

Chapter 7:

Mistress Victoria had been working on a wonderful new project.

It only made sense that a woman such as herself, endowed with such intelligence and creativity, would soon fall bored with even the greatest of conquests. North America was hers now, just as much as England and Europe was the Countess's. She had set up her base of operations in New York, and created smaller units all the way to San Francisco. The contacts and resources of the old group had been invaluable at the start, but soon enough she was self-sufficient. Soon enough her own genius was unfurling itself across this new continent.

It was an adventure, one that made her feel more alive than she ever had. As such, the years passed by like days. Time went on with few moments to ponder its passing, and soon it had been more than a decade since she arrived. As another neared, she looked to the country as her own property. Though none knew of her secret group and its subtle powers, she did. And while they thought of her as just another forward thinking woman, a suffragette in an era full of them, she pulled strings they could never imagine. The Countess would often chide her in letters and telegraphs, saying that she ought to be doing double the work in a country so massive. But Victoria was laser focused. All of her victims had deserved it, and ten times over. If there was even an iota of doubt towards their guilt, or any reason not to utterly destroy them, she would grant them mercy.

If not...

“I’m working on a new method with this subject” she told her newest trainer, walking her into the soundproofed section of her manor. It was a decent sized estate located in the center of Manhattan, where she often held galas and fundraisers for progressive causes. With such social purpose in mind, the more tawdry areas had to be triple locked and soundproofed to the point where a cannonshot would go entirely unheard in the foyer.

The trainer dutifully nodded as she followed Victoria through the halls, and the Mistress mused on the time she herself held that expression. By now little phased her, but then...

She had to remember how absurd some of this might seem.

Paramount among the absurdities were her own experiments. After conquering this country so thoroughly, they were necessary to cure her boredom. Of course she understood that assembly line sissies were needed to keep the lights on, but these were her personal favorites, and Polly was her newest.

She was waiting for them behind one of the locked doors, held on all fours with her hands and knees on the floor by a series of metal chains and constructs. Victoria leaned down and ruffled her blonde hair as they walked in, and then gestured for her new trainer to come in and inspect her. She was truly a lovely thing, atrophied to weakness by weeks in this pose, dieted to slimness by her anal feedings, and pumped full of so much feminine elixir that she looked more girlish than most natural females.

But her greatest gift was a secret, and one that Victoria had been working hard to perfect.

“Now, do you notice anything unusual about this sissy?” asked Victoria. The trainer gave her another look and shook her head.

“Caged in a standard cage. Impeccably feminized. Should I notice something?”

“No, that is to our credit. We want her to look lovely and innocent to contrast with her true role. If she looks pure and girlish, then we’ve done our jobs. But only half. As for the other half of our job...”

Victoria reached forward and pulled out Polly’s gag, watching as the sissy gasped and panted like a thirsty dog. She even held her tongue out, looking up to Victoria with big blue eyes as her Mistress scratched behind her ear.

“She’s a good sissy now, though she used to be quite the criminal. The secret, I think, is granting both good and bad. To reward and punish...”

Victoria walked over to the wall and grabbed a rather impressive dildo, about a foot long and with just the right ratio of rigidness and flexibility. Polly nodded eagerly, looking like a pet that was eyeing its favorite toy. The trainer just watched, however, trying to piece together what the twist was.

“As you’ve no doubt guessed from our mesmerism suite, the mind is a pliable thing. When an appendage is lost, for example, there are times when the normal nerve response is reassigned to another part of the body. I first became acquainted with this process when an incredibly wicked and unruly man came under my thumb, and I fast tracked his nullification to be his very first process. Imagine my surprise when his brain committed a transference, and treated his thumb as if it was his dearly lost member. It was quite a shock until our resident alienist explained it to me, and planted the seed of

an idea. With our mastery over the mind, surely we can do the same thing under controlled circumstances, and towards ends which are profitable.”

“You’re not saying...” muttered the new trainer.

“I’m not” corrected Victoria. “I’m showing.”

With that she took the dildo and laid its tip on Polly’s eagerly extended tongue. The sissy looked happy enough to squeal, and opened wide for the full thing to slowly snake its way down her throat. Even that seemed to shock the new trainer, and Victoria reminded herself that not all women spent their days around things with no gag reflex.

But it was not the way the dildo so easily went down Polly’s throat that was impressive. What was impressive was the way she began to moan when it reached a certain point, making the thing vibrate in Victoria’s hand. The effect would no doubt be pleasant for any man who took the dildo’s place, but it was the cause which Victoria was most proud of.

“I have, through careful hypnotic suggestion, retained her brain to treat signals from a certain part of her throat as though they are from her prostate. I’ve effectively turned her throat into just another anus.”

Victoria kept shoving it deeper and deeper into Polly’s bulging throat until it had fully sheathed inside her neck. Then, holding tight on the base, she began to drag it out. The poor sissy’s moans were like music to her ears. Victoria was an expert with rewarding her sissies, and knew how to bring such sounds about. Still, they pleased her every time.

