

Sophisticated Lady



Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel



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SOPHISTICATED LADY

BY BLIND RUTH

ADMIRING GLANCES

The small woman, all five foot two of her, sat on the double bed, dressed in a business suit of tight black skirt, white button-up blouse, black stockings, and black pumps. She watched the other woman who had her back to her, sitting at the dressing table. The woman at the dressing table in only her bra and panties was applying makeup to her face, taking her time in that task as she looked in the dressing table mirror. The woman on the bed could see the reflection of the other woman from the mirror. The woman on the bed spoke .“Stand up, Frieda, turn round and face me.”

“Yes Marge.”

The reply enraged the woman on the bed. She was quickly on to her feet; she came to the other woman. With the back of her hand she delivered two stinging blows on Frieda’s cheeks.

“You know I don’t like that name, It’s Marjorie, remember that.”

Frieda cast her eyes down to the floor, disgraced and ashamed of what she had said.

Marjorie placed a hand under Frieda’s chin and turned it towards her. “Give me a kiss and say you’re sorry.”

“I’m sorry Marjorie. I didn’t mean to call you by that name. I’ll not do that again,” the submissive Frieda replied.

“Good, sweetheart. We’ll kiss and forget.” So saying, Marjorie swept Frieda into her arms and a long lingering kiss took place between them. Marjorie’s hands wandered down to the seat of Frieda’s white nylon panties and slowly rubbed. Frieda held Marjorie tighter as a bulge started to appear at the front of her panties.

Marjorie pulled herself away. “That’s enough excitement for now, Frieda. Besides, it’s time I left for the office,” she said, glancing at her wrist watch.

“Marjorie, I don’t want to be left in this state”

“Well, if you’re a good girl, maybe tonight you will have some fun. I’ll buy you some fancy panties, you’ll like that. Do the house work; we will have to see about a proper job for you. I’ll phone you if I think of anything else. Understand?”

“Yes, Marjorie” Frieda wearily said, knowing by now it was useless arguing with her wife. Marjorie

lifted the black jacket that was part of her business suit off the bed and slipped it on. As she exited the bedroom, she looked at her husband standing there in just bra and panties. "For heaven's sake, get a decent dress on, Frieda. You look almost naked."

Marjorie Watt Gilmore smiled to herself as she drove the company car to their business office at Gilmore Construction Company. She had scrutinised Frieda thoroughly that morning with a keen eye and liked what she saw; yes her husband was coming along nicely to becoming a woman.

Marjorie visualised the coming night. Frieda would be denied any sexual contact with her and had been for some considerable time. It was all part of the training to feminize her/him. Marjorie would prepare by buying a pair of panties that afternoon in a lingerie shop called "Frilly Knickers". That night she would tantalise Frieda by holding the frilly black panties before her. Black had always worked best for some reason; maybe that colour had sex appeal to Frieda's mind.

Frieda knew not that Marjorie had been pumping hormones into his/her slim body. The once aggressive Fred would soon know what it was like to be a woman. It served him right. He was small and slim; he had kept himself fit at the gym three days a week. Her ordeal with Fred had turned Marjorie against men and gave her strength to push her husband over the line into feminine ways. Fred/Frieda was not yet conscious just how far his wife would push him. Marjorie never considered Fred a great lover as a man but she would teach him how women made love with each other. Marjorie Watt was no lesbian but loving her husband as a woman had to be better than the half-hearted efforts Fred made as

a man. Marjorie had nothing to lose turning Fred into a woman; their relationship had certainly failed as man and wife.

Marjorie never thought she would become a businesswoman; she had been to university and studied to be a teacher. Then she was timid as quiet as a church mouse, as they say.

Everything changed when Fred Gilmore came into her life. Marjorie Watt was now the Managing Director of the company; she took that position away from Fred when she saved the company from bankruptcy and near failure. Marjorie liked being an aggressive businesswoman, especially when she ground some poor male into the dust in a business deal for the company. Hard-nosed businessmen no longer worried her after her ordeal with Fred.

FRED GILMORE: BUSINESS MAN

Fred Gilmore didn't start life as a business man; he was a labourer on a road construction gang like his old man, now long dead. His mother had no regrets of her husband's death from cirrhosis of the liver for he had made her life a misery. A drunkard was Charlie Gilmore, spending all his money on booze and beating his wife. Mary Gilmore only stuck with him for the sake of her young son Fred; otherwise she would have left Charlie long ago.

