

# Made A Lesbian



# Madeline Grey



A "New Woman" Novel



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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.

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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.

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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 23<sup>rd</sup> 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.

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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 20<sup>th</sup> 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 23<sup>rd</sup> 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.”

“Like what?”

“Like your brother cannot remain as a man any longer. I must admit that I have treated him abominably and denied him sex when as his wife I should not have. He never complained. Most men would never have stood for that. To rectify that position and make up for the pleasure he missed, it is imperative he becomes a woman!”

“That is mind blowing. But do you think Jim would take that lying down?”

“Jim adores me. I’m sure with some coaxing, he could accept that position.”

“And have sex with you as a woman?”

“Yes, Hannah.”

“A lesbian? Is that what you are going to make my brother. But that little scheme could blow up in your face, Edith. She may fancy a man.”

“Unlikely as it is only women he is interested in and I shall encourage him/her to stay that way. That is where Jim will make up lost ground. I will never disapprove of any relationships she has with a woman.”

“So Jim will become a lesbian like us?”

“Yes and a Lipstick Lesbian no less. In that respect you have a part to play, sweetheart.”

“And just what would that be?”

“I think you will take much pleasure in teaching your brother the expert skill you possess in how to apply cosmetics to his face. Also the expertise you

have in selecting the finest of apparel. I have watched you in the past. You always just knew what I wanted of you and you never failed me.”

“Such praise indeed from the one I love. I do think I shall more than enjoy the job of turning my brother into a full-fledged lesbian. Have you a name picked out for Brother Jim?”

“Not at the present moment but that is a mere detail. The main thing now is to have her in a skirt as quickly as possible!”

## **HOW TO BE A LESBIAN**

I had finished my visit north and was back home. Edith and I hardly spoke to each other till a few days after I had come home.

“So you’ve decided to stay, Jim? I’ve thought matters over and I admit I’ve treated you abominably. I think you deserve better and I am here to help you.”

I was wondering what Edith was about to come out with.

“This may be hard to swallow at first but I’m sure when you think it over, you will see the sense in it.”

Edith took a large intake of breath before delivering her next sentence. I had the feeling it was going to be mind blowing. Then it came.

“Jim, what would you say to becoming a woman?”

Where the hell did Edith get that idea from? Whatever my wife may be, she is not a stupid woman. I was sure this had been well thought out. I thought for a

moment or two in stunned silence and gave the only answer I could come up with at the time.

“WHY?”

“Because if I am honest with myself, I never did my wifely duty, did I? With you as a woman, that could change. I would even turn a blind eye should you have a relationship with another female. I could forgive that.”

Edith continued, “Think it over, Jim. I know this is a shock to the system but you know it is the best thing for you, for us. Give me an answer when you come to a conclusion.”

It was like Edith had held a gun to my head. What was I to do? Even though I still loved her and was prepared to go through fire and water for Edith, this was stretching the limit. Become a woman?? I was sure if I ever did become one Edith would have all planned to perfection so that no one could detect that I was not really one.

“What do you think of this, Jim?”

I was handed one of the local rags, the type of paper that deals in scandal such as some MP being caught with a call girl, that sort of thing. Anyway there on page four was some well-known celeb, a singer with a boy band, who was now a woman.

“Not bad,” I said to myself, “nice pair of knockers.” I just looked at the photo, didn’t bother to read the article.

“Well, what do you think?”

“She’s a nice looking woman. So what?”

“You haven’t read the article, have you? Well, she was a he before the op. That could be you, without the scandal papers knowing of course. Pretty, isn’t she?”

I grabbed the paper again and read the article. So, I going to put a pretty dress and a pair of fancy knickers on?

“You know I would support you Jim...always,” said my wife a very gentle voice most unlike Edith.

I said nothing, just took the paper with me as I departed. I did detect a smile on her face as I walked away. Edith had ensnared me in her trap, but just maybe I wanted to get caught. The image of that photo bugged me for the rest of the day. Just how could a once-man become so pretty and woman-like? The proportions of this now woman were perfect; she had curves in the right places, and small hands. Her face was perfect as was her nose but it could have been broken and reset.

My computer was working overtime as I looked on various sites about transgenderism and accumulated information. I found out all I needed to know on transgender and transsexuals and I was ready to become one. Mind you it wasn’t an easy decision, it just didn’t happen like that.

So there I was sitting at breakfast one morning. “Edith, I’m considering what you said.” Her ears picked up.

“Are you, Jim?” she said in a tone of voice so unlike her.

“Just considering. I still have to know more about transgender people and transsexuals.”

“I understand. It is good that we take our time. I will arrange for you to meet the best psychiatrist possible, no expense spared.” Then Edith added, “You may have to wear a dress.”

“Why? I’m only enquiring.”

“It is best you turn up that way, believe me.” Edith placed a hand on mine. It was so convincing.

Don’t you feel a fool the first time you put a woman’s dress on? Not only that but my sister was applying makeup to my face.

“I look a right nana in this, Edith.” She stood at Hannah’s dressing table for we were now in my sister’s flat.

“Oh, I don’t know, Hannah’s done a good job on your face. I’ve seen women a lot worse than you. No one would know you weren’t one of us.”

Hannah handed a hand mirror to me. “There you are, Jim. And look at that coiffure, gorgeous isn’t it? Lynette did a good job there.”

I looked in the hand mirror and I hardly recognised myself. I thought that maybe, just maybe, they were right.

“What about my voice?”

Edith answered, “I wouldn’t worry about that for now.”

There I was farting about in a woman’s skirt, stuffed bra, slip and knickers no less. And hadn’t my sister taken her time in picking out some expensive gear, designer clothes. Edith was standing there, cheques in hand, saying expense was no object.

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So there we were at this posh shrink's on Harley Street. Nothing but the best for Edith. I came with Edith into the reception area and approached the receptionist.

"Mr. and Mrs. James Bruce for the two o'clock appointment."

The mature woman looked down at her appointment book. "Oh yes. I'm afraid Sir David is running slightly late. I hope you don't mind. Please take a seat."

15 minutes later a woman departed from Sir David's consultation room. Edith gave me a dig in the ribs. "See, that's a man, you can tell. You, on the other hand, look the real thing. You'll have no problem convincing Sir David."

I wasn't here to convince anyone of anything. All I wanted to know was more about transgender and transsexuals.

"Sir David will see you now," said his personal secretary.

It was quite an impressive office we walked into. A big man sat on a swivel chair. He eyed me up and down, no doubt mentally taking notes, which I suppose he did with all clients. I somehow thought he was impressed by my appearance which may have been better than that of some he had consulted with, judging from the appearance of the person who had just left.

"Sit!" he boomed in a very authoritarian voice which made me think he expected to be obeyed.

Looking up from a file in front of him, he said, “I see from the information I have here you expressed a desire to be a woman, Mr Bruce.”

My mouth fell open and was about to correct him when Edith cut in.

