



Reluctant Press presents:

Miss Katherine's Fan

Philippa Peters



An 'Adult TV' E-BOOK

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MISS KATHERINE'S FAN

by Philippa Peters

I. LORD DOUGLAS' RIGHTFUL ANGER

Lord Douglas Moore was angry beyond words. A lifetime of repressing his feelings paid off for him now. "How is it, Mrs. Fairfax," he asked his housekeeper in his usual icy fashion, "that you know my ward is with child?"

In the dim light given out by the oil lamp, the thin-faced, older woman hugged the shawl tightly about her, a habit that had irritated Moore all the time he had employed her. "She, she has the morning sickness," the housekeeper whispered. A thin, white hand left off from clutching the shawl and worked at a grey strand of hair hanging loose from her nightcap.

"And the young man?" asked the aristocrat harshly. His naturally pale face was now quite livid, but the dimness in his study concealed most of the signs of his rage. Only his voice and the flare of thin nostrils gave away the depth of his emotion.

"P-Peregrine Grimond, sir," murmured Mrs. Fairfax. Her pale, watery eyes did not meet, could not meet, the black, unblinking eyes of the Lord of the Manor of Oakthorpe.

Lord Douglas Moore sat very still in his high-backed chair. The widow of his late father's valet would know, of course, with how much bitterness he regarded that carefree dilettante, heir to a neighboring estate. The silence became overpowering and Mrs. Fairfax began to fidget again with her shawl. She cast surreptitious glances at her stone-faced employer, so like the grand image of his father in the portrait mounted on the study wall above the fireplace.

"Where did this tryst with Miss Conley-Shore take place?" asked Lord Douglas at last, the words wheezing out of the nobleman's small, pursed lips like steam from the valve of one of the new railway engines.

"Here, so I believe, Your Lordship," whispered Mrs. Fairfax, unable to look into her employer's intent gaze. "At Oakthorpe Manor," she added unnecessarily.

There was a squeak from Moore's riding boots as he pushed himself to fuller attention in his hard chair. His black eyes glittered as he asked, "How could that be, madam? No Grimond has set foot in the Manor House since the duel!"

Mrs. Fairfax did not need to be reminded of the famous duel in which Horatio Grimond, Peregrine's late father, shot and killed the sixth Earl of Hutton, the father of William, the seventh Earl, and the then thirteen-year-old, Douglas.

"He, he was d-disguised, Your Lordship," Mrs. Fairfax muttered the words fearfully.

"Disguised! How?" asked the taut, fearsome noble, leaning over the oak desk, made from one of the famous denizens of Oakthorpe Woods.

Moore stood, moving into the light of the oil lamp under which the shivering housekeeper sat. Moore's closely cropped, black hair and deep brown eyes were a vivid contrast to his pale skin. He wasn't a handsome man but in the past he had always been stiffly polite and amiable in his way. Now he resembled a predatory hawk and Mrs. Fairfax was frightened that he was about to attack her while she had only the excuse that she was just a messenger.

Mrs. Fairfax squirmed on the padded high chair that His Lordship had insisted that she sit in for her comfort in her account of the doings at the Manor in his absence in London. Although she was supposed to know nothing of Moore's plan to marry Madeleine 'Maddie' Conley-Shore himself when she became of age within a year, Mrs. Fairfax was aware that the only person to whom the austere, young nobleman had ever paid any mark of affection was the flighty, younger heiress, his ward the last two years. She thought that she knew his intentions as well as he did himself.

How could she tell him of the role of the Manor's servants in the affair? They had enjoyed helping the young mistress outwit their arrogant employer. And she couldn't tell him that she had been as amused as the other servants had been. She had turned a blind eye to the whole matter until she had found the young girl with morning sickness for the third time in as many days.

"Mistress Conley-Shore," said the old woman, quaking under the still, emotionless gaze of her employer, "gave the young gentleman a bonnet, a shawl and an old frock from the upstairs maids' rooms. That was how he disguised himself."

"You mean," said Douglas Moore, shocked at the betrayal he now perceived as being more than that of just his ward, "that Mr Grimond has been skulking about my upper halls disguised as one of my maids!"

The simple use of the word 'my' showed again the pride that Lord Douglas Moore took in his possession of Oakthorpe Manor, wrested as part of his 'birthright' from his unwilling elder brother. It was clear to Mrs. Fairfax that he felt the invasion of his Manor as much of a personal affront as he felt the seduction of his ward.

