

# Made A Lady

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## Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel



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# MADE A LADY

## Part 2

**By Blind Ruth**

### **THE RELATIONSHIP OF CHARLOTTE AND ELSPETH**

“Abigail is coming home ,Elspeth,” said Charlotte Middleton.

“Is she? I thought her leave wasn’t due for another month,” said her bed partner.

“It isn’t but Abigail confided in me that Marie has told her that a General Election is about to be called by the government.”

“But what has that to do with Abigail?” said the Scottish woman.

“Marie wants her and Hester to help her. She has been chosen as a Progressive Party candidate and they are all party members,” answered Charlotte.

“Enough of this tittle-tattle for tonight, Charlotte. Let’s get down to it. You do have your knickers off?”

“You should know after all these years not to ask that question.”

Elspeth McFarlane had Charlotte Middleton well trained since that first time many years ago when she said “Get your knickers off.” Charlotte knew there was sex in the air and she was all for it.

Elspeth had on a short black V-neck chemise in slinky silk-touch jersey fabric, with contrasting white lace at the front, neck, hemline, and shoulder straps.

Charlotte, her lesbian partner, was taller than Elspeth. She wore an smoke blue full-length strappy lace chemise with delicate eyelash lace on the front. It was bias cut for a flattering fit in a matte satin that felt like silk. It also had a deep lace V-back with covered buttons and adjustable back straps.

Just the sight of each other in their pretty night attire aroused them for sexual contact. The clitoris of Charlotte was standing stiff even though no contact with Elspeth had taken place yet. But now she held Elspeth in her arms and contact was softly made between their lips.

Both knew that they would be having sex this night and had applied makeup to themselves. Tonight was special because tonight because it was 15 years since they first had sex together.

Charlotte’s fingers slipped under the hem of Elspeth’s short chemise to rest on Elspeth clitoris; it was not yet at full erection as was Charlotte’s. That would soon be taken care of as Charlotte nimble finger slowly rubbed over it.

She knew her bed partner was becoming aroused as she felt Elspeth begin to relax in her arms and her kissing became more passionate.

“Don’t stop,” whispered the aroused Elspeth.

The clit was now standing at full attention, pressing itself into Charlotte’s finger, much to her delight. Elspeth’s hands had gone round Charlotte’s neck while Charlotte was now astride her lesbian lover. From above, Charlotte’s heavy breasts swung in front of Elspeth’s eyes, a tempting display for her to feast upon. Elspeth’s hand left where she had put it round Charlotte’s neck to gently pull a breast towards her mouth; once there a gentle sucking took place. The breast was being devoured like a tempting apple, pear, or orange.

The erotic pair continued their lovemaking as Charlotte put a hand inside Elspeth’s pussy which was sopping wet with all the stimulation she had been receiving from her lover above her. Slow moans were released from both participants.

Charlotte had focused on Elspeth’s breasts; the short black silky chemise she wore had wrinkled up to expose Elspeth’s small breasts. Charlotte felt her partner’s breast respond to her touch as an exposed nipple hardened. Elspeth raised her body so that her sexual parts rubbed against Charlotte’s, something that had always been a favourite part of Elspeth’s lovemaking.

Elspeth mouth was still sucking at Charlotte’s breast as the pair continued their frottage. As secretions within their bodies were discharged, the sliding movements between their private parts became quicker till eventually a crescendo was reached and both fell exhausted with extreme happiness on their faces. Eventually sleep overtook the Sapphic pair.

## ALL FOR ONE

Hester Weston was welcomed into Marie Ramsay's London flat. Both women hugged and kissed each other.

"You answered my call, Hester," said the small woman.

"Of course, Marie, why wouldn't I? You have been in touch with my cousin?"

"Yes, Abigail will be here in a few days, she just has to sort some matters out in New York. She said she will stay till after the election."

"It's so long since I have seen her. It will be like old times, the three of us being together again. But I have seen nothing in the papers or television about this election."

