of them at all.

I was to see a lot more of my sister once Edith came on the scene before, during, and after our marriage. Hannah did well and lived by herself in an expensive flat, all 'mod cons' and that. It was like a fortress to be admitted within. As you approached, you were already on camera by the security guards within the building. On the front of the building was row on row of metal plates detailing each floor and the persons who resided there. On pressing the button of the designated person, you would be answered by security to whom you had to give your name and that of the person you wished to see. That information was relayed to that person if they were at home. If they did

not want to see you, then you were not admitted. If they did, a security guard would come open the front door and escort you in. It was as bad as becoming a member of the Ringwood Golf Club.

Not long after Edith married me I think Edith wanted to see how much of a hold she had over me.

“Jimmy, how much do you love me?”

“Oh, Edith, how can you ask such a question? Have I ever been unfaithful to you in any way? Of course I love you, you are everything to me.”

“Then we shall see how much. You may come to my bedroom tonight.”

My heart skipped a beat for this was one of the rare occasions I was permitted to come to her bedroom. Believe it or not, I was actually having an erection at her very words.

Later that day I knocked on the door of Edith’s bedroom, fearing that she might have changed her mind in the intervening time

“Come in,” she answered. I was never so glad to hear her voice. Edith had a large spacious and well-furnished bedroom that would have been our master bedroom if we had been living like any normal married couple.

Edith was sitting on a Queen Anne chair in her usual business clothes except her black jacket was over the back of the chair.

“So you would do as I asked? We shall see. Would you kiss my feet and toes now?”

That request surprised me but there was no doubt I would do so if it pleased Edith. At least she hadn't asked for her arse to be kissed.

“If it pleases you, my beloved, you know I would.”

“Good. Get down on your hands and knees before me and do it now.”

I did so without hesitation. There I was on hands and knees before my wife as she majestically sat on the chair above me. She expected her orders to be obeyed and they were.

Edith in a woman's business suit would normally be the best I could expect from her fashion wise but that never worried me. I noticed that she was wearing stockings, honey coloured shiny ones. Edith usually wore pantyhose, thick black ones at that. Instead of flat black shoes, she wore black pumps with kitten heels of four inches. This was clearly not her usual everyday clothes. Her underwear hadn't changed from what I called passion killer knickers of white cotton. From the kneeling position I was in I could see right up to her unmentionables.

I took the highly polished black pump in my hand to ease the shoe off her foot.

“Kiss it!” Edith's voice came.

“What, the shoe, Edith?”

“Of course my shoe. You said you loved me, didn't you? Then love my shoes.”

“Very well.” How could I refuse my beloved Edith anything? The first things I noticed as I brought the black polished shoe to my nostrils were the newness of it and smell of the leather. Then came the odour from inside the shoe, a faint distinctive womanly odour. It was Edith’s odour I felt a slight stirring in my male member.

“Now the other,” she said. I was never so happy to obey an order.

This was sex to me. Others might call it a fetish but I had only just started. I put the shoes aside and a stockinged foot of Edith’s was now offered to me. I just knew I had to kiss that foot. My lips descended and kissed the foot tenderly through the stocking, not once but many times.

Then came words I would never have expected from Edith, “Remove my stockings and nothing else”. That which was between my legs once more stirred.

My shaking hands descended on her suspenders to unclip each from the welt of the stocking top. I rolled each stocking slowly down her leg. Edith never said a word about my slowness in removing her stockings. I’m sure she took it as a sign of my devotion to her.

Edith’s stockings removed, I paid more attentions to her feet. I found her toes had been painted a deep red. That in itself was unique for I can’t remember her ever painting her toes. I raised Edith’s feet off the carpet to begin the sucking she wanted. I started with the heels, then the soles of Edith’s feet, taking my time, lingering, not daring to look upward to my wife’s eyes. No sound came from above so I must be doing something right.

Christ! I was getting a hard on and the choicest part hadn't come yet; sucking my beloved's toes! I'm sure Edith would have disapproved if she could have seen my hard on.

Onward I went to that wonderful goal of sucking Edith's toes. Her small red painted toe on the right foot came first. I took great delight in sucking the small thing. And so it went on with each toe getting a long loving suck and being licked and kissed many times. Then with her big toe inside my mouth, Edith gave it a wiggle. It took all my concentration to stop an explosion in my pants below.

I now paid attention to my beloved Edith's left foot and toes which were just as precious as the other foot to me. Again she wiggled her big toe in my mouth which had me in the same excited state.

