

### Part III



“Miss Bonne,” Rogers said, his soft, silky voice sending tremors through my body. He curtsied then, and though part of me seethed with rage to see my first officer so reduced, another part of me thrilled to have this beautiful woman—and he was all woman—signify her submissiveness to me. He’d even put his arms out as if he had a skirt to lift, and I imagined him for a moment in a lovely white gown, looking every bit the desirable “girl in every port” every sailor knew and loved and then I imagined myself her, so pretty, so

desirable, so young and sweet! I shivered at the thought as strange new desires and pleasures shook me.

Confusion ruled my mind and twisted my very soul. I could not help but take some sort of strange pleasure in seeing Rogers corseted and made to play the maiden even as I hated it for him. I could not help but long to know what it was to be so young and pretty, such a delectable female, and yet I feared that fate more than death.

“Sit,” I said to this disturbing feminine creature, struggling to master the turmoil swirling within me. “We must speak of the witch.”

Rogers shook his head, confused, and I recalled once more that I now needs speak in the voice of a woman. I concentrated on raising my voice to a higher pitch and repeated myself.

Rogers slipped into the chair across from me as gracefully as any lady born, then sat with his knees together and his hands folded in his lap, his big, bright eyes wide and earnest. His lips were slightly parted, his upper teeth exposed like a bunny. He waited passively for me to continue.

“Daciana has turned the crew against me,” I said. “We must stop her before this sham trial takes ends in all our ruin.”

Rogers nervously plucked at a strand of his long hair. “Permission to speak freely, miss,” he said in voice barely above a whisper, so at odds was it to his new persona to even consider disagreeing.

“Yes. Yes,” I said, annoyed, and I saw Rogers wince at the angry tone in my voice. What a shrinking thing he had become.

“The crew has taken a vote. They insist on a trial. Sister Daciana has nothing to do with it. The problem is—you’re ugly.”

Choking laughter escaped me. ‘Ugly? Do you hear yourself? I am captain of the ship not a—a—debutante.’

Rogers, having managed to speak his or her mind, seemed to become more bold. “You look like a man,” she said, his voice now filled with feminine disgust. “The girls will not follow you looking like...” she waved her slender hand up and down my body... “like a shabby ape.” As soon as the words left her mouth, her eyes went wide she covered her mouth with a small, white hand.

I found myself dumbfounded. What to say to this madness?

Rogers gathered herself and reached over and touched my arm as if she were speaking to another woman. “Forgive me for being so bold, but I am only trying to help.”

I pushed her hand away. “If you want to help me, you will do as I say.” I pulled a dagger from my belt, turning it in my hand, the light from the lamps in my cabin running up and down the blade. “Take this. Daciana has reason to trust you. Get in position behind her and plunge this dagger into her back. I will do the rest.”

Rogers shook his head *no...no...* his face a mask of fear and panic. “I could never hurt my sister.”

“She is not your sister,” I shrieked, my feminine voice now rising to the level of a little girl as I found myself overcome with rage. “This is madness. You are not a woman! This is.... This is...” my rage had rapidly transmogrified into grief and a feeling of helpless despair, I sobbed and my vision grew blurry as my eyes filled with tears. I felt them rolling down my cheeks, and then tasted their salty heat. “I’m ashamed to have you see me like this,” I cried as I covered my face with my hands.

“Dear... dear...” Rogers said. “There’s no need to be ashamed. Of course you’re emotional. You’re suffering Eve’s Curse.”

She left me to cry and pace and storm about my cabin, trapped in my impotence feeling every bit a helpless maiden though yet I was a man.

My cabin girl came the next morning, once more offering to bind me in a corset, to drape me in a dress. I sent her away with a storm of curses, hurling a mug at the door as she left, struggling to keep myself from weeping. I would never put on a dress or allow myself to be crushed into a woman’s figure. Putting on my officer’s uniform, I marched out to face the tribunal. The day was overcast, suitably gloomy, but at least the seas were calm enough, the ship gently rolling side to side on the waves.

I found myself surrounded by a crew of fresh-faced girls, while Daciana served as judge. It was brief, absurd and humiliating. “For the crime of being ugly,” Daciana shouted at the end, “I sentence you to death.”