"If Lord Armstrong says there is a General Election coming, there is a General Election coming. I have made up the spare bedroom for you tonight. Tomorrow we will go to Rudely; I want to meet the local party members and see if we can fix somewhere to live during the election," finished Marie.

"Good. I have fixed matters concerning my work. Bruce has been a dear to me and will take some cases off my hands to free me. Bruce even said that if he can find the time, he will come and help us at weekends."

"That is kind of him. I need as much help as I can get," the small woman said. Hester was shown the room Marie had prepared and the bathroom to refresh herself before dinner.

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"I phoned the takeaway and they're sending two chicken curries over. You don't mind that, do you?"

“No, of course not,” Hester replied.

The takeaway order soon arrived and a chilled bottle of white wine was opened. Both women sipped their wine

Marie as she ate could not fail to observe Hester’s breasts.

“There’s something different about you since we last met.”

“You’ve noticed them?” said she, placing a hand on her bosoms outside her dress.

“They are rather large compared to the last time we met,” said Marie.

“They are, aren’t they? I wasn’t satisfied with what I had so I got implants. Bruce likes them,” finished Hester.

“I bet he does. Probably can’t keep his hands away from you, dear. “Where did you get them?” asked the curious Marie.

“At the Better Bosoms Clinic Are you interested yourself?”

“No,” she lied.

“I sometimes wonder why my Aunt Charlotte never had that done to me. She did everything else; changed my name from David; changed my sex to female. Why didn’t she give me decent breasts? The hormones she pumped into me as a boy certainly made me feel female and gave me breasts but not enough for my liking.”

In the morning it was decided they would use Marie’s Chevrolet Spark, a small two-door car. Hester parked her car in Marie’s garage for the present time.

The women set off on their journey to Rudely which would take them some five hours. When the town was reached, they made for the Progressive Party HQ, a wooden hall in an outlying district of the town. Marie had

phoned the local party chairman that she wanted to meet him that afternoon.

“Pleased to meet you, Miss Ramsay” said the man. He held his hand out to Marie.

“You may have been somewhat surprised by my phone call the other night, Mr. Berwick. I will explain everything,” said the small woman.

“My office is this way, Miss Ramsay.” Marie and Hester followed the man past a stage and behind it to an office that needed a bit of paint.

“Please take a seat,” said Mr. Berwick, indicating two seats in front of his desk.

“Please call me Marie. I expect we will be seeing plenty of each other in the coming weeks. You may wonder what this all about. I can tell you that the government is about to call a General Election very soon and that comes from very high Lord Armstrong, the Party Chairman.”

“I see but what I may ask has this to do with you, Miss Ramsay?”

“I am one of the backroom team at HQ in London. Lord Armstrong has asked me to be our candidate at Rudely in this election.”

“We haven’t a prospective candidate at present Miss Ramsay, not for lack of trying, I have to say. No one wants to stand for the Progressive’s here and I don’t blame them. We have no chance. It is possibly the biggest majority the government has over us anywhere in the country.”

“Not the biggest, Mr. Berwick, tenth on the list to be precise,” Marie corrected him.

“Is that all? Then we have a hope,” Mr. Berwick joked.

"I am here to be that candidate. Can I count on your full co-operation?"

"Surely. I'm glad somebody wants to fly the flag for us here but there are very few of our supporters round this town. It will be hard going and no reward, I'm afraid. Call me Ronnie. You will need an agent, Marie."

"Don't worry, she is here with me, aren't you, Hester?"

"What? Who, me?" spluttered a surprised Hester.

"My agent is Hester Weston, Ronnie." Hester and Ronnie Berwick shook hands.

"I think the party should have a formal meeting, say, Monday night, to elect me. Then I can meet everyone."

"I can arrange that, Marie, no problem."

"Good. Next thing is to arrange somewhere Hester and I can stay during the time of the election. When I win, I shall arrange somewhere to live in the constituency," finished Marie.

