

MADCHENPENSIONATS

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Andreas Mayer sat back from his computer, a satisfied smile on his face. Unlike his German name of Andreas which means masculine, brave, Andy as he like to be called was more androgynist but willing to take chances. He was 26, only five foot nine inches tall, rather scrawny in build with a slight pot belly. He kept his long blond hair tied off in a low ponytail. Two years ago, he graduated from MIT with his PhD in physics.

Andy was a nerd, concentrating on his studies with few friends and little if any social life. Today he was in his basement laboratory completing a lifelong dream-inventing a practical time machine. The entrance to the basement was well hidden behind a large bookcase. Andy didn't want any visitor to accidentally enter. There inside the thick glass four-foot-wide cylinder sat a very much alive rabbit. A rabbit he had just retrieved from the year 1890.

Most people would like to venture into the future but Andy was into genealogy and traced his family back to 1874. That was when his great-great-great grandparents arrived at Ellis Island from the Austrian-Hungarian area. They had been well-to-do aristocrats and Andy was curious as to why they left apparent luxury to settle in the wild west. Andy's research provided him with the name of a sister and city where they came from. He had tried to find out more about this sister but German census records only showed her address, age and a spinster. He chuckled at seeing that not politically correct reference to an unmarried woman. If he talked to the sister instead of his grandparents, any distortions in time would be lessened. Time travel could have serious repercussion on the future if the traveler was careless. He figured he could pass himself off as a big kid and convince an old woman he was his grandfather's son. He set the time to June 1, 1890 15 years after his grandparents had left.

Now with proof that he could survive such a trip, he planned on doing just that. He had the right period clothing purchased from a local costume shop, from a coin shop some period coinage and appropriate vaccinations. He was also fluent in German leaning it from his mother. The clothing wasn't that much different than current men's wear. The cut was different for the pants and the coats ended at the knee. Gentleman wore top hats and carried a walking stick. Andy was happy about the top hat as he wouldn't have to cut his long hair. He could easily hide it inside the hat. Everything was in order and would make the journey in the morning.

The next morning, he placed his walking stick against the console as he double checked; then, triple checked the computer settings. It was set to send him back in fifteen minutes then after four days would automatically bring him back. He figured he could find the answers to his family history by then and not disrupt the future. Earlier he had inserted a small chip under the skin on his inner thigh. That chip would act as a beacon for the time machine to find him. With only a few minutes before the machine came to life, he turned grabbing his walking stick. He didn't notice the stick hitting a switch. Instead of four days it now said four years. Andy watched excitedly as the thick glass tube surrounded him, his blue eyes shining in delight and anticipation. There was a bright flash of light and the cylinder was empty.

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Andy blinked several times as he stood on solid ground looking out from the forest edge. He could see a nice sized city about a mile away in the late afternoon light. The first hint of something gone wrong was how his clothing felt, real loose and baggy. If he wasn't wearing suspenders, his pants would be around his ankles and the cuffs were at least two-inches too long. The same could be said for the coat's sleeves which now covered most of his hands. Another major change that he didn't immediately discover was that he was much younger. The warping of time at many times the speed of light was the cause. Deciding he couldn't just stay hidden in the forest for four days, rolled up his pant cuffs and started walking into the village. He hoped it was late enough that nobody would notice. The sun had set as he came up to the Victorian manor. It was yellowish brick with a long front porch and three stories tall. There were a number of large bay windows and the doorway was in an elaborate stained glass. The yard was large and there were several very old trees and large gardens.

"Well I guess the old stories were true. Gramps must have been really rich to live here. Why on earth would he leave all this for a farm in the middle of nowhere?" Andy thought as he grasped the large brass door knocker.

A few moments later the door was opened by an upper middle-aged woman. The woman was very imposing making him take a step backwards. She was at least six feet tall, big boned, her mostly gray hair piled up in a pleated bun arrangement. She had a strong face without any makeup and dressed all in black from her ankles up to her chin. Over the tight fitted bodice and wide skirt, she wore a white apron with a bit of lace trim. The look on her face wasn't inviting.

"I'm Andreas Mayer err...junior an...and I'm here to see my Aunt Lina," he managed to reply.

"Andreas left here fifteen years ago and Lina hasn't heard from them since other than they recently passed away. You say you're his son? How did you get here?" she replied shocked.

"By steamer and a carriage to the edge of the forest. It's such a pretty day I thought I would walk the rest of the way," he continued more confident in his rehearsed background story.

"That's strange. I was sure they both lived long lives but how long was life back then in the middle of nowhere? So far, I don't think I have done anything to change the time line," he thought.

"You...you were in the forest? By yourself?" she gasped.

"Like I said, it was such a pretty day and that carriage seat was hard," he replied.

"Quick, into the house. Did you see an old woman while you were in those woods?" she said standing aside and looking both ways down the dark street.

Back in Victorian times it was common knowledge that young boys died sooner than young girls. They believed that an old woman was the harbinger of death rather than an old man carrying a sickle. That old woman would select a young boy to share her death bed. Wealthier parents to protect their young sons had to disguise them until they grew into manhood.

"No, I didn't see anyone until I reached the village," he answered confused.

"Wait here while I announce you to Miss. Lina," she stated and walked off.

"That was weird," he thought looking around, *"But it looks like she bought my story so*

far. I guess shrinking some explains her acceptance that I'm young enough to be believable. Hopefully I'll get the information I want tonight and can leave in the morning. I'll feel a lot better camping out in the forest for the next two days less of a chance to change the time continuum."

"I didn't realize how high the ceilings would be or how ornated the gas lights. The furniture looks heavy as hell. Glad I won't have to move it. They had to be really rich back in the day to have such a fancy set up. Heck, even that flowery wallpaper looks like silk," he thought looking around.

Andy was pleased to see Lina when she entered the room. She was in her early sixties but looked younger. Her Gibson Girls styled hair was still a vibrant red her face without makeup other than for some powder and red rouge. She was wearing an emerald green satin gown with a tightly fitted bodice, very narrow waist and a flowing pleated full ankle length skirt. The long sleeves of the dress fitted snugly to her skinny arms to the wrists. There was a white lace insert on the bodice that reached up to her chin in tight narrow pleats. A cameo on a green satin ribbon was centered just below her chin. A big smile on her rounded face was welcoming but the eyes showed concern.

"Ludmilla tells me you are by brother's son and came all the way from America just to see me," she happily greeted then paused looking at him. "Why are you dressed like that? Did you have to borrow clothing and where are your trunks?"

"My steamer trunks were stolen at the dock. A fellow traveler gave me these so I could continue my travels," he replied thinking fast.

"Well, Ludmilla will find you something I'm sure. She also told me you were in the forest. Did you see an old woman using a tree branch for a walking stick at any time when you were coming here?" she asked concern in her voice.

"I might have on the edge of town but I really didn't pay much attention. Why is that so important?" he replied confused.

"The forest is haunted that's why. Everyone knows that! You said you saw an old woman with a walking stick? We must do something. It's not safe for you here. Ludmilla you know what must be done. Take Master Myer. Do whatever necessary to ensure his safety while he visits," she stated with a frightened look.

"Andreas, go with her and do whatever she tells you without argument. Before she came to work for me, she was a governess. You probably won't like it but you will do it," she said stressing the "you will do it."

"Look Aunt Lina, I only came here to get some idea why my gra...err...dad left here. Maybe have something to eat and spend the night. I'm...I'm planning on leaving in the morning for Berlin. That's all. I didn't mean to cause you any inconvenience," he gushed becoming scared of what would soon transpire.

"Nonsense! You're my nephew and with your parents gone I have a responsibility. Now go before it gets too late," she demanded.

"I could use some better fitting clothing and a bath. No sense trying to argue with her now," he thought following Ludmilla.

Andy was surprised seeing an indoor bathroom. It wasn't much like a modern one but had a white footed ceramic coated tub, table sink and what appeared to be a toilet. The toilet which Ludmilla called a water closet had a white ceramic tank above it with a chain attached. Having indoor plumbing with hot and cold running water much less a toilet was very rare. Only the very rich could afford it during that time.

Seeing his look of surprise proudly said, "Madam just had this installed last year when the village put in plumbing. I'm proud to say only the best families in this district have this luxury. Now strip while I prepare your bath."

He stood there in shock that this woman wanted him naked while she was still in the bathroom. "I think I can do my own bath Ludmilla," he said.

She was holding a large jar filled with what looked like rose petals in some kind of liquid. "From now on you will refer to me as governess! Madam has placed me in charge and you will do what I say, when I say it with a smile and no complaints. You will be very sorry if you don't. Understood young lady!" she sternly replied.

"What the? Did she just refer to me as a young lady? Must be something wrong with my hearing," he thought but began taking off his coat. *"From what I know about this time period even husbands and wives rarely saw each other totally naked. Still, this woman is intimidating and I guess she wants me stripped down to my long johns. Guess I can do that."*

Stripped down to his white long johns, Andy stood silently watching as Ludmilla poured a generous portion from the jar of rose petals into the bath. The tub wasn't even half full when she turned off the spigots. The water had an oily sheen and rose petals everywhere making the air smell sweet.

"What did you put in the water?" he asked.

"Some glycerin and rose petals. It will freshen your skin and leave a pleasant fragrance behind. I thought I told you to strip. Get your undergarment off and into the tub. We don't have a lot of time to waste," she ordered while putting on a rubber bibbed apron.

"You're not planning on bathing me, are you? That would be indecent. I am perfectly capable of doing it myself," he replied shocked.