“She is now called Veronica, Sir David, if you don’t mind.”

He scribbled something on the file. I looked at Edith and was about to say something. I got a look from Edith that said, “Don’t you dare interrupt me or it will be all the worse for you.”

“Very well. Veronica, tell me when you first got this desire to wear women’s clothes and the wish to become a woman?”

Edith must have made her own file up on me for she was answering all the questions.

“It must have been maybe a year or two into our marriage. Jim, as he was then, confessed to me he wanted to be a woman. Naturally it came as a complete shock although I must admit our sex life was becoming nonexistent. I thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that I shouldn’t stand in her way if that was what she really wanted. We no longer slept together and had separate rooms.

“I did my best to be a supportive wife. Jim, or Veronica as she now preferred to be called, had not yet ventured outside our home. However once work finished, she would dress in skirts and so forth. It was not uncommon to see a fine lady at dinner. Eventually I said to Veronica we must see someone who would put her on the road to what she wanted most. She was reluctant at first but soon realized it made sense. This monkey on her back would be gone and

she would be what she always wanted to be. That's it, Sir David. We seek, that is Veronica seeks your advise desperately."

Edith would have fitted nicely in any drama group as a great actress. It almost convinced me that I was what she confessed I was. I'm sure it convinced the so-called great psychiatrist Sir David, knighted by the Queen no less, for his research in the treatment of mental illness. He was totally taken in by my wife.

"I see, Mrs. Bruce. Then you must be considering divorce?"

"Oh no, Sir David. I intend to stand by Veronica for she will need my support to begin with. Even when she has found her feet in the woman's way of life I will still be her wife."

"Then Mrs. Bruce. I must ask what sort of sexual life you intend to lead with your husband Veronica?"

"None for I would not wish to interfere in any way as to what relationship Veronica would have with a man or woman."

"Remarkable. Veronica is indeed lucky to have such a wife. I have seen literally hundreds of couples in my time. Very few remain together. You are indeed a brave woman. Veronica should be thankful."

Then looking at me, he said, "Veronica, I shall see you a few more times then make a decision as to where you go from there. However from what your wife says, all looks favourable for you to have your wish." Sir David consulted his desk diary. "Come back in a month's time and we will further explore this longing to become a woman." Edith smiled and we left.



“What was that all about, Edith? I never said a word about becoming a woman.”

“No but you were thinking about it. Why else would you take that scandal rag away with you to consult your computer? I only speeded up the process. Now just lie back and enjoy your progress into femininity. To help that along, I have disposed of all the male clothes you have Hannah helped me with that. When we arrive home, you will find the wardrobes and drawers full of feminine frocks and lingerie, VERONICA!” She emphasized the name to make her point.

So there you have it. I was thrown into femininity without a pair of boxer shorts to my name.

“But we are not going home yet, Veronica.”

“Aren’t we?”

“Now that you are out in your woman’s finery, we’ve booked into the Ritz for a few days. Time to let the world see the woman called Veronica Bruce!”

Are we? I thought. That was going to cost an arm and leg but then Edith could afford. I suspect Sir David consultation for the few minutes we spent with him cost a thousand or two. That fancy office of his didn’t come cheap.

The Ritz is all it is said it is. I found not only were we booked in, but Sister Hannah was too.

“Have you the rooms I booked for Miss Veronica Bruce and Miss Edith Howard?”

I had my own room while Sister Hannah was booked in the same room as Edith. I wonder why Hannah was there apart from sleeping with my wife. I

found out it was to apply my makeup as Edith had said in the past, that was never one of her strong points. The room is fantastic as one would expect from the Ritz. Hannah made an excellent job on my makeup. Not only that, I found she has a brand new cocktail dress for me to wear. It was a blue sparkling one, tightly fitted, which showed all my curves which of course were all padding.

“I’m almost jealous of your shape, brother dear...or should it be little sister?”

I give her a dirty look. “Stop that, Hannah.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Veronica. Once the hormones start, you’ll not need any padding and you’ll fill out in all the right places,” she giggled.

I think Hannah was enjoying my humiliation and doing her best to make me look as much a woman as she could.

I found myself accompanied by my sister and wife to the Ritz restaurant and a dining room of unadulterated opulence created in reverence to haute cuisine. This restaurant featured towering marble columns, soaring floor-to-ceiling windows, vast ceiling frescoes, gilded neoclassical statues, and a spectacular garland chandelier that enveloped diners within a halo of light. How could one not be impressed by such excellence?

I understood all ladies had to wear evening dress or cocktail dress as I was at present in. Men must be suitably dressed with collar, tie, and jacket. Many were in evening suit and bow tie. As soon as we were seated, a waiter handed us our menus. Immediately a wine waiter arrived for our drink orders

Edith ordered champagne, “The best in the house” she said.

Some elegant man in an evening suit came to the table asked, “Would you beautiful ladies care to join me at my table?” The man had been eyeing up Hannah and I, which flattered me against my better judgment.

Edith said, “No, sir, we can manage all right.” Poor chap left with his tail between his legs.

“I want no men sniffing around here,” said my wife.

I think the meal for the three of us must have cost somewhere in the region of three hundred quid. Mind you we did have a quartet playing Haydn, Mozart and all that sort of classical junk which bored me to tears. Not Edith, though. She loved that sort of thing.

I won't go into the dreary details except to say I was all dolled up in an expensive evening gown purchased that day at Harrods. It was a sequined Bateau neck brush train evening gown all in black with a matching clutch purse to go with it. I had not yet had my ears pierced so clip-on earrings were put on me by Sister Hannah. They were pearl ones and I wore a three-row pearl necklace to match. I certainly was not out of place as other ladies there were as elegantly dressed as I.

After that weekend I was to find getting out of female finery was not as easy as I would have imagined' Edith wouldn't let me. For starters, I found myself at home most of the time. As for my job as a sales rep in Edith's company, she said I shouldn't worry about that at the present time. It would all be taken care of, whatever that meant.

We had made a few visits to Sir David and Edith was becoming a bit impatient about my progress. The progress was nil in her eyes. No mention from the great man about an operation, or even putting me on hormones.

“I’m fed up with that idiot Sir David. Can’t he see you need to be a woman?”

“I thought you and he were getting along nicely after that first interview, Edith.”

“So did I/ I can see I will have to take matters into my own hands.”

“Oh so you know more than Sir David on the subject?” Edith didn’t say anything at that time but I could see her brain was now in gear, no doubt figuring something for she hadn’t built her empire without being a smart woman. Then it came a few weeks later from the lips of my beloved.

“I’ve got you booked into the Regency clinic.”

*Oh.* I said to myself, *just what the hell is the Regency clinic?* I was thinking perhaps my cock was about to be chopped off. As strange as this must seem to you, I had become accustomed to that fact. I had accepted that I may be better off as a woman.

“And what will Sir David say when he finds out, Edith?”