"Edith, my love, my Goddess, do you know how sexy that is? I would do anything for you. Just say something to me for I am under your spell."

No words were forthcoming from my beloved. I just knew Edith had me under her foot, no pun intended. That information was going to be useful to Edith at a later date.

I don't know what kind of reaction Edith was having for she had a poker face. As for me, I had exploded in my pants despite all my efforts to stop that from happening.

That was the best sex I had ever had from my wife up to that date. I might have become a foot fetishist if only Edith would have let me become a slave to her feet. I'm sure she would have loved that. However Edith had discovered what she wanted of me. Unfortunately for me, that meant no more footie.

You may be wondering how I discovered my wife and sister were lesbian lovers? Edith and I were regular visitors to my sister's flat. It was always at Edith's suggestion. Again, who was I to say otherwise?

"Jim," Edith said one Saturday, "Hannah and I are going shopping. There is no point of coming with us as you'll only get in the way."

"Yes, darling," I wearily replied, I didn't want to go anyway so I was left all alone in my sister's nice flat with Swedish furniture.

Anyway I did nose around her flat and had a look in her bedroom. She had an antique bureau writing desk made from oak. In front of the bureau was a petite bedroom chair with French cabriole legs hand carved from mahogany. Knowing Hannah, those must have cost at least a cool thousand. The bureau was open and on it was a diary. Ever since she was a schoolgirl Hannah had kept a diary and faithfully marked it up every day. She always wrote down the most intimate details, thinking she would be the only one who would ever read it.

I sat on the chair and opened it to read some of her writings as I had done as a boy without her ever knowing about it. I flicked over a few pages till something caught my eye.

Hannah was always a neat writer so I had no problem reading what she wrote.

Wednesday 23rd October 2013

Edith will be here tonight. She sent James out of town for some order or other so I will have Edith to

myself. It's been all of three weeks since we made love together. I've counted the days and I can't wait till she holds me in her arms again. I've bought a new night-dress which I hope my lover will like. Edith likes me to wear pretty things just for her. I have some pretty outfits for tomorrow when we will be dining together, then dancing. Edith is such a good dancer as she holds me close in her arms.

I finished surgery early so that I can prepare myself for the coming night with Edith. I have laid out my dress and lingerie. I ran my bath after I sprinkled sweet-smelling bath salts in the warm water. Edith is never away from my thoughts, such a wonderful woman. But time is passing quickly and I have so much to do before my darling arrives.

It is now time to put my makeup on and be pretty for her. I sat in front of the dressing table mirror still wrapped in the pink bath towel and plastic cap over my head to protect my hair which I had styled yesterday. I have a vast array of makeup on my dressing table for I do admit to being vain to my appearance. I am forever trying new cosmetics, mostly to please Edith. She appreciates it which makes it all worthwhile.

I shall wear a white garter belt and stockings although I have a few girdles of various colours which I also like to wear. I must admit to a slight but sustained feeling of arousal when wearing these moderately tight girdles.

I will not wear any slips today as there is no need to, maybe tomorrow. My dress is gorgeous jersey in rich burgundy fabric with a tapered waistline, a flared skirt and cut out detail. The dress is sleeveless and stops at my knee which leaves my legs and ankles for Edith to admire as I know she will. At the time I bought the burgundy dress I also purchased a

pinkeye woman's lace off-the-shoulder mini white dress with elbow-length sleeves. While the burgundy dress is a sensible, the white lace one is not nor is it meant to be. As far as I am concerned, it is for fun and sex. It stops well above the knee. I shall wear it some night when Edith and I are in a playful mood. I don't care if she rips it off my body for the dress was inexpensive and I can easily afford another.

The dress now on my body, I slipped on a pair of fluffy white open toe mules. There is no point in making dinner for that is Edith's specialty. She just loves working in the kitchen.

The last time my lover was here, I asked her what would happen if her brother found out about our torrid relationship. She told me that she wasn't worried about that eventuality. She had him right where she wanted him, she said. There was a reason they had separate bedrooms, she laughed. Even if he did find out, it wouldn't matter. I asked her why that was but she just laughed again.

I put my sister's diary down, absolutely shocked at what I had read. My wife and my sister were lovers? How could they do this to me?

Knowing Hannah, she would have kept all her diaries since she was a schoolgirl somewhere in her flat. I looked at my watch. Hannah and Edith would be back soon. Wherever her diaries were, I hadn't the time to find them at the moment. I wanted to know when this affair started before I said anything. I was certain Edith and I would be back at my sister's flat at some future date when I would have the opportunity to search for the missing diaries.