"From the moment you came in here, you are now a girl and will be treated as such. Young ladies often assist each other while in the bath and bedroom. It is for your own protection. That old woman you saw will come for you and take you to lie on her deathbed tonight if you don't do this. You will only be safe from her and death if you look and act like a proper young lady. You're not from here and don't know what is common knowledge. Because of that I will not tighten your laces too much. Give me any trouble and I promise you will have a very unpleasant sleep. Now, strip and get into the bath," she gruffly demanded.

"What utter nonsense! No, I refuse and demand you leave now!" he said indignantly.

"You are being a foolish child!" she said reaching out and ripping his long john's off making him reel on his feet.

Ludmilla's attack was unexpected and her strength staggered him. Naked he thrust his hands to cover his groin. He was too afraid to do anything else but step into the flowery luke warm water. Once in the water, she removed the two thin velvet ribbons holding his ponytail; then, covered it in a rubber cap. Ludmilla grabbed a natural sponge and proceeded to wash him like a baby. The only part not washed was his hair which was the custom at that time. Bathed, she handed him a towel, told him to dry himself and use the water closet. She left saying she would be back soon.

Her only other remark as she left him was, "And you call yourself a man with that long hair and that little penis."

While he waited for her return looked into a mirror for the first time. Andy was

astonished by the reflected image. *“OMG! I look like I did when I was sixteen. Damn! I forgot about Einstein’s theory and what happens when you travel faster than the speed of light. I’ve got to get away from here tonight and back to the forest. That woman is completely loco. I’m no damn girl!”* he thought removing the rubber cap.

He was still staring at his reflection when Ludmilla returned bringing a purple silk gown for him to put on. It had a high neck, long billowing sleeves with the full skirt flowing around his ankles. In her other hand were a pair of lavender velvet slippers with flower embroidery on the vamp. Grabbing him by the hand, like a little kid, led him to his bedroom.

The bedroom actually consisted of two nice sized rooms. One was for sleeping the other a dressing room. The large box framed wooden bed was elaborately carved in a floral design. The headboard was at least five feet high with a purple leather pillowed center. It had what he could only call a roof extending over it. The underside painted in a colorful floral design. There were two other pieces of furniture. A blanket box at the foot of the bed and a velvet teal upholstered chaise under a large window. On the flowery wallpapered walls were numerous oil paintings mostly floral scenes and still life’s.

“What’s with all this flower shit every where I look. It’s on all the walls, even painted under the bed’s wood canopy. Thank goodness I’m outta here tomorrow,” he thought.

The dressing room or toilet as Ludmilla called it had more furnishings. In one corner was a dressing screen painted in a Grecian style featuring cupids. A very large bureau against one wall. A large white cloth covered table was set against a window. On it was a mirror, various jars, hairbrushes and combs. Sitting on the floor next to it was a wash basin and urn. A straight-backed chair in front. Another chaise lounge, large carved mirror, dress dummy and a few chairs were also in the room. Like the bedroom there were numerous oils paintings. Andy wasn’t sure why a trapeze bar was hanging from the high ceiling or the winch attached to the wall but didn’t pay it much attention. Gas lamps hanging from the ceiling provided dim lighting.

“This is your lady’s toilet Miss. Doreen. It is here that I will assist you in styling your hair, makeup, dressing and serve breakfast. Wait here while I find you something to wear for dinner,” Ludmilla said.

“Doreen? I’m Andreas and not some stupid girl! Just give me back my clothing and I will leave. I’ve had enough of this!” he shouted in anger and frustration.

“You are a stubborn, ignorant fool! The old woman of the woods saw you! She will come tonight or maybe tomorrow night but she will come for you. Madam only has your best interests in mind. What she desires, become my desires. Your behavior is unacceptable and I will soon correct that. Now shut up and be thankful for your aunt’s concern,” she retorted loudly.

“Shit!” he exclaimed as he heard the door being locked.

It was a while before she came back with a bundle of clothing in her arms. A maid dressed similarly to Ludmilla but of cheaper cloth followed behind also carrying a bundle.

“This is Inga, the head house maid. She will assist me tonight and once I have you behaving properly, Inga will be your personal maid,” she said dropping her bundle on the chaise.

Inga also like Ludmilla was big boned but younger. He guessed she was in her mid-thirties. She had chestnut colored hair tied in a bun at the back of her head. Andy

watched as she unfolded her bundle and draped what could only be a dress on the dummy. It was a Burgundy red floor length taffeta French Bustle ball gown. Andy watched fascinated as she buttoned a matching bustle skirt that fell in three overlapping folds somewhat longer than the dress. The dress had a small V ruffled neckline, the bodice close fitting with a very narrow waist. The bottom third of the full skirt was pleated. The sleeves went just past the elbows and buttoned up the back from waist to high neck. Inga also had a white six-hoop under skirt to give the dress its fullness that she placed on the carpeted floor.

"I can't believe it. Just looking at that gives me the shivers. It must weigh a ton. It can't be for me though. That waistline is way too small for me to ever get into," he thought.

Further thought was disrupted when Ludmilla approached him holding what appeared to be pantaloons. They were knee length fine lawn white cotton with three layers of lace hemming. What caught his eye was the fact they were open bottomed.

"You can put these on or I will hold you while Inga does it," she said handing it to him.

"Bu...but they don't have a bottom," he gasped.

"Once you are fully dressed, you will understand why that is. Are you going to put them on?" she coolly replied.

"Like I have a choice," he said taking them.

"Not uncomfortable but embarrassing leaving my junk on display like this. Keeping my legs together seems to cover them. This is all so damn crazy though. How can they actually believe some old woman is going to kill me? This time frame is at the beginning of inventive advancement that changes the world. I might as well go along with it for now. It'll only be for three more days before I'm pulled back," he thought blushing.

Andy was given another fine cotton garment that he guessed was a camisole but longer. Ludmilla then grabbed his upper arm tightly. She pulled him to the corner where the winch was fastened to the wall. Inga was turning the handle as the trapeze device lowered. With the trapeze bar hanging in front of him, Andy noticed two padded cuffs were attached to it.

"What the hell? Now they want me to become a trapeze artist?" he thought confused.

He was broken from his thoughts when he felt Inga fastening his right ankle into a similar cuff. Before he could react, Ludmilla was fastening one to the left ankle.

"Hay, what are you doing? Take those things off right now!" he demanded in surprise.

"It is time to put on your corset Miss. Doreen. We managed to fine one of the larger ones that should do until you are properly fitted tomorrow," Ludmilla replied.

Andy tried to pull his hands away but Ludmilla's grip too strong. Soon his wrists were also cuffed to the bar. He was trembling in justifiable fear as she began winding the winch. By the time she finished, Andy's body was fully stretched out, his toes barely touching the floor.

Seeing the garment she intended to put on him, Andy paled, his eyes like saucers in fright. It was an over bust wasp-waisted corset. It was nothing like what he had seen in lingerie catalogs back in his time. There was no satin or lace detailing and loose waist. This one made of sturdy material, either Baleen or steel boned set close together. There were six steel gromets and buttons running up the front and laces in the back. In no way could it could be considered sexy; rather a torture device. Once

on there would be no give. The boning would creak with every breath as it forced his body into its configuration.

Andy pleaded, begged, screamed and cried as the lacing was pulled tighter and tighter. His natural waist was small at thirty inches but when the laces were tied off, twenty-four.

“Stop your crying you silly girl. You will be in a corset from now on. At bedtime it will be tightened even more. In time you will come to appreciate your corsets and feel undressed without one. With good corsets your waist in time will narrow to at least eighteen inches or less. Now come along, Inga will style your hair and assist with your makeup,” his governess stated.

When released from the lacing bar, Andy almost collapsed if Ludmilla wasn't there to support him. “Your first corset is always the worst. You must learn to take shallow breaths from your diaphragm and move slowly. Until you control your breathing, any exertion will make you feel faint,” she instructed.

“Plea...please...tak...take...this...thin...thing...off...me. I...I...ca...can't...brea... breathe,” he gasped in obvious pain.

“Like I said, you will never be without your corset tightly laced except when in your bath. You simply must get used to it. Now slowly walk to your vanity and sit. Inga will arrange your hair and put your makeup on. Slow shallow breathing will ease the pain,” she responded helping him walk to the vanity.

“This thing is killing me! Take short steps she says. Hell, it's taking a lot just to walk,” he thought.

It seemed to take forever to get to the vanity and he looked forward to just sitting as standing took effort. There wasn't much relief as he sat on the cushioned chair. The corset kept him sitting arrow straight and digging into his upper groin. All he could do was moan and pant for breath as Inga began brushing his hair. With such little length for a girl of that time, she decided to braid it and created a bun pinned to the back of his head. Next she placed a white linen towel over his shoulders and began applying makeup.

Inga grabbed his chin and turned his head to face her. “Doreen makeup is seriously frowned upon by cultured ladies. While ladies of society discretely wear some makeup it has to, no must be undetectable. You cannot tell anyone what I'm about to do. Your face much be bleached to achieve the right complexion. I'm going to use a very dangerous substance called arsenic on your face. It is very important that you don't get any in your mouth or on your lips. I will be very careful but you must stay absolutely still until I remove it. Understand? When that is done, I will apply a hint of power and use some beet juice to brighten your cheeks and lips.”

Andy wanted to seriously protest the use of Arsenic but didn't have the energy. The corset was suffocating him. His eyes wide with fright as the white paste was coated lightly over his face and neck. She let the paste sit for some time before she began removing it with a damp cloth. He knew that his skin had to have absorbed it and prayed it wasn't enough to kill him. She bathed his face several times with soap and water. When she was finished his face and neck were white. It didn't take her much longer to add the beet juice to cheeks and lips. Using some bees wax mixed with ashes, she coated his lashes and across his eyelids. When he looked into the mirror for the first time amazed. He looked very much like a young girl. A fresh-faced young girl but without noticeable makeup. He did notice the darker color on his eyelids and lips though.