“I ordered her to stop speaking a month ago, and she has obeyed completely. You see, lack of use weakens the vocal cords, and leaves them with a much less

assertive voice. Besides that, it was a good test of her obedience. And so now, I'll reward her..."

She angled the dildo and *ground* it into Polly's special spot, making the sissy's whole body shudder. Her nails scratched at the floor beneath her, and her toes curled as Victoria massaged her faux prostate. And there was no end in sight, no mercy. The Mistress continued her onslaught as the sissy moaned and groaned. She bathed in the sound of her screams and whimpers, shuddered herself as she whined and cried. And then, after a few minutes, the sissy's hips bucked forward, and she made a mess on the carpet.

Victoria reached down and gathered the thin liquid on her palm before slathering it all over Polly's face.

"I'm very proud of you, Polly. Soon enough you'll be the property of a railroad tycoon with very particular taste, and I'm glad to say you'll be perfect for each other."

The sissy nodded, licking her own spurtings off her face as she had been trained to do.

And with that, Victoria led her new hire from the room.

"I'm a bit surprised. Saying that you're proud of her-"

"Is my method. My mentor, the Countess, had her own. I do not value cruelty as she does but if you wish to deal in such brutality, I can recommend you to her."

Victoria sometimes forgot she was no longer the wide eyed maiden returning from her tour in Europe. Her words could stop the world from turning, and cut into the thickest skin when it was necessary. The trainer looked down and gave an obliging nod.

"My mistake, Mistress. I'm here to learn, not comment."

“Pish posh” she sighed, closing the door behind them. “You will find your own style. But never forget that what we do is a service. We remove evil elements from society, those who prey upon people, and subject them to a permanent reversal of their sordid states.”

“Of course, Mistress...”

Victoria could see that no amount of assurance would help after she’d snapped at the new girl, so she gestured her off, and figured she would try again tomorrow. Managing her colleagues was almost as difficult as managing her sissies, and she sometimes wished that she could mesmerize them as well...

Still, she could always find solace in her study. It was more expansive than more apartment buildings, and served as a refuge from her otherwise encompassing mission. She made her way there after checking in on Polly, and saw her prized possession waiting.

She gave a curtsy, although she wore no dress. It was rare to find her in clothes unless Victoria was in the mood to tear them off her. Often they would repeat the night of her assault in reverse, with Kitty’s meager muscles and paltry lungs failing to protect her from the Mistress’s attack. But for now, Victoria just looked her over. She was almost the spitting image of her father, although brought to an even greater extreme. Her breast still leaked, and sometimes Victoria would order her to stand still all day with cups beneath her nipples, so that she would have two glasses of milk ready for the evening. Her hair reached to the floor, and Victoria often stepped on it to stop her when she tried to run away. Her waist was so cinched that even some of the other dominants

found it disconcerting to look at. But they didn't have the history that Victoria did. Every bit of warping was a victory.

Even walking in after a long day filled her with a feeling of triumph as she saw a metal version of her fingers and palm holding tight onto Kitty's withered member.

But even that brilliant sight couldn't keep her for long, not with the sight of her telegraph beckoning her.

She still thought of herself as a modern woman, even if age had brought her to an age that most thought motherly. It was her business to keep up with the turning of the world, so she had taught herself morse code so that she might communicate without a helper. Combined with the code that those in the operation used to communicate with each other, it made for slow reading, but she could do it on her own.

And today, the line of paper from the telegraph suggested that there was something she *needed* to read.

Even as she ran to the table, she recognized one of the patterns.

It was a pattern she'd waited for in the past months.

It could only have been this...

The Countess was dead.

Victoria read it three times forward and back, transcribing it in plain English and making sure that it was true. The Countess was close to a century old, but it still seemed impossible. It was like a Titan of a goddess dying, and Victoria read the message again as she tried to understand it.

They had been on good enough terms, and there was no regret where that was concerned. True, she had begun to favor Petunia in recent years, her hopes for

Victoria's stymied by the slow pace of her operation. She tried to explain that she needed to be thorough in finding victims, but even that seemed to draw her annoyance.

Still...she was gone.

Victoria telegraphed back, telling them to wait for her arrival. They could begin with what came next and get to business when she arrived, and she would be leaving immediately. A week on a steamship seemed like an eternity, but it would have to wait. If only she could be there now. Her visits had been so infrequent due to her responsibilities, which most likely contributed to Petunia's newfound favor. She was there, at least. A day in the carriage was all that separated them.

It was wrong, but Victoria had to wonder which of them would be picked as the Countess's successor. There had been a time when she dreamed of it, but now...

Now, it seemed as though she would be travelling across an ocean to pledge allegiance to a new leader.

"Kitty. Dress. And tell the new Madam that she will be in charge in the coming weeks. I have to pack my things."