

When Victoria received the letter informing her that she was engaged, she cried all night.

She had hoped that the freedom she'd had to explore Europe and gain culture might extend into a freedom to choose her own life, and her own husband. But the entire reason she was afforded her grand tour was so that she might be a more charming partner, and there was never a chance she could truly choose. Her family was in need of fortuitous marriage. She was the only daughter. And so she was betrothed to Sir Fredrick Storn, one of England's most notorious aristocrats. Not even in her greatest nightmares had she imagined him as her husband.

But now she was being recalled, to be made his property.

She managed to put it off long enough to say farewell to her friends abroad, and to learn more about her prospective husband. He was a secretive man, apparently. Part of the agreement was that their wedding would be simple, with one witness and an officiant. To a woman who had dreamed of romance, something so blunt and functional was just another blow. But it did confirm that this man was an eccentric, whose cruel nature was possibly just a rumor caused by speculation.

Whatever the truth was, she was about to find out. She stood at the bow of the ship to cross the channel, looking at her reflection in the sea. Young and beautiful, with fine features and dirty blonde hair...she ought to marry a kind prince.

Instead she was sailing to become the slave of a cruel recluse.

She disembarked to find his carriage waiting, a hooded driver taking her straight to his expansive estate. She wondered how her family could have condemned her to

this, before remembering that they were enjoying the spoils of her marriage at the moment, which would more than make up for the loss of a headstrong daughter.

As the obscured driver brought her to the estate, she did have to admit that the wealth was overwhelming. It was so long from the gate to the mansion that she wondered if they were somehow lost. Surely no one held this much land. But then, she saw it, rising over the hill. It was called the Versaille of Britain by those few that had seen it. Others thought it was a myth. But why build such a place if you valued your privacy as much as Fredrick did? It was a shame for no one to see such architecture.

The carriage stopped without a word and Victoria looked to the massive doors. They opened from the inside...

It was time to meet her husband.

Each step came slow and cautious, as if any moment might grant her reprieve. She didn't really believe she could stall things until her true Prince Charming came to rescue her, but she moved as though she did. Finally, she stood in the center of the massive foyer, expecting to see a man in his mid thirties, ready to steal away the rest of her life.

Instead, she was greeted by a tall and elegant blonde.

"Ah, Victoria! We've been awaiting you! What a shame it would have been, to waste a woman such as you on a man such as him!"

"I'm sorry. Who are you?"

"You can call me The Countess. I am the owner of this estate, perhaps not legally, but in all other ways. It is a pleasure to meet you."

“And you as well but...”

Victoria looked around, wondering why a Countess would be the one to greet her. All of the stories said that Fredrick shunned the other aristocrats. “I’m afraid that answers few of my questions. In fact, it raises several.”

“Ah, a sharp mind! Just as I hoped!” clapped the Countess. “Let me give you a tour of the place! Your husband is waiting in the bedroom!”

Victoria could see that the Countess wasn’t exactly the conversational sort. She spoke at people more than with them, as if she was an actress on stage and not a person before you. Victoria followed as she pointed out the sculptures and paintings which adorned the place, taking pride in each one. She had bought them, and commissioned most of them. What was most strange was the fact that every one was created by a woman, as the Countess prided herself on being the foremost patron to the female mind. Victoria appreciated the sentiment but was growing far too impatient to compliment her on it. As they finally neared the master bedroom, she finally let her politeness cease.

“I really must ask that you explain all this to me! I mean, this is highly irregular. I have travelled far to be here and it is entirely inhospitable to leave me in suspense!”

The Countess turned to her and smiled. “And not too afraid to be assertive when the situation calls for it. Very good. The rules and manners of our society are prisoners meant for those on its lowest rungs. I’m glad to see you’d dispense with them. Now...to your husband”

She opened the door to the bedroom, but there was no one inside. There was just a maid, in a black and white dress, dusting one of the shelves. But no Fredrick. No husband. No answers.

“Again, I must protest at this runaround!”

The Countess ignored her, clapping her hands as the maid walked in front of the bed. She gave an outrageously deep curtsy, the kind that no woman would ever actually attempt. Victoria was surprised she was able to stand back up after lowering herself so far.