Assisted to stand, Andy was fitted with a white bustle pad made of broadcloth with a fringe of lace. To make up for his lack of breasts, a cotton padded garment was placed on his chest and the pads tied together with a silken pink ribbon. He was allowed to sit as Inga rolled white silk stockings up his legs and connected them to the corset's garters. A pair of black leather pointed toed ankle boots with a two-inch heel were put on his feet. To Andy they felt a size too small. The hooped petticoat was then tied around his waist. Finally, the dress and its attachments were buttoned. Fully dressed Andy could barely stand. The clothing was not only confining but seemed to weigh a ton. His two attendants helped him walk over to the mirror. He nearly fainted as he saw the image before him.

"I can hardly breathe, barely stand up with all these clothes or walk in these tight shoes. She even put Arsenic on my face and neck. Poisoned me and I'm beginning to hope it was a fatal dose. Now, I see a Victorian young lady staring back at me. Worse, there seems no way out of this. This is going to be the longest four days of my life. How could women live like this?" he thought.

They still weren't finished with him. Ludmilla screwed drop pearl chandelier earrings to his lobes, fastened a cameo around his neck, a pearl bracelet on his left wrist and a cocktail ring on his finger. The earrings were another pain he had to endure as they pinched his lobes and a distraction as they bounced against his face. As they were doing that another maid knocked on the door, entered and performed a dip curtsy.

"Madam is awaiting your presents in the dining room Miss. Doreen," she announced, curtsied and left.

"You have been summoned girl. I will accompany you to the dining room," Ludmilla said taking Andy's elbow.

"I don't care how you made me dress or look. I'm a man! When Aunt Lina seeing me, you're going to regret this," he snapped softly as he didn't have breath to shout.

"When you enter the dining room you will curtsy to your Aunt and Mistress of this household, understand? It is a sign of respect to your elders," she responded

"I don't know how to curtsy! I am a man and not some silly girl," he snapped back again he wished he could yell.

"This damn corset is doing more than just crushing my chest. It's making me feel weak and even sound like a girl," he thought ruefully.

"You are not a servant here you are a member of the household. All you need to do is grasp your skirts, lift them slightly, place your right foot behind the left which you bend. Unless you want me to tighten those laces some more, you best do as I say. Now curtsy for me," Ludmilla responded.

"If she tightens these laces anymore, I'll be cut in half. As humiliating as this is guess I'd better do it," he thought grabbing his skirts and lifting them.

Entering the dining room, Andy looked around and spotted his Aunt sitting at the head of the table. Dining rooms were very rare during his time period and surprised at how fancy this one was. The somewhat narrow fine-grained wooden table was long with ten chairs to a side. A strip of white cloth ran down its center. About midway down were two large crystal vases. Above them, a fancy brass and crystal gas chandelier illuminated the room. A large bay window with heavy drapery, large china cabinet and a few more chairs completed the furnishings. An empty place setting was next to Aunt Lina. It took a nudge and whispered "curtsy" before he performed a clumsy one.

He about to protest the indignities he had been but through when she rose and

embraced him. "Oh, my darling niece! You look beautiful. Much better than I hoped for. Be thankful that we have saved you from a horrible fate. I understand that this has upset you but you will thank me one day. Now, come and break our fast together," she said taking his elbow and led him to his place.

"Madam, your niece's name is Doreen if you don't mind," Ludmilla said with a satisfied smile.

"Thank you, Ludmilla. Doreen is a pretty name for my beautiful niece. We can be served now, if you please," Lina replied.

"Please Aunt Lina, stop this now. This is very humiliating and undignified," Andy said as soon as Ludmilla left.

"You are Doreen now and my niece. It's proper to refer to me as Auntie not Aunt. As far as changing anything, it can't be done if you are to survive. The old woman has seen you. She will be looking for a boy not a young woman. My mind is made up and you will remain my niece. You do what your governess demands as I have given her full authority over your behavior. Now stop arguing! I'll have no more of it! Now eat your cheese and bacon," she stated firmly picking up her fork.

"Don't know where she got such a crazy idea about an old woman killing young boys but making me dress this way is idiotic. From her tone and expression, I can tell she's as serious as a heart attack. Hopefully nothing permanent will be done before I go back to my time in three days. Gawd! This is going to be a very long three days and I hope I survive it. Hell, just sitting down was a project with all these skirts and bothersome bustle," he thought.

There was plenty of food laid out and he was starving but ate very little. The main course was a variety of cheeses and fried bacon. There was bread and fruit as well. The corset's cruel embrace preventing much consumption. The wine was excellent and gulped it down earning a frown from his Aunt. He figured doing so on an empty stomach would ease some of his pain but it also made him feel full.

"Damn corset! Now I've got to worry about starving to death too," he thought nibbling on some cheese.

With the meal over Andy had another problem. He had to pee. Fortunately, Ludmilla came to escort him to his room where Inga was waiting. On the way he mentioned his need to use the water closet. She gave him a look and said, "Miss. Doreen, just how do you plan on doing that in your skirts?"

"I guess just sit on it," he replied with a blush.

"You have a chamber pot in your room that we use when dressed. That way you will not soil your clothing or get your dress dirty in the bathroom," she answered with a sly smile; then added, "By the time you are out of skirts you will have a much better understanding of what women go through."

What she led him too reminded him of a wooden horse with a hole where the saddle would be. Underneath was a large ceramic floral decorated pot. Once he straddled it, understood why his pantaloons were bottomless. Finished he was taken over to the lacing bar where his was stripped down to his corset.

"Thank goodness this horrid thing is coming off. I don't know how much more of it I can take," he thought happily.

He didn't complain as they put the cuffs back on his wrists and ankles. Stretched out on tippy toes, the corset was removed but to his dismay another one appearing to be

made of stiffer fabric was put around him. This time his waist was reduced another full inch and when released from the bar did faint. When his eyes blinked open, he was in bed. They had put him into a fine linen white full length, long billowing sleeved night dress. White lace fringed the high neckline and sleeve cuffs. He watched panting softly as they pulled the covers up and tucked him tightly into the bed.

“In the night if you need to use the chamber pot, just pull the cord by the bed and a maid will come to assist you. Until the morning, I bid you a good night Miss. Doreen,” Ludmilla said turning out all but one gas lamp.

To be continued

Part Two

Andy spent a very miserable night, perhaps the worst in his life. Laced into an unyielding garment and tightly tucked into bed made turning or sleeping on his stomach impossible. The flickering light of the sole gas lamp didn't help as it cast ghostly shadows. Probably because of the lack of oxygen, he imagined one of those shadows to be an old woman. That shadow scared him but he had been afraid ever since he stepped foot into his Aunt's house.

“This is all just so crazy it has to be a nightmare but it's all too real. This corset is killing me and they are treating me like a girl. So, this cannot be a nightmare. I just hope I can make it through these next three days. How can, what is called an age of enlightenment, be so primitive and superstitious?” he thought as tears streamed down his face.

Exhaustion finally took hold and he drifted off to sleep. It wasn't until the heavy drapes were pulled aside that he woke in dull throbbing pain. Ludmilla and Inga helped him over to the lacing bar; then removed his corset to his great relief. Once the corset was loosened, Andy took in a deep breath but even that hurt. He didn't even bother to argue as he was helped into the bath and Inga began bathing him. The warm water eased his pain but the numerous red indentations on his torso remained. Dried, he was given a pair of pale violet fine linen open bottom pantaloons and matching vest along with a floor length quilted violet robe and slippers. Back in the bedroom, led to the lacing bar where the robe was removed, hands and ankles secured and the bar raised. Again, he begged and pleaded as another wasp-waisted corset was laced tight. The robe draped around him; Andy slowly made his way to the dressing table. There Inga unwrapped the single braid she had created the night before bed and began brushing. He didn't argue as his mind was in a daze from lack of sleep, pain and just trying to catch his breath. What he wanted to do, lay his head on the dressing table and sleep impossible. The stiffly boned corset wouldn't allow him such luxury. He sat there back arrow straight as Inga ran the bristle brush through his long blond hair.

“It's a pity that you have such short hair Miss. Doreen. A woman's hair is her crowning glory but we will take care of that this morning as well as other things. Here, I have brought you breakfast,” Ludmilla said placing a bowl of mush and large cup of tea before him.

Andy was starving and while the mush didn't look or taste appetizing began eating. He tried to bend over the bowl but the corset dug in painfully forcing him erect. This forced him to take small spoonful's and eat more daintily.

“Now this corset is forcing me to eat like a girl,” he thought.

Andy picked up the cup of what he thought was tea and took a sip. "What is this? It's very bitter?" he said putting it down.

"It's a lady's herbal tea. I did add a bit of honey but we all drink it and so shall you Miss. Doreen," Ludmilla replied.

What Ludmilla didn't tell him was the kind of herbs made up her lady's tea. Vitex agnus-castus, Alchemilla vulgaris, Dioscorea villosa and Glycyrrhiza glabra. Not only were these high in estrogen but had diuretic and laxative effects. The latter effects would help prevent bloating in a woman with a tightly corseted waist and considered therapeutic. Another thing wealthy women did in that time, was take a tapeworm pill, sometimes referred to as a Lady's Pill. The tapeworm was thought to be relatively harmless and helped keep the woman's weight down. There were other weird and disgusting things people did in the Victorian era in the name of hygiene and health even worse but that's not part of this story.

