

# Lord Antony's Revenge

**For Deadtom**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Lord Antony is sick of his rebellious wards behaviour, so when she swaps places with him he decides to ruin her reputation in the oldest way possible.*

~

**1857 - Derbyshire**

"This has gone on far enough, Sophia."

Lord Antony glared down at his young cousin, slouched across the couch like an artist's whore, book in hand as if that would do her any good. Ever since he had been made her guardian several years ago Sophia had been nothing but a thorn in his side. He expected a little rebellion during her teenage years but things had come to a head. She was twenty one now and well on her way to becoming a spinster if she didn't start taking marriage prospects seriously.

"Look at your dress." She scolded, pointing to the muddy hem, "I can only imagine the state of your shoes."

"No need." Sophia drawled with a wry smile, sticking her feet up to reveal bare, muddy toes. "I didn't bother."

Antony felt his blood boil.

"Sophia, I mean it. I am putting my foot down." He crossed his arms and glared down at her, "I am going to the gentlemen's club today and when I return I shall be bringing with me a new marriage prospect. You will accept this one, do you understand?"

"And if I don't?" She shrugged, "You may be my guardian, cousin, but you can't make me do anything. I am not a child."

“I can cut you off.” Antony threatened, “It’s of no consequence to me. If you are so convinced of this new fangled feminism then you can fend for yourself.”

For the first time that smug smile slipped from Sophia’s face and she sat up straight.

“You wouldn’t.”

“I would.” He nodded, “You said you’re not a child well, stop acting like one. You are a young lady now and it is time for you to start acting like it. That means becoming a wife and mother.”

“That’s easy for you to say.” She grumbled, fiddling with the fine necklace around her neck, “You don’t know how boring it is being a woman, having your life reduced to mothering and dresses and pointless daily tasks like embroidery.”

“That is simply the hand fate has dealt you.” Antony pinched his forehead in frustration, “Learn to deal with it. I have more important things to deal with. Like making sure my damn cousin finally finds a husband.”

Sophia fixed him with a hard glare, gripping the pendant at the end of her necklace hard enough that it turned her knuckles white. She muttered something under her breath and Antony opened his mouth to tell her to stop mumbling and speak up, like a lady but he never got the chance.

There was a sudden burst of bright light, and for a moment he assumed a shaft of sunlight had glinted between her fingers to the gem beneath and dazzled him but then he realised it was lasting far too long. He stumbled backwards and felt himself falling and his centre of gravity shifted. He landed, embarrassingly, on his ass as the light finally began to fade. The glittering shapes burned into his retinas but after a moment of blinking finally began to clear.

He looked up, ready to rage at his cousin for whatever sick prank that had been which had almost cost him his dignity when he realised the world looked...wrong. He was looking up at...himself? The other Antony grinned, reaching down to snatch at something around his neck. There was a small snapping sound as a pressure on the nape of his neck and then as the other Antony pulled back, he saw that same necklace in his hand.

“Now you can learn to appreciate the fairer sex and how utterly boring our lives are thanks to men like you.” The other Antony hissed and to the lord’s horror he realised what had happened.

He looked down at himself; fancy dress, ample cleavage, pale smooth skin and a muddy hemmed dress. His feet, hidden beneath the ruffles and layers of the fancy dress, were cold with mud. He and Sophia had swapped bodies!

“H-how? What have you done you little witch!” He screeched, stumbling to his feet.

A knock at the door interrupted them as the footman appeared, addressing ‘Lord Antony’.

“Sir, the carriage has been prepared to take you to the gentlemen’s Club. Is everything alright in here?”

“Yes, my cousin is just overcome with feminine emotions again.” Sophia said dryly, giving him an evil grin, “I think she needs some quiet time to herself, escort her to her bed chambers for some embroidery practice would you?”

“You little-!”

“No talking back, I may be your cousin but I am still your Lord.”

Antony fumed, watching that little witch in his body; the idea of her walking around the gentlemen’s club in his guise made his blood boil. Who knew what sort of damage she could do to his reputation! He reached to snatch the necklace back but she slipped it into her pocket as the footman took hold of his now thin and weak wrist.

Antony struggled, trying to order the footman away but it was no use, he wasn’t listening and now that he was stuck in this body; one that had spent years sewing instead of hunting or riding, he didn’t have the strength to resist.

“Now behave cousin.” Sophia called as she made her way down the hall, “And I’ll give you your necklace back.”

The threat was clear. Antony ground his teeth together, shoulders high and full of tension as the footman led him away and opened the door to Sophia’s rooms.

“My lady.” He nodded, unceremoniously waving her inside, clearly keen to get back to his usual duties.