“It’s only a boob job. It’s not as if I am trampling on his toes.”

“I have a feeling he will blow his top when he finds out,” I said to her. As for the boobs, I would accept the situation. Whatever happened between Sir David

and my wife, she would have her way and I would probably have the full operation in time.

So there we were at this Regency clinic. Ss usual Edith was in charge of the whole shooting match. “We don’t want breasts that are too small, Veronica, do we?”

“No Edith, what do we want?”

“We don’t want huge breasts either. We want a natural size that looks nice under a jumper. That’s what you want, Veronica, isn’t it?”

Whatever my wife said, it’s not as if I had any real say in the matter. It was just my body, after all.

The op was over and I was back home in my room admiring my boobs. I was rather proud of them I must say. There was no turning back now, I was well on my way to becoming female. I may have been slightly apprehensive at first but I figured I may as well carry on. Besides, Edith would never stop once her mind was made up.

My next visit to Sir David was upon us. As I walked into his posh office he immediately eyed me up. “You’ve had breast implants done. I never gave you permission for that! I am most displeased with you,” he angrily told me.

Edith cut in here. “Veronica was most desperate to speed her way into womanhood. Can’t you see that, Sir David?”

He mumbled something and scribbled some notes in my file. I could see he was cursing under his breath, but he knew this couldn’t be easily reversed. Edith knew it too and had triumphed in the battle of

wills. I would back my wife any time to defeat the great Sir David.

My opportunity came three consultations later when I got the green light for starting on hormones.

“I will watch your progress with interest, Veronica, then we will see about your operation.”

It had been almost a year since I had my first consultation. During that time Hannah drilled makeup and dress sense into me. Edith had become more, shall we say, friendlier towards me as I now appeared in a skirt morning noon and night. We still never had any sexual relations between us.

“Edith, I’m bored doing nothing all day. Can’t I go back to work?”

“Not yet, sweetheart. Once you have the operation there will be plenty on your plate.”

When did Edith ever call me “sweetheart?” Things were looking up since I put a frock on. My beloved even gives me a chaste kiss at breakfast and pleasantly converses with me. Maybe it was my destiny all along to be skirted for life. If that is my Goddess happy, so be it. I can live with breasts and wearing pretty frocks.

I am not imprisoned in our house; Edith encourages me to get about a bit. I have permanent weekly appointments with my hairdresser and beautician. I must stay I am becoming somewhat fussy at my appearance and tell Lynette my hairdresser so. Edith is pleased that I am so pernickety about my appearance. I have many fashion magazines given to me by Sister Hannah which I peruse at my leisure.

“Just tell me what you desire, Veronica, and it will be yours,” my beloved says like a fairy godmother.

The operation was now upon me and although I have been enjoying my new life as a woman, I am somewhat nervous about losing my cock. Then I thought why worry, it was never used much when you were a man. Things can only get better. Maybe I could land up in bed with Edith as a woman. Hope springs eternal.

Edith of course saw that I had the best of care in a private hospital along with the best surgeons that money can buy to do the operation. She was there every day at my bedside with flowers and gifts and she enquires about my health every day. I must say I had never been so much fussed over by Edith in our marriage before. It seemed worthwhile having my cock inverted.

At last I was home with my new vagina. Edith hired a nurse to watch over me till she thought me capable to look after myself. One night as I readied myself for bed, Edith came into my room.

“Don’t you look marvellous, Veronica?”

I blushed for my beloved wife had never seen me half naked as a full woman before. I had already taken my bra off and was in the process of undoing my nude stockings from the garter tabs of my suspender belt.

“Oh please, Edith, can’t I have some privacy?”

Edith smiled. “Of course you can, Veronica, but after all, you are my husband. I think it is time we shared the same bedroom. I’ll have your things moved to our bedroom first thing in the morning. Goodnight.”

That left me wondering. Edith and I had never shared a bedroom together since the first weeks of our marriage. Funny as it may seem I was fearful of sleeping with my wife. I was a woman now, and a virgin as well. This was what I wanted, thought; to be Veronica and to sleep with my wife forever. What was the problem?

## **EDITH TEACHES ME TO LOVE WOMEN ONLY**

The following day I didn't sleep with my wife, however I did sleep in the double bed in "our" room. Edith was away on business; however she did phone that night apologising for not being at home with me. "Edith must be changing her ways," I thought. I was no longer getting the cold shoulder from her.

"For my homecoming, pretty yourself up, my darling."

When did I ever hear such words of endearment coming from my wife before? If I hadn't lost my male equipment, I'm certain I would have had an erection. As it was, I became excited and girly giggly.

I was like a hen on a hot griddle that day waiting for Edith's return. I was trying out every one of my outfits, looking at myself in the standalone cheval glass mirror. I even had the maids give me their opinion as to how I looked in this dress and that dress.

"Oh very nice, Miss Veronica," they would say but that put me no nearer to the final selection.

I wanted my wife to see the most desirable woman that she could ever see. I wanted my wife to take me to bed and make love to me and yet I was fearful about making love as a woman to a woman.

Eventually my beloved Edith was home. After dinner she took my hand and to our bedroom she led me. Once the door shut, I was pushed against the wall and Edith was all over me.

I couldn't believe it as I squeaked out between excited breaths, "Stop Edith, stop." She was seducing me which is what I had always wanted.

"Shut up, Veronica. The sooner we have your clothes off, the better."

My wife was telling me to take my clothes off, not asking but telling me. Edith was taking matters into her own hands for her fingers were already at the zip of my dress, pulling it down at the back. My wife was as good as raping me. There I stood in just my bra and knickers but not for long for the front-fastening bra—Hannah's idea—was being undone by my wife.

Edith pushed me on to the bed and was feasting on my ample breasts. There was no stopping her and I didn't want to stop her. My wife had so worked me up, I was greatly enjoying her advances on me. When she started tugging at my knickers, there was no resistance on my part. If this was how women made love to each other, I was more than willing to be taught. It didn't take long to see my black nylon knickers sitting side-by-side on the floor with my discarded bra.

This is where my beloved got down to business between my legs. I said to myself, "Takes notes. You could learn something here, Veronica."

I never knew my wife had such a long tongue before. As it entered my pussy, it seemed to go on and on forever.

“Oh Edith. OH EDITH...OOOH, OOOH. EDITH, I love you so much!”

She never stopped sucking and licking as I held her head there down below. Such intense loving I had never had from my wife before. Of course I had new parts for her to please now. If this was how things went between wife and husband as two women, count me in. This was better than our honeymoon by far. I was to find that Edith was an expert in lovemaking between women. I came copiously from the expert sucking and licking of my wife. That was the first of numerous lessons Edith taught me about how women pleasure each other.

“Veronica,” Edith said one night shortly after our first coupling as two females, “you are a woman’s woman.”

“Am I?” I asked, not quite comprehending her meaning.