The old housekeeper nodded and her shawl twitched as she found little she could add to the appalling list of facts. There was then a lengthy silence, broken only by the occasional crack from the dying embers of the fire.

"Someone," said Lord Douglas Moore, eyeing the woman he had known all his life. His voice was devoid of any emotion and more chilling because of it, Mrs. Fairfax decided. "Someone must answer for the invasion of my household by that...that upstart braggart."

"Yes, Your Lordship," murmured Mrs. Fairfax, praying fervently that it would not be her who was called to account for the deed she had reported.

"We shall need new servants," the Lord of the Manor said calmly, his eyes still boring in at her, while she shook in fear. "Mr. Kerrick," the estate's bailiff, and a most unpleasant man to the 'old biddies' of the Manor's kitchen staff, and to Mrs. Fairfax as well, "will find them for you. He will receive my personal instructions."

Mrs. Fairfax still waited fearfully. Did it mean that she was to be replaced, too, or not? Then, as His Lordship turned away, Mrs. Fairfax realized that Lord Douglas Moore was not about to tell her directly. He would keep her waiting for the next few weeks; she would not know if or when the blow would fall. Chagrined, she ventured to say, "Yes sir. And Miss Conley-Shore?"

"I will attend to that," Lord Douglas retorted sharply. His tone brooked no argument on that matter. Mrs. Fairfax could not know how Lord Douglas Moore had counted on that marriage to vault the younger brother far beyond the wealth of his elder brother and out of the forced family orbit that kept his elder brother ever superior to him as 'Head of the Family.'

Mrs. Fairfax looked up, thinking that she must at least try to protect the young woman from her guardian's wrath but Lord Moore motioned to her with a limp, white hand and she was dismissed.

II. PEREGRINE GRIMOND'S LAST SKULKING

I smiled to myself as I waited anxiously for the lights to show in the second story windows. It was a rueful smile. Only for a girl as sweet as Maddie would I do this, I said to myself. I was, after all, Peregrine Austin de Vere Grimond, heir to an estate comprising seven wealthy tenant farms as well as the 'demesne' itself. Together, all the estates were known collectively as Grimondwood. In three years, for I had to wait longer than Maddie did to come into my inheritance, I would be one of the three or four richest landowners in the county.

I didn't know what was so important that had caused Maddie to summon me to the Manor in mid-week. I had checked. The haughty Lord Moore, the younger son of the Earls of Hutton, Maddie's guardian, was in residence and he was known to imbibe well with his cronies in local society of an evening.

Tonight, the local gentry were meeting in the Tory Club in Riddleton; Lord Douglas Moore, the Baron of Oakthorpe in his own right, would be there. Indeed, he was to be one of the leading speakers. If such a meeting went as it normally did, with heavy drinking following all the speeches, the first carriage would not leave until two in the morning. It was reasonably safe for me to then enter the house of someone many people considered my enemy.

The yellow light gleamed suddenly through the pitch-black of the night from the familiar second story window. I moved from the oak tree that had sheltered me from the light rain falling. The rain clouds had blotted out all signs of the moon and stars. But I knew the route from several months' experience.

Maddie had coyly pointed out to me how an ardent lover could approach her boudoir. I had said that, even if it was so, how could anyone know that the route was clear? She had said that a really ardent lover would have arranged a signal, with someone like her personal maid, Miriam, so that he would know when his attentions would be welcome to his beloved.

Bemused, I had played along, and, lo and behold, the light gleamed just as a blushing Miriam had said that it would for a really ardent lover. If I was caught, I didn't doubt that she would be claiming me as her lover and nightly visitor. But I was never caught; it was thrilling to enter the room Miriam directed me to, not knowing what kind of woman I would meet, night after night.

Maddie was addicted to the romances she read when Lord Douglas Moore wasn't around to direct her to the Classics. I could tell when she was reading a new novel as she became a strumpet, a governess, a maid, a queen or princess, depending on what she had been reading. Maddie was in love with romance; I tried as much as I could to be her dark and handsome lover, often taking her brutally and cruelly, as she wanted me to do.

I avoided the two deep potholes in the cobbled yard as I scurried up to the shelter of the scullery roof. The scullery door was open, the package waiting for me as usual, just inside the door. Miriam wasn't there to guide me, but no matter. Miriam had missed once or twice lately.

