

The Countess led Victoria on as Felicity followed besides them, her practically exposed chest bouncing hypnotically beneath her inhuman smile. Even Victoria, a woman with no attraction to the female form, could hardly tear her eyes away from it. It was only the eyes that reminded her that something was wrong, though she supposed that some men might be attracted to such an empty stare. They wanted obedient broodmares, after all.

But even they would be horrified by what the Countess had done.

Victoria mused on that idea as they reached another wing of the manor, and quickly realized how right she was. The countess had told her she had seen nothing yet, but this...

This beggared belief.

There were about a dozen of them in various states of dress and undress, of bondage and freedom, of masculinity and whatever they were becoming. Femininity didn't begin to describe it. Victoria still thought of that term with a certain idealism and positivity. Empathy, care and insight...

But Felicity had none of those positive qualities. She was merely the negative space of masculinity. And these others...

Whatever they were becoming, they were losing their personhood in the process.

The first was naked as could be, save for the contraption that was affixed to their penis. It was the same tone as their skin, and no doubt designed to blend in and diminish notice of its presence. It was so flat that on first glance, it might well have done its job. The girl herself, if you chose to call her that, was a blonde with that same simpering smile while Felicity held. Her breasts were less overt, but still well shaped and

pleasing to the eye. She stood as if showing off finery and expensive clothes despite her nudity, and Victoria could only guess she'd been asked to exhibit such blissful pride.

"An investigator from Scotland Yard. Never bothered to investigate the deaths of the street women in his own district, but went so far to venture out in the country in search of rich men. He caught scent of my operation, and so I had him 'die from a wound via a street girl.' Of course, the street girl was mine, and I merely simulated his death with an Eastern drug so that no one looked from him. A bit of abduction from the morgue, and our work began."

CLAP CLAP

"Bend over, Darling and show us what's inside of you."

Darling dutifully bent over, seemingly encountering no resistance on the way. She laid both her hands and both feet flat on the floor without a bit of strain on her face.

Or maybe there was strain, and her face was not allowed to show it.

Victoria looked as the girl's bent position revealed something between her two plump cheeks. They were so full and thick that they almost managed to obscure it, but not even the most shapely rear could hide this.

It was a rounded piece of metal, with the female symbol etched into it. The Countess leaned down and grabbed it, slowly pulling to reveal that it was merely the base of something much larger. She tugged, twisted and teased, making the girl whimper until she finally got a sizable grip and pulled with all her might.

The wet sound of suction being overcome remained in Victoria's mind as the grapefruit-sized plug was pulled from her. It was a tapered metal thing, with holes all throughout it in a way that almost made it look like a strawberry

It was also coated in a strange, viscous and yellow liquid.

“You remember the wasp venom that gave Felicity such a lovely, puckered hole? I’m doing a test on Darling to see how it affects the entire anus. The plan is to cause swelling which will maximize tightness, and ensure that a hole is never worn out. If it is, we just up the dosage.”

The Countess reached over and put on a rubber glove before pointing her index finger and inserting it into the gaped hole.

Darling whimpered almost as powerfully as she had when the plug was yanked out.

“Of course, it makes the sissies incredibly sensitive.”

“Sissies?” asked Victoria, looking down as every tiny wiggle of The Countess’s finger made Darling squirm.

“Oh, yes! Woman is a term of respect. Girls, ladies, all of these terms are too good for these things, who are merely the refuse of masculinity refitted into something useful. A sissy is a failed male. It is what they are. They deserve none of our terms, only the terms that they themselves give to embarrassments.”

“I see...” said Victoria as The Countess removed her finger. She refilled the hollow and permeable plug with the venom and then shoved it back into the sissy, with no regard towards her feelings. There was no gentleness, no care.

But by now, Victoria was too aghast at the other sissies to notice.

There were other cages, though they varied in type. It seemed as though The Countess was treating each sissy as an individual process, wherein experimentation prevailed more than uniformity. There was one sissy who was totally without a cage,

and who instead was bound below in a much more strange situation. Her empty balls, evidently removed from her long ago, were affixed with piercings through their now hollow sacks. Her penis was also pierced, and brought down in between her empty balls where both sacks were brought over to cover and conceal it, and where all the piercings were attached to each other via tiny padlocks.

Victoria hated to admit it, but there was a strange sense of morbid curiosity that rose in tandem with her shock. Of course these things were utterly beyond the pale, but the extent to which the rightness of things had been warped made it impossible to look away. It was like watching a freak show and gawking despite yourself. The distinctness of each feminization only made matters worse as her interest piqued.