With breakfast over, they assisted in his dressing. The breast pads were retied, a three-hoop taffeta petticoat, black silk stockings and same black laced shoes. The dress was floor length in a soft ash gray cotton. The white round collar fit high on the neck centered with a small black bow. From the neck the dress sloped down to the shoulders and into a rounded V bodice trimmed in dark gray tight ruffles. The sleeves were snug reaching the wrists with a zig-zag pattern of tightly ruffled dark gray. Around the narrow waist was a black cloth belt. A ruffled white pinafore apron was tied off in a big floppy bow and large white satin ribbon pinned to the back of his head. He was given a small purse, a fancy parasol and taken to his Aunt. When he questioned Ludmilla as to the need for a parasol, was told it was necessary to keep the sun off his face.

She was in the parlor dressed in a Victorian black cotton day dress. A soft poke in the ribs reminded him to curtsy. "Good morning my beautify niece. My, if you don't look like a proper school girl this morning. This morning we are going to my corsetier Madam Vilma where you will be properly fitted; then, my clothier. Come along child, the carriage is waiting," she greeted with a big smile.

"No, please Aunt Lina don't do this! Not out in public much less dressed like this!" he gasped as loudly as he could.

"Doreen! Enough! I have arranged for our privacy and you can't be wearing our cast offs. I thought I made myself perfectly clear last night how you would be spending your time here. You'll just have to accept my decision as I'm now responsible for you," she replied but without the smile.

"Three more days, three more days. I've just got to keep saying that," he thought in exasperation.

##

Entering the corsetier's shop immediately caused Andy to shudder in dismay. On display were many different corsets all with extremely narrow waists. Some were plain utilitarian while others had various amounts of decoration, ribbons, bows or lace. He was blushing as Madam Vilma led them into a private room. There Ludmilla and Inga quickly stripped the horrified young man until he was standing naked before them. It was embarrassing enough just being seen by Ludmilla and Inga but in front of a total stranger, mortifying.

"Ahhh, you have brought me a belle mademoiselle to be fitted. I have done this before so no need to be embarrassed my little belle mademoiselle," Madam Vilma asserted removing a cloth measuring tape from around her neck and turning to face Lina

continued, "Madam Mayer, before we continue, I recommend that Miss. Doreen be fitted with a Stephenson Spermatic Truss. Being unrestrained while in the company of other ladies could prove to be a problem. Other mother's who have come to me with their belle mademoiselles tell me it is most beneficial. Shall I fit it before we start?"

While Lina had never heard of this particular device, knew that some of her friends applied spermatic devices on their young sons to discourage masturbation. "I hadn't thought of that Madam Vilma. I have some acquaintances who use such things on their sons to curb that nasty nightly habit. Please, whatever you think best," she replied.

"True, many mothers use such things to prevent nocturnal problems but this one can stay on all the time. I'll only be a moment, Madam," Madam Vilma said leaving the room.

Andy had no idea what a spermatic device was but whatever, it didn't sound pleasant. He knew it would have something to do with his penis. "Please, Aunt Lina don't put whatever that thing is on me," he plead his blush turned ashen in fear.

"Doreen, how many times do I have to remind you to call me Auntie! Now be quite and accept your fate. If you hadn't stupidly walked in the forest, you wouldn't be here. You cooperate or I will have your corset down to twenty inches," she replied calmly.

"Twenty inches? Another four? I couldn't stand that. I'm sure whatever this damn device is, I can figure a way out of it. I am a scientist after all," he thought but that didn't ease his fear.

When Madam Vilma returned, Andy stepped back but Ludmilla grabbed him in a bear hug, pinning his arms from behind. She knew from her times as a governess when first introduced to a spermatic device they always rebelled. Holding him in an unbreakable grip she told Madam Velma to begin.

The device was made of steel consisting of a round strip welded to a circular piece of steel. There were three thin leather straps with small buckles attached to the straight piece. He watched in horror as she produced a small padlock and connected the round part securely around his scrotum. She gave it a slight tug making him grunt. Smiling, she placed his limp penis along the steel shaft and quickly buckled the three leather straps holding it in place pointed down. He was shivering in fear but he noted that the small lock was of simple design and could easily be removed with a hairpin. He wasn't prepared for what came next. A small leather pouch was carefully placed over his groin. Inside the pouch were a number of spikes that would make getting an erection most painful. The pouch was attached with wire reinforced leather straps and locked in the small of his back. When Andy looked into the mirror only saw an oval leather mound.

"Madam Mayer, the pouch is loose now but once immersed in the bath will shrink into a more secure fitting," she announced standing up and handing the single small key to Lina.

Going to the door Madam Vilma called out to her assistant to come and take the measurements for the corset. Andy's face flushed scarlet as a pretty young girl entered the room with note pad in hand. She didn't look much older than he was and seeing her shocked look upon seeing his leather pouch groaned softly

"How much more humiliation can they heap on me? Damn! If I only had a remote to control my time machine," he thought blushing from his toes to his eyebrows.

Fortunately, she didn't say anything but gave the notepad and pen to Madam Velma

and started measuring. Her touch was light as she placed the end of the tape against the base of his neck and ran it down the spine to the crack of his ass. Next she reached around him, the tape running across his nipples. The touch of her arms and feeling her breasts press into his back brought instant arousal and sudden pain. Andy just as quickly understood what the purpose of that Truss was and how painful it could be. For the first time in what seemed like ages Andy bent over and grabbed his groin. Looking up saw Madam Vilma break out in a big smile, while the others a surprised look.

“It seems that our belle Mademoiselle has discovered what happens should she have larcenous thoughts about young ladies,” Madam Vilma said with a giggle.

When the girl gave out his waist measurement of thirty-inches, Madam Vilma tut-tutted; then said, “Way too thick. Have you given the lady’s pill to the belle Mademoiselle yet Madam Lina? If not, I recommend you do so. However, I don’t think it unreasonable to achieve a twenty-three-inch waist with a good day time corset and twenty-two for formal or bedtime wear. You can come back in a week and I will have the first fitting ready. My creations are made usually in three layers as you know but for a belle Mademoiselle you might not want to go to that expense.”

Hearing that Andy’s heart sank. The corset he had been wearing was more than painful enough cutting his waist line down another inch would be much worse. His pitying, pleading look was ignored by his Aunt. “Not yet, I’ll stop by the apothecary on the way home and get it. I think for day time a nice silk or satin outer layer would be appropriate,” she answered.

“They gave me Lady’s tea this morning and now they want me to take a Lady’s pill. What the heck is that?” he thought getting worried that something permanent would happen.

“Very well Madam. If you would accompany me, I’ll show you the fabric and possible detailing you might like for the outer layer,” Madam Vilma said with a large smile. This was turning out to be a very profitable day for her.

Once they left, Andy was allowed to dress after once again put into his corset. By the time he was fully dressed, they were ready to go to the next stop. At the clothier six dresses, the underpinnings, bonnets, hats, shoes and other items were purchased. The dresses were left so the waists could be altered, mainly bringing the waists into twenty-three inches. By the time he had tried on what seemed like dozens of dresses, he was exhausted, his stomach growling. Auntie decided to stop at a nearby tea house for a light lunch. It was there that Miss. Doreen Mayer was introduced to polite society for the first time. It was embarrassing but necessary according to his Auntie. In Victorian times no stranger could just walk up to someone of polite society and start talking. They had to be introduced by a known member of the group. Another stop at the wig makers for a blond Gibson Girl wig. Finally, the apothecary for his lady’s pill. It didn’t take Ludmilla long to make that purchase. It was early afternoon by the time they arrived home. Andy could barely stand. He was ushered to his room and allowed a nap after he had swallowed the pill.

He was roused a couple of hours later. Since he was only wearing his corset, pantaloons and breast pads, allowed to use the water closet. After washing his face, took a few moments to gaze into the mirror. *“My cheeks and lips are still red from that beet juice, with my hair like this and white complexion, I do look like a girl. Now I wish I could grow a beard; then, I would never be in this predicament. What little peach fuzz I had was scraped away by Inga,”* he thought.

Back in his room quickly redressed and Ludmilla began his instruction in lady like behavior and mannerisms. The restrictive corset took care of his posture but his stride had to shorten. To help him adjust, Inga had tied a short length of ribbon around his ankles. Another ribbon used to tie his upper arms to his sides. Andy was then required to walk around the room. He practiced walking, sitting and curtsying until it was time to dress for dinner. He thought it was a silly notion but women dressed for morning, tea and dinner with each outfit getting fancier and more elaborate. What he disliked the most, other than his corsets was having to wear that bustle. It was difficult enough sitting with hooped skirts as it was. Dressed in the same one as the night before, his upper arms were again restrained. For the first time Inga pinned the Gibson Girl style wig to his head.

Back in his room Andy's training continued but this time he was given a fan to hold. He was taught to use it to cover a cough or to get more air if he felt faint. Later he would be taught how to use it to flirt. He was shown how to open it with just a flick of his wrist but that was a bit harder than it sounded. By bed time Andy could barely keep his eyes open. Too exhausted to complain about being laced in his twenty-three-inch corset. Inga helped him don an ankle length semi-translucent light bluish pink fine cotton off the shoulder nightgown. The bodice was draped with a six-inch lace skirt. The balloon sleeves were tied off at the cuffs with pink ribbon bows. His natural hair had been put in a single braid reaching just below the shoulders. He was asleep before the gas lights were turned off. His training would continue in the morning and ensuing days.

##

The day Andy was looking forward too had arrived but not without some concern. He was wearing his corset and fully dressed and remembered how he had arrived and what happen to his clothing. His concern was whether or not he would return as his old larger self with a natural waist of thirty-four inches. A ten-inch difference could have significant impact on his health. Another more serious worry was what would happen while wearing that spermatic truss. It had already shrunk to almost half its original size and even more painful. He shook off his worries, getting back home was all that mattered. He no longer cared why his grandparents had left this place figuring it had to do with corsets and spermatic trusses. Andy was sitting in the parlor having afternoon tea when the appointed hour struck. He sucked in as much air as he could thinking he would need it when he was teleported back to his time. He held that breath for as long as he could, still nothing happened.