Not too long after I had read my sister's diary, Edith called me into her office.

"Jim, I want you to go up north for a few days. There are some customers up there from whom we can get some orders."

"Yes, dear," I answered although I realised that while I was gone, Edith and my sister would be in their lesbian relationship. I hadn't the heart to confront Edith or my sister yet about their relationship and knowing myself, I would probably forgive Edith.

Edith actually gave me a kiss as I left her office to go north.

"I'll miss you, Edith," I said as I departed. I think I saw some sadness in her face, rare for Edith. I have to say I was jealous like Hannah probably was of my relationship with Edith.

Edith had attracted brother and sister to her, although from what I read in Hannah's diary, it was only my sister she was interested in.

About three weeks after I returned from my trip up north, I had my opportunity to visit my sister flat once more, of course persuaded by Edith. I wanted to go anyway to find the missing diaries.

"Listen girls," I said, "why don't you go shopping? I know you don't want me hanging around, I'll only get in the way." That suggestion was accepted and I even got a kiss on the cheek from my wife.

"Take your time, girls, enjoy yourselves," I said as they left.

I now had the opportunity to search for the missing link in my sister's diaries which I was certain was somewhere in this flat. Where to start? I thought Hannah's bedroom was a good starting place.

I looked through various wardrobes' drawers. Nice clothes she had but that wasn't what I seeking. I sat on her bed and looked over the room again. A large cupboard came in view. I tried to open but it was locked. Maybe Hannah had the key on her person. If so, I was sunk.

What about that bureau? It was open and her present diary still there which I wasn't interested in. However there was a small drawer under the writing surface. I opened it and luckily for me there were a few keys within. I took them to the cupboard and tried them. One opened the cupboard inside which were shelves and many medical books. I spied a box on one shelve and took it down. Eureka, I struck gold. Within the box were Hannah's diaries, every one since she was a schoolgirl. Edith and I had been married six years therefore the dairy I would look for would be from 2008, the first time Hannah met Edith.

I quickly took it to Hannah's bureau, opened it and flicked to her entry for April 2008 when I introduced Edith to my mother, father, and Sister Hannah. This is what her entry read,

Sunday 20th April 2008

Today I met Brother Jim's girlfriend Edith Howard at lunch with mother and father.

I gave Edith the once over. She is a lot older than Jim, maybe the same age as myself. I have taken to her; there is something about her that I recognise. I have a feeling that she is of the same persuasion as

myself. I was instantly jealous of my brother and wonder how he ever met her. She must have seen me staring at her. My eyes were fixated on her. I couldn't keep them away from Edith. I have been searching for the one woman in my life and she is it, I cannot let her go. How can I let her know my feelings for her?

During lunch I kept looking towards her. She must have noticed but she said nothing. What excuse could I make to see her again? I could think of nothing.

I have let the opportunity pass by, I was most depressed as Jim and Edith departed later that day and I had not made my attraction to Edith known to her. The love of my life was gone and I let her go. Will we ever meet again?

I was on my way back to my flat, tears in my eyes, over my inability to say one word of how I feel for Edith. I pulled my car into the kerb to open my purse and take a hanky out to dry my eyes. While doing so, I noticed a business card from "Howard s Engineering Company." I took it out my purse and turned it over. There scribbled on the back was written, "Hannah, this is my cell phone number. Please ring me as soon as possible, Edith." She had noticed me.

I could only think Edith must have slipped her card in my purse when I went to the toilet and was about to leave. My purse would be open for I had taken my compact out to powder my face.

As soon as I entered my flat, I phoned the number on the card. Edith answered right away.

She said she was glad I had gotten her message and asked if I wanted to meet again. I answered in the affirmative. As she was busy with work at present, she asked me to give her my home address and

phone number so we could make arrangements for the near future.

It was all I could do to keep my heart from leaping out of my chest as I told her that yes, I most certainly would give her that information so we could get together as soon as possible.

I told her that I had been afraid that she had not seen my attraction to her. She said that she most certainly did get the “signals” coming from me and that she felt similarly toward me. I could barely believe what I was hearing.

I never felt so elated in my life before. It seemed as if I had found what I had been seeking all my life. But what if all failed and Edith didn't accept me? I tried desperately to put such thoughts out my mind I.

I went to bed in a happy mood with thoughts of my meeting with Edith.

So it was after that first meeting with my parents that Hannah and Edith had started their relationship. I read on and found what I was looking for: my wife's and sister's first meeting alone together.