"There is nothing like being confident, Marie. I do hope you are right but pigs might fly first," Ronnie Berwick laughed. "As for living here, Mrs. Sheldon, a good party supporter, could put you up for that time."

"I know nothing about being your agent," said Hester as the pair made their way to meet Mrs. Sheldon.

"Don't worry about that. I'll keep you right, besides you're a smart woman. You wouldn't be a solicitor if you weren't. In no time you'll get the hang of it," the small, determined, Marie answered.

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Old Nelly Sheldon, a widow for over ten years, showed Marie and Hester two rooms where her son and daughter had lived. Both were now married and far from Rudely.

"These will do nicely, Mrs. Sheldon. Is it possible to put an extra bed in the large room for another girl will be here soon?"

"Yes that can be done, dear. When you would want to move in?" asked the old lady.

"Will tomorrow be okay?" Marie looked at her watch. "We will have to go back to London, pack a few things and come back tomorrow. I will phone you if there are any changes in the plans, Mrs. Sheldon."

"You do that, dear. Meantime, I will have the rooms ready for you," said the white-haired old lady.

Later that night on the way back to London, an announcement was made on the radio that the government was to hold a General Election. All would be set up to end Parliament the coming Thursday. A six-week period would take place before voting.

"That's longer than I expected," said Marie.

"Is it?" asked Hester.

"Yes, it's usually four weeks. It means the government party is in trouble and needs the extra weeks to convince the general public to vote them back in," said the knowledgeable Marie.

## **PARTY POLITICS**

Hester Weston was on her way to Heathrow Airport London to pick up her cousin Abigail Middleton. She was

driving Marie Ramsay's Chevrolet Spar. Hester waved to her cousin as she left customs. The two embraced.

"It's been so long since we saw each other, Hester. I've missed you."

"Let's get your baggage, then we can talk on the way back," said her cousin Hester.

After a few hours, Hester pulled into a roadside cafe for a snack. Abigail looked at Hester's finger. "That's a nice ring."

"Isn't it? It's my engagement ring from Bruce."

"When's the happy day, sweetie?" asked her cousin?

"We haven't fixed a date yet."

"You love that man, don't you, Hester?"

"Yes I do. Before that blind date my step-mom fixed up for me, I wasn't interested in men. Bruce just swept me off my feet, though. Whenever we do tie the knot, you and Marie will be my bridesmaids."

"Hester and I will be most honoured. You must hold on to him, Hester. I wish you both well," Abigail, her cousin, said.

"Thank you, darling. He knows nothing about my change of sex or my relationship with you," Hester informed her.

"Then I will make sure to say nothing of that. I will be eternal grateful to you for bringing Marie and I together."

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The General Election was now in full swing. At the local party hut in Rudely Town one morning, Marie was giving a briefing to party workers.

"I want you women to post leaflets through the doors in these districts today," Marie said, pointing to a map on the wall. "And Ronnie, you will take the van fitted with the loudspeakers to here and here," she continued, pointing to the map on the wall again.

"Hester and Abigail, come with me. This morning we are going round the local supermarkets and talking to people about various issues of concern. Take a bundle of party leaflets and give them out as we make our way round the markets." For a small woman, Marie Ramsay had an big personality and she knew how to make people do as she wanted.

"Abigail, you and Hester walk round the market talking to people, answering any questions and handing out leaflets. Meanwhile, I intend to go to the kindergarten and talk with the young mothers. I'll be maybe an hour or so but will come back to pick you up."

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Saturday morning saw a hive of activity in the party hall with Marie giving directions to do this and that. Turning to Hester and Abigail and holding two scarves with red and white stripes, she said, "These are for you girls."

"Thanks Marie, but what are we to do with them?" asked Abigail.

"Wear them. We are going to the football match this afternoon," was the answer.

"How could you be so stupid, Abigail? What else would they be for?" joked Hester.