“Yes. As you know, I have had a long affair with your sister Hannah. I think you should have the same freedom and I will turn a blind eye to any relationship you may have with our sex so long as you always return to our bed. I know you will.”

I have to say that was dammed decent and understanding of her.

#### RINGWOOD GOLF CLUB (LADIES SECTION)

Ringwood Golf Club is a hot bed of lesbianism as I was to find out. You wouldn’t think so if you looked over the list of members: society matrons, business women in high positions and so forth. Many members owned companies. Edith was responsible for sponsoring a large proportion of the women mem-

bers. And as I found out, not many were that good at golf. However that was not the reason they joined.

“Veronica, I can get you membership of the Ringwood Golf Club.”

“That’s nice, Edith but I’m not really into golf. Besides, I understand it takes years to become a member there and a lot of money which I haven’t got.”

“Don’t worry about trifling things like that, Veronica. As far as a waiting list, I would kick up a fuss if my husband could not join right away. She prefers to live as a woman now. The club used to be against women becoming members. Now they don’t want transgender people? We’ll see about that. As for money, I’ll pay your fees and all that, never mind.”

“That’s good of you, Edith, but why would you want me to become a member? If you really want me to be one, I will if it makes you happy.”

“Two reasons. First you want to come back to work and Ringwood Golf Club is where a lot of business can be found among the women members *if you are nice to them.*”

“Nice to them? Whatever can you mean?”

“Do I have to spelling it out for you, Veronica? Remember when I said you were a woman’s woman? You have a very desirable body which many women there would like to see between the sheets in their bed.”

“Am I becoming a prostitute for you and your company, Edith?”

“No! Don’t ever say that, Veronica, don’t even think that way. I love you, you would be doing this for me, not the company. I love you, Veronica.”

It was a convincing speech and probably the first time I had heard Edith confess she loved me.

So I became a member after Edith fitted me out with all the golfing gear clubs and all that. However I did make one stipulation: my golfing outfit was not going to be the same as my wife’s. I was going to wear smarter more up-to-date woman’s clothes, none of your Oxford stuff like Edith wore. I liked looking pretty, even on the links.

That first day on the course, Edith came round with me, giving advice and tips. She also introduced me to many women members whom I didn’t notice at the time were eyeing me up.

“You were watched by many who could be potential customers, Veronica,” Edith remarked.

“How do you know?”

“Don’t worry about that, Veronica. I can tell. Just encourage them with your favours. I won’t cramp your style next time for I won’t be there.”

That worried. For a start, what I was going to do without someone there to help and guide me? Anyway there I was in the locker room, having completed my round of golf. Not a bad score considering I was a complete novice. It helped that the ladies tees were more forward than the men’s tees at each hole meaning there was less distance to play the hole.

I was stripping off to go for a shower as Gwen Glendora entered. “Hold on a sec, Veronica. I’ll join you in the shower room.”

Gwen was not exactly in the first flush of youth; she was a business woman, a successful one in the building trade. However she did have an attractive body for a woman her age with sturdy looking breasts. She was not too tall and had flaxen hair which at present was under a skip golf cap.

I watched her disrobe and wrap a towel round her body. We were now in the same state of undress. She took my hand (which seemed odd to me) and together we made towards the ladies bathroom,. It had showers, and a powder room combined.

“We must arrange a round together in the future, Veronica. You seem to know Edith well.”

I didn't tell her of our marital relationship. As I stood before her with my wet woman's body, it would be awkward to explain that I was Edith's husband. “I work for her company as a sales rep. I would be delighted to play a round with you, Gwen.”

That last sentence had a double meaning as our relationship developed.

The bathroom was deserted as we entered. The towels were disposed on a bench as we entered a shower together. Gwen kept her body in good condition; she had shapely legs and for a woman of mature age, her breasts were firm. Gwen giggled as the water ran down her body. I could not help but see what lay between her legs. The only woman I could compare it with was my wife; up to then Edith was the only woman I had seen naked. Gwen was much different between her legs. It was not that Edith didn't have down there but it was not as thick as Gwen's. Gwen was a playful woman; as she shampooed her hair, a hand with shampoo on it found its way between my legs. A finger found its way into my pussy, agitating my clit. As Edith had said, I was a free woman so I

was to find my second lesbian experience with Gwen. I returned the favour and we both came in the shower.

It was after we had dried, redressed ourselves and were sitting in the member's lounge drinking coffee that we got to talking with each other.

“Honey, why don't you drop into my office? We could do business together. My company has landed a contract to build a new housing estate up river.”

“Yes, of course, Gwen. Anything Howard Engineering can do for your company, we will be more than delighted to take on.”

“I'm sure you will, honey,” she said, putting a well manicured hand on mine. “I'm sure you can do *plenty* for me.” I got the not-so-subtle meaning. Maybe being a woman wasn't going to be so bad after all. My new pussy certainly seemed to think so. Later, at home, I informed Edith of what transpired that day. She was more than pleased.

“I've been trying for ages to get a foot in the door of Glendora Building. That's just the start. There are plenty of sales there. Keep her happy, Veronica. I'm sure you know what I mean.” I certainly did know what she meant. Apparently I was in this lesbian game with both feet.

I had all Howard's engineering sales info in my briefcase as I sat before Gwen in the luxurious office building she owned. I went into my sales pitch as Gwen sat disinterested. I was getting nowhere fast I thought. Finally I finished.

“Okay. I've heard it all before with one big difference. This time it's coming from a woman and not a man. Why didn't Edith send a woman before, eh?”

“What do you mean, Gwen?”

“You’ve got the contract, on one condition.”

“What would that be, Gwen?”

“That we see a lot of each other often. You see there are about 5 or 6 companies who can give the same products and service as yourself. However none of their reps could wear a dress as nicely as your sweet self, Veronica.”

I blushed profusely at the compliments coming from Gwen.

“Give me the contract now, then we have more time to spend with each other. Let me see.” Gwen looked at her wrist watch. “Time for fun. We’ll do a couple of clubs, then my flat and bed or maybe a little nightcap first.” Gwen buzzed her personal secretary on the intercom.

“I’ll be gone a few days. You know where to get me if anything urgent comes up, Jean.”

We passed her secretary as we left the building a woman of about twenty-six who certainly was no sweet young thing. She seemed to me to be more than worldly wise and it wouldn’t surprise me if she had had a tumble in bed with the boss a time or two herself. That was of no concern to me at present; I was going to enjoy myself with Gwen.

How quickly my attitudes had changed now that I was a woman. I had always worshiped Edith and would do whatever pleased her. Now she wanted me to love women, as many as I could it seemed and I was not going to disappoint my beloved wife.

“Where are we going, Gwen?” I asked her as we sat in the back of her chauffeur driven Rolls.

“To the Corinthian Hotel to eat and dance for there is a nice little Jazz combo within.”

I was excited and flattered by her attentions so there and then my hand went up her skirt. The edge of her knickers passed and I was now playing with her pussy.