Each of the sissies had their own answer to what remained of their masculinity, decided by The Countess herself. The next one in line had a cage in the shape of a woman's genitals, so that the impression on her underthings would lead men to believe that there was a set of lower lips ready. It was actually a decent facsimile, locked to her flesh so tight that you could hardly see the seams. But it was the next sissy down that shocked Victoria the most, as she saw absolutely nothing between their legs.

Absolutely nothing but a scar down the middle, where everything had been removed.

She looked up from the flatness to see a raven haired young thing, with ample breasts and a pouty expression. She seemed to have a Mediterranean look to her, and made Victoria realize that the Countess went beyond England. Her scale was international.

“A slave trader, in their past life. I raided their wine cellar when all the changes were complete, and forced them to toast to their new place in the world. Then, I poured the rest of the bottle on their penis and balls as they laid bloody on the table, and made her watch as they burned.”

Victoria tried to remind herself of the madness of this, but she was still transfixed.

“Each of them have their pasts, most rather sordid and oppressive. I only punish those most in need of it.”

It almost made sense to Victoria, at least until she caught sight of movement at the edge of her vision. Two women were walking into the room, and approaching one of the nude sissies. This one wasn't wearing a cage, and still had their member intact. What they did have was a tube extending from it, and what seemed like the start of an apparatus. It seemed as though they were already wearing the ring around their balls in wait of a cage, and as though this urethral tube was also in wait. But Victoria gasped when she saw what they were in wait of, and what one of the women was holding at the end of metal tongs.

It was a metal cage.

And it was glowing red with heat.

“All they have to do is slide it down that tube and press it to the metal ring, and it will be affixed forever. Not only that, but it will melt the skin and meld itself onto their very flesh. That's why we need the metal ring, to make sure that we don't melt their hole shut.”

The sissy's eyes looked down at the glowing metal even as the rest of them remained still. The Countess's helpers waited until the glow subsided, not wanting to

mar their sissy too badly, and then carefully maneuvered it. With steady hands, she brought the hot metal into proper position and then...

The sizzle lasted for a second, and the smell came a moment later.

"That's the last we'll be seeing of that" snorted The Countess as she walked to the next sissy in line.

But Victoria's eyes lingered, and it took her a moment to look towards the sissy that The Countess was approaching.

This one was gaunt, slender as could be with a dainty and delicate disposition which hardly matched their former state. Victoria looked down below as if doubting that this was ever a male, and wondering what state they'd be in if they had.

Sure enough, they had something down below.

It was wrapped tight in some strange plaster like material, and The Countess chuckled as if expecting her question.

"An innovation of my own patronage. It is similar to the wrapping they use to bind feet in the Orient. Only, we have perfected it beyond their wildest dreams. "

The Countess gestured to the girl beside her, who was wearing a rather extravagant dress.

As she stood there docile, the servants who had welded the cage onto the last sissy's cage began to strip her, revealing that she was wearing the wrapping all about her figure.

"They're applied at their greatest looseness, and then slowly contract over time" said The Countess as she gestured to a figure which couldn't possibly be male.

"Narrower shoulders. Narrower hips. Even smaller and daintier hands..."

The sissy currently undergoing the full body squeeze was tearing up slightly, and The Countess scoffed as she wiped away the tears. "It's a terrible strain on them, but as they so often tell us, beauty is pain."

The other sissies were being treated or dressed in various ways by the servants, save for one standing in an ornate red dress, with elbow length silk gloves and a bright smile. Her hair was impeccably curled in a way that would have made any woman jealous, with such decadent locks clearly made perfect by the work of multiple servants.

She gave a curtsy which made her breast bounce in the low cut dress and then went back to standing as still as a statue.

"Ah, you've met Cassandra. She was once an explorer of the empire who was dead set on 'discovering' that which the natives had already found, and forcing himself upon their women in the process. They prided themselves on being so wild and rough and tumble, a man of the wilderness who could conquer any danger."

Cassandra let out a simpering little giggle which made The Countess smile.

"So I tried to make her as weak and helpless as possible. She is now the epitome of a kept society girl, and has been ordered to be bubbly, cloying and ridiculous as can be. She's a bit of a personal favorite. I do love to see her betray herself with every giggle."

Cassandra's brain must have been cooked more thoroughly than the others, because there was not a tear, not a hint of anything on her blushing face. Victoria looked to The Countess and opened her mouth, only to have her question preempted once more.

“How? Would you like to see?” she asked, raising both eyebrows and leading her guest along.

Victoria looked back to the assembled sissies for a moment, and then quickly followed.

