

Mistress Victoria had taken to her new life as if she was born for it.

The term Mistress seemed more natural an address than her true name and if anything, it was the name “Victoria” which no longer suited that creature who now bore it. Victoria called to mind a proper society and a proper girl who occupied it. Frills, petticoats and satin were the marks of such a name. Those things had been totally abandoned in favor of leather, shaded glasses and accents of blood red. Her wardrobe had changed as she had, coming to befit this new side of herself which each day helped her discover. It had been a year since that day with John at the manor, a year at the London location under Petunia’s tutelage. But even the Madam had to admit that there’s little to teach a natural. Sometimes, you simply stand back and watch them find their own talent emerge.

“Oh...that’s good” smirked the Mistress as she pushed her arm further into her new sissy. They had ‘rescued’ him from a capsized ship carrying all sorts of terrible contraband, including human beings. How the ship was capsized was a bit of a mystery in the press, though those who knew of The Countess’s small fleet were not surprised to know there were cannons among it. Now, this criminal was being broken in for special customers. She was a rather plain thing, with brown hair and black eyes, the type that would best profit the operation if she served rather niche tastes. And so Mistress Victoria had been training her rear to see just how large of an insertion a sissy could handle, getting to the point where her whole hand could easily slide inside.

“What a good sissy you are...taking it all...so much better than last week” she cooed into the sissy’s ear, admiring her small yet growing breasts with her other hand.

The sissy was shackled to the floor at the ankles and neck, making it easy for Victoria to explore her without resistance.

Well, there was one type of resistance left. But after weeks and weeks of anal training, even that was growing feeble.

“There we go...” whispered Victoria in such sweet and teasing tones as she pushed her arm in further, getting halfway to the elbow when the sissy whimpered and whined.

No sooner had the sounds left her lips than the free hand of Victoria reached up to lay three hard slaps across her face.

“BAD!!! Bad sissy!!! You are to smile while you accept my forearm! Do you understand?”

The sissy nodded, clenching her jaw in hopes to avoid further noises.

“If you want to whine, I can give you something to whine about” snapped Victoria, pushing her arm in with more and more force and no regard to the sissy. She could feel the warmth of her anus wrapped around her arm, making her so wet as she stretched the straining hole. It was trying to resist but it was no use. Victoria ruled the sissies. They had no wills. They didn’t even have reflexes, not when they could be trained away.

Victoria pushed her gloved arm further and further, deeper and deeper until she could see her hand as a bulge in the sissy’s stomach. She giggled at that and made the bulge dance, toying with it as the sissy beheld her almost girlish and gleeful smile. She really was a natural dominant.

Soon enough the crook of Victoria’s elbow pressed against the sissy’s ample rear, and the Mistress began to shift her arm inside her guts. She twisted and rotated

her arm, making herself comfortable in the deepest part of the poor sissy's stomach before reaching her other hand forward and grabbing her by the chin.

"Are you a good girl?" she asked as the sissy nodded.

Another slap.

"No! You do not have the privileges of a girl! Girls are wonderful, lovely things. You are merely the corruption of a failed man. There is nothing about you that has rights or dignity or respectability! So, I'll ask you again, and use your voice: are you a good girl?"

The sissy hesitated, and Victoria knew why. Their doctor had just performed a delicate surgery on the sissy's vocal chords, one that was as risky as it was profitable. Luckily this sissy was of such a niche and depraved use that even without vocal chords at all, she would fetch a good price.

But the surgery has been a success, thanks to the medical advances which the all male scientific community shunned. And thanks to them, the once strapping sailor was now mortified by her own voice.

"No...Mistress" she answered in a voice that would make the silliest girl sneer. Victoria cackled like a madwoman.

"What are you then?" she asked, twisting the forearm that was plunged inside the dear sissy.

She grunted and tried to catch her breath, before answering in her ridiculous voice "I am a sissy, Mistress. A good sissy."

“Very good. Very, very good” Victoria mused as she looked to her forearm, trying to think of how best to pull it out. Slowly, delicately, as one would someone they cared for?

No.

Instead, she yanked it out in one quick motion, making the sissy’s legs spasm and shake, making her let loose a moan that came from the bottom of her lungs as her hole gaped wide behind her.

“Oh, what a lovely foothold” said Victoria as she lifted a heeled bottom and stuck the thin thing right into the sissy’s hole. She pulled away and let out another laugh before going for a plug, and before being interrupted by a knock at the door.

“Mistress? How much longer will your session last?” came the voice of Madam Petunia.

“It is practically over.”

With that Victoria applied lube over the metal contraption that was so much to thank for her sissy’s increased flexibility, and inserted it into her gapping hole. Then, turning the gear attached to the spring release, she increased the size by two ticks, and watched as the sissy moaned and whined in protest.

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

Victoria glared at the sissy as she calmed down, then glanced down to her handprints on the slave’s porcelain skin.