It was not unusual for Mary to go through Charlie's trouser pockets on pay day when Charlie staggered home blitzed and flopped out on their bed. Any money retrieved was quickly put aside for food and clothes for herself and Fred. Money left over was put in a bank account that Charlie knew noth-

ing of. If Charlie questioned where his money was, Mary would reply that he had spent it on drink.

The house Fred was brought up in consisted of a bedroom, kitchenette and bathroom. While his grades were nothing to write home about, he wasn't stupid and had an active brain. His father pushed him into being a labourer; if it was good enough for him it was good enough for his son.

Fred Gilmore never appreciated his father and the way he treated his mother. His father introduced Fred to alcohol for Charlie Gilmore was a hard-drinking whiskey man. That lead to many years of dealing with alcoholism for Fred.

Fred Gilmore knew there was more in life than swinging a pick axe and digging roads; he was ambitious and wished his father had put him in some trade but was stuck being a labourer. He took courses in night school and gained certificates. After a few years, he felt he had sufficient knowledge to start his own company. But to start out on his own needed a large amount of money, which he didn't have.

Even starting on a small scale, he would not have enough money. He had some put aside and could always ask his mother but he would still be well short of the required amount. His mother was more than willing to put her saved money into the project.

"Fred, we do not have enough money for this. I would advise you to see the bank manager for a loan."

"Yes mother, that was what I had in mind. Do you think I stand a chance?"

"You'll never know till you ask. You are a hard worker and have given me your wage packet every

Friday night, unlike that father of yours. I have faith in you, Fred. I think you will make a success of it. I love you Fred and my heart says you will get on in this life.”

“I couldn’t have a better mother. I won’t forget this.” Mother and son embraced each other.

Fred made an appointment with his bank’s manager. Seated in front of the manager, Fred explained his ambitious plans for his company very enthusiastically, giving it his best shot. The manager, a much older man than Fred, listened very carefully, not saying a word till Fred finished. He slowly looked Fred up and down, taking his time before he spoke. Fred thought he had failed in his attempt for the loan.

The manager spoke, “Mr. Gilmore, I have listened very carefully to the ideas you have for your company. The amount of money you ask is a considerable sum, for this bank to loan to anyone. You are no doubt aware that you are in competition with many companies.”

“Yes sir, I’m fully aware of that.”

Fred was about to add to that when the manager gave him a stare that would have frozen you to the ground.

“I haven’t finished, Mr. Gilmore I think you have the energy and enthusiasm required for such a venture and I have faith in you and your plans.”

A smile broke out on Fred’s face. He could now hire the equipment needed but he didn’t yet have any orders for work. The deal was signed.

Fred Gilmore’s keen eye had already noticed a number of local roads that would have to be re-

paired soon. He had worked out the costs and the number of men required for the job.

Now was the time to approach the county road department with his estimates for these roads. The head of the department informed Fred that the roads were not yet out for tender. However he was impressed by the zeal awareness and enthusiasm shown by this man and would keep him in mind. As a test of Fred's work, some streets needed repair; it was small work but it would tide Fred over till he had a large contract. Fred put a lot of effort into that work with a few other men he had hired. Then the first of the roads he had scouted came up for estimate. He was hired for one at first, other road repairs were given to established companies. Fred put a lot of effort into that work.

It would take a considerable amount of time to finish the project and the contract had penalties clauses if it was not finished on time. Fred Gilmore sweat blood to have it finished on time and correctly, which it was. The county roads department was more than satisfied, much to Fred's relief.

Fred Gilmore's company expanded to the extent that he soon stopped working as a labourer and opened a small office. He found there were exhibitions and fairs for constructors which he soon was attending, looking for work. Gilmore Construction Company reputation for excellent work soon got around; his company prospered and was sought out. It was during one exhibition that he came across Henry Wright who owned a large construction and road building company. Although Henry Wright was older than Fred, he found him pleasant and jolly to be with.

“Ah, young Fred, I see you and your company are taking work from me,” said Henry.

“I’m sorry, sir,” a red-faced Fred replied.

“You shouldn’t be. It keeps us all on our toes. Nothing like good friendly rivalry, is there?”

It was Henry Wright who nominated Fred for Young Business Man of the Year for the county. Much to Fred’s astonishment, he won that honour. His mother so proud of him. This meant he would have to make a speech and wear a tux.