Wednesday 23rd April 2008

Dear Diary, my heart beat so fast today for I was at last going to meet Edith on her own without Brother Jim present to spoil things. Edith sent an e-mail yesterday suggesting we meet at a nice little bistro she sometimes frequents. We were to meet at 2.

I picked out what I considered a chic little outfit and a nice little black and white pillbox hat to go with it.

I phoned the surgery to tell Dr. Walker I was not feeling well.

With work out of the way, everything was set up for my meeting with Edith.

I drove to a Greek bistro called Nico Place where I sat sipping a Green Goddess while I waited for Edith. Then she arrived in her business suit, white button-up blouse, black skirt, matching jacket, black stockings, and flat black shoes.

I asked her how long she had known my brother and she said it had been about eight months. She shocked me by suddenly remarking that she could tell that I was a lipstick lesbian. While I was recovering from that, she asked if I could tell what category she fell into. I said that I guessed she was what some people call a “bull dyke” and she laughed and said that I was right.

So why was she going out with my brother? Sadly, after breaking up with another woman, she had a very unpleasant experience with a man who tried to rape her. Fortunately she was able to extricate herself from that without harm but the experience had put her off men permanently.

Edith met my brother at a conference on engineering. He was sweet to her and treated her nicely. She thought he would be a stopgap until she could find a woman she truly cared for. Initially she had no intention of marrying Jim but he was so kind and loving to her, she felt that she would break his heart if she turned him down so she accepted his offer of marriage.

She pointed out that being married to my brother would be the best possible cover for a lesbian relationship between us. Who would ever suspect that

sister-in-laws were more than that. I certainly hoped my brother would not catch on. I have no desire to hurt him.

Since Edith had opened up to me so fully, I thought it only right that I do the same. I told her about how I first tasted the sweet fruit of Sapphic love with a girl named Lizzie in college. She happened to meet me right after a boy I had a huge crush on dumped me at a dance to hit on a friend of mine. She was a girl I had always envied for her looks. It's not that I don't think I'm pretty, just that this girl was everything a female could hope to be in terms of attractiveness, or so I thought at the time. I see now that I was not so much jealous of her as desirous of her. I did not realise that at the time.

Anyway, Lizzie came upon me in the bathroom when I was drying my eyes, hurt at being thrown over for another woman. She listened to my tale of woe and told me she understood. In retrospect, I realise now that she was hitting on me but I was too naïve at the time to see that. One thing lead to another and before I knew what was happening, I was in her bed. And not for the last time, either. We were an "item," albeit a secret one, for the remainder of my college years.

I was searching for one special woman who could help me recapture what I thought I had with Lizzie. I told Edith that I just knew we were meant for each other. Some might say it was a bit premature to have spoken to her like that on our very first "date" but I couldn't contain my emotions. As the words exited my mouth, I realised how vulnerable I was making myself but I didn't care. I was going to go "all in" with Edith. If she wanted to break my heart, she could and there would be nothing I could do but pick up the pieces and try to move on.



We spent the night together as I had hoped in my heart of hearts we would. Some might say that was premature as well but I didn't care. I had to have her, right then, on that night. We went to her place, a luxurious home in Kelvin Heights. We barely made it through the door before we had our dresses off and were in each other's arms. Yes, THIS was what I have been seeking all these years since Lizzie went away to pursue her career.

I knew Edith was admiring my body as I stood there in my floral brassiere, yellow coloured panties, yellow earrings and necklace. It didn't take my lover long to undo my front fastening bra to where she could feast her eyes on my ample breasts.

It is a romantic cliché to say that lesbian sex is more about love than it is about arousal. In my experience, it is also incorrect. With Edith, as with Lizzie, it is about both of them, together, in equal proportion. Edith took me to new heights of sexual ecstasy tonight as well as reminding me what true love, true acceptance as a woman, really is. I am still tingling as I relate what our night together was like. I cannot imagine ever getting that feeling from a man, any man. They say that only a woman can really know what a woman wants and I must concur. It was as if Edith could read my mind, knowing at every moment what I desired and what would bring me to the next level. When I reached my climax (the first of several tonight), it was as if my body exploded into a million little pieces, each of which vibrated.

When I finally recovered, I offered to please Edith as she had pleased me so thoroughly. She said there was no need as she had gotten extreme pleasure from making me feel good. No man or boy had ever said anything resembling that to me in the past. They always seemed to want to rush through the "preliminaries" so that they could get to the part where I took

care of them. We kissed and held each other through the night as we slept and woke up in each other's arms.