I gently closed the heavy door behind and slipped the greased bolts into place. I smiled as I thought how Maddie had remembered to have that done at least. I took off my heavy, wet topcoat and beaver hat, stowing them in the foot locker beside the grandfather clock on the south wall. From the package left for me, I took out the clothing Maddie insisted that I wore along the inner passages of the Manor itself.

"You could be caught," Maddie had told me. "Or you might be seen leaving. You have to disguise yourself. If you are seen, you will just be one of the servants."

So I did as she bid me, to amuse her, as I had never been stopped or seen, or so I thought. The grey frock went over my new, London-made waistcoat that Maddie was sure to admire and over my rain-spotted trousers. I smiled to myself as I tied on the frilly bonnet with its silk ribbons beneath my chin. I pulled out a few brown curls as an earnest Maddie had insisted I do to break up the harsh edge of the thing.

I wrapped the woollen shawl about myself and began a slow shuffle through the inner passageway to the back servants' stairs. I was starting to go up when I realized by the squeaking sound that I had forgotten my boots. With a muttered curse, I lifted up the wide skirt and pulled them off. Mud and water dirtied my hands as I carried the boots back to the locker and hid them beneath my cloak.

I avoided stepping the fifth step, the one that creaked so badly as I shuffled up the stairs, holding my skirts in front of me as ladies do when they go upstairs to avoid treading on a hemline. I had done it before, treading on the skirt of such a covering dress; it was

no fun to slip or trip over several steps of the steep stairs. It not only hurt when I slipped but it was noisy as well. Not as noisy as the rustle the skirts made but I didn't want to wake up Mrs. Fairfax, though Maddie said she slept very heavily when she went to bed. She was usually 'in her cups,' Maddie had said with a quick grin.

I found Maddie's room in the pitch dark without having made any excess noise. I wondered what character she would be playing for me tonight. I couldn't tell as Maddie was already abed when I tiptoed across the carpeted room. Her scent was everywhere, fragrant and arousing. I lay down quickly on the pillow beside her, thinking how it would amuse her to see me in the frilly bonnet. I took in a deep draught of her fragrance of last summer's roses.

"Now, what couldn't wait for the weekend when Douglas is back in London?" I asked her. My hand was on the outside of the coverlet as I touched the dark shape that lay beside me on the bed.

Even as I spoke the words, there was a sudden flare and the acrid smell of sulphur as a match was struck. The oil lamp beside her side of the bed suddenly glowed with a bright fierceness in the pitch dark I had grown accustomed to. The shape beside me sat up and turned. It wasn't Maddie. It was a tall, thin shape, with a head of black, close-cropped hair. The shape was dressed in a black suit with a high, white-collared, starched shirt and a black throat scarf.

Stunned, it took me a moment or so to realize that I was looking at Lord Douglas Moore himself. In his hand, the ugly, black muzzle of a cocked pistol was pointing at me, pointing right at my head.

"Welcome, Miss Grimond," said Moore, his voice so flat and matter-of-fact that it sent a shiver through me. I hardly understood at first what he said. I didn't even think that he was mocking my style of dress and me in it at first.

"We," Moore went on, indicating the thin-faced, sallow man seated in a hard chair by the door, "have been awaiting you for some time, Miss Grimond. How lovely it is to make your acquaintance under such auspicious circumstances."

"It wasn't easy to get Sir John's consent," Moore said in his usual icy manner, "but I did finally manage to persuade him that our feud was dead and that Peregrine was still a ward himself, and so could not properly look out for your property, Miss Katherine. A man of the world, such as I am, is a more fitting guardian of your uncle's and father's estate than Mr Gough who has, after all, retired now, even from his law practice. The exemplary discharge of my duties will do much to put to rest the talk of a feud existing still between our two houses."

I knew that Lord Douglas Moore had found out about Maddie and me. I couldn't blame her but I didn't understand Moore. What was he talking about? Why was he calling me 'Miss Katherine'? Was he trying to mock me for the clothing I wore? And what was it about Sir John? Sir John Whiteley was our local magistrate and justice of the peace. He was my father's trustee, his only duty being to consign me my estates at the proper time.

I reached up from where I sat on the bed to untie the ridiculous bonnet about my head. The pistols in the hands of the men opposite me waved in annoyance at me as they told me to stop. I had to sit there before them in the silly, floppy bonnet of an upstairs maid that Maddie had left for me to wear.