Fred had no girlfriend as yet, being so busy. Therefore it was his mother who accompanied him to the dinner. Mary Gilmore was rightly proud of her son and his achievements and wanted to look her best for this auspicious occasion. Fred gave his mother all the money she required to buy a beautiful evening dress. On the day of the event, Mary treated herself to a hairdo and a makeover. On his arm, she looked as radiant and pretty as any woman there.

After the lavish dinner came numerous speeches, eventually the one Fred had prepared. He thanked Henry Wright for the nomination and those who voted for him. All there applauded, then toasted him and his achievement.

When he finished his speech, Henry Wright asked him if was coming to the annual dinner dance in a few weeks.

“I would like to, Henry, but I have no partner.”

“If I may suggest, Fred, and your mother doesn’t mind, I know a nice young lady who would be delighted to accompany you if you asked her.”

“Its time you had a girlfriend, Fred. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” said his mother.

“Then it’s settled. I shall ask Marjorie Watt, the granddaughter of my old partner Andrew Stevens. She’s a charming girl. I think you’ll like her.”

Marjorie Watt, age 25, was a well-educated woman, a teacher in primary school. Her mother was a widow, the eldest daughter of Andrew Stevens, long dead, as was her husband Reginald.

Fred hired a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce to take himself and Marjorie to the dance held in the local Town Hall. Marjorie Watt lived with her mother in a large mansion out in the country in nice wooded surroundings, which impressed Fred. He was even more impressed when he beheld Marjorie, a small flaxen haired woman in a stunning shimmering black gown. Fred never had much to do with women but Marjorie captivated his heart. Both Fred and Marjorie were shy around each other that first time.

Constance Watt, Marjorie’s mother, a socialite, wanted her daughter to marry into some high class family or at least connect with a rich business man with his own company.

Fred Gilmore was rather embarrassed on the dance floor. Marjorie could have laughed but she took pity on poor Fred and both retired from the dance floor. This gave Fred an opportunity to talk with his delightful partner of the night.

“Shall we go to the bar, Miss Watt?”

“By all means, Mr. Gilmore, but please call me Marjorie. We’re not going to address each other as Miss and Mister all night, are we?:”

“Then you must call me Fred. What do you work, Marjorie?”

Marjorie explained she worked as a teacher in primary school. Fred then told all about his company and his ambitions. The night quickly flew as both dreamily looked into each other’s eyes and soon it was time for Fred to see Marjorie home.

The Rolls stopped in the driveway in front of the stately mansion where Marjorie lived.

“Won’t you come in, Fred? There is only mother waiting up for me, she still thinks I am a schoolgirl coming back from my first prom.”

On entering, Marjorie led Fred through a number of corridors till eventually they came to a very large living room. A log fire was burning, a distinguished looking woman in her mid-fifties sat comfortably on a large chair reading a book. She looked up on the pair entering. “Darling, did you have a good time? This must be Mr. Gilmore I’ve heard so much about you from Henry Wright.”

“All good I hope, Mrs. Watt,” said Fred a bit awkwardly.

“Henry says you are an up-and-coming young man. You must be if you received the Young Business Man of the Year Award.”

Connie Watt looked Fred up and down as had his bank manager. She liked what she saw. She had already made her mind up to encourage the romance between her daughter and this man.

“Would you like something to drink, Mr. Gilmore? Tea, coffee or would you prefer something stronger? Whiskey, gin, vodka, you name it.”

“A cup of tea would be nice, Mrs. Watt.”

Connie Watt smiled as she made conversation between herself and Fred. She was taken by Fred Gilmore. He and her daughter would get on well together; Connie was certain of that. Eventually it was time for Fred to depart. Marjorie saw him to the door where the Rolls waited.

“Can I see you again, Marjorie?” On an impulse, Fred swept Marjorie into his arms and kissed her.

“Yes, Fred. Give me a ring during the week and we will sort something out.” Marjorie scribbled her phone number on a piece of paper and handed to him.

Very soon they were constantly dating and it was becoming serious. Fred’s mother was not disappointed on seeing Marjorie for the first time. She thought Marjorie was the woman for her son, a bit on the quiet side but a nice pretty woman and well-educated which Fred was not. Mary dreamed of the day she would be a grandmother and have grandchildren around her feet.

After six months of going together, Marjorie had decided that Fred was the man for her. But Fred had not proposed. Just how serious was he? Marjorie just asked straight out, “Don’t you think we should get married?”

Fred hesitated. “We should have a trial first, Marge.”

“Trial? What do you mean by a trial?”