“Death?” I had expected merely to be stripped of command, perhaps thrown in the brig. Death? “Death is not the proper punishment for...”

“Death!” Daciana screamed.

“Death... death... death...” my crew began to chant in their small, tea kettle voices, their eyes slit with hate as they looked upon me. “death... death... death...” Somehow, those soft

voices seemed more menacing than any man's had ever sounded in my ears. "Death... death..."

"Or," Daciana said. "You may join us." She gestured toward my cabin girl, who stood smiling, holding the same corset she'd been threatening me with the past two days.

I looked at the corset and raised my chin. "Never," I said. "Death before dishonor."

"As you wish," Daciana said.

Rogers placed cold, steel manacles on my wrists and ankles, while some of the other girls prepared the plank. I have always prided myself on my courage, and I had faced death before, so even now I resigned myself to my fate. Rogers led me toward the plank. I stepped onto it, my boots thumping on the hard wood. I took small steps forward, as they were all I could manage with the steel on my ankles. Looking at the cold, gray waves, the foaming caps, I saw myself sinking into the depths, bubbles rising from my mouth, my eyes growing dead as I plunged to the bottom of the sea... as a sailor, I had imagined drowning many times. It was a fate just as likely as one day retiring to a life on land.

Step. Step. I grew closer and closer to the end of the board, which was bending under my weight. I struggled to keep my balance. I did not want to fall sideways off the board. I wanted to walk to the end and step purposefully into oblivion, to show the world that I was a man of dignity and that even in death I conducted myself as an officer and a man.

"Let the record show," Daciana called out, "that Captain Bonne abandoned his ship and crew. Let it be recorded that he leapt into the sea, weeping like a little girl. Let the record show..."

"No." I turned to face her, the plank wobbling beneath me, the ship listing. "You cannot do this to me. At least allow me to be remembered as a man of honor."

"Let the record show that Captain Bonne died in disgrace," Daciana repeated. "Let the record show that he had less courage than a little girl."

"Yes, Captain," Rogers said, taking up a quill, licking the nib.

"Yes... yes..." a chorus of feminine voices repeated. "Yes.... Yes."

I couldn't let this be my end. I could not let my name and my family name be so dishonored. I saw only one path forward. One way to win and save myself. I had to live.

"Make me a woman," I shouted, in my woman's voice.

"You wish to be a woman?" Daciana said.

"Yes," I said, though it pained me to say it. "I want to be a woman."

“Bring her back,” Daciana said. I was led back to the deck by two of the girls. Daciana came down, and I saw now she was holding a flask. She held it up. “Essence of Artemis. Bee pollen, blessed thistle. Drink it and you will have a woman’s breasts.” She pulled the stopper, which was attached to a long, round piece of wood. The odor that escaped the flask smelled very much like a woman’s secret parts. “Open your mouth. Tilt your head back.”

Breasts? I did not want breasts, but what choice did I have? I opened my mouth and tilted my head back. Daciana slipped the smooth wooden shaft between my lips. I felt it against my tongue. The mixture tasted of honey, spice... my head swam as the fumes from this powerful concoction filled my head... “Suck...”

I wrapped my lips around the rod, sucking, my cheeks pulling in... I heard the girls cheer, laugh. After I’d sucked for a time, Daciana pulled the shaft from my mouth, covered my lips with with her hand and commanded me “swallow.” I did, and once more I heard the girls cheering and laughing.

My world began to spin as the potion filled my gut. I fainted.

The next morning when I woke, my chest felt tender and ached slightly, a pulsing ache. I gingerly lay my palms against my chest, and already it felt softer, puffy and sensitive, though I did not yet have the rounded swellings of a woman. I felt a menstrual cramp quiver in my gut, shaking slightly as I was being overwhelmed with female sensations a man should not know. I realized I had been dressed in a woman’s bloomers. My cabin girl waited, though now she had a superior smile on her face as she regarded me.

“Mornin’ missus,” she said, slathering the word ‘missus’ in syrupy mockery.

There was no point arguing. I had announced before the whole crew I wished to be a woman. I rubbed my eyes, and before I could do more Rupert said, “Come. Captain Daciana is waiting.”