A cold feeling went through me. No, Maddie would not have left such a bonnet for me. "You can't think that you are going to take over Grimondwood?" I spluttered at Lord Douglas Moore. I wouldn't let him. I would call him out. The coward would answer to me on the duelling field.

"I already have," said Lord Douglas Moore calmly. "And also of Peregrine Grimond. I promised Sir John that I intended to prevent Peregrine getting any more girls of this county into the kind of trouble you have brought to my other young ward."

My face must have blanched as I realized what he must be talking about. "She is with child?" I asked him hoarsely.

Moore nodded slowly, his long, thin face emotionless; only the tapping of one hand on the bed let me know that he was concealing volcanic feelings against me.

"I'll marry her," I told him, surprising myself at realizing that I actually meant what I said. Despite all the games Maddie liked to play, I did want to marry her. I was waiting for her to grow up before I would move to convince her that I liked her more than any of the other young ladies of our acquaintance who had bestowed favors on me.

"No," said Moore curtly, a grim smile at least bringing some emotion to his face. "Maddie is not for you," he added as I stared at him. "Not now, at least," he said simply, wiping away the smile. "She has already been dispatched to have her child in Italy. She will be leaving London as soon as her passage is booked."

"But ..." I began to argue. The sallow man stood up and came at me suddenly and quietly. A bony hand smashed into my face and I was knocked off my feet by the force of the blow. Maddie's bulky skirt swirled about me as I grabbed for the bed to pull myself back to my feet.

"You will only speak, Miss Katherine," a thin smile turned Lord Douglas Moore's face into a smirk, "when your betters give you permission to do so."

"Perhaps I should introduce you," Moore's voice had great irony in it. "This is a new manservant whom I have hired. He is Lubbock. His duty is simple. He is to safeguard Miss Katherine Grimond, a new ward I have taken into my home after her abominable treatment by her cousin, Peregrine."

I tried to stand but my knees shook and the folds of the long dress trapped me. Moore's words resounded through me like death knells. I looked at the two wildly.

Moore began to laugh, a nasty gargle filled with scorn and triumph. "Yes, Miss Katherine," he sneered at me. "You have skulked my hallways in your maidenly clothing for the last time. In the future, you shall glide down the main stairs openly in your ball gowns, tiaras and pretty slippers. Everyone who is anyone in the county will see you and admire how lovely you will become, even Maddie on her return. After all, she will want to see the fruits of this marvellous idea she had to deceive me. I'm sure that you will make a most handsome young lady."

III. GEORGE LUBBOCK'S CLEVER WIFE

Many times after, I regretted that I hadn't chanced the pistols of George Lubbock and his employer. Perhaps anything, even death, would have been better than the rigors to which I was subjected by George Lubbock and that beautiful witch, his wife, Sarah. No matter what they said of me, I wouldn't have been there to hear it. Oh, how many times did I lie in my bed at night, shackled and bound, wishing that I were dead rather than the awful situation that I was in.

Sarah Lubbock was already preparing the East Wing of Oakthorpe Manor for its new occupant even as Peregrine Grimond was being confronted by the pistols of Lord Douglas Moore and her husband.

From the third story windows of the East Wing bedrooms, the occupants of the rooms could look out over the nearby copses of young oak and birch, across the grassy, treeless Emmondwater Ridge to the Grimondwood itself, dark and brooding. Long lines of trees were planted as windbreaks and to improve pheasant and deer hunting by Horatio Grimond's grandfather.

To the south, the village of Far Ridley and, in the distance, Riddleton, could be seen, or rather the spires of their churches could be seen between the trees. Sarah Lubbock did not mind that her charge could see out of the dormered windows. They were nailed shut and barred. That was the first of her orders and instantly carried out, she was pleased to see. It was most appropriate, she decided, that the young man, no, she must not think of him that way. It was most appropriate that the young lady Sarah would create should look out at her former estate and weep at all that she had lost.

The bedroom Sarah was preparing was lined with mirrors so that Sarah could see herself wherever she was, as she later wished her charge to be able to see him-, no, Sarah caught herself again, as she wished her charge to see herself. She smiled and admired her own figure. One day, her charge would smile as she was and admire her own figure, as slim and womanly shaped as Sarah's.

Sarah noted that she retained a slight air of her own gentrified birth. Not even fifteen years with George Lubbock had knocked that out of her. Even now, she was still suffused with anger as she recalled the sneer of the handsome young lordling who had deflowered her and abandoned her in that awful Belgian spa.