“Live together and see if we are suited to each other.”

“I’m not happy with that arrangement. I’m sure my mother and yours would call it living in sin.”

"I love you. What harm can it do? It's the way nowadays."

"I don't know, Fred. I'll have to think about it doesn't seem right at all. I'm not convinced." No more was said for the present.

Marjorie Watt had a number of girlfriends from university and consulted them about this matter. Some were now married some were not. The vote for living with Fred or not was 50/50. So it all came down to her and in the end she decided to live in sin.

That led to friction between herself and her mother who disapproved of such an arrangement. Connie had slept with Reggie, her future husband, but had not lived with him in the manner her daughter proposed to do. As for Fred's mother, like Connie Watt she was not at all happy about this arrangement between her son and Marjorie and strongly advised against it.

"But mother, everyone is doing that nowadays," said her son.

"Well, it's not right in my eyes but you seem determined. I'm not sure if Marjorie's heart is in this even if she has agreed." No more was said between mother and son on that matter.

Fred spent a lot of time furnishing and preparing the flat to Marjorie specs, and a nice little love nest it was.

They invited friends to a first night party in the flat, however both their mothers were not invited because of their objections to them living together.

That night Fred and Marjorie, after their delicious dinner, were happy talking with friends.

Toasts were made to the couple by all and presents were presented and received.

When all the guests left, it was bedtime. Although they had been a loving pair, the couple had never had sex together. In a way, this was a honeymoon night. Whatever expectations Marjorie had for a sexual experience, this was not it. Their sexual intercourse seemed to be over before it began. It was wham bam, thank you ma'am. You would have to go back in time to Fred's one and only sexual experience prior to this night to understand.

It was with a girl Fred knew in high school who had a reputation for being "easy." Friends hooked Fred up with her when they found out he was a virgin. Fred, being nervous, was not exactly a tender and experienced lover and came quickly. Too quickly. The girl laughed in his face, dressed quickly and left Fred standing in the woods alone, feeling stupid and inadequate. It was an inauspicious introduction to sex.

Around this time Mary, Fred's mother, intimated that the house Fred had bought for them was now too big for her.

"Just tell me what you wish, mother and I'll buy it for you." Although Mary disapproved of the relationship between her son and Marjorie, she was still on speaking terms with him.

What Mary desired was a nice little bungalow near the sea. One was found in a very upper-class district, not far from the beach. Mary found herself very popular with her neighbours, mainly retired

lawyers, doctors, businessmen and their wives, even though they were better educated than she.

From time to time, Fred and Marjorie would visit his mother at her cottage. It was not always comfortable for Fred for Mary would get on her high horse about this living together with Marjorie. "It's not right," she would say. That was usually enough for Marjorie to take up the cudgel and add her piece to the fray. Marjorie had been very reluctant about the arrangement even if she had agreed and the constant haranguing was getting to Fred. Marjorie thought marriage would be the best solution to satisfy her sexual needs. She was sure that was why Fred rushed everything in bed. Being settled down would change things for the better.

Fred was forced into marriage, whether he liked it or not. For Constance Watt, nothing would be spared for her daughter's nuptials. It would be a big fancy high church wedding with all the trimmings. Fred forked out a lot of money on the wedding to please Marjorie. She would have been happy to marry in a registry office; it was her mother who insisted on this blow-out.

The wedding over, it was back to work. A much happier Marjorie was now a married woman. Fred, now a businessman, was stuck in the office all day with the daily problems of the company. Fred often found himself working alone in the office till the early hours in the morning. It was around this time that Fred lapsed back into the old habit of drinking to excess.

Nearby the office was a bar by the name of 'Sophisticated Lady' which Fred now frequently visited after finishing work. A high-class bar, it was well-furnished, with secluded dimly-lit corners

where one could talk in secret, for ladies of the night were to be seen within the premises.

Fred never seemed to notice this for the problems of his company were always to the forefront in his mind. Even when one of that breed of ladies would sit at his table, uninvited, to talk with him, he never took any notice of her revealing dress.

"Funny one, that," would remark the well-dressed woman with a nod from those who had thought they might have a customer. It was usually Sam the barman who phoned for a taxi to take Fred back home, for Fred would always leave his car at the office and take no risks.

It was Sam who had the ladies of the night in the bar; they were a nice little earner for he got his cut of their dealings. No lady could operate in the 'Sophisticated Lady' without Sam getting his share of her takings. Any not complying with that was soon chased away by the heavies that Sam employed for that purpose.