“You were never contacted by Sir Fredrick. His entire estate has been run by me for the past year. I contacted you under the ruse of this marriage so that you might not be claimed by a boorish man, and so you might join in my enterprise” explained the Countess. “If you would merely give me a moment more of your patience, I can explain.”

Victoria crossed her arms, but gave the subtlest of nods. She was intrigued, if nothing else. She wanted to know what this madwoman was on about.

CLAP CLAP

“Felicity! Strip!”

The maid, who Victoria had seen as nothing more as a servant, suddenly became very clear in her mind. This woman who existed at the margins of the aristocratic world was stripping, and making it very hard to focus on anything else. She had auburn hair to her shoulders, and a cute face with a button nose. But it was the expression on that face which concerned Victoria so. She seemed so blank, only betraying brief moments of a frightened look.

Otherwise, her eyes were empty.

She took off her dress, revealing a corset that made Victoria gasp. She had never seen such a figure before. Forget the utters which were being pushed up by the undergarments. What most struck her was the waist, tapered so far that she wondered how there could still be organs within their cinched space. The Countess walked behind and began to unlace it, helping her out until she was only in one article of clothing.

Well, it wasn't clothing.

It was metal underwear, with a tight band constricting her just about the hips and a vertical band covering everything between her legs.

Yet even that curiosity was nothing compared to the freakshow of Felicity's body. Her figure would have been grotesque, if its strangeness had not been entirely directed towards the ideal of the feminine form. It was wrong and unnatural, but in a way that would likely appeal to craven men. For Victoria, it just made her worry about how much pain a girl would have to be in to maintain that waist, and the other trappings of her visage.

There were small padlocks on either side of the metal rings and the Countess undid them before letting it clank and on the floor.

What was waiting there for Victoria to see...how was that possible?

The part of the metal band which went between Felicity's legs had a small hollow area, cut out in the perfect outline of a penis. It could keep up tucked back between a man's legs no matter how hard his member strained against it and keep them flat in the front like a proper girl. Victoria looked at the penis which had been bound in those confines, looking soft and defeated as it hung over a pair of deflated balls.

It was Felicity's penis. She wasn't a girl at all.

“Victoria” grinned the Countess as she gestured to the feminized thing before them. “May I introduce you to Sir Fredrick Storn. Or, as I’ve come to call her: Felicity.”

Victoria stepped back.

“It’s natural to be frightened. You’ve stepped into a strange new world which only mad dreamers can imagine” grinned the Countess as Victoria finally understood. This was the only way that this warped figure made sense, the only way a woman could be such a deranged mockery of the female form. She wasn’t a woman at all. She was a man, or what was left of one.

“What have you-“

“He was a natural target. Isolated, without friends or visitors, and with massive wealth. No one will miss him. And he provided me with the opportunity to free you.”

“How did you do this to him!?”

The Countess finally turned away from the thing she was looking upon with such pride, and shot a smile at her guest. “Why ask me? Ask her...”

CLAP CLAP

“Felicity. Curtsy and inform our guest of what’s been done to you.”

The former man curtsied as if they were still wearing a dress, putting their hands out to lift it as if totally oblivious to their nudity. In fact, she seemed serenely oblivious to everything, glassy eyes betraying no thoughts or feelings. Yet as she began to speak, Victoria could swear she saw something behind those eyes, something trapped inside and fighting hopelessly to be seen.

“My name is Felicity and it is utterly pleasant to meet you! The Countess has been so kind as to inject me with various toxins and elixirs, remove my lower ribs, corset

train me and shave away sections of my vocal cords, skeleton and tendons! My balls have been removed and I have been locked in this metal device for the last three months while my bottom was treated.”

“The wonderful thing about patronizing those that polite society would resign to a life of servitude is that you uncover knowledge that they never would have found” explained the Countess as Victoria beheld this strange creation in shock. “It all started with a woman who found a way to make bulls lactate, to give utters to male cows so that you would produce double the milk. When I became aware of this strange elixir, it was only natural I see if it worked on human males.”

Judging by the mammaries that Felicity was sporting, it had done more than work. It had turned Fredrick into a heifer that would have made the street girls of London jealous.

“Her bottom...” muttered Victoria.

CLAP CLAP

Felicity touched her toes as the Countess walked behind, gesturing for Victoria to follow. As she made her way, the old woman leaned down and handed the metal underwear to her. She could see its details now, besides the striking outline of the penis which had trapped Fredrick’s straight backwards between her legs. There was a hole going from the tip of the penis rut, no doubt meant to guide and collect their urine towards a small hole.