“Soon we will break you so that your will matters as much as the wind in a vacuum. But how you act until then will decide whether we snip this off with garden shears” she threatened, flicking his soft member. “Or allow you to keep it. Keep that in whatever remnants of a mind you have left. Behave.”

A snap of her fingers told two of their goons to enter and deal with the sissy as Victoria walked out to see Petunia.

“Wonderful work with her” nodded the Madam, glancing through the open door.

“It’s my pleasure” winked Victoria, which Petunia had no doubt of. After a long day of training and using sissies, Victoria retired to her room to deal with the pent up energy which such activities stirred.

And when she did, the whole building could hear her moaning.

“Well if that is your pleasure, then this will be your bliss” smirked Petunia, handing her a letter from The Countess’s manor. Victoria took it with baited breath, already having some inkling of what laid inside. But she still told herself it was too soon, that she would be forced to wait longer. As she opened the envelope, she didn’t dare hope that it had been done.

But it had.

The ride to the manor seemed to be an eternity. Even her first ride there paled in comparison, as she held hope hand and hand with fear. All her emotions were going against each other then, but now, they were all aligned with eager desire. She had waited a year for this, a year of training and learning and finding out this new part of herself. But no matter how fully immersed herself in whatever task stood before her, the

smallest part of herself still belonged to this fantasy. She had written the Countess very specific instructions, and ran them through her own head as a favorite past time. How many times had she touched herself as she read her copy of the instructions, moaning and grinding into their vibrating hysteria machine?

Not enough. But this would be better. This would be the fulfillment of all her dreams. And as the carriage pulled up to the entrance, Victoria practically lunged towards the stairs.

“*Mistress* Victoria. I hear you’ve exceeded all expectations” smirked The Countess. She had reached the age where even a year apart made a stark impression, and Victoria was shocked to see her mentor had found some new wrinkles. But she was still her commanding, smiling self, and Victoria hugged her when they met.

“All except my own. But enough of me. We will catch up soon enough. You know why I’ve come here...”

“Oh course. I’m too excited to show you to be insulted by your eagerness. Now...let’s show you *John*.”

The way she said his name indicated that it was now ill suited for him. Victoria had made it clear that she could not bear to be in the same vicinity as him until he was utterly broken, and had avoided the estate for that very reason. The incident a year ago still haunted her memory, and helped to fuel the rage and cruelty she often showed her poor subs. But now, *John* was ready. All of Victoria’s instructions had been followed to the letter as they turned the cruel, vindictive heir into a much more agreeable slave. Victoria ran all her orders in her mind as the Countess opened the door, and revealed *John* waiting naked in the foyer.

"I want them atrophied beyond atrophy. She ought to be able to stand, but little else. Make them look sickly, the type of waifish ingénue that every man will fall over himself to open doors for, carry loads for, and help in ways that will ingratiate himself to her. She is to be pitiful, but pitiful in the way that make some see women as adorable and cute. I want to laugh when she attempts to even pull a door open by herself. Even if she found her will again, I wanted her so weak that one of my arms could overpower both of hers. Make her skin soft and supple, like silk, with the thickness of paper. Keep her out of the sun so that she looks like a marble statue, molded by my desires. Give him long, silken hair that's so easy to pull and abuse. The longer the better. Only cut it to make sure it grows in properly.

As for her breasts, she obviously deserves the best we could give to her. Her father's size or larger. I want her to look like a common tavern wench. I want her chest to enter a room before she does, and maintain its role as the center of attention even as the rest of her has entered view. They are to be the crown jewels. But neglect nothing else in service of that. She also ought to have a waist that is cinched as can be. Petunia had told me about a method wherein you cinch in to such a degree and at such a pace so that their lung capacity significantly lowers. It damages her ability to inhale and exhale, though not enough to kill them. They can't run away, or run at all for longer than a few seconds. They lack the air in their voice to raise it, and always talk in a small little voice. No shouting. Never again to hear his voice at the volume he used to threaten me.

Besides, I'm sure that such a snatched waist will look rather pleasing to boot!

As for the offending organ, which he attempted to foist upon me those weeks ago, I desire he keep it. I do not want to lessen him. I want to tame him as what he is. I want to defeat him whole, to put him under my heel while he still has the thing which he believed made him superior. I will not cut it off him, but rather conquer every part, including that misgiven shaft of flesh. It is mine. Forever. And with that in mind, I have something special in mind for it..."

Victoria beheld the thing before her, trying her best to compare it with the beast who had assaulted her. His face seemed somewhat the same, but framed by such overwhelming femininity that its innate girlishness came out in force. You would have never been able to guess what he once was. His long red hair extended to his bare bottom, which stood out in a rather pleasing fashion, and almost matched the endowment of her firm chest.

Firm...no, not firm. *Engorged*.