“Oh, you are a bold one, Veronica. I like you,” she said in a slightly gruff voice not unlike my own after my laryngectomy. It was a most dangerous operation and I could have completely lost my voice. Fortunately I didn’t and I now had a husky sexy voice which turned men on from just having a phone conversation with me. Many of them wanted to meet me but I wasn’t interested. It was strictly women only for me.

Anyway after all our kissing, cuddling, and fondling, the Corinthian Hotel was eventually reached. The hotel wasn’t in the same class as the Ritz, nevertheless it was still a classy place.

“Gwen walked in like she owned the place. All within seemed to know her and fussed over her. A jazz combo played Dave Brubeck numbers like “Take Five” and “Blue Rondo a la Turk.” I wasn’t particularly into jazz of any sort however what was being played pleasant to the ear. I think Gwen was into that kind of music.

I soon found myself on the small part of the dining room that had been converted to a dance floor. We shuffled round the floor. I would hesitate to call it dancing. “We are booked in for the night,” whispered Gwen in my ear.

I didn't argue although I was under the impression we were going back to her place, wherever that was. I hadn't any night attire with me which, under the circumstances, was of no importance. I stood in the clothes I had on, a woman's business suit, nothing like my wife's. At least my sister taught me some dress sense. I wore an elegant skirt cut from premium wool, and in classic neutral shade. It was a pencil skirt, fastened with a discrete side zip and it had a small vent at the back, lined for a luxurious feel. Over the skirt I wore a matching lightweight jacket impeccably cut to create a sculptured silhouette. I wore it buttoned up at the office or when at a customer's office. I opened the jacket to reveal a camisole for after-hours. This was so much better than Edith's ill-conceived black outfit, although I would never tell her that.

Under the jacket was a rose coloured pleated blouse with rounded neckline and three-quarter length sleeves with cuffs and decorated buttons at the back. I wore taupe leather shoes with teardrop perforations and low stout heels of two inches. I had honey stockings on, attached to the suspenders from my black garter belt.

From the way things were going, my peach-coloured French knickers wouldn't be on that much longer, not that I was worried for they only got in the way of the action. By now we were in the executive suite and Gwen was having playful feels up my skirt. It was going to be one of these nights, the first of many I would enjoy with the girls of Ringwood Golf Club.

I'm sure there would be a disgusted "tut tut" from the many monocled Brigadiers and members of the distinguished club if they ever knew the goings-on of their lady members. I must say here that not all the ladies were lesbians, however a good 75% were. One



such disciple of Sappho had found she was good at golf and got her card for the woman's circuit and was earning big money. She had no time to end Edith's dominance of the woman's championship as she was too busy making money. While Gwen was a more mature woman there were others in my age group. As time went by, it mattered not what age they were; I got my pleasure from them all.

Gwen was different better looking than my wife. As I said before, I hadn't married Edith for her looks. Gwen could never match Edith in her skills of arousing my ardour, however. If anything, it was me who aroused hers, thanks to what I had learned from my wife. I had Gwen's clothes off in no time and did a spot of muff diving. I could hear her breathing very fast and I knew she was about to come right there on my tongue. I thanked her for such devotion to me and would always do my best to satisfy her. I was showered in devoted kisses from the grateful woman.

We had breakfast in bed the following morning. The maid, I surmised, was used to such scenes of woman with woman or male with male and was oblivious to us as she placed the breakfast tray in position.

While Gwen went for a shower, I took my cell phone out of my purse and phoned Edith to give her a full run down of the situation. "Stick with her. Whatever she wants, give it to her. Take as long as it takes, Veronica. The commission that's coming your way is a nice tidy sum."

That pleased me no end. Maybe as a woman I was going to make more money than I ever had as a man. I stayed with Gwen for the next three days till her personal secretary phoned her to say that there was some urgent business that had to have her attention.

We parted on the best of terms, promising to meet as and when circumstances would allow.

Upon my return back home, Edith and I had a tumble in bed, very enjoyable for both of us. Our sexual relationship was on a high, the best it ever had had been since we married.

“You don’t mind going north do you, Veronica? I’ll keep the bed warm,” my darling wife asked me. This was different from previous times. Yes, it was more than possible that my sister would fill my void when I was away, but I was no longer jealous of Hannah.

I suppose Edith, Hannah, and I were in a sort of lesbian triangle, Edith being the centre piece having relationships with us both. I was definitely not interested in my sister in that sense.

“Anything special going up north, Darling? “I asked my wife and boss.

“Yes, a new furniture factory is being built. We want to get out foot in the door before our rivals have a sniff of it.”

“But Edith, if you know, surely others do too.”

“Don’t you believe it, Veronica. I have my informants and my ears to the ground. Besides, you’re liked up north.”

“But that was before the operation. Nobody will recognise me now, Edith.”

“Maybe so but I have faith in you as a woman, your sales figures are sky high. It’s done you good, losing your male member.”

With such words of encouragement from my Goddess I was on a high. Nothing could stand in my way.

I booked myself in at the Holiday Hotel for the week and made arrangements to meet Mr. Donald MacDonald of the MacDonald Furniture Company. He was a big man and wore a kilt and looked at me in a horny sort of way. As I talked, I felt he was mentally stripping my clothes off. I felt most uncomfortable in his presence; however he was a prospective customer so I smiled and tried to be nice to him. Unfortunately I think he thought I was giving him the come on to take liberties with me.

I knew the negotiations for this valuable contract were not going to be over with one meeting; it would be several and I may have to go north again. Edith herself could be involved in the end. This contract was worth mega bucks for Howard Engineering. As we completed our business for the present, he took me out his office with a hand round my waist, the other foundling my derriere.

This was too much. I was a woman now, he didn't own me. I was in the position many a woman has been in the past. I felt degraded. How dare he! I did what many a woman would do: I delivered two stinging blows with the back of my hand on the man's face. I called him a pig and promptly walked away to smiles from the women there in the general office.

I immediately went back to my hotel room for the rest of the day. I blew it. If I had been nice to the man, I may well have had the contract in my pocket by now. The thought of his slimy hands pawing my body filled me with disgust. Edith was right, I was a woman's woman.

I looked through my briefcase. There were other places to visit up here, albeit small fry compared to

what was on offer at MacDonald Furniture. They would have my full attention in the coming days. To hell with Donald MacDonald.

I looked at my wrist watch; time for some lunch. Maybe I could forget the morning activities. I really wasn't in the mood for work as that man had upset me for the day. Maybe some paperwork in my room would cool me down.

I was in the middle of lunch when a waitress came to my table with a very distinguished looking woman.

"Sorry to disturb you during lunch, Miss Bruce. I'm the wife of Mr. MacDonald."

"Are you about to give me an earful for daring to slap your beloved Donald?" I thought to myself.

"I believe you slapped Donald in front of the office staff, Miss Bruce?"