It seemed as though every servant under The Countess’s employ was a woman, and there was now a lingering thought that asked which really were women. Many of the sissies seemed more beautiful than any woman that Victoria had seen. The Countess herself looked back with an amused expression as her guest attempted to adjust to this new world. It was certainly a strange one. This whole estate was one of many which had fallen under her control, and which reflected her own warped sense of justice.

Victoria was led into another wing in which all the windows had been painted as black as night, looking more like a tomb than a part of a proper estate. The darkness was a bit disconcerting to the girl, even as the Countess lit a candle to guide them.

“This is a sensitive business, and requires total darkness. I would advise you to stick close to me.”

Despite her conflicted feelings on The Countess, Victoria listened, perhaps because she was terrified of anything which could give this woman pause. They walked deeper into the wing until they arrived at a room in the center of the building, which seemed darker than the deepest cavern. There were metal boxes there, coffin looking things that loomed in the flickered of the red candlelight. They were horrible sights, even

before Victoria realized what they were. She recognized them from her time abroad in Paris, where she had seen displays on such archaic atrocities.

Iron Maidens.

Only, they were not relics of a worse time. They were freshly made, iron boxes that the Countess had no doubt designed. And they were not filled with spikes and blades. No, Victoria could see inside all but one, which remained closed at the far end of the room. They were merely filled with shackles and other forms of bondage, designed to trap their victims inside the cramped outlines of a feminine silhouette.

“Posture training. Skeleton adjustment. And of course, atrophy” explained the Countess. “It can be difficult to handle some of my subjects, and so I just lock them in here. After a few months, they are waifish and weak and can be. Their muscles unused for so long...it makes them so much easier to deal with.”

Victoria was staring at the snug and inconsiderate accommodations of these metal prisons as she tried to imagine what that would do to a body, only for something to startle her out of such reverie.

The box in the corner, the one that was closed and locked tight...

Someone was shouting for help inside.

It was muffled and halfhearted, as though they were well used to their pleas being ignored by now. After a few seconds it subsided, and The Countess tssked.

She led Victoria along as if the outburst was hardly worth attention, and brought her to the next chamber. There was another box inside, locked and closed like the other. But this one had a slit at eye level, opened so that they could see a pair of green eyes

within. This was no doubt how they fed them. But as light filled the room, and startled Victoria out of her skin, she realized it had another purpose.

A woman was flashing lights in the slit, besetting the eyes inside the box with a barrage of sequenced illumination and making noises with her finger on the rim of a wine glass. Victoria looked to the display for a moment before Victoria pulled her out, and shut the door behind them.

“I would suggest you avoid those sessions. They have a way of softening the mind, especially when repeated for hours on end, month after month” she explained as Victoria heard the voice of the mesmerist, telling the man in the box how a proper sissy behaves.

“Here...let us have some tea.”

Victoria and The Countess dined overlooking the massive estate, perched above its rolling hills as the sun shined bright on its holdings. Despite Victoria’s adventures on the continent, she still held a soft spot for slow rural life, though this was not exactly what she remembered.

For one thing, the cows on her own estate had been, well...cows.

She glanced to the nude sissy trapped inside of a scaffolding of metal bondage which posed her on all fours. She was a blonde, whose long and unkempt hair most likely reflected the amount of time she’d lived like this. Her ring gag made it impossible for her to speak in anything but grunts and groans, which only added to her cow-like role in life.

And of course, there were her utters.

They were swollen, engorged, beyond anything that Victoria had seen from even the most overworked milkmaid. She could only guess that the elixir The Countess had given to the others had found double its normal dosage in her blood. They were each larger than her head, hanging down from her torso and leaking milk even when she wasn't attended to. But those short intervals only lasted as long as it took for her handlers to switch out buckets.

They were milking her like livestock, pulling on her nipples as she let out deep and animal moans. Clearly she was sensitive. Her full-mast member showed that.

Yes, she was the only one that The Countess had neglected to cage, cut or otherwise deprive of her appendage. But, being totally and completely trapped in this animal position, she couldn't touch it. It just throbbed, untouched, as her watermelons were milked for all they had.

As a breeze came and caressed her member, she let out a moan that almost sounded like a "moo."

"A farmer who sold milk he knew was diseased and blighted. Many died because of his greed" explained The Countess, as though this was only the natural consequence.

"Right..." she said, looking up to The Countess as she tried not to glance back at the display. But another groan made her turn as she realized that the sissy cow had finally felt a strong enough breeze. A rather different white liquid had shot out of her member and into a smaller cup. Without missing a beat, her handler took the cup and poured it into the sissy's mouth, making sure every ounce got into her ring-gagged mouth.

“Now...” smiled The Countess as she lifted her teacup. “I believe we were discussing your place within my endeavor.”