"I could have sworn that I had arrived here at this hour. Could something have gone wrong? I'm positive I set that timer correctly. So, why am I still here? Can Auntie's grandfather's clock be off? Clocks were very accurate during this era. Can't be for more than a few minutes," he thought with growing concern and fear.

As the minute hand continued moving around the clock face, Andy became agitated with worry. Auntie Lina noticed.

"Doreen is something the matter? You're fidgeting and keep looking at the clock. Is something wrong?" she asked with concern.

"Hell yes! But I can't tell her," he thought then said thinking fast, "I just need to use the water closet."

As the weeks progressed Andy was becoming more upset with each passing day.

"Why am I still here? I should have been back by now. Maybe cut in two but at least I would be back where I belong. What could have gone wrong? I'm positive I set the

return time for four days. Hell, I tripled checked it. Something had to go wrong. Equipment malfunction or something to the house. I don't think I left anything that could cause a fire. In any case it looks like I might be stuck here forever and I certainly didn't expect that. I wouldn't like it even if I were back in my men's clothing. Hell, corseted twenty-four seven is already changing me. The last time Ludmilla measured my natural waist it was twenty-four inches, six less than when I arrived. Now she has me in those horrible twenty-three-inch corsets all day and a twenty-two one at night. She's said a girl my age should have at least an eighteen-inch waist. I even think I'm beginning to develop breasts. They've been sore, itchy and puffy for the past month. Being dressed and living like a Victorian woman during this or any time period was most definitely not my idea. I'm stuck until Auntie decides to change me back and who knows when that will be. I've got to talk her into letting me be me again before it's too late," he thought in frustration.

##

Two weeks later Auntie Lina summoned Doreen to meet with her in the parlor. "Doreen, it has been decided that you should attend a proper school. I have enrolled you in Madam Dominica's Madchenpensionats in Budapest. It is a strict school but has a very good reputation. I have given Ludmilla orders to pack your things and we leave at first light tomorrow morning," she stated with a determined look.

"Auntie Lina, why? I don't want to go to a Madchenpensionats," he replied distraught.

"Finishing school! She wants to send me to that? Budapest no less. I got to stop this somehow. I have a PhD but I can't tell her that. No telling what the time ripples would be if she knew just how smart I am," he thought then continued, "Auntie Budapest is just too far away. Please reconsider. Ludmilla can teach me all I need to know. Besides, I'm still a guy under all this finery. They would never accept me."

"No. I have made up my mind. Madam Dominica's will greatly benefit you and keep you safe. She is aware that you are a belle mademoiselle and willing to take you under her care. Last week Ludmilla thought she saw that old woman on our estate as she was closing up for the night. No, she would never look for you in a Madchenpensionats. My decision is final. We leave at first light," she said with a look that stopped any further argument.

"I've seen that look often enough and know I can't change her mind. German stubbornness that I remember my mother and grandmother had when they decided something. I certainly can't simply run away dressed and looking like this. Not in this time period. I wouldn't last a week out there on my own," he thought in exasperation.

In the morning he was dressed in a pale-yellow cotton gown. Since he would be traveling by train was given several starched layered petticoats with lace trimming each layer. White cotton gloves, yellow box hat with black lace veil pinned to his Gibson Girl styled hair for accessories. A gold chain with a laced worked locket was secured around his neck. The locket contained lavender, oregano and similar herbs that could be held to the nose. The few times out of the house, it was a welcome relief from the disgusting smells like horse dung and other waste tossed onto the streets. In the parlor, Ludmilla helped him into a fox fur jacket for the trip. There was already a nip in the air and Budapest would be much colder. With the jacket on, picked up the yellow velvet bag purse containing lacey hankies, perfume and a few coins, was led out to the carriage.

The train station was gigantic, in full Victorian splendor and a lot of people. It had

taken several porters to gather their steamer trunks from the carriage. Unlike the vast majority of the people, they were traveling in first class. This meant they had their own room furnished with two opposing padded couches, a table and two large glass windows with velvet curtains. As the train began moving Andy was resigned to his fate. He was going to be enrolled in a finishing school for girls for the next two years.

##

In the 1890's Budapest was one of Europe's largest and most progressive cities. It even had public electric lights in the central business area. Madam Dominica's place was almost a castle and located just off the central business district. The main entrance featured four Grecian columns supporting the three-story ceiling, white marble steps and flooring. The door featured an oval elaborate stained glass insert. The front of the building was three-stories high with six bay windows on each side of the entrance. Two wings of the same height were perpendicular to the main entrance. Two round towers anchored the corners. Andy was surprised to see electric lines running into the building.

The young woman that opened the door immediately caught Andy's attention. She was dressed similarly like he had been when he went to the corsetiers. Her black hair arranged in overlapping braids, alabaster skin and pretty face. She was a bit stocky in build but what caught his attention though was her seventeen-inch waist.

"How can she stand wearing that tight corset?" flashed through his mind as the girl curtsied.

The entrance hall was very large with multi-colored marble flooring. Over head an enormous crystal chandelier hung. Numerous oil paintings decorated the mahogany walls. Two spiral white marble stairways descended to the main floor at the back of the hall. As they were led to Madam Dominica's office the sound of women's shoes echoed off the walls. At the entrance to the office was a padded green velvet bench seat. Andy was directed to sit and wait while his Aunt finalized his enrollment. The longer he sat the more nervous he became.

"I'd like to have some say in what's going on in there. No telling what Auntie is up to but whatever it is, I'm sure I will hate it," Andy thought as a severe looking woman walked up and gave him a hard look before going in.

She was a tall woman wearing a black cotton ankle length dress. Like the girl that showed them in, had a very narrow waist. She had a narrow beak like nose, thin lips and eyes colder than ice. From the look she gave him, Andy shivered.

"Ludmila was intimidating but that woman scares me," he thought becoming more frightened at the prospect of being left here.

##

Madam Dominica was in her early sixties, gray hair styled in a Madam Pompadour. She had strong Germanic features and conservatively dressed in a similar style as Lina but made of silk. She stayed seated as Aunt Lina sat in the indicated chair.

"Brigitta, you may serve the tea now; then, have matron Viola join us," Madam Dominica said then giving Lina a quick glance continued, "Madam Mayer, I have had a few belle Mademoiselles under my tutelage and some have been somewhat belligerent at first. A few sessions with a correction corset and the punishment mask have resolved any further issues. Do you have any problems with that? Also, I need to know what other steps in his disguise you have taken. Like, has he been fitted with a spermatic device? There are other young ladies here and you can see my concern."

“I let Ludmila, my housekeeper, take care of the details of Doreen’s training and think she has done very well. Like most belle Mademoiselles, he constantly complains about wearing corsets but otherwise has shown improved behavior and poise. A firmly laced corset will stop any boyish nonsense of course but Doreen is from America. So much of his behavior stems from that unsophisticated country. I believe Ludmila has Doreen drinking lady’s tea and given him a lady’s pill. Uncorseted, he has a twenty-four-inch waist and twenty-three corseted. When he first came to me three months ago, the natural waist was thirty-four inches I believe. My corsetier fitted a Stephenson Spermatic Truss on him, so that should alleviate any concerns regarding the young ladies. I am not familiar with the correction corset or the mask. Although I have heard of them. Could you please explain these correction methods?” she replied.

“But of course, Madam. When a young lady in most Madchenpensionats is recalcitrant or her demeanor was graceless, her governess could use a correction corset or also a mask. The correction corset is made of three layers of jacquard fabric. They are reinforced on both sides with wide thick reshaped steel. Other reinforcements are rigorously manufactured, the spoon busk and wide under busk as a rule. Also, the abdominal part is reinforced with a plate and padding to increase forces acting on the wearer’s waist, ribs and stomach.”

“After a recalcitrant young lady is corseted on the lacing bar, she is sat on a wooden bench. Both her forearms are laced into leather sleeves similar to a small corset. Then her hands are put behind her back and both sleeves gradually tightened together until both forearms are just touching from wrist to elbows. Her ankles are then secured to the floor. She is left to sit for two or more hours in suffering. If she was really defiant, she can be treated in this manner for more than four hours.”

“Should a young lady be truly rebellious, her governess would use the correction mask. This correction mask consists of a fitted full head mask made of 1/8-inch-thick leather. It is closed at the rear with lacing from the crown to the base of the neck. The mask has neither eyes or mouth openings. The mask is padded inside with pliable padding and underlaid with soft leather to fit snugly against face. Inside the mask, just against wearer's mouth is mounted a 1 and half inch-long peg. After the mask has been put on, it is tightly inserted into wearer's mouth. On the back side is a larger opening through which would pass the wearer's tresses or pigtail. The mask is outwardly equipped with thick padding forming a small cushion over each ear.”

“The governess then inserts earplugs and the peg inserted into the girl's mouth. With that the girl is silenced and deaf. The only three openings are on the front of the mask, two small ones for girl's nose and one even smaller across the mouth peg.”

“Spending several hours blinded, muted, and corseted in a formidable corset is a good tool to subdue all rebels. Sometimes the mask is used to suppress grimaces, exaggerated expressions, and non-verbal communication at bedtime. Now that I have explained our correction measures, do you have a problem with that?” Madam Dominica explained.

“Andreas is my last living relative and I want to be assured that he is safe. The old

woman in our woods has seen him. I'm sure of it! So, while such correction methods seem very painful and stressful, I have no choice. I just pray my Doreen becomes a model student," she replied.