It was a drunk Fred who came home one night, much to the concern of Marjorie; this was something she never had any experience with. This situation became commonplace. She would cry and plead with him and was told to shut up by her now aggressive husband. Things were getting worse for poor Marjorie; she would occasionally find herself being hit by her husband. Something had to be done but what? She told Mary, her mother-in-law, about the situation. Mary sympathised with Marjorie and understood the problems for she had been there before. But what was the solution? Mary made the off-handed remark, "If only men were the ones in a skirt, and had to face a drunken lout. They would soon know what it was all about."

A bust-up was in the cards and it came one night when a drunken Fred came home. Alighting from from a taxi, he came to the front door of their mansion. Reaching into his trouser pocket for the house keys, he fiddled around but failed to find them. Battering the door, he shouted, "Marjorie you cow, open the door!"

Marjorie was fast asleep but the banging eventually woke her up. She got up, put a dressing gown on, made her way downstairs, and opened the door. "About time, you cow. Get me my dinner at once," demanded her intoxicated husband.

Marjorie looked at him. "Fred Gilmore, you're drunk and in no fit state for anything. Get upstairs to bed at once."

"No woman is going to tell me what to do" said the blitzed Fred. He made a lunge for Marjorie which she easily avoided. She made for the stairs to the bedroom, Fred was not far behind. Once there, she turned the key, locking the door in time as Fred started battering it. Marjorie, using all her strength, pushed a chest of drawers in front of the door.

It would be no lie to say Marjorie was genuinely frightened for her life. If she survived this ordeal, she was leaving this house but where would she go? The only place that came to mind was her mother's. Eventually the obscenities stopped; Marjorie guessed correctly he had fallen asleep in a drunken stupor. That may be as good as any time to get the hell out of here, thought she. She dressed herself and put her handbag over her shoulder, making sure the car keys were there. She removed the chest of drawers in front of the room door and saw Fred sprawled out on the carpeted floor. She tip-toed past

him, down the stairs, out the front door in the garage, got into her car and was gone.

It was still early hours when she drew up in front of her mother's mansion. She stood at the front door after ringing the chiming bell a few times. Eventually Elsie wearing a nightgown opened the door "Miss Marjorie!" she exclaimed, surprised at seeing her.

Marjorie swept past her and into the living room. "Tell mother I wish to see her," she addressed Elsie.

"Your mother has had a late night, Miss Marjorie. I don't think she would wish to be disturbed at this hour."

"I don't care, I want to talk to her now. Just do as you are told," she angrily said.

It took a few knocks on Connie Watt's bedroom door till she finally was roused from her beauty sleep.

After being admitted, Elsie explained her daughter was here. "What the hell does she want at this time in the morning?"

Elsie was dismissed and Connie slipped a dressing gown on and tied the sash; with her hair net on, she made for the living room. It had been a late night for Connie; she had been wine and dined by Sir Rodney Harrington before going to a concert at the Festival Hall.

The first thing Connie said on seeing her daughter was, "Shouldn't you be getting ready for school, dear?"

"Mother, I am going to divorce Fred."

It came as a shock to Connie Watt who could not comprehend it all, being very sleepy.

She turned to her daughter. "You can explain everything over breakfast, dear."

"Yes mother," said Marjorie. She wasn't interested in eating for she had so much on her mind.

The whole story came out and Marjorie intimated that she wished to stay with her mother for the present. Connie was not happy. Divorce was unknown in the Watt family. Marjorie would have to be dissuaded if possible. Connie did have a liking for Fred even after hearing what her daughter had just said. As far as living in her house, well, Marjorie could but Connie wouldn't be here; in a few days' time she would be off on a cruise to the Mediterranean in Sir Rodney Harrington's yacht, moored at present in Monte Carlo.

Marjorie phoned the school, telling the headmistress she wasn't feeling well today. Connie had told Elsie to make ready the spare room as her daughter would be staying a while.

SIR RODNEY HARRINGTON, C.B.E.

Constance Watt wanted to prepare herself for the coming cruise so new summer dresses were purchased for the delight of her man. A lot of thoughts ran through her head. One in particular that appealed to her was that she would soon be known as Lady Constance Harrington. It had been love at first sight when Constance met Sir Rodney at a high society soiree a few years earlier.

Now that Sir Rodney was to be married again, he thought it only proper that Connie should have a ring as a token of his love.