

Mini-Story: Lie Back & Think of England (Victorian Woman Time Travel TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A college student breaks into an abandoned mansion and gets turned into a beautiful Victorian lady on her wedding night, expected to be pretty and feminine and to lie back and spread her legs for her lord husband.

Lie Back & Think of England

Elizabeth knew her duty. She had her own bedchamber, as was the custom of the time, and her lord husband could call upon her in the night as he so desired, and share in her bed. Which, she well knew, he did quite often.

That one floorboard always creaks and tells me he is coming. Ha, coming. Cumming. That's the sort of college humour I used to spout. Now I just get spouted in. With the cum.

She took a deep breath, her heavy bosom rising and falling in her nightgown. She had been 'blessed' with quite the beautiful body, and God knew that Victorian fashion, as complex and ridiculous to put on as it was, servants aiding and all, knew how to show off a good bust. Just as much as her husband Arthur loved to play with them.

The door opened, and he entered, looking every part the handsome, if older, gentleman. He had dark brown hair and a moustache without an accompanying beard. Something about him looked mature, even though he was only in his mid-thirties. Perhaps it was their age gap: she was only twenty three years of age, though that was normal for this time period, as Elizabeth was often frustrated by.

Goddamn, he is fucking handsome. Stupid Victorian body with its Victorian hidden lusts. I'm already getting wet at the idea of him fucking me, how fucked up is that?

Only she didn't say that, just thought it. Instead, she said in her sweet voice by the candlelight: "Do you wish for me, husband?"

"I do, my sweet dear. I very much do."

"In my bed, or yours."

"Yours tonight, I think. I am ravenous for your touch, for the feel of your warmth and skin."

Yikes, serial killer alert. Jack the Ripper calling!

It was corny as all hell, but this was the age before Post-Modernism, so she supposed she could excuse it. Besides her body was feeling ready: her large pink nipples were stiffening in her nightgown, and her womanhood was beginning to grow moist. She had danced this dance before more than once, and so she patted the space beside her.

"I want you as well, my husband. I missed your touch also."

"That is good to know, my sweet love. I apologise: I am, as I have said, ravenous tonight. I cannot promise I will be gentle. I wish to sire a child within you."

Oh fuck, this again. God, I'm probably already knocked up, but all this talk about it is getting real. I just need to lie back and do my duty. Lie back and think of England, as they say.

"Then come to me, my love," she said, putting on her most demure and submissive, yet refined voice, just the way Lord Arthur liked it. "And I shall do my best duty."

He entered the bed with her, and to his credit, he was indeed a gentle lover . . . at first. Soon his passions overwhelmed him, though, and as much as her body was indeed becoming quite aroused, she knew well that he loved to take control. She was his wife, his submissive lover, the mistress of his household. This was not an age where a woman rode her husband unless *he* wanted her to ride him. Instead, he loved to dominate, to caress and squeeze her cheeks and her breasts, to suck on her nipples, and to make her gasp with need.

She allowed him to do so now as he undressed her, and she helped undress him. He pressed her against the bed, and she spread her legs for him, letting his large cock press against the entrance of her young womanhood.

God, I swear I'll never get used to this, she thought. From twenty first century college man to a Victorian lady being fucked by her lord husb-NGHH! Ohhhhhh!"

She moaned, unable to help herself as he began to slide his length into her. It was still alien after these last three months. Still all sorts of wrong. And it would still make her cum over and again as it always did, her playing the role of the submissive Victorian wife.

Elizabeth was not meant to be a Victorian wife, or a wife or woman at all. She had been born Billy in the the year nineteen ninety nine, and was thoroughly an individual of the twenty first century. Arthur had been young, brash, and very handsome, with all the jock-ish tendencies of someone who grew up with such traits. He was a football star, a party goer, and a total player when it came to the ladies, having scored with more than one of the most popular and hottest cheerleaders on campus.

Unfortunately, his life changed radically and permanently when he participated in a drunken bet one night. Billy and his friends - and potential girlfriends - were playing the old game of Truth and Dare, and it kept on escalating until it reached him. Being brash as he was, the brave Billy took 'dare' as his option, whereupon his best friend dared him to break into the weird old Victorian mansion up on the hill at the edge of town. Apparently, the long-dead owner had moved from Victorian England in want of a wife, having never found a proper beauty in his homeland, and he eventually went mad from a lack of a perfect woman that fit his desires.