Here comes the wife whose husband can do no wrong. "You believe right, Mrs. MacDonald. I also called him a male chauvinist pig and would do so again. The only regret I have is that I lost a valuable contract for my company, not to mention my commission. That's life, some you win, some you lose. I may get a rocket from the boss when she knows. I may even lose my job. However, one must stand up for their rights."

"The contract may not necessary be lost, Miss Bruce."

I looked at the woman. What had she to do with her husband's company. "Why would you say such a thing, Mrs. MacDonald?"

“Why? Well, I think the main reason is that *I* own the company, not Donald.”

I was confused. “But it says MacDonald Furnishing Company on your present factory.”

“I’ll explain everything. Just come to my office in the morning and we will talk.”

“What about your husband?”

“Him?” she laughed. “I’ll think of some message to send him out of the way. All Donald is good for is being a message boy.”

I was under the impression that Mrs Mac Donald didn’t think much of her husband which, as it turned out, was correct.

It was exactly the same office as the day before that I sat in before Marie Mac Donald. “Where is your husband?” I asked.

“Out of harm’s way with his latest lady love, whoever that may be, and the best of luck to her. Once she finds he is of no use to her in bed, she’ll soon get tired of him as I did. You see, I invested in MacDonald Furniture Company as the price of shares was good, I thought. That was till I looked into how the company was actually doing. The only place it was going was bust.

“I regretted my impulsive purchase as I found out that Donald had inherited a good business established by the hard work of his father and grandfather but he had let it go to rack and ruin. That man has no business sense whatsoever. He spent all his money on fast cars and fast ladies willing to help him spend it on them. That was money which rightfully should have been ploughed back into the company.

“That was the first mistake I made. The second was marrying him. Make no mistake, Donald is a sweet talker when it comes to women. He could charm the pants off any woman and in my case he did. I stupidly thought once we were married, it would all change. It didn’t. He was more interested in women than the company and, as I found out, not all that good in bed. I asked myself why did I ever give up women for this excuse for a man?”

“So I gave him the cold shoulder and a separate bedroom and told him in no uncertain terms he’d be a lot more useful with his dick chopped off and a pair of knickers under his kilt.

He soon got the message, particularly when I took many women to the bed we once shared. He goes his way and I go mine. Why I ever let him become office manager I will never know. As of right now that will cease.”

“So how is it you are expanding and building a new factory, Marie?”

“Hard work. I rolled my sleeves up after I learned about the company and I determined to make it a success. I like a challenge. I am the Managing Director. Donald does have some shares in the company, however, I am his boss.”

This Marie was a not-bad looking woman and a lesbian as she had told me. Maybe with a little fooling around as per Gwen, I might may see the contract in my pocket. The world looked a lot brighter than the day before.

“Then I was talking to the wrong man yesterday, or should I say woman, Marie?”

“You sure were, honey.”

“Wouldn’t it be better if you took me to the building site where we could discuss your company needs? I will give you Howard Engineering’s quotes and we can bargain from there.”

“Very good idea, Veronica. I have to say Howard Engineering is quick off the mark. Where did your information come from about the new factory?”

“That’s a secret, Marie,” I said, touching the side of my nose.

I think Marie got the gist we were travelling the same sexual road. She never said a word then but later that day as I prepared to go for diner in the hotel, I received a phone call in my room.

“Marie here, Veronica. You must be lonely at night in your hotel room. Why don’t you come to my place after diner and meet the girls? We play a few card games, canasta and such like, just for a few pennies. You’re more than welcome to join us.”

“Sure Marie, I’d be delighted.” Canasta was a game I really didn’t have all that much interest in. I was under the impression that would not be the only game played tonight.

Marie lived in an expensive-looking villa out from town and she welcomed me at the front door.

“Where is Donald?” I asked.

Marie laughed. “I told him to get lost and find a woman for the night. That shouldn’t be hard. He has a whole string of them but not for long, just till they find he is useless in bed.”

Marie, I was under the impression, was a hard nosed business woman. Although at present I was in

her good books selling what Howard Engineering offered, this negotiation would not be all that easy. Marie was nobody's fool.

“Make yourself at home, Veronica,” Marie said, pointing at the sofa. “What would you like to drink? The girls will be along soon,” said as she poured me a Bacardi and coke.

Just as I took the first sip, the doorbell rang.

Marie answered and I heard the sound of shrill female voices and laughter. On entering the lounge, Marie introduced Marjory and Shirley, her girlfriends. It was Marjory who possessed the high-pitched shrill voice.

“Veronica is here trying to sell me some stuff from her company. Would you believe Donald was up to his old tricks with her? Smart girl gave him the brush off. She told him in no uncertain terms he was a male chauvinist pig, which of course he is.”

“Spot on, Veronica. The only good thing I got out of Donald was meeting Marie,” the shrill voice of Marjory came.

I was under the impression I had been invited here to play Canasta but that seemed the last thing on the girls minds. They talked and talked. Well, you know how women are when they get together. I got into the act. Then it came out of the blue.

“You come from the big smoke, Veronica, don't you?”

“Yes I do, Shirley, why?”

“Ever heard of the Ringwood Golf Club?”

The Ringwood Golf Club is a very distinguished club and holds a prestigious tournament on the pro men's tour each year. It didn't surprise me that she had heard of it for the tournament was covered in the papers and on television.

"Yes Shirley, you interested in golf?"

"Well, maybe if what I hear about what goes on in the women's section is accurate."

I perfectly well knew what happens there.

"What happens in the women's section of such an illustrious golf club as Ringwood?"

"The grapevine tells me there is a lot of shenanigans going on among the women there."

It surprised me that word had spread so far north. So I decided to test the water a bit more.

"Shenanigans? In such a distinguished golf club? Never. What kind of shenanigans were you referring to?"

Shirley looked at her two companions, then answered, "You know, women fooling around with women and that sort of thing."

"Really? I never knew women did that sort of thing. You wouldn't be joining for that surely. You don't fool around with other women, do you, Shirley?"

She went red-faced and never answered. It was Marie who answered for her.

"Of course she does. Marjory too." Marie had her hands round the waists of her two girlfriends in more than a friendly way.

I laughed. “It surprises me how word comes this far north.”

“We hear the jungle drums loudly, Veronica. So you know something about what Shirley has said?”

I laughed more loudly. “Know something? I know everything. I am a member of the club. If you ladies wish to become members, it can be arranged. Being from up north, though, it seems to me that you won’t be there that often, will you?”

“First of all, Veronica, you are in a safe house. We are all disciples of Sappho. As for attending, I’m sure we can find time in our busy schedule to make a few days for Sapphic love.”

“Well, it looks like my country cousins will find a hand or two welcoming them on various places of interest on their anatomy.” That comment was greeted by giggles from the girls.

“I think it is time we divested our clothes and headed for the bath,” Marie suggested.