During the campaign, as promised, Abigail's mother and her old governess Miss Elspeth McFarlane came to

help out and stayed in a local hotel. To Hester's delight, her boyfriend, Bruce Barberton, was there at weekends.

As the big day came, opinion polls suggested that it was going to be close between the government party and the Progressives.

Election Day came, the hustings were over. There was nothing left but go to the count in the local town hall and wait for the result. Marie Ramsay arrived shortly after voting finished at 10 o'clock with Abigail and Hester beside her. It would be a long night for their result in Rudely Town was not expected till somewhere around four in the morning. As the poll finished each district in town would send their ballot boxes by van to be counted. A seal on the boxes was broken and the voting papers spread on a table. It was the job of Marie and her helpers to take note of the votes for their party compared to the other parties. In this way they would know where their support was coming from and where most of their votes were. In future elections, districts from where they were getting the most votes would be concentrated on.

Around two in the morning, Hester said, "Let's go and have a cup of tea."

"Good idea," replied Marie.

A canteen in the town hall had been set up for just such. Marie treated all the Progressive Party workers to hamburgers and tea.

"It's going to be close. I listened in on the radio. They said we were making some gains on the Government Party," said Abigail.

"How do you think we are doing here, sweetheart?" asked Marie.

“From what I’ve seen here, it’s a close call as well. The 15,000 majority the Government had here will be severely slashed. We have hope, Marie,” Hester said.

“I can confirm that,” added Abigail.

“I think you’re right but I won’t build up my hopes yet,” little Marie said.

The result was not given at four as expected for when Marie heard the provisional result, she asked for a recount. The results were closer than people had thought they would be.

TV cameras were in the town hall and party political pundits were talking in terms of a possible upset result coming from Rudely Town.

“There’s a recount in Rudely Town,” said one commentator.

“Who is the Progressive candidate there?” asked another commentator.

“Marie Ramsay,” someone replied.

“Oh yes, she was one of the backroom boys in the Progressives. Her late father was an M.P. and I believe somewhere in the past one of her relatives was a cabinet minister,” a knowledgeable person added.

“The Progressives are making many gains tonight but to take Rudely Town would be beyond their wildest dreams,” said a pundit.

“What do you make of it all, Lord Armstrong?” asked the person heading the election coverage.

“In our circles, Marie is known as Little Miss Dominant. She gets things done and is well liked in party ranks. She will go far. Keep your eyes on her, whatever happens in Rudely Town.”

“We will certainly do that, Lord Armstrong. I believe the result is about to be announced from Rudely Town. Over to you, Douglas.”

“The mayor is about to give the vote count,” said Douglas in hushed tones into his microphone. “Here it comes,” he added.

The microphone in front of the mayor was now switched on. “Ladies and Gentlemen, the result of the election for the Member of Parliament for the constituency of Rudely Town is as follows. Ramsay, Marie, Progressive Party, 30,874 votes. Robinson, George, Government Party, 32,420 votes.”

The mayor finished with “Therefore, George Robinson is elected Member of Parliament for the constituency of Rudely Town.”

A stunned silence came from the Government Party supporters; their majority had been cut by over 13,000 votes. Marie thanked all who helped her and a special mention was made for Hester Weston, her agent.

In his speech, George Robinson thanked the people of Rudely Town for once again voting for him to be their MP as they had done for the last 24 years, then said, “It was a fair fight, Miss Ramsay, no dirty tricks. You were a worthy opponent and I wish you well. I believe more will be heard of you. I am sure great things are in store for you.”

Marie Ramsay looked at the elderly grey-headed man with a tear in her eye and replied, “I am not worthy of such praise, Sir. You have been a good servant to the people of Rudely Town all these years. I only hope that if I ever become a Member of Parliament, I can match your achievements.”

The town hall was emptied quickly and Marie and her friends left. When they arrived back at Mrs. Sheldon’s, all

crowded round the television to watch the election coverage. It was near 6:30 in the morning.