Sarah Goulding had never been able to return home. She hadn't tried, knowing how she would have been greeted and tormented. Lubbock had been a good provider; it wasn't his fault that the child had died in the birth itself. It wasn't his fault that she had not conceived again. Lord knows, he had tried hard enough to make her pregnant but the drugs she purchased from her French connections did their work well. Sarah had not conceived again and had thus kept her thin, girlish figure while most women of her age were, in fact, rather stout.

George had done well with Sarah to push him but her life had been dominated by just one real motivation, the desire for revenge on the baronet who had ruined Sarah Goulding. That the lover she hated so greatly was dead in Greece she knew well. Her vengeance had thus been transferred to all the dilettantes, fops and roués, who had ruined girls like her.

Sarah had understood Lord Douglas Moore's need for revenge. Each terrible year she had endured without settling accounts with her long-dead paramour had left her aching for a revenge she could never obtain. When Moore had approached her husband for his assistance, and a perplexed George Lubbock had told her what the aristocrat had said he wanted George to do, Sarah had instantly told him to tell His Lordship a woman's touch was needed in such a plot. Oh what an exquisite revenge Lord Douglas Moore wanted and Sarah could make it happen!

All the talents that Sarah Lubbock had used to turn the lumps of farmers' daughters into fashionable London ladies could now be unleashed for the sweetest revenge of all on a dilettante cad like the man who had mistreated her.

Sarah had been the best in her demi-monde in making silk purses out of sows' ears. When Lord Douglas Moore had approached George about the use of their services for 'an act of vengeance,' Sarah had known that Moore's idea of revenge was the only thing she would live for in the year to come.

Sarah had told Lord Douglas Moore that he could count on her absolutely. Peregrine Grimond was about to understand fully the plight of the young heiress he had ruined and he would understand it by the direst means possible. Sarah promised Moore that she would make Grimond into a young girl 'completely' within the year.

Moore had looked at her in surprise, astounded at her vehemence. He didn't believe her. He was only thinking of shaming Peregrine Grimond before his friends. But Sarah told him that he could exact an even deeper, more satisfying revenge than that.

Sarah was surprised by how bulky the young man appeared when he was thrust, at pistol point, into the barred, secure bedroom in the third story of the East Wing. Then she realized that all the young man had done was to wear a frock over his outer clothing.

"Very well," Sarah said sweetly to the youth after Moore retreated and left Peregrine Grimond in the care of the Lubbocks. The key clanked as His Lordship locked the outer door as she had instructed him. "Let us help you out of that ridiculous clothing, Miss Grimond?"

Peregrine was only too glad to step out of the frock and get rid of the confounded bonnet. Without them, he relaxed in front of the Lubbocks, looking much more at ease than when he had been hustled into the bedroom. He began to look in his pockets, reaching into waistcoat pockets and removing a pouch of tobacco. He clearly intended to have a smoke while he was figuring out how to elude the clutches of Lord Douglas Moore.

"His Lordship," said Sarah sweetly while George roughly confiscated the tobacco from the indignant young man, "has told us so much about you, Miss Katherine." Sarah was very pleased to see the stiffening of the young man's body in rage. Oh, it was going to be such a pleasure to teach him the lessons he deserved. "He has told us how you like to wear pretty girl's clothing like those that you have just removed. So ..."

Sarah was interrupted by Grimond's outburst of curses. He berated her and Lord Moore, along with Moore's parents, until the heel of George's pistol mercifully brought the tirade to an end.

"Put him on the bed. Strip him. Shave off any body hair that he has," Sarah ordered her husband. She went to the chest of drawers and brought out the silk nightdress with the thin supports over the frilly shoulders. Short, frilly panties, so French, would cover his masculinity after George shaved him.

"We'll leave the wax until tomorrow," Sarah went on as she turned down the frilled bed and prepared the shackles at the top and base bedposts. Peregrine Grimond was not going to get away from her, nor from Lord Douglas' revenge, she vowed.

George grunted as he lifted the body onto the bed. "He's a young 'un," he said, trying on the fine waistcoat Grimond had worn and eyeing himself in the mirror on the windowless, west wall. He paused and looked at his wife who was arranging a wig, a mass of ringlets and curls on a bust, atop the dressing table.

George Lubbock growled at last, "You can't do it, you know." He jerked a thumb at the concussed Peregrine Grimond, breathing shallowly as he lay sprawled across the bed. "He's not one of your strange young men, you know, like that Alice in Warwick. He ain't confused about whether he is a boy or a girl."