Still muddled-headed with sleep, I followed Rupert out onto the deck. Clear. Sunny. Good wind, I noted right away, as always aware of the weather. Seeing me in my bloomers, some of the girls tittered. They were all gathered around, and once more Daciana had me suck on the stopper that she said would give me breasts. I did not faint this time, though I grew woozy. I was draped in a lacy, woman’s blouse and then gawked as my corset was brought to me, the crowd cheering as it was wrapped around my body. I had vowed never to wear such a thing, and now it was brought to looked to me like a leather cage, a doom, a future that was all soft voices and feminine sighs.

I was only half aware as I found myself laced into my first corset. The entire crew watched. Tighter and tighter Rogers pulled the laces, crushing my waist, vising my body into an hourglass shape that shamed me though I could not see myself, but imagined my growing cavernousness. The corset pushed my soft chest up, creating the impression of breasts, small, girlish breasts that sent my mind reeling with competing shames—one, that I was a man with a girl’s breasts, the other that my breasts were so small.



“I can’t breath,” I said in my girl’s voice. The girl, all of whom wore corsets, giggled.

Daciana put a hand to my smooth cheek. “You’ll get used to it, Scarlet.”

Scarlet. So what was to be my name as I became a her and a she. Scarlet. I supposed there could be worse names, but it little mattered. I was hers now to do with as she pleased.

Next, I sat and Daciana affixed a long red wig to my head. When I stood, I felt my ponytail swaying in the wind. Once more, the girls cheered as if I had just won some sort of prize.

I spent the next few days in a delirious state. I felt I had a fever or had been fed opium.





I did exercises to increase my bust and slender my waist. I ate horsetail and turmeric to give me younger skin and more blessed thistle and bee pollen to continue the blossoming of my chest. At first, I struggled with feelings of shame as my breasts swelled, as my arms grew more dainty and slender, as my rugged features melted away, replaced by a delicate and kissable feminine face, but I noticed something as I walked about the ship in my high heeled, ladies' boots: the prettier I became, the more dramatic my curves, the more the girls of my crew respected me.

I came to realize that for a woman, being pretty was a form of power, her greatest form of power, and by the time we reached England I strutted about the ship letting my breasts sway arrogantly from side to side, a haughty look on my face as the other girls gazed at me in awe and envy. Scarlet became stronger and stronger, while Bonne shrunk becoming a tiny, squeaking mouse of a man trapped in all our glorious female flesh. We only had what power our gentle sex could give us, could only be heard when we spoke in the soft, lilting tones of a girl. This was our fate and in our new world, Bonne was useless.

Bonne's captain's log became a lady's diary. We put his thoughts of some sort of rising up against Captain Daciana aside, nothing more than the adventurous musings of a little girl. No, we focused our attention now on learning to walk and move and speak in as attractive a manner as possible. I and the other crew members kissed and caressed each other, learning how to give and accept pleasure in our new bodies. Our business now was to become the women we must be to serve our beloved Captain Daciana. She was all and there was no other.

Once we reached England, our dreadful lives as sailors came to an end. Daciana opened a "gentleman's club" in the heart of London, and we are all now ladies of the night there, though it is my privilege to serve as madam. Privilege, did I say? More like a curse. The drama with all these girls is never ending.

I am Scarlet now. We are Scarlet. Oh, the Captain is still in me, that poor little man. How he hates this soft body, how he hates when we do flirt so shamelessly with men and lure them in with our feminine charms. He whimpers when those men lay us down and we spread our legs for those who can afford us. Notice I didn't say who want us. All men long to enjoy the pleasures of our flesh.

And when we lay back and we have a man thrusting inside us grunting and sweating and our breasts are bouncing with every push of his hips, I come to that special place only a woman knows, and I cry out in pleasure and—well, there is one man who knows that sweet world as well as any woman—Captain Bonne screams out as well, but his screams are not



of pleasure but of the horror he feels as he is taken as a woman, as he orgasms as a woman, as he finds himself overcome with the hot, wet hungers of the goddess.

He screams, and even in our head he has the voice of a woman.



The End