The man in charge of the discussion on the the election was talking. "Well, we are nearing the end of our election coverage. The Progressive Party has a narrow lead but there are a few country results to come which will not be declared till this afternoon. The cliff hanger remains till then. We will return to the air then. Good-bye for now."

"I don't know about you lot but I'm off to bed," said a tired looking Hester.

"Me too. It's been a long night," added Abigail.

## **AFTERMATH OF THE ELECTION**

On Sunday Hester drove Marie's Chevrolet Spark back to Marie's London flat with Marie and Abigail in the back seats. The election was the main topic of conversation. "Well, we won, Marie," commented Abigail.

"Only just, with a majority of sixteen," Marie replied.

Abigail Middleton was going to stay with Marie, her lover, till she went back to New York. As for Hester Weston, she would return to her job as a solicitor. Marie arranged for a dinner for three at a nearby restaurant. Afterwards, all three young women kissed and departed; Hester to her job; Abigail to stay at Marie's flat till her vacation ended.

On the Monday morning Marie was up early. She made breakfast and woke Abigail. "You're up bright and early, sweetheart," Abigail said.

"Have to be, I'm off to work."

"You're not working today, are you? You must be drained of energy after that hectic run around Rudely Town."

“Work is work and it doesn’t stop just because the election is over, Abigail.”

Abigail grudgingly said, “I suppose you’re right.”

Abigail was looking at the pretty black silk peignoir worn by Marie as she sat before her at the breakfast table. Her “thing” had risen below her white satin dressing gown which she knew Marie could not see. How she wished to rip that peignoir off Marie for Abigail knew beneath it Marie was as naked as the day she was born. It was difficult to fight these desires but she had to for the present.

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Monday morning Lord Armstrong called a conference at HQ. “Good morning, everyone, and well done. I congratulate all. As you know, the Queen will this afternoon be asking our party leader, James Harness, to form a government. Then he will move into Number 10 and invite members to join his cabinet. This will occupy the rest of the day. I will be talking with the Prime Minister tonight. For now, keep up the good work. I may have more to say in the coming weeks. Marie, see me in my office.”

Marie Ramsay sat before Lord Armstrong in his office as she had done many times before.

“Marie, may I congratulate you on the result at Rudely Town.”

“But I didn’t win, Lord Armstrong.”

“Nevertheless it was a remarkable result and has been noted by the party hierarchy. Word has already been sent down to me to find a safe seat for you in the next election. I don’t think that will be hard for old Paddy Jenkins has

already indicated that he will stand down at the next election. He has a majority of some 18,000."

"That is most kind of you, Lord Armstrong but if I may be so bold, I don't want a safe seat. I would rather fight in Rudely Town once again. But the next election is a long way off"

Lord Bertram Armstrong looked at Marie. "How naive you are, Marie, but you have time and will learn. I commend you for your loyalty to the people of Rudely Town. I will let you in on a little secret; with the small majority, we will have another election soon, I am sure it will take place within the year, which is something that will be discussed by myself and the P.M. tonight."

"That information will never pass my lips, sir," answered Marie.

"I know that, Marie, otherwise I would not have mentioned it."

"Lord Armstrong, it may not be my place to suggest such a thing but my agent Hester Weston was thrown into the deep end and made a good job of it. I would suggest that she take the place offered to me of taking over Paddy Jenkins' seat."

"Is she a party member, Marie?"

"Yes, she was on the Progressive Party committee with her cousin Abigail Middleton at university, sir."

"I see. Middleton, that name rings a bell."

"Her father was an M.P. and died shortly after she was born."

"I remember now. James Middleton. It caused quite a scandal; her mother, Charlotte, was caught in bed with another woman. All hell broke loose but things were hushed up as the party was in Government and our majority was thin. An election at that time and we could well

have lost. But I can't hold that against your girlfriend, Marie."