He stepped inside in a huff, flinching as the heavy door slammed behind him. If his cousin seriously thought he was going to spend his afternoon with a needle and thread she was even more stupid than he thought.

Instead he found the washbasin and cleaned the mud of his feet, making a mental note to have the cleaner check the carpet this afternoon when he was himself again.

He shoved the expensive but ruined dress onto the floor, struggling with the sheer weight of all the fabric. Why were so many layers necessary for a single garment, he wondered? No matter, in a few hours it would not be his problem. It did make the idea of putting another on quite unappealing though.

He turned, glancing at his reflection in the mirror. It was a shame really, his cousin was quite beautiful; thin, with pale skin and bright green eyes to contrast against her blonde hair. If she would just smile and stay quiet more she would have men falling over themselves to propose. The way she acted though, it was a miracle her honour was still intact.

An evil thought crept into his mind, coiling and solidifying like a snake and wicked smile split across his face. He would show her just how stupid she and the rest of her sex were. If she seriously thought he wouldn't take advantage of this body while he was in it she had another thing coming.

He lifted off his shift and undergarments, leaving them discarded on the floor as he stepped toward the mirror to admire her naked body. He posed, standing on his toes and pushing up his ass. His poor, virginal ward, she would be so humiliated knowing her body was being moved in such a manner. He watched as her pert little breasts jiggled as he stepped closer to the smooth reflective glass. His nipples started to turn dark pink and hard.

Unlike the virginal Sophia, Antony was more than familiar with the sensation of arousal. He had visited the whore houses and he took great delight in twisting his new face into one of abject pleasure; feeling his body react in the natural way. Unlike what he was used to though, the blood rushing southwards didn't turn him hard but rather made him ache inside. He could feel wetness forming there, and slickness began to drip down his legs.

He was right up against the mirror now, breath frosting the glass as his nipples came to rest against the cold glass making him shiver from cold and pleasure all at once.

God she would be so humiliated when he told her the things he'd made her do. Imagine if one of the servants walked in right now and caught him. Fuck, the idea made his hole quiver.

Still leaning against the mirror he let his hands slide down the curve of his torso, resting on his wide hips and gripping them tight. Then sliding them down to grab hold of his peachy ass. It was surprisingly taught, yet still soft enough to feel nice as he massaged his fingers into the curves.

He'd compared her to an artist's whore before, lounging across that couch but now, she looked more like a common bordello whore in the mirror. If Sophia could see herself now she would die of embarrassment. Oh, he could not wait to rub her smug little face in it. His fingers moved to cup his ass, brushing against the back of her inner folds.

He hated when women stepped out of line; especially Sophia. He was the man of this house and he would be obeyed. Humiliating and demeaning her like this was making him so hot he couldn't stand it. Before he could stop himself, a finger was sliding up into his tight virgin hole and his whole body quivered. It was obvious, at least in this regard, Sophia had been a good girl; she was so tight even a single finger, one knuckle deep, caused a burn inside him. Nothing had ever entered this body and now it was being overwhelmed by the sensation of touch.

It had been years, many years, since he himself was a virgin, he'd forgotten how intense it could feel to have a place touched for the first time and soon he was pushing his finger deeper and deeper inside his new pussy, stretching the walls and moaning at the burn.

He thrust that finger up and down, running the soft pads of his fingers along his inner walls as the breath was knocked from his lungs. Pleasure built inside him and he leaned against the mirror harder, warming the glass with his skin and letting it press his diamond hard nipples back into the soft flesh.

He wished there was some way to record the sounds he was making; he could only imagine the look of horror on Sophia's face if she could hear them now and know they were coming from her own pretty mouth. He was so close to his reflection that he could see nothing clearly, he moved back slightly, just enough to see his whole, female face clearly. He was getting close and Antony twisted his features into ones of abject horror and humiliation, imagining it was his cousin watching herself while burning with shame. That look is what did it, he was barreling over the edge, cumming hard as his finger continued to burn and stretch her inner walls until he collapsed against the mirror once more.

His body heat was fogging the glass, a line of slickness smeared across the mirror as he removed his hand from his pussy and braced himself. The orgasm made his whole body shudder with aftershocks for a few beautiful moments before he finally pushed off the mirror, admiring the fog and marks left by his breasts against the previously flawless glass.

He admired his naked body once more, now flushed in all the right places from the orgasm. Pink dusted his cheeks, thighs and breasts and sure enough as he turned he saw

the pale skin of his ass was also now a darker shade. He could only imagine how deeply this body would blush when Sophia found out what he had been doing with it. A giggle escaped his lips before he cleared his throat and put a stop to it. Just because he was in a maiden's body did not mean he needed to sound like one more than he had to.