“She must sit to pee, like a proper lady” explained the Countess. But by now, Victoria’s attention was on the hole in the back of the metal, a gap for Felicity’s anus

that gave it plenty of room. Victoria guessed that it was there so that she could pass her bowels, but then she looked down and realized.

Felicity had no ordinary anus.

The pink hole was puckered beyond belief, looking almost swollen to the point that it must have been incredibly sensitive. It wasn't a small and simple hole at all. It was an ostentatious thing, looking more like a woman's puffy lower lips than the anus of a man.

"It took a lot of experimenting to get the swelling just right. But with weekly injections, we can make sure that her hole looks positively hungry for attention. It also serves to severely increase sensitivity, to the point where she can't sit without being hyperaware of it. And the aesthetic is very pleasing to the male gaze."

"The male gaze? Have you-"

"Not yet. But many men appreciate former males such as Felicity. It is the only way they can engage in their nontraditional desires while keeping a traditional veneer. I arrange marriages, lend them out...it's quite profitable."

"Profit...but why are you doing this?! And why did he go along?"

"Go along?" scoffed the Countess. "Oh, darling, I had hoped you were more discerning than that. I suppose such obliviousness can be forgiven though, when the truth is so exotic. It's all a combination of the newest research into the theory of the mind, matched with mesmerism and other types of suggestion. Frederick did not want this. It was forced upon him, and his mind was placed in shackles to which I hold the key. Felicity!"

CLAP CLAP

“Go grab that vase, the heirloom that’s been in your family for generations. Smash it.”

Like an automaton of flesh, Felicity stood up and walked over, tipping it onto the ground where it smashed into a million pieces. There was nothing to do, nothing to think of, merely the enaction of the Countess’s orders. That was what unnerved Victoria the most. There was something human in the words when a person spoke them, something natural and unique in each action from each person. Call it personality. Call it selfhood. There was something distinct about a human being that most people never noticed, because they had never seen human flesh without it. But seeing Felicity speak was like hearing a bird mimicking human speech without any understanding of it. It was not her words, but merely the order of the Countess.

“Now...” said the Countess, looking down at the shards of the vase. “Pick one up and press it to your jugular vein..”

Victoria gasped, stepping forward as Felicity reached down, tears falling down her cheeks as her body pressed one of the sharpest shards to her neck.

“I could tell her to cut it open and she would. The tears would come but those will go away with more sessions at the hands of my scientists” explained the Countess.

“Isn’t that right, Felicity?”

“Yes, Countess” she said, with the point of the shard pressed to her pulsing vein.

“She has no control of herself anymore. Her will is mine. And yours, if you wish to join me.”

Victoria held this insane spectacle, yet even with the terror and madness of the shard, it was Felicity’s body that most drew her attention. The top-heavy, cinched in,

weak and pale figure before her was a cruel masterwork, something so strange that even the horror wasn't enough to make her look away.

"You...you did all this to them..." she muttered. Despite how terrible it was, she couldn't help but marvel at the power involved, at the mastery of nature and reality that this strange woman had managed.

The Countess snickered. "Almost everything. I ordered Felicity to perform her own neutering. She cut out her own balls, crying all the time as her hands moved against her will."

The tears were once more flowing down Felicity's bright and smiling face. Victoria had never seen a smile so wide before.

"Why are you showing me this? Why am I here?" asked Victoria after a moment to collect herself.

"Because my enterprise is built on the genius of overlooked women. I believe you could be one of them. But, more importantly, Frederick's son is returning soon. He is about your age and is finishing his own tour of Europe. Obviously he cannot find his father in this state, so I needed to arrange this whole marriage to help deal with him. When he returns, you'll tell him his father is off hunting, befriend him and help us deal with him."

Victoria looked to Felicity, still holding the shard to her own neck. "Deal with him?"

"He'll end up like his father. The amount of time you'll gain us with your stalling is all we'll need. I know this is all a great deal to think about, but we have time until he arrives. Think it over...and consider the house and its girl at your disposal."

"Its girls?! There are more?!" exclaimed Victoria.

"Oh..." grinned the Countess. "You have seen *nothing* yet."