Marie had what can only be described as a magnificent bathroom suite, all tiled in white marble with the biggest bathtub I ever saw in my life. It was big enough to hold all four of us, which it did. We splashed and frolicked. I was never so clean in my life. Soapy sponges wandered over me although who held them I have no idea. Loofahs, round thick ones, found places they had no right to be. I think I explored every part of my three lady companions’ anatomy as they did mine. I think you could say we got to know each other *very well* after that communal bathing session.

Thereafter, we naked four retired to Marie’s luxurious bedroom to contort ourselves in positions that

can only be obtained between ladies of the illustrious Order of Sappho. It was only natural that we sprayed each other with heavenly perfume and pampered our bodies with oils that are meant for women.

Many think women apply perfume to their bodies to attract the male of the species. Not so. It is to let others of the same gender as they know that they are available to sport with if such is wished. It is possible that some poor unsuspecting male may get a whiff of perfume from a lady and think that she is out to catch him while in reality she is out to attract another woman. The woman will take the man as a consolation prize till her perfumed body attracts what she really wanted all along: another female.

You may laugh at such an absurd idea but have you ever watched how long a woman takes selecting the small container that hold the sacred liquid? Have you ever wondered why there are so many different perfumes? That is easily explained; women have to search for just the right perfume.

Having found the right perfume, then availing herself of her own gender becomes easier and many girlfriends will she have. There is no age barrier for it has been known for an elder woman having found the right perfume to attract younger women to her bed, some young enough to be her daughter. The majority of males are ignorant of these facts. A stupid man may even help her find the right perfume, never thinking it would be another woman between the sheets of their bed when he is out of sight.

Have you not watched a mother with a young daughter teaching her about the importance of perfume? Delightfully observe as her little girlfriends play makeup games and look for mother's perfume bottle which she will undoubtedly give them. This is so young daughters learn the importance of perfume

at this early age and not make the same mistake as mother and get involved with some nasty man.

It was Sister Hannah who taught me such secrets of the female gender. I was indeed a lucky woman to have learned the importance of perfume so quickly.

I observed the small crystal containers of perfume that lay on Marie's dressing table. They all had labels not of whichever perfume it could be but to whom they belonged. Each smelled different from the others. It was obvious each lady had found the perfume that had initially attracted her to her own gender.

"Ladies," I said, "it is not fair that I have not been given the opportunity to spray myself with my particular special perfume that I can become all the more desirable for sex."

"Shame," Marie said, "can this terrible mistake be rectified so that your delectable body may be ravished by us?"

"Surely, my Sapphic friends, if I may retrieve my purse in which I have a silver container I always carry for such an emergency as now."

I came back with the small silver container with a bulbous pump on the top. I was about to squeeze the bulbous pump when Marie took it from me.

"It will be my pleasure to spray this perfume over such an exciting body as your own."

So saying, a heavenly mist alighted on my person. Marie took her time so that not one millimetre of my person was missed from head to toe.

As I stood there, Marie enfolded me in her arms. Her nostrils were actually twitching, sniffing, draw-

ing in my scent. She therefore would recognise my scent wherever she went even in the darkness, such are the means of women to recognise their type of woman. It is a process that is only needed the once for it is stored in the memory banks of the women who do this. For the receiver of such sniffing, it is indeed a most pleasurable occurrence. Marie's two female companions repeated the process.

Now can you see how very important the value of perfume is to any woman? Knowing the right perfume is indeed a passport to pleasures between females. Edith did me a favour in being so persistent about me becoming a woman. I never had so much intimate sex with any female before I became one myself. I never wanted to have sex with a man even if I was now female.

I spent that night in bed with Marie although from time to time Marjory or Shirley would come between us for their share of loving.

I still hadn't the contract signed, sealed and delivered with MacDonald Furniture. That took several more trips up north. I'm sure Marie was dragging things out so as to have me in bed with her. The deal could have been signed with the first meeting. Not that I objected, mind you. I had my pleasure and at the end of the day a nice fat cheque for commission as well. As well, the ladies section of the Ringwood Golf Club was jumping when the girls from up north hit it. They wasted no time. Soon, many ladies in the club found themselves between sheets in the four days the girls from up north spent there. "When will you be back?" was asked by many women members.

I was back home in bed with my beloved. So what if I did see some of my sister's clothes in the house, making it obvious she had occupied the bed. I was happy Edith was happy with sharing her love be-

tween two sisters, even if one was technically her husband.

Edith promoted me to her assistant. She was not one to hand out promotions freely. She said I deserved it for two big contracts I had landed recently, namely MacDonald Furniture and Glendower Building Company. So who was the henpecked husband now? I was a pretty woman, sleeping with the boss and promoted above those who laughed at me. It helps wearing a pair of knickers. Maybe some of those macho men should try it!

I found my promotion had me more in the office than before. I saw more of Edith but I missed the going around, the customers and giving the sales talk.

Edith could see there was something missing. "Sweetheart, what's the matter with you?" she said one night when we were in bed.

I told her although my salary was much more than when I was a rep, I missed the life of selling. Edith said nothing at that time but a few days later she came to me with an interesting preparation.

"Veronica, Howard Engineering is expanding abroad in the near future. How you would like to be in the forefront of organising things in France? If you take this on, you will be there for over a year till we get off the ground. I am too busy here to keep my eye on things. I need someone there I can trust and there is no one better for that job than my beautiful husband."

"I'm glad to see you have so much faith in me Edith. I'm honoured to be offered that task but I need time to think it over."

“Take your time but give me an answer before the month is out.”

The other matter that came to mind was that I was going to miss Edith. I told her of these thoughts.

“There’ll be other women there, Veronica. I never made any restrictions on you, did I?”

“It’s not the same, Edith. I love you so much. After all, you made me the woman I am today.”

“That is so sweet of you, Veronica. Sometimes I think I don’t deserve you. I will try as often as I can to come over to you so we will be together.”

“Okay Edith, I will give it a try but know that when I hold some other woman in my arms, I will be thinking of you.”

Edith gave me a big hug and a kiss.

## **FRENCH WOMEN**

French women. I cannot say I was an authority on then in general; however one particular woman comes to mind. Madam Brigitte Morel who I became well acquainted with in more than one sense. When I first arrived in Paris where our new factory would be built on the outskirts, it had been arranged by Edith that I should meet the architect. Edith never mentioned who it would be so I naturally thought it would be a man. I was given instruction to visit the office of Morel Architects in Paris where I would discuss various aspects and designs submitted to Howard Engineering for the design of the building.

I was most surprised when I saw it said on the door “Madam Morel, Managing Director.”

I was even more surprised at the appearance of Madam Morel. She was an older woman than I but such a beauty. She was tall, about five foot eleven; slim build; brunette hair that flowed over her shoulders; a well-formed bust. She wore a smart looking business suit. As she rose to meet me, I saw the shiny black stockings and low-heeled black shoes. I was glad to hear she spoke English very well which would make the discussions pertaining to the construction of the building easier.