"Very good Madam. Starting your belle Mademoiselle on Lady's tea will make things easier over time for her. However, a natural waist of twenty-four-inches is unacceptable here. All our young ladies leave here with a natural waist of eighteen-inches or less as I'm a strong believer in strict corseting," she responded.

"I understand Madam. Guess I have been a bit lenient in that regard as he is a belle Mademoiselle but you are correct. His disguise must be perfect," Lina answered.

"Let me assure you Madam that when your Doreen leaves here in two years, she will make a proper housewife. Along with the social skills, she will know how to handle the household expenses, cooking, sewing and needle work. Dancing, singing or leaning the piano is also offered. Of course, if you or Doreen decide it is safe to resume his original identity, that is an option. An option I don't recommend. If you enroll your belle Mademoiselle here, it would be very difficult to resume that role. If that is your desire; then, I don't recommend enrolling Doreen; however, she will not be discovered here. Of that I can assure you," Madam Dominica stated.

"I hadn't thought of that possibility but I must protect him even if he has to become my niece in the end. It's better than an early death. So be it," Lina responded sadly.

There was a knock on the door and Viola entered the room with a loud swish of her skirts. "Madam Mayer this is Viola and she will be your Doreen's guardian. She has been with me many years and made several belle Mademoiselles into competent women. Now I think it's time to meet your Doreen. Viola please bring her in," she stated.

Andy entered the office nervously almost forgetting to curtsy. He was immediately intimidated by the two women who would now control his life. He glanced with a pleading look to his Aunt but she just gave him a tight smile.

"Doreen, this is Madam Dominica your headmistress and Madam Viola who will be your governess. They will have complete control over you for the next two years and I expect you to be an obedient student. There is much you can learn from them," Lina said making the formal introductions.

As Ludmila had taught him, he gave each a curtsy but as he lifted the hem of his dress, his fingers were shaking. *"I can't believe this his happening. I should have been back in my time months ago, not here. I don't know how I can handle two years of this. Those women scare the shit out of me,"* he thought.

"Madam Mayer I see what you have told me is true. Some rough edges but we will correct those. Madam Viola would you please escort our new student to her quarters and see that she is properly settled," Madam Dominica said.

"Now Madam Mayer if you have no more questions, we need to settle on Doreen's account and allowances you wish her to have," she said once they were alone.

##

"Miss. Doreen, you will address me either as Madam Viola or governess and consider whatever I tell you to do, mandatory. I have very high standards from my wards. You will do your best to comply even if you are a belle mademoiselle. I have a reputation to maintain and have no problem correcting any misbehavior or rebellion. Trust me, you will not enjoy our correcting methods. Do you understand?" she said as they walked up the stair case.

Andy gulped, keeping his eyes on the stairs hearing that. *“What has Auntie gotten me into? Why am I even here? This place scares the hell out of me,”* he thought; then, replied, “Yes Madam Viola.”

To be Continued...

Part Three

On the third floor Andy was shown into a room similar to the one at Auntie Lina’s house except there were three beds. Another larger room would be the dressing room. The lacing bar did not go unnoticed. Although the furnishings were the same, they were not fancy.

“You will be sharing this room with Miss. Giselle and Miss. Patricia who have been with us for a year now. We do not furnish maid service, so you will tend to each other’s needs. Additionally, as part of your training will assist in the maintenance of this household. As a new student you will do as they say as if it was coming from me. Understand?” Viola stated.

“Y...yes Madam Viola,” he answered somewhat scared and worried about sharing a room with real girls.

“I’m going to have two girls for roommates? It took me forever to get used to being half naked or naked around Inga and Ludmila. They were both older than me but these are going to be my age. How are they going to react to me being a belle Mademoiselle? What does Madam Viola mean by assisting in the maintenance? Does that mean I’m to be trained as a maid?” he thought hands clutching his skirt.

“Miss. Giselle is currently in her needlepoint class. I will send her up to you when it ends to help you unpack. Miss. Patricia showed you in this morning and will be up later. Now, follow me and I will show you where the water closet is,” she stated breaking his thoughts.

The water closet was similar to the one he was familiar with. A footed tub, standup sink, commode with the tank above. “You will share this with six other ladies and being new will be last. You will have fifteen minutes to do your necessities. Now go unpack. I will send up Giselle shortly,” she said and left him standing there.

“I need to pee like a racehorse. Might as well while I have some privacy,” he thought lifting his skirts and petticoats squatted over the bowl.

Finished, he went to the sink to wash his hands. *“Still not used to wearing crotchless pantaloons and having to drip dry. Still feel some pee inside that hideous pouch they put on me. At least I don’t have a case of blue balls now and those spikes aren’t digging into my poor penis. That’s beginning to really worry me though. I should be hornier than a bull in heat right now. I haven’t had any relief since I decided to go back in time,”* he thought.

He found a large empty bureau near the bed furthest from the entry. His three steamer trunks were nearby and guessed this was to be his bed. Opening one, he began removing and hanging dresses in the bureau.

“So, are you my roommate? Girl!” the loud voice startled Andy as he was taking a dress out of the trunk.

“What does it look like!” he sharply replied irritated at the girl’s tone.

“Stupid girl! That is not the way to address me or Patricia. We are seniors and your

superiors. We are responsible for turning you into a proper Madam Dominica Madchenpensionats graduate. You will curtsy and show the proper respect to all the senior girls. Any disobedience or graceless behavior on your part will result in correction. Believe me, you would not like that. Now, do it and tell me your name girl," Giselle demanded.

"Good grief. She's acting like I'm some kind of servant," he thought as he curtsied and replied, "Doreen, Doreen Mayer."

Giselle was similar to the girl that admitted them into the house. Except she was taller and big boned. Her blond hair was fashioned in a Dutch braid and her waist couldn't have been more than seventeen-inches.

"Doreen Mayer, huh. Give me a twirl so I can get a better view of you. What is your natural waist size? Twenty-four? Your waist line is unacceptable but we will take care of that later. Go ahead and continue unpacking while I explain what is expected of you," she said.

"My first day here and it's already becoming unbearable," he thought turning his attention back to unpacking.

"You will be our lady's maid while we are here. It is part of your training and required by Madam Dominica. As such you will attend us in our toilet, keep this room spotless and perform any other duties we desire. You will be presentable at all times and attend to your studies," Giselle stated making Andy stop in his tracks.

"Lady's maid?" he replied. *"No way I'm going to be a maid,"* he thought.

"From the expression on your face I see you find this objectionable. You may be an aristocratic but when you have a husband and household to manage, you need to know what must be done. Madam Dominica believes that by doing what servants must do, you will be a better manager and wife. All first-year students are required to perform those duties. In addition to attending to our room, you will assist in the maintenance of the building and in the kitchen one week a month. If you know what's good for you, don't complain and keep a smile on your face," she explained.

What Andy's mind focused on were the words, husband and wife. *"I'm being trained to be a wife! I'm sick and tired of having to dress and act like a girl as it is much less be a wife. I've put up with this shit long enough. I might be stuck here forever because of some stupid idiotic belief some old woman is going to kill me. Since I'm trapped in this time, I rather take my chances with this old woman. I need to see Madam Dominica and demand to be a man again,"* he thought and started to walk out of the room.

"Where do you think you're going?" demanded Giselle.

"I'm going to see Madam Dominica. This is all been a mistake," he snapped not seeing the shocked look on Giselle's face. No student ever went there without being told.

##

Andy was learning a very painful lesson for barging into Madam Dominica's office. He was wearing the seventeen-inch waisted punishment corset and mask. The corset was bone crunching, every breath painful. The mask left him blind, mute and deaf. He was sitting outside the office where all the students and staff could see for four hours. To Andy it was a lifetime of pure hell. When they were removed, he was broken and resolved never to undergo that experience again.

Over the course of the next few months Andy followed the rules. He assisted his roommates in dressing and they in turn laced him into tighter and tighter corsets. The only class he remotely enjoyed was accounting. The deportment and etiquette requirements of the day, ate away at his ego. Learning how to clean and cook humbling. The only thing he liked about the school was learning how to play the piano. His thoughts of rebellion while buried were still there.

With the announcement of a grand ball to be held Christmas eve, that Andy's rebellion rose to the surface. Having to go to a dance wasn't that bad but he was assigned to entertain one Helmett von Merkel.

"Having to attend the ball is one thing but being forced to entertain a man? I don't care if all the girls are assigned a date. Despite all that's happened, I'm still a man damn it! Madam Voila of all people should understand. She will have to excuse me," he thought.

Madam Viola enjoyed turning belle mademoiselles into perfect young ladies. Ever since Andy had arrived, she relentlessly strove to make him the best pupil in all his classes. Lately, he hadn't been performing to her standards and looking for an excuse to punish him. So, when he arrived at her door, smiled.

"I personally chose Helmett to be Doreen's gentleman friend. He comes from an influential family and has a proclivity for belle mademoiselles. Perhaps if I can keep those two together during our balls and other events, he will be my benefactor. I will need his assistance if I'm going to open my own school," she thought.

That attempt resulted in two hours in the corset and mask. The corset was still very painful but not quite as much. His natural waist was now down to twenty-one inches but it was crushing him. When released, decided entertaining a gentleman wouldn't be any problem at all.

##

Preparing for the ball, Andy was getting ready to take his turn in the bath. He paused, as the full-length mirror caught his eye. He stared into it for some time shocked at what he was seeing. In the past he avoiding looking into one when he was naked. Now, he stood in shock.