"Abigail has nothing to hide." Marie Ramsay said nothing about her own mother Phyllis being of the same persuasion but felt this party chairman knew many things about her family as he did about many party members.

"I will keep your friend Hester Weston in mind for future reference, Marie. Meanwhile, you look worn out after all the energy you expended during the election. I would advise you to take a rest, no, I am ordering you to go on holiday for the rest of the week, Marie."

"But sir..." Marie Ramsay never got any further.

"I need a refreshed vitalised Marie Ramsay when this election is called. That's an order."

"Yes sir." There was nothing left for Marie Ramsay but to clear her desk and take the holiday Lord Armstrong suggested.

## **WHAT HAPPENED ON MARIE'S HOLIDAY**

Marie arrived back at her flat about noon. Abigail was busy fixing lunch for herself. "You're home early, sweetheart. Something wrong?" Abigail asked.

"The boss told me to take a holiday to refresh myself after the election."

Abigail looked at the weary Marie. "Quite right too. You look all in. I'll make us some lunch. Fancy fish and chips?"

Abigail made the fish and chips and both sat there eating. "Marie, how about getting away for a few days, forgetting everything and relaxing? I know, let's get some sea air into the lungs."

"Where would you suggest, Abigail?"

“Blackpool. Its ages since I’ve been there. I’ll phone now, okay, darling?”

“If you say so. I’ll leave all the arrangements to you.”

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Blackpool during the summer months is all hustle and bustle and full of holiday makers. The five star Northbrook Hotel is slightly off the beaten track and a mile or so to the north of the Golden Mile. The exclusive hotel is for those with a good income; the service is first class and the magnificent bedrooms defy description. Abigail and Marie had just arrived and their baggage was taken from them and delivered to their room as they signed in.

“Dinner is at seven-thirty, ladies. Shall I reserve a table for two?” asked the receptionist.

“Yes, please do,” answered Abigail.

“What names?”

“Miss Abigail Middleton and Miss Marie Ramsay. Please give our phone a call around 7.”

“That will be attended to. Do you wish a call in the morning and papers.”

“Yes, please. The Times and I expect Telegraph for you, Marie?” Marie gave a nod of the head to confirm.

When both women reached their room a ten pound note was given to the bellhop by Abigail for bringing their baggage.

“You picked a nice hotel, Abigail,” said Marie eyeing the huge luxurious double bed with the satin sheets and pillows.

“Should be, sweetie. It cost an arm and a leg but it’s only money,” laughed Abigail.

“Don’t worry, I’ll pay my share,” said Marie.

As both women dressed for dinner, Abigail’s eyes were fixated on the small Marie. She fitted the classic little black dress with the white Peter Pan collar and cuffs, beautifully adorned with an elaborate beaded pattern, lending this piece a distinctive vintage feel. The back ties, when pulled in, created a flattering flare shape.

Abigail had already seen the figure-hugging medium control high-waisted briefs in black silk with lace side panels. All this increased Abigail’s desire to have Marie as she had done many times since her governess Elspeth McFarlane had thrown both of them naked into the bath tub when they were girls.

Marie noticed Abigail staring at her. “It’s my breasts, isn’t it, Abigail?” said the small woman.

“What are you talking about?”

“You’ve seen your cousin Hester’s breasts. They’re enormous, aren’t they?”

On that matter Abigail had to agree, they were indeed large but what was that to do with Marie?

“I’ve been thinking of having something like that done myself. What do you think?”

“I have never really thought about it till you mentioned it. Let me think the matter over. If I said I approved, would you do it, darling?”

“Like a shot. Even if you didn’t say you approved. I think I’d still go for it.”

“Won’t you be kind of top heavy, dear? I must say that even so, that idea fascinates me.”



“Then that’s it. I’ll get in touch with Better Bosoms, the clinic where Hester had hers done.” Marie Ramsay had made her mind up.