“Madam Bruce, may I hold the hand of friendship out for a happy relationship between us.”

“That you may, Madam Morel I am sure this new venture by Howard Engineering can only further cement Anglo-French relationships,” I laughed. We kissed in a womanly way on the cheeks.

“I have here a few designs for the building, Madam Bruce, which we may peruse so we can come to a decision. As the building is for Howard Engineering, the final decision will be yours, Madam.”

“Yes of course, Madam Morel. I can see you have put much thought into these designs you have submitted. I will be more than happy to take your advice.”

“I am pleased by your answer. I think we can cooperative well and form a good working partnership during the building of this new factory for your company.”

“I don’t think we should be hasty in any decision. I shall go over each design with a fine tooth comb. It has to be perfect and right for Howard Engineering, you understand?”

“Perfectly, Madam Bruce. Howard Engineering is lucky to have such a fine woman as yourself in charge and looking after the company interests.”

Brigitte Morel and I had begun in the right frame of mind. We were to become great friends...and lovers.

“There is no time like the present to get down to things and iron out some matters.” So saying, Madam Morel took her jacket off, rolled her sleeves up, and was leaning over a drawing board with a plan of the proposed new factory. I saw was a woman who stood no nonsense and got right down to it that. I liked that so my own jacket was off and there I stood, listening to what she said. This was going to be a long process. Five designs had to be eliminated and only one would remain.

I looked at my wrist watch after an hour or so. “Madam Morel, time flies and from what I can see, no decision will be made today. This is a thorough painstaking exercise and must be right.”

“You are perfectly right, Madam Bruce. Maybe some lunch, a rest, then back at it again tomorrow. I know a little cafe where a good meal can be had.”

“Thank you, Madam Morel. As we are going to be closely associated for some time, please calls me Veronica.”

“But of course, Veronica, and you must call me Brigitte.”

At a little side street not far from the Eiffel Tower, we ate. Brigitte was more relaxed and talkative.

“Have you been to Paris before, Veronica?”

“No, I can’t say I have, Brigitte.”

“That is a pity. I shall personally see that you do tomorrow. I will be your host and show you the sights of Paris, then we can get down to the business of Howard Engineering’s new factory.”

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Brigitte picked me up after breakfast at my hotel and took me sightseeing in Paris. It was breathtaking. We saw the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, the Mona Lisa, Notre Dame, Arc de Triomphe and the Champs-Elysée.

At the end of a long wonderful day, we ended in Brigitte’s modernistic flat. Over drinks I learned Brigitte had been to the Sorbonne, had been married, and was now a divorcee. She in turn learned I was a partner of Edith although I never revealed the exact details of our relationship. I left her to think it was a lesbian relationship and not of man and wife. Of course one could say that it was actually both.

Brigitte seemed very interested when I mentioned the lesbianism. I went further, saying that my relationship with Edith was very open, we kept no secrets from each other, and that I had had been with other women.

Brigitte said nothing that she was of the same persuasion. As time passed by, I was invited many times to her flat for a meal. I had noticed there were some expensive prints of various women in sexual poses with each other but I made no comment.

Our work on the project had progressed most successfully to the extent that the outline of the structure had been laid.

“This calls for a celebration, Brigitte,” I said.

“But of course, M<sup>o</sup>n Cherie,” replied Brigitte.

Brigitte and I took a trip to the Moulin Rouge where we had a meal with a bottle of champagne and show to follow. I say “a” bottle of champagne but it might have been two or possibly three, I can’t quite remember. Anyway, we found ourselves at the end of the night in Brigitte’s flat pissed, to put it politely. How we got there I will never know. And I certainly was not in a fit state to go anywhere else so I flopped out on her settee.

All I remember was waking up in the morning in Brigitte’s bed with her beside me.

“What happened?”

“I think we had too much to drink last night, Mon Cherie.”

“My but you look beautiful, Brigitte.” My fuzzy eyesight was becoming focused on Brigitte in her nightgown.

“That is kind of you to say, Veronica. I must say you look not to bad yourself.”

“What time is it, Brigitte?”

“Ten.”

“In that case work is banned for the day. My head hurts.”

“I’m not surprised, considering the amount of champagne we consumed last night. Don’t worry, I’ll get something for that.” So saying, Brigitte slipped out of bed and came back with two tumblers. She dropped an aspirin in each glass and handed me one.

On impulse I grabbed Brigitte and pulled her into bed beside me with no resistance met. I slipped a hand in her night gown and felt her breasts. I could feel the tips of Brigitte's breasts responding to my touch. From then on things only became better as she passionately kissed me and had her hands all over my body. The rest of the day was spent in Brigitte's bed making love.

Brigitte invited me to stay the rest of my time in France with her. How could I refuse such an offer? I would of course recompense her for any outlay she may incur. During my stay, Brigitte and I had our separate work to do. Although she would drop in Howard Engineering's building site from time to time to see how work on the factory progressed, she had other work to do as an architect. Brigitte and I would only see each other after a hard day's work. Sometimes we would be so tired that sex was out for the night. However when it was on offer, Brigitte was very active. While I may have been the instigator that first time, Brigitte wasn't slow on other occasions.

This was a period during which I was very active lesbian; apart from Brigitte I would sometimes go back for a few days to Edith. It was a case of business combined with pleasure as I would report progress on the Factory and, of course, sleep with her.

I remember having sex with Brigitte on a Thursday night, then the next day flying back to the UK, ending up in bed with Edith.

I have had many lesbian lovers and but it is always Edith I come back to. Having said that, Brigitte will always remain in my mind. That French woman had her own special way of making love to me.

It was Brigitte that first introduced a dildo into our sexual activities, something Edith did not approve of.

It would remind her of the male sex and it was only womanly love she wanted. It never really worried me, not when I had an expert like Brigitte to use it on me.

She would sometimes make me lick the dildo attached to her body as part of our foreplay before entering it in my pussy. I do admit to liking that.

I was playing the field and Ringwood Golf Club supplied many players. Although Edith had introduced many lesbian friends into it, the only women she was interested in were my sister Hannah and myself.

As strange as it may sound to you, dear reader, the best thing that ever happened to me was having that operation and being turned into a lesbian by my wife and sister. I know that the men in my reading audience are almost certainly horrified by the notion of having their penis removed. I understand that. Before Edith talked me into it, I would have been horrified by the prospect too. I can only say that I gained many times what I arguably lost. My life is immeasurably better now. I love how I look, I love the clothes I get to wear, I love being pretty and having a bosom and, most of all, I love my new sex life as a lesbian.

Those who may have laughed at me before are not laughing now. They do not recognise me as the nebbishy man I used to be and look at me as a desirable woman, which gives me a thrill. I still worship Edith as I always have. I knew she had something special about her. I now know that it was the ability to turn a man into a woman and make her into a lesbian.

*The End*