

Victoria stood at the mast of the ship as the moon hung overhead. It was strange to think she was back on the water so soon after being condemned to a married life, and strange to think of what transpired between the two trips. It had seemed like a dream when she first woke up this morning, but the presence of Felicity quickly confirmed its veracity. This was supposed to be the man she married. All throughout her journey on the continent, she had been terrified of him. Now, he wore a ruffled skirt that was so firm and angled that the entirety of her legs were visible, and a low cut maid's uniform that seemed designed to make sure her breasts jiggled and bounced, rather than felt any kind of support. She had been made Victoria's servant for the duration of her stay and The Countess had happily encouraged her to be as rough and cruel as she liked with her.

Victoria wasn't sure how to react. She had hated him. But to see him with red pigtails and a bright smile, offering her a riding crop as she woke, was still too much. She lifted a hand and the sissy put the riding crop to the side.

Sissy...

It was such a strange term. The Countess insisted that female was a term of honor. To be a woman was to deserve respect. But these things had no such privilege. They bore the full brunt of her hatred and vindictiveness. Victoria dressed herself and made her way out to the manor as Felicity dutifully bounced after her.

"Oh, I hope you enjoyed your rest!" said the Countess, sitting with Cassandra and brushing the poor sissy's hair. She was wearing the type of dress you might expect to find a little girl within, and knitting happily as her owner toyed with her.

"I have. Is the ship ready?"

“Ship is a rather high minded term, but the vessel is docked on the estate. It will take you to London where you’ll meet your new...” The Countess glanced to Felicity.

“Son in Law.”

“Yes. And I am simply to deliver him here?”

“Without him involving the authorities or otherwise throwing up a fuss. You are to use your feminine wiles to assure him that all is well. You will accompany him alone to this estate where we can handle the rest.”

“Very well. Wish me luck then.”

“Oh...” mused The Countess, patting Cassandra’s head as she finished with the brush. “I would not trust you if I thought you needed luck. You have my full belief and trust behind you. It is a shame though, that you are so quickly parted from Felicity. I thought you might come to enjoy your own personal sissy.”

The Countess slowly stood and walked over to the poor femme, putting her hands down her ridiculous dress and pulling it low to reveal her breasts.

“Tell me, sissy. Do you think your son could possibly recognize you? Look and see the man who sired him? Think that you could sire anything at all? You’re much more fit for a mother than a father now.”

Felicity nodded her head without looking down to her bare chest. “I am Felicity. Why would he recognize Felicity?” she asked, with a sincere confusion on her face.

“Very true. Nothing of Fredrick left in there” smirked The Countess as she lifted her dress back up. “Now go off to the stables. There are some studs that need to be milked.”

Victoria raised her eyebrow as the sissy minced off, and The Countess scoffed at her worry. "I do not have them bend over for horses. I would lose too many sissies that way. But I do have them put their hands to use. And when they've been bad sissies, their mouths. Fredricks had several champion race horses and their seed is quite valuable."

"I see" muttered Victoria, glancing out towards the sea.

"Well, don't let me detain you. In fact, let me introduce you to the captain..."

That was how Victoria reached the deck of the SS Mare, moored at the docks of the estate. It was a Channel ship and not the grand yacht that its guest might have expected, but it did not take her long to realize its true value. The captain was one of The Countess's few male associates, whose loyalty had been bought off in the expected fashion. Well, the expected fashion in The Countess's mad world. To Victoria, it was exceedingly strange.

"A pleasure to meet you" said Captain Mundt, extending his hand as his other leaned against the railing. Victoria ought not stare at something so simple as a peg leg after the menagerie she had just escaped, but she still took note of it. He smiled and leaned down, patting the smooth cedar and letting out a chuckle.

"Lost it to a privateer when I was in the Royal Navy."

"I'm sorry."

"Much obliged, but don't be. I managed to find the cur in peacetime. He was a traitor and spy, he was" said Mundt, glancing up to the Countess. Would you like to meet them?"

Victoria was taken aback, but he seemed none too interested in her answer. She would be meeting them regardless.

“Peggy!” he called out, as the sounds of someone hurrying echoed from below deck. A trapdoor quickly opened to reveal...

A young blonde girl, with a waifish frame and withered body. The poor thing looked delicate enough for a sea breeze to blow her off deck, but for now the breeze only served to make her long blonde hair flow out next to her. She was wearing the uniform of a deckboy, but it had noticeably been altered to best display her best qualities. Her nipples were clearly visible beneath the sheer fabric. The cut of it had been altered to display her curves and figure with an almost uncomfortable tightness.