I finished reading my sister's diary and felt betrayed by Edith even more than by my sister. Not long after the events in Hannah's diary, Edith and I married. One night out of the blue, she said to me, "If you are serious about me, Jim, don't you think we should get married?"

I was always rather shy around women and had been trying to summon the courage to ask her to marry me. This completely took the problem out my hands. I said, "What a good idea, Edith. Let's do it as soon as possible."

"Right but we should have a short engagement first, say two months."

"Suits me, darling." Now, having read my sister's diary, I know that during that time my wife and sister were going to bed with each other...often.

Of course when my parents heard of the forthcoming marriage, a little party was held at their home. Hannah wasn't there, making some excuse about being busy with work but she did say she would be at the wedding. I don't think she could bear to see Edith and me together. As far as the wedding went, it was going to look odd with my sister not being present. My mother was very happy with thoughts of grandchildren running round her feet .

It was plain to me Edith was worldly wise as far as sex was concerned. To put it in plain language, I was a complete novice and I have no doubt now that Edith could see that from the very beginning. Yes, I had dated a few women before Edith but it never got past the kiss and cuddle stage. On our wedding night that

Edith taught me all about the woman superior position, not the missionary position. She certainly knew what to do. Now, having read my sister's diary, whether she enjoyed it, I will never know.

What I do know for certain was that nothing like it had ever happened to me before. I felt my erection inside my wife and my hands gripped her buttocks tightly, I came quicker than I wanted. I'm sure she looked at me with disgust. When I tried to initiate sex again as my desire for Edith had quickly risen again, she turned her back and fell asleep.

The 'woman astride' was the only position Edith would try with me. I had read some books on the matter since our first time and wanted to try some other positions, in particular rear entry doggie style. All I received was a no. We didn't have much sex in the first place. I was happy with what Edith offered but now I understood what was going on.

I felt the subject of my wife and sister's relationship had to be approached at the earliest opportunity although I was somewhat fearful as to what the result would be with my domineering wife.

That opportunity came quicker than I expected and to be honest, I hadn't really prepared myself for it.

Not long after I read Hannah's diaries, Edith called me unto her office.

"Jim, we have contact with a company that may very well become a new customer up north. You will have to stay a few days up there to secure the contract."

"Edith, you always send me up north. Aren't there others who can take my place? I want to be near you at home."

“Jim, your record up north is excellent. You always come home with the goods. You are well received by the customers there.”

My sales figures were the best of the company for the northern territory however that wasn't the point at the moment. I very well knew what my wife and sister would be up to in bed in my absence. That was it. I blurted my feelings out to my wife in no uncertain manner.

“What you mean, Edith, is if I am out of the way, you and my sister can indulge in your lesbian sex.”

I could see from the expression on Edith's face I had caught her with her knickers down to coin a phrase. But Edith was always quick in recovery and had an answer for occasions like this.

“How dare you even suggest such a thing, Jim? What a dirty mind you have. How disgusting.”

“Disgusting is it, Edith? Not according to Hannah's diaries. She put it in nice flowery language but the gist was very clear.”

There was a surprised look on my wife's face. It occurred to me Edith never knew Hannah kept a diary.

“Ah, so you never knew your lipstick lesbian lover kept a diary.”

A snarled expression appeared on Edith face and I heard her mumble, “Damned fool, keeping a record of such things. Okay, I suppose you know the full story and there is no longer any use in hiding it so what are you going to do about it?”

Just what *was* I going to do? Believe it or not I still loved Edith even if she had betrayed that love. Cuck-

old. Fool. Yes, but what could I do? I hear some of you out there shouting 'leave the bitch and find another.' Well, that opportunity came in the next sentence Edith uttered.

“Do you want a divorce, Jim? It won't worry me for it only means that Hannah and I can live in peace without trying to hide our feelings for each other from you anymore.”

There it was laid on a plate right at my feet. You couldn't ask for a better opportunity to exit. So what did I do? Nothing. I said nothing and left her office to go north.

Edith had me where she wanted and boy, did she act quickly. I found out later that she contacted my sister and gave her a right telling off about keeping a diary.

“What will we do now, Edith? He'll divorce you. Then there'll be a messy court case and I'll be ruined.”

“There is no chance of that. Hannah. I have Jim where I want him, under my foot.” Edith went on to relate the story of how I kissed her feet and toes and who she got some satisfaction from it.

“So my brother is a foot fetishist!” Edith laughed.

“That is of no consequence, Hannah. It is Jim that is of importance now.”

“But surely if he is not going to do anything, it matters not and we can carry on as usual, Edith.”

“No sweetheart, things have changed and must change for your brother.”