"What has happened to me," his mind wailed. *"I'm just skin and bones, doubt I weigh even one hundred pounds and ribs all caved in. Yet, my butt looks bigger and, oh my, I have man boobs! Damn corsets! Wearing them 24/7 has distorted my body to the point I don't think I can ever return to normal."*

The ball gown was a Christmas gift from his Aunt. It was an emerald green satin with leg-of-mutton sleeves and full bell skirt. The front had a straight neckline, tightly fitting bodice with a frill of white lace. The bodice buttoned in the back. The additional back skirt flared out at the top with a cascade of five overlapping layers of tubular ruffles.

By this point Andy had no problem with the intricate details of getting dressed. He hated the process but as a belle mademoiselle had no choice. First, he rolled black stockings up his legs and then fastened his shoes. He had learned early on that doing this with a stiff unyielding corset almost impossible. Stepping carefully into his knee length open bottom pantaloons with three inches of ruffled lace hemming came next. Followed by the green silk chamise that looked more like a loose tank top or summer nightgown. Now came the point he dreaded. Giselle laced him into his eighteen-inch wasp waisted black corset with emerald green stitching and lace and ribbon embellished bodice. His natural waist was now twenty-inches. What bothered him the most was how much it restricted his movement and breathing. Giselle then tied the

bust support behind his back. Andy couldn't help but notice how flabby his chest was becoming.

"Doreen it looks like you are finally developing your maidenly charms," Giselle said making him blush.

"Yeah, I noticed too but with this support they look like real women's boobs?" he woefully thought.

After many months of constantly drinking "women's tea" had no idea of what it was doing to his body. He was aware of how his torso had changed due to the corseting and just how permanent it would be. The arsenic facial treatments had left his face porcelain white and destroyed any hair growth. The spermatic pouch concealed how much his genitals had atrophied as well.

The corset cover that came next would protect the corset and dress from creating friction. It was an emerald green cotton with ruffled floral lace trimming the straps and bodice. A hooped petticoat with attached bustle pad quickly followed. Finally, it was time to don the ball gown. All that was left was to roll up the matching opera length gloves, check his draw string purse. There wasn't much in it, a lace trimmed hanky, two fragrance vials (one for covering foul odors, the other in case he felt faint). His folding fan dangled from his right wrist. The only makeup, some beet juice for the lips and cheeks.

One of the hardest lessons Andy had to learn was to take his time and walk slowly. He had always been in a hurry whenever he had to go somewhere. Now, thanks to severe corseting, the weight and movement of his attire had to take slow steps. In a way he was thankful for that as he walked to the grand ballroom. He was not at all happy about having to entertain a man.

"I don't want to do this but the worst that can happen he will kiss my hand. Of course, I will have to flirt with him which will be a royal pain but Madam Viola will be watching me like a hawk. The last thing I want is to be put back into that punishment corset and mask," he thought nervously.

##

The ball room was decorated like paintings he had seen of the time period. There was a band in the far-right corner, tables along one wall contained refreshments, round tables covered in fine linen with padded chairs along the opposite wall. Thick drapes enclosed the floor to ceiling bay windows. Various Christmas decorations were scattered about the room. A decorative Nativity Scene with very realistic carved wooden figurines dominated another corner.

As the students entered the room, one by one, a herald announced them. With them identified, their assigned gentleman would approach, bow and offer his arm. The young lady of course would curtsy and place a gloved hand on the arm. As so it went until Doreen was standing there.

When Helmett approached, Andy was surprised. He was at least twice her age and somewhat over weight. As he offered his arm, was a head and shoulders taller than Doreen. He was immaculately dressed in the fashion of the day.

"My dear, you have no idea how much of a pleasure it is to meet you," he said leading them over to a table.

As Doreen took her seat, Helmett held her hand, raised it up and kissed it smiling broadly. "The orchestra is most excellent and I hope you love to dance as much as I," he said taking his seat.

Remembering his lessons, Andy let Helmett do almost all of the talking. While women would be in charge of the household and staff, the husband was the master of all. That rule bothered Andy the most. When the other students graduated, they would already have a husband waiting either by agreement or by arrangement. Andy assured himself that would never happen to him. Over all he found the ball okay but would have felt much better if he wasn't there. At least the waltz and other tunes were danced without any close bodily contact. When the ball ended the bowing and curtsying repeated. Again, Helmett kissed Doreen's hand with a broad ear to ear smile.

"You are most entertaining my dear Doreen. I must simply see you again. Until that time, please accept this small token of my appreciation," Helmett said giving Andy a thin gold chain with locket.

Back in his room surrounded by his roommates, he opened the locket. Inside was a picture of Helmett. He quickly snapped it shut.

"Like I want any reminders of him or tonight," he thought.

"Oh, Doreen what a beautiful gift. Your gentleman friend must have been really impressed. Most first year girls never get such a gift. I'm sure Madam Dominica will agree to allow him to come calling on you. Afterall, he is a Baron and very influential," Patricia excitedly said.

"Allowed to date me? No way! I've got to talk to Madam Voila and stop that from happening," he thought worriedly.

When Andy approached Madam Viola the next day and voiced his objections was shocked. "Baron Helmett von Merkle is a very powerful noble and adviser to the King! You should be flattered and thankful that he has expressed his affection. You may be an aristocrat but beneath his social class. Your Aunt would be most pleased to hear that such a man is interested in you. I, of course, have already given him my consent. He will be calling on you this coming Saturday afternoon. I have arranged for you to have tea with him then a stroll through our gardens. I strongly suggest you be focused on seeing that he is pleased. Unless you would enjoy the correction corset instead," she curtly stated.

That Saturday and most Saturdays after that Doreen was forced to meet with the Baron. Of course, each of those "dates" was very formal according to the Victorian era. The worst for Andy was having to be with Helmett and knowing Madam Viola was watching his every move. In May Helmett had the audacity to embrace and kiss Doreen on the cheek. Andy in the correct Victorian manner, slapped him with his fan.

"Oh, how I wanted to smash my fist into his fat face but with her watching, no way," he thought at the time.

His reaction was seen by Madam Viola and Doreen spent an hour in the correction corset and mask. Not because Andy had slapped Helmett. Just because he didn't do it with a playful smile. His natural waist was now down to nineteen inches. Dealing with a seventeen-inch corset was bearable. This correction corset was fifteen-inches and quite painful. After that Andy was determined to maintain a playful smile every time he met with the Baron.

Besides his narrowed waist Andy developed breasts and rounded butt. The breasts were not that big but large enough to cup and no padding needed. Thanks to drinking a lot of "Lady's" tea and diet his hormone levels contained a lot of natural estrogen. His face was porcelain white from arsenic washes and lack of sun light. Whenever the ladies went outside either to shop for clothing or just a stroll in the gardens, an umbrella was mandatory along with gloves.

As the days stretched into months and months into a new year, Andy was beginning to understand that he could never return to manhood. Constantly drilled on proper Victorian female behavior and mannerisms plus the changes to his body had destroyed his ego. He was now accepting this forced fate in part due to his own failure. If his time machine hadn't malfunctioned, he wouldn't be in this living nightmare. The best he could hope for was to spend the rest of his life as a lonely spinster. In his mind Andy still thought of himself as a heterosexual man no matter how he was forced to live.

It was near the end of his second year that Madam Viola approached him. "Doreen, the Baron will be visiting you this Saturday as usual for afternoon tea. I expect you to wear your best gown and tightest corset. I believe he has something important to tell you and you should be dressed for the occasion," she stated.

"Wha...what can be so important?" he replied a bit scared.

"I really don't know but when I talked to him earlier, he seemed excited more than usual. Who knows? Maybe a trip to the palace. Just be prepared," she answered.

##

Saturday afternoon came swiftly. Much too soon as far as Andy was concerned. *"Despite how I'm forced to dress and act, I'm still a man. Everyone here knows that I am, so why are they all so keen on me dating another man? Even my roommates are acting jealous. What's with that? Patricia was going gaga over the fact that I might get to meet the King and Queen. Like I care! I guess the only recourse I have is to tell him I'm a Petite Mademoiselle. That should cool his romantic desires,"* he thought in anguish.

During tea Andy was surprised to hear that Helmett had written to his Aunt. He didn't explain what he had written but he expected a reply soon. It wasn't until they were walking in the gardens that Andy told him that he was a Petite Mademoiselle. Again, he was surprised as Helmett turned him face to face.

"My darling Doreen, that's just why I find you so desirable. Such a delicate morsel you are my dear. The more I see you, the more I find you irresistible," he said smiling like the Cheshire Cat.

"But...but...I'm...I'm not like that. I like girls," Andy gasped.

"Well, it is common knowledge that Madchenpensionats graduates do engage in such frivolities. I don't have a problem with that as long as you're discreet once we're married," he replied grinning even bigger.

"Married?" Andy gasped god smacked.

"Why, of course my dear. What did you think I wrote your aunt for? I expect her approval any day now. I offered her a very handsome dowry," he replied.

"I've got to write Aunty today. I don't think she would seriously consider his proposal. It's so ridiculous but I can't take any chance that she will agree to such nonsense," he thought in a panic.

"I see the shock on your face my darling as we barely know one another. For me, it was love at first sight. I understand you need time to think. Once your Aunt agrees, we will marry this summer. That should be more than enough time for you to embrace the idea. In any case it really doesn't bother me. As for me, I don't care if you love me or not but the wedding will take place," Helmett stated.

The rest of the walk and return to the manor went by in a fog for Andy. His mind was

so concerned over the real possibility of being married was staggering. The only thing he clearly remembered was Helmett giving him a small blue velvet covered box.

“Take this. It is my gift confirming our betrothal my darling,” he remembered Helmett saying.