His breasts were swollen so that Victoria had to ask whether each was bigger than his head. It was hard to tell, but it was certainly a close match. She was smiling bright, seemingly proud of her narrowed shoulders, cinched waist and wide hips. She was bare as could be, shaven clean so that her pale skin seemed almost to glow like the moon as it reflected the sun.

But it was what Victoria found between his legs that made the Mistress gasp.

It was a custom cage, a device to squeeze and contain his wicked male parts for all eternity. But it was no mere cage. It was a sculpture. It was a work of art.

It was a metal version of Victoria's own hand, cast in steel to grip onto John's member for all time. It was as though she was gripping onto his balls and penis, keeping it from ever rising again and maintaining such a tight vise grip that it would forever hound the sissy. She would never be able to forget about it, and if she shrunk enough, there was a mechanism to make it smaller and smaller. It would be a constant, tactile reminder. Victoria could die, or be in another part of the world, but her hand would always be clenched around the sissy's former manhood, gripping it in steel and making sure that its owner was clear.

Victoria cautiously approached and looked down at the masterpiece. For all eternity, her hand would stymie his masculine. She would be squeezing what was left of him until the day he died...

No, not him.

This whole time she had confused the terms and garbled the pronouns. It was hard to consider the man who plagued her nightmares and the sissy who inhabited her daydreams to be the same thing, and she had often let them both exist in her mind. But now that was done. The sight of her metal hand locked between her legs had totally done away with the "him," the "him" and the "John."

"Kitty..."

"And Kitty she shall be. A declawed one at that" nodded The Countess.

Victoria reached up and squeezed Kitty's chest, making the sissy gasp in her new, tiny voice. But what surprised Victoria was the small amount of milk which came from her nipples.

“A side effect of our aggressive growth strategy. If you like the size, we can adjust the dosage to reduce that while keeping the same mass.”

“No...I love it” smirked Victoria as she imagined this sissy leaking into her dresses for the rest of her life.

“Reminds me so much of my adopted child. He was put in my charge and I tried so hard to help him. An awful boy. A criminal. I tried to be his friend, tried to do what was best for him, once his parents tragically passed. But he was so wicked that all I could do to protect the women around them was...this” mused The Countess. “He was the first. And it was a gift to finally have a daughter to love properly. Just as Kitty is your gift...to celebrate your new assignment.”

Victoria’s chest was rising and falling like the waves of a tempest, her breath growing so hot that you could see it as it passed through her lips. It seemed nothing could stop her from behind transfixed by her prize sissy, but those words did.

Her eyes darted to The Countess, who seemed to recognize her confusion.

“You have done well. As I said, beyond all hopes. That is why you’re being given the important assignment of taking our operation to America. We must start a new foray into a new continent, and I trust that a woman as able as yourself is the perfect choice.”

“Countess, I don’t-”

“You do know what to say. Either yes or no.”

Victoria considered it, but there was so little need. She knew the answer, even in the throes of feeling which Kitty had given her.

“Yes! Of course.”

“Lovely. We can discuss more of this later. But for now...enjoy your Kitty.”

The Countess left them there in the foyer, going to see to her other sissies. The estate seemed to be even more of a hub of activity since Victoria last visit, with all manner of slaves and servants mincing through the halls and the grounds. A year ago, Victoria had been transfixed by a lesser scene, by a scene of less sissies with less variety among them. That scene had changed her life, and burned itself into her mind.

But now, only one sissy had her attention.

Her eyes bore into Kitty, trying to see what remained of John inside of her so that Victoria could best relish this victory. She wanted to wound him, even after she had killed him.

SNAP

Felicity came to their side, looking at the scene with her glazed over eyes, as though there was no reaction needed towards seeing her son in this state. It was now for sissies to make note, comment or complaint.

“Felicity, you are ordered to stay by our side to the best of your ability, and witness everything.”

“Yes, Mistress Victoria.”

There was something so chipper in her voice, something that made Victoria’s grin grow into a cheshire smile as she thought back towards that day. There had been one word she wanted to say since then, one single thing which she’d fantasized of beyond all others.

“Kitty, you are ordered to try to stop me, with all the pitiful fight you have.”

“Yes, Mistress” came her soft and weakened voice. Her body had lost all its muscles. Her lungs were working at half capacity. She was now the prey, and Victoria was the predator.

The Mistress slowly stripped out of her clothes until she was wearing nothing but her underthings, and then walked over to her bag. There was a harness waiting, and a device to attach to it.

It was another mold:

This one of her forearm.

As she affixed it to herself, she could only think to herself that she had never been this wet. Maybe no one had.

This was her purpose in life, and now she was going to exact it upon the one who dared deny her dignity.

Who dared to deny her dominance...

But things were reversed now, and about to be reversed in action, as well as in state.

She thought of that, and then thought of that word which began so many of her fantasies, that order which she knew Kitty would utterly fail at.

As she spoke it, she smiled.

“Kitty...*run*.”