There was a sound, footsteps outside his window and the sound of horses hooves on grass, he peeled back the curtains and saw the stable boy, an illiterate peasant around Sophia's own age. He was walking one of their many horses, Antony's favourite stallion in fact. A wicked grin formed across his face; he'd heard whisperings of the boy's sexual appetite from other servants and just last week he himself had seen the boy ploughing into a scullery maid. He had dismissed the woman immediately without reference of course; he would not have such wonton women working in his house.

He'd told the boy to stick to whore houses when it came to sowing wild oats but watching him now a new idea formed and he hoped that, like many young men, he would ignore the advice given to him.

Antony grabbed a shift, a thin nightgown that did nothing to hide his ample bosom and pretty ass and opened the window. His cousin wanted to teach him a lesson, well, he would show her he was no joker. He was going to put her right back where she belonged and marry her off whether she wanted it or not. Besides, she'll thank him for going through the pain of losing her virginity for her; it would be less painful on her wedding night which, with his actions, was sure to be sooner rather than later.

"Hello there." She called coyly, "Busy day?"

"Yes, m'lady." The stableboy nodded, hitching the horse and giving a quick shallow bow.

"Oh come, no need to call me that. You can call me Sophia if you like."

The boy's cheeks reddened and he looked around cautiously.

"I don't think that's wise...m'lady."

"Don't worry." Antony giggled girlishly, sitting up on the windowsill and sliding down into the garden with ease. "The lord is away, off to his club; and you know what they say, if the cats are away the mice will play."

He giggled again, taking a deep breath so that his nipples showed clearly through his shift as he walked toward the strapping young man, shifting and fiddling with the pleats of his shift as if he were nervous.

“I heard about you and the maid.” He whispered huskily, the stablehand blushed.

“Yes, I didn't mean to get Mary in trouble like that but well, men will be men.”

“Could you show me?” Antony batted his eyelids.

“The Lord would-”

“The Lord is not here.” He interrupted, “And that means...I am in charge. I want to be shown, to be taken.”

A grin spread across the stablehands lips but there was a glint of annoyance in his eyes.

“You're such a bossy bitch, you know that.”

Antony couldn't help but gasp; nobody had ever spoken to him like that before; but then he remembered who and what he was and he forced himself to look humble.

“Dangerous game you're playing.” The stableboy said, grabbing Antony roughly by the arms and squeezing tight, it wasn't painful but it did set something afire inside him one more.

The danger of the situation, the knowledge that they were in a garden where any number of workers or servants could catch them; it was exhilarating, especially knowing it was Sophia's good name who would be dragged through the mud instead of his own.

“Are you sure about this?”

“Oh yes.” He moaned.

Though he was not prepared to be shoved hard to the ground so that mud soaked into the white cotton of his shift. The stablehand's hands were rough and coarse against his soft,

virgin skin and Antony felt himself shiver as his shift was pushed back, exposing his ass and pussy to the open air.

He'd never felt more vulnerable or turned on in his life. He arched his back inwards, pushing his ass up to present it to the stablehand who patted his rump like a horse before sliding a hand down his thighs to spread them further.

A rough finger penetrated his hole; so much thicker than his own had felt and Antony whimpered at the burn while the stablehand groaned.

“So tight, you really are a virgin.”

“Yes.” He whimpered, “I've never been touched before, oh please, I can't wait much longer.”

Sophia would be so humiliated to know the first man to ever lay hands on her was a dirty common worker. That's what she gets though, Anthony thought darkly to himself and he listened to the stablehand unbutton his pants, she should have listened to me and married sooner.

Something hot and solid pressed against his hole and a genuine shiver of trepidation moved through him. Normally that was his position, ready to thrust not be thrust into. Those rough hands curled around his body cupping one of his sensitive breasts and pinching the nipples hard enough that the pain turned to pleasure and the air was forced from his lungs.

“That's or being rude the other day.” The boy sneered, Antony just whimpered and nodded, pressing back to force the tip inside his pussy.

The burn was indescribable, he was just so damn tight he wondered if sex would even be possible. Then the stable boy grabbed hold of his hips, gripping them hard enough to bruise and thrust into the shaft. It was so sudden there almost wasn't time for pain; one moment he was empty and then next a huge length was pressed against his innermost wall and there were balls slapping against his ass.

“Slow and steady is for wimps.” The stablehand groaned.

He was true to his word as well, he did not start slowly and softly like a gentleman would with his virgin; instead he began thrusting hard and fast, barely giving Antony any time to come to terms with the sudden flood of sensations. A hand slapped across his ass and Antony wailed, a high pitched, wonton sound that would carry across the grounds. It would be no



secret what was happening here, no doubt somebody was already running to come see. Soon Sophia's reputation in the household would be ruined and it was all her own doing.