“Oh, Peggy. I was wondering where you’d gotten to” snickered The Countess as the girl made her way over, eyes downcast and big as saucers. She was terrified. But she displayed something else in those eyes, something that Victoria had seen in all the other victims.

She was a sissy.

Captain Mundt snapped his fingers and the poor thing crouched down, lowering herself to all fours and lowering the back of her trousers.

“Are you sorry for taking my leg, Peggy?” he gloated, with the rote enthusiasm of someone who had gone through this many times, but enjoyed each as much as the last.

“Very sorry, Master. Please punish me” she cooed in a French accent. But despite her obedience, she had been left in a state where fear still came. Victoria wondered how much of the old her was there, left intact to experience this new nightmare.

“You wanted to take my leg. Here” grunted the captain, lifting his peg leg...

And slowly pushing it between Peggy’s cheeks.

“Have it” he growled, pushing it down further and further, his entire weight impaling the thing down into Peggy’s anus and deeper still into her guts. Victoria was so shocked that she did not think to protest, but soon she saw that it was too much. Any more of the widening peg stuffed inside of the sissy would kill her. She opened her mouth to ask that the captain stop-

But there was no need. The captain held the peg still inside of her, and smiled.

“Do you think you’ve been punished enough for what you’ve done to me?” he asked.

Tears in her eyes, Peggy shook her head. “No, sir. You must punish me every day...”

“Very true” he agreed, slowly pulling out his peg leg, which was now soiled with Peggy’s filth.

“Now clean it” he gruffly ordered, as Peggy dragged herself to face him and began to lick the wood clean.

Victoria averted her eyes, only to notice that The Countess was staring at her.

“Well, I trust you are in good hands. You’ll be in London tomorrow. From there you will find your accommodations at my expense. Enjoy them, but do not dally. Until you return...”

With that the Countess took her leave, and Peggy finished her cleaning. The Captain grabbed her by the hair and dragged her to shaky feet before shoving her off to

do her work. It seemed that she was still a sailor, in her way, and the captain's help on this small ship.

"Strange woman she is" muttered the captain. "But who can argue with the results?"

"Yes, the results..." muttered Victoria.

"Many men of the sea are...like me. Long voyages. Only other men. But it's not a respectable thing. Not unless they look womanly."

At those words, another pair of hands made their way up from below deck, climbing the ladder from the trapdoor until they were fully visible. She was a raven haired Mediterranean girl, wearing a flowing blue dress as she swayed elegantly across the deck, and laid a kiss on the captain's cheek.

"Angelica" he told her, as the sissy extended hand. Victoria raised an eyebrow, and her confusion did not go unnoticed.

"Peggy is just vengeance. Angelica is companionship. And for both of them-

"The Countess bought your loyalty."

"More or less" he smiled as he reached back and grabbed his prized sissy's rear.

Victoria walked off and found a place to sit, musing in silence as the captain got them underway and began their trip to London. All this was madness. Utter madness. Madness and cruelty and evil and a mockery of nature...

But she did admit its strange attraction. Some part of her was entranced by the nightmare of it. Call it morbid curiosity. Call it whatever you liked.

But while Victoria knew she would turn The Countess over to whatever authorities would believe her, some part of her saw the shame in it. The world was the

same everywhere. She had felt the looming uniformity of it all, hanging over her like a Sword of Damocles as she awaited her fate. There was no escaping the way of men and women. There was no denying that she was due for a lifetime of subjugation.

But this?

Even as an alternative, it was complete and utter insanity.

The ocean air helped to center her after the ordeal. Soon she was looking over the deck again, thinking of her last crossing. But even that was punctuated with reminders of the stranger world she had discovered. Once they had assured their smooth sailing, Captain Mundt bent Angelica over the deck and lifted her dress. Her genitals were completely intact, even if they hung limp and small as he railed her from behind. Victoria was aghast, but raised no concern.

Instead...she watched.

She watched with fascination as the sissy breathed fast and hard, a red face showing that even such unnatural pleasures were pleasure nonetheless. He took her with an animalist desire that made Victoria squirm in her seat. He grabbed her hair by the handful and used it as reins. He smacked her rear with his hips and hands.

Then, when he was finished, he held her tight and shuddered. He pulled out as his seed leaked down his legs, and snapped his fingers for Peggy. The poor sissy stumbled over and licked up the white goo as it seeped slowly from Angelica's anus.

Victoria excused herself below deck.

She wasn't sure what was coming over her, but as each gust of wind brought them closer to London, she could only wonder whether turning in The Countess was even possible.

And if it was no use to oppose her, why not help her?