And so he broke in, and explored the place for the one hour required of him. Everywhere there were paintings of a gorgeous red-headed beauty upon the walls, dressed in a fine Victorian corset and dress, her bosom large and delectable, her figure fine. Even with the total change in standards across the centuries, Billy could see she was an incredibly attractive woman, the kind that the original owner - one Lord Arthur - had envisaged all his life. He couldn't look away from the paintings, and felt increasingly drawn to them in a way that was not totally natural. He walked through the mansion, ascending the stairs until he found the master's bedroom, where he found a large painting that was drawing him more than any other: the beautiful red-headed woman in a wedding dress. He moved closer and closer to it, unable to stop himself.

Until finally he *entered* it.

He came out the other side in a room that was different, and yet just as old. And his body was no longer his own. In fact, he was no longer a *he* at all. The terrified Billy realised that his form had changed instantly to that of the woman in the painting: *she* now had vibrant red hair and green eyes, a proud bust that could have easily been E-cups or large, and sat full and heavy, supported by a tight corset. Her outfit was a piece of white crinoline beauty, and between her legs was nothing but the entrance to a womanhood.

Oh God. Oh God what the fuck has happened to me!? she thought to herself. Her mind felt scrambled, everything was all sorts of wrong.

And then it got even worse when the door opened, and Lord Arthur entered.

"Ah, my beauty, my sweet bride. My Elizabeth. Are you ready?"

Words entered the new Elizabeth's mind, aiding her transition. "Ready for what, my lord husband?" she found herself saying, much to her own horror.

"Ready to consummate our marriage, or course. I know you did not eat too much. And I know that you too are anticipating this event. I wish to take my bride, prove my manhood to her, and make her mine."

The former male breathed heavily, overcome by how strangely aroused she was feeling. She couldn't stop herself, particularly as her husband drew near. She knew his name was Arthur, and that they had been married that very night. There were still guests downstairs, many of them full well knowing that the act of consumation was happening at that very moment.

Elizabeth did the only thing she could in such strange circumstances: she went along with it. She allowed herself to be kissed, and caressed, and touched. And eventually, she lay down on her back as this stronger, tougher, more powerful man pressed himself upon her, and entered her.

She lay back and thought of England. Her new home, in her new time.

That had been three months ago, and as far as Elizabeth could tell, she wasn't changing back. She had travelled somehow back in time and been changed to fulfil Lord Arthur's wish for a perfectly submissive lady wife. She was refined and elegant, but also beauty. And in bed she was as insatiable as he was, albeit always deferential. Fighting it was simply too hard, and felt all kinds of wrong. Her mind was her own, but the compulsions ruled over her. And so in the aftermath of yet another round of sex, she pressed her soft body against her husband's.

This isn't too bad, at least, she thought to herself. I mean, I'm not a sports star. I can't get laid with any hot chick I want. And fuck me if I don't miss the internet and televisions. But at least I'm rich, well taken care of, and still get lots of sex. And I can have a hot bath and read a book whenever I want, and order servants around without feeling like a total asshole, since it's expected. And Arthur is nice, even if he's over ten years older than me and seriously can't stop groping my tits.

She sighed softly as he began playing with those very tits. They certainly felt nice, and she knew they had time before the Forsythes visited. She'd play the elegant host, of course, and show them the tour of their lovely manor. She'd serve tea and talk politics, something which was deeply boring at times, but was the tradition in such times. And perhaps, if things went well enough, Arthur would take her riding later, which was the closest to sport she could attempt lately.

That was, until she felt a sudden lurch in her stomach. Arthur stirred as she quickly extracted herself. She barely made it to the bathroom before she was rather unelegantly on her knees and throwing up.

"Ohhhhh . . . ugh. Ack!"

Most unladylike, she thought to herself. I made these sounds at one too many rager parties. But I didn't even drink any wine last night. Unless . . .

It struck her at that very moment what it could be. The former modern man turned Victorian woman sagged a little, rolling her eyes at her situation. Already, she could hear the servant girls buzzing around her like little bees, fussing over her and already postulating whether she was sick or 'expecting.' Elizabeth knew that there had been more than enough fucking around to make it the later.

Which means, she thought, in eight or so months I'll be lying on my back with my legs spread wide, thinking of England. In just a very, very different way. Yay me.

She didn't know it yet, but poor Elizebeth would be doing that a whole lot more times than once.

The End