Once Helmett took his leave, Andy rushed up to his room. He placed the box on the table unopened and pulled out his writing materials. He had just finished his demand that his Aunt refuse any offers of marriage from Helmett or any man when his roommates entered. Patricia was the first to notice the jewelry box.

“Doreen what did you get from your gentleman caller this time?” she demanded smiling broadly.

“M...my...my betrothal present,” he wailed tears beginning to flow.

For months now Andy’s emotions were getting the better of him. He would laugh or cry for no reason but this time he had a good reason. He grabbed a lace frilled hanky and began blotting his eyes as the girls watched bewildered.

Once he stopped sobbing Giselle asked, “Why are you crying? If your Helmett asked me, I’d be dancing on the clouds. What an opportunity. Mixing with the royals, living in a castle and servants doing your bidding. The kind of life all young women would be ecstatic to have.”

“Yes,” Patricia exclaimed. “May we see what he gave you?” she asked not waiting for permission opened the box.

Inside was a gorgeous platinum brooch. The center piece was a five-karat emerald surrounded by one-karat diamonds. The platinum was carved in an intricate floral design.

“I don’t want to marry him or any man. I’m not like that,” he wailed in response.

“Well, even if you were a real man, you could never attain the luxuries Helmett can provide. You’re nothing more than a belle mademoiselle! You can never be a real man again. It is time you realized that and accept your fate!” Gisele stated vehemently.

“I feel sorry for you Doreen but Gisele is right. You really have no choice. If you stay unmarried polite society will reject you and have a lonely life,” Patricia added.

Despite what his roommates told him; Andy was determined. He took the letter to Madam Viola to be put into the mail. He was in a better mood as he returned to his room. He was unaware that Madam Viola opened, read his letter then tore it up. Sitting at her desk began her own letter to his Aunt.

“Dear Madam Meyer: It has come to my attention that the Baron Helmett von Merkel has asked for Doreen’s hand in marriage. I’m also aware that she accepted his betrothal gift. The Baron came to me earlier about the propriety of his proposal expressing his deep affection for your Doreen. He is fully aware of Doreen’s little secret and insists that it is of no matter. Doreen has come a long way and proud example of our teaching methods. When we first met, you said you wanted the best for your ward. Marrying the Baron would be a major step forward in her social standing. None of my other students have achieved what your Doreen has. This of course, is just a suggestion but worthy of your serious consideration,” she wrote.

##

When Madam Meyer received Helmett’s letter she was shocked. Not so much from the proposal but by the large dowry offered. “*This is a whole lot more than my father demanded from my late husband,*” she thought. “*I put my nephew into skirts to save*

his life from the old woman in the woods but marriage? I never expected this. Not just any man either but a royal. The few letters I get from Doreen pretty much complaints and wanting to come home. Understandable, as I was pretty much the same. I wasn't prepared for this. I'll put it aside for now as I need time to think this over."

As the days passed, she gave lots of thought to the Baron's letter. There were definite advantages for Doreen's future but did the Baron know was a big question. If he didn't know Doreen was a belle Mademoiselle that would be a very serious problem. Serious problems for Doreen and herself. She came very close several times in responding to the Baron of her objections but didn't follow through.

Receiving Madam Viola's letter had its own surprises. Doreen accepting the betrothal gift was a big one. That could only mean one thing. Doreen had romantic thoughts about the Baron. If she didn't; then would have refused the gift. Then again, there was Madam Viola's endorsement of the engagement.

"Well, if Doreen didn't object how can I in good conscious not add my approval as well. This arrangement will certainly place Doreen in a much better life than I could," she thought getting out pen and paper.

##

When Helmett showed Doreen the acceptance of the Baron's proposal from his Aunt, Andy in a total feminine manner fainted. When he awoke was still too stunned to say anything for several minutes.

"Nooo, this can't be happening. I...I'm not that way! I don't even like you much less want to be your bride! You know I'm a man under all this finery, so why?" he exclaimed as tears began to flow.

"Like I said before my darling, I don't care. Besides, that is what I love the most about you. The marriage has been arranged and so it will be. In two months, you graduate and become my wife! Like it or not, I expect you to fulfill your duties as a proper wife should. Now, I will get with Madam Dominica so she can see that you are properly prepared," he replied sternly.

"Properly prepared? What do you mean?" Andy asked. *"I've gone through almost two years of learning how to be a lady of society. So, what more preparation do I need?"* he thought.

"You will be a Baroness once we are wed. You need to know the royal protocols and behavior. When the ceremony is over, we will limit your exposure to the court," he answered and kissed the shaken Andy fully on the lips leaving the room.

"That pompous ass kissed me on the lips!" he gasped. Then, horrified, thought, *"OMG! Once married, he can do anything he wants to with me. I'll legally be his slave in these crazy Victorian times and laws."*

##

Over the next two months, Madam Viola took great pleasure in escorting Doreen on major shopping excursions to only the finest shops. Her pleasure came from seeing how much they distressed Andy. She was thrilled at the sheer despair and hopelessness reflected in his eyes and expression when she picked out his wedding dress. The dress she chose was based on a drawing as it was to be handmade.

As was the trend in that age, the bodice was close fitting with a high neck, small waist and long skirt in white. The sleeves were leg o'mutton, in large puffs at the shoulders and tight-fitting long sleeves. Of the materials available Madam Viola chose silk and

satin. The bodice was embroidered in an intricate floral design in a pearl color. The skirt was an A-line, floor length with the same embroidered floral design reaching the hem. In the back, just above the hips, the skirt was bunched up in overlapping rolls of white satin from which the trail was attached.

As Andy looked at it groan at its sheer femininity and how restrictive it would be. "That dress will cost small fortune and intricate. Why couldn't you just pick out a plain simple white dress?" he asked.

"Doreen, you silly girl. You're being married into royalty. Society expects you to dress and act appropriately. You should be more grateful; especially after that beautiful diamond tiara and pearls he has given you for the wedding. All your fellow students are so jealous and would love to be in your position. Married to the Baron will guarantee that you will want for nothing. Now put a smile on your face and act happy or face the correction corset," she snapped.

In addition to the dress, a long silk veil decorated with orange blossoms, a lacy hanky to be embroidered with Doreen's maiden name initials. Short white kid gloves, silk stockings floral embroidered up the front and white flat shoes decorated with ribbons and bows on the instep. Once the dress and accessories were chosen, Doreen was carefully measured and told to return for the initial fitting in one week. He did not hear Madam Viola tell the seamstress to make the waist fifteen inches and add the appropriate corset.

Over the years Andy had come to grips with his changing body. He hated what resulted from corsets, diet and woman's tea but knew he could do nothing to change it. His face was alabaster white. His rib cage distorted. His once muscular body transformed. His natural waist now eighteen inches. The hardest for him accept were the two B-cup mounds on his chest and round womanly bottom.

As he gazed at his reflection, thought, *"If my time machine hadn't malfunctioned, I wouldn't be like this now. If my crazy Aunt hadn't decided my life was in danger, wouldn't have made me a belle Mademoiselle. What's even weirder is how everyone accepts me as a woman even though they know I'm a man. History books didn't mention any of this. Yes, I remember something about how the upper class would use petticoat punishment but nothing this extreme. I thought it was just a temporary thing until they reached puberty. Now I'm stuck here and worse getting married to a dreadful man. The marriage has been arranged and I have absolutely no choice in the matter. Even if I'm dragged kicking and screaming to the alter, no one will intervene. I tried talking to Auntie to get me out of this until I was blue in the face to no avail. I'm so screwed."*

##

The day of the wedding all of Doreen's possessions were taken to the Baron's Manner House. That afternoon the wedding took place in the Grand Ball Room. Doreen's brides' maids were his roommates and Auntie gave him away. It was attended by most of the royal family until after the wedding feast.

All of this happened with Andy vaguely aware. Madam Viola knowing that Andy would not be cooperative, spiked his Lady's tea with Laudanum (commonly used in that time period containing all the opioid compounds). Things began to become clear to him as the party ended. He had a fuzzy memory of his Auntie giving a key to Helmet; then, kissing him on the cheek whispering, "This is for the best, dearest."

His mind became much clearer as his Lady's maid began undressing him. *"Everything has been a blur since this morning. Like moving around in a dense fog. Why can't I*

remember anything before waking up in a strange dressing room with a maid," he thought.

"Whe...where am I? What's happening?" he stammered.

"My Lady, we're in your dressing room. I'm helping you get prepared for your husband. Is there a problem?" she responded with a curtsy.

"I...I don't want this," he gasped realizing his situation.

"My Lady, I can sympathize with you but your husband and master of the house has expressed his desire to consummate the marriage. As women we have no choice. Maybe sometime in the future we may. I felt the same when I was married to the gardener. Take my advice and do your wifely duties. Once the he is satisfied, his attentions will wander to something else," she offered.

"But I can't do that! I'm a belle Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed.

"Ahhh my Lady, all the staff know of the Baron's preferences. He has given me this key. It is not my place to decide the right or wrong of it. It is only my job to see that you're are prepared," she stated with another curtsy.

With the chastity device finally removed after years of imprisonment, Alan was devastated. His testicles had dissolved leaving an empty sack. His penis looked like a wrinkled little finger and totally unresponsive. The thick pubic hair covered everything leaving the overall appearance of a woman's thick bush. The shock caused him to faint. Coming too, realized he could never be a man again and he could only be a belle Mademoiselle.

Sometime in the far future, a dilapidated house was being demolished by the city. For many years, unoccupied and recently struck by lightning, the city had no choice. The city inspector was curious when he saw all the mangled electronic devices but shrugged his shoulders and walked off.

Meanwhile, the screams coming from the Lady's bedroom were ignored by the staff. They just assumed that it was nothing more than a woman losing her virginity.

The End