The thought gave him such pleasure, as did the rough treatment of the stablehand. His insides were already going tight as he continued to slam against something deep inside him. Each thrust ended with a burst of pleasure unlike anything he'd ever experienced before, he arched his back further as his eyes began to flutter closed. Only for them to snap back open a moment later when that hand moved from his ass to his head. The stable hands fingers tangled in his blonde hair, yanking it back and pinning him in position as the man grunted and groaned, thrusting up into Antony's pussy even harder.

"Oh! Ooooh yes, more more more!" He cried, "Harder, ooooooh."

Sophia's voice sounded so naughty, one again he wished for a way to show her just how low he had bought her as he grew closer and closer to orgasm. His insides were burning, the outside of his pussy beginning to throb as a tightness began to form. Pressure was building inside him, growing greater with every thrust as he got closer and closer.

"Cum for me little virgin, come on." The stablehand growled and Antony could not help but obey.

Ecstasy exploded within him, radiating out from his pulsing pussy all the way to the top of his head when those fingernails dug into his skull slightly. He could feel slickness dripping out of him as he squeezed the cock, desperate to keep the bliss from stopping.

"Gotta pull ou-fuck!"

The stablehand moaned and Antony felt something wet splash against his inner walls; something hot and sticky flooding his new wound and making him shudder with the knowledge of what it was. All of a sudden he was on the ground, the stable hand having pushed him away in his haste to pull out. Cum dribbled from Antony's hole and he felt it soaking into a patch on the back of his shift.

"Fuck...if you...I ain't taking the rap for that if it...takes." The stablehand growled, "You hear me?"

"Don't worry." Antony groaned, feeling the soreness between his legs "It'll be our little secret."

The stablehand didn't even stay to offer him help to his feet, instead he ran back to his horse, unhitching it and scampering back off to his duties, no doubt terrified he was about to lose his job. Antony just smiled, no he wouldn't fire the lad for being led astray by his wicked, temptress cousin. In fact, he would make certain she knew exactly who had plucked her virgin flower and keep him around as a constant reminder, at least until her wedding day.

He clambered back inside the window awkwardly, wincing as his body ached. The rough treatment had left its mark and pale bruises already forming on his hips. He didn't bother to clean himself up, he could not wait to see Sophia's face when they turned back and she felt the soreness between her legs and the sticky cum inside her. She'd never disobey him again that was for sure.

After some time, the sound of carriage wheels met his ears and a few minutes later, a knock at his door. With eagerness he answers, seeing his own body smiling down at him. Though, he was pleased to note the brief flash of concern that moved across his old features as Sophia took in his appearance, still in the muddied shift.

"I have chosen a husband." She announced to him, "After spending several hours at the club with a selection of gentlemen I have found one of which I approve of and took the liberty to offer my own hand."

Antony nodded; this could not be more perfect! He just hoped it wasn't any of the men he played cards with on the regular, he didn't want to see Sophia any more than he had to.

"Shall we change back then?" He said almost too eagerly, Sophia laughed.

"Had a boring day?" She teased, "Now you know how I feel."

Nonetheless she took out the necklace, gripping it in her hand and...nothing. A look of confusion, then horror crossed Sophia's features as she stared at him. For the first time since he started his revenge Antony felt fear creep into his gut.

"Why aren't we changing back?" He asked, working very hard to keep his voice even.

"I don't...what did you do?" She cried.

A lump formed in his throat and he swallowed trying to get the words out.

“Did you, please don’t tell me you had sex.” Sophia hissed, “Any major physical changes to the bodies make the swap permanent!”

“Like...like the loss of virginity?” He whimpered, feeling tears burn at the corner of his eyes.

“Yes exactly that!” Sophia snapped, taking in the placement of mud on his dress and sighing heavily. “You fucking idiot.”

“You need to fix this!” He screeched, thinking of all he’d just done, he couldn’t stay a woman, much less a ruined one!

“Well, you’d better hope this,” She waved a hand toward his dirtied body, “Doesn’t get back to Lord Humphrey or there is no way he’ll marry you now.”

“Marry”

“Yes, if we’re stuck like this, looks like that’s your only recourse.” Sophia sighed, “At least I get to stay single now, so I suppose there is a silver lining.”

“What about me!?” He cried, emotions bubbling in his chest, “What about my silver lining?”

Sophia just smirked.

“You made your bed, sleep in it. You’d better hurry up and get hitched or you’ll be making a living as a prostitute.”

Antony’s heart was slamming in his chest; his panic increasing as Sophia’s smile widened.

“After all, there is no way I, as a respectable gentleman, could keep a ruined woman such as you in my house.”