Sarah glared angrily at her husband who instantly got back to work, undressing the young gentleman as she had directed him. "It makes no difference," Sarah hissed at her husband. "Moore'll pay us well if we succeed. He'll pay us even more to keep quiet if we don't. But I don't intend, anyway, to fail. This young gentleman," she would refer to him as that for the last time, "will know that he's really a girl when I've finished with him."

Not for the last time in the next few months, George Lubbock was scared by the strange, determined gleam in his wife's eyes. Not for the last time either, he felt sorry for the young man who was now securely in the clutches of Sarah Lubbock.

I awoke in a daze. The room was extraordinarily light which must mean that Oldham had sent up one of the maids to awaken me by drawing the curtains. What the ...? My arms were pinned above my head and I couldn't move them. I heard someone moving past me and there was a click as metal shackles were removed from my arms. Some other person had thrown back the bed covers and was freeing me from the leg irons.

"Mary?" I asked uncertainly, as I yawned and reached for my shoulders to massage the aches away that I felt there. I felt so funny. I was covered by something thin and light and silky. Whatever had I gone to bed in that could feel so strange ...?

My hands massaged my shoulders and I felt the thin, silky straps of a girl's chemise. Panicked, I ran my hands down my body and felt the soft silk of a girl's nightdress over and beneath me.

Memories of the madness of the previous night flooded back into my mind. I felt so sick but my head still hurt so much. Oh, by the gods, I hadn't left Oakthorpe Manor at all!

I sat up, squinting as I forced my eyes open. There, looking at me solemnly, were the same strange woman and the same sallow-faced man with the pistol. He had hit me with it, I remembered, as I reeled and tried to focus on the pair.

The woman sat gracefully in a high-backed chair as if she was a nurse watching over a patient, waiting for me to come to consciousness. This really wasn't just a nightmare! Panic threatened me and I tried to jump up from the bed, but the night dress swirled against my bare legs and impeded me. Then I saw myself in the mirror and the pink, frilly, beribboned, nightie I wore as I clutched at the upper part, shaped to cover a woman of slim proportions.

The image in the mirror was ridiculous. The silent pair just looked at me as I touched the nightie; it felt so weird against me. I shivered as I moved and the skirt lifted up and showed me my thigh, only it wasn't my thigh. I touched my leg, watching my hand move as I did so. My legs had been shaved! I noticed my chest. I had been shaved all over! I was as smooth and hairless as a young girl! Even my armpits were devoid of hair!

That was when I became aware of the panties about me and the slightly itchy feeling there where I must have been shaved as well. I felt so very sick. Douglas Moore must be insane! To fight a duel with me was the right thing to do after what I had done. But one gentleman did not embarrass another in the way that Moore was obviously intent on embarrassing me. When I got out of the Manor ...

"Good morning, Miss Katherine," said the raven-haired woman regarding me sternly as if I was a small child and she my governess. "Normally, you would have breakfast in bed. But a girl in your physical condition?" She shook her head in lamentation.

I let loose with another volley of curses, many of them repetitions of what I had said to that witch the night before. I only ended again when George Lubbock made a swift and quiet advance on me. I cowered, waiting for another heavy blow. I was ready this time and, as the man's arm descended, I knocked it aside and fought back.

It didn't take long for Lubbock to teach me that we were very unevenly matched. The wiry Lubbock had twice the strength I had as well as many times the experience of fighting in close quarters.

Out of breath, aching and trembling after a hard knee in my stomach, the nightie billowing about me, I wasn't able to object when Lubbock, at his wife's direction, removed the nightie and revealed that, yes, I was hairless, and yes, I did have on pink, frilly panties, women's clothing, about my private parts.

With his knee on me, Lubbock put a hard, bony belt about me as I groaned in discomfort. I stretched over my stomach from my chest to my hips. Only as Sarah Lubbock began to lace me up did I realize that I was being placed in a woman's corset! I tried to fight back again in terror at what was being done to me. Another stunning kick from George Lubbock to my head had me babbling and reeling as Sarah secured the straps over my shoulders and the cups about my breasts. They were slightly padded but Sarah was lacing my waist, my sides and my lower chest even more tightly. I hurt and could scarcely breathe as she adjusted the strapping. When I looked at myself in the mirrors, it seemed that I did have a young girl's breasts and a womanish figure.