

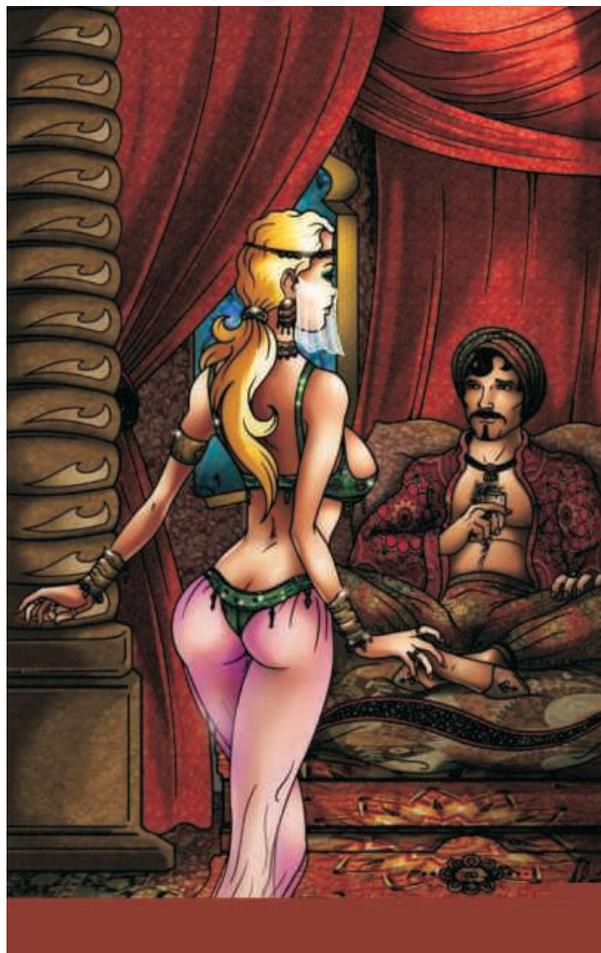


Reluctant Press presents:

ARABIAN NIGHTS

A VIRTUAL REALITY NIGHTMARE

Marrissa Greene



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Arabian Nights Virtual Reality Nightmare

A Preface

This story is a multi-chapter adventure, with gradually more “dangerous” scenarios unfolding for our hapless hero, each one getting slightly harder to escape, leaving you wondering when and if he will be stuck forever as a woman.

Please enjoy....

In the not too distant future it is quite probable that holiday trips to virtual worlds will become a reality. This story is based on a trip to one such created world. To work the worlds would of course have their own rules and the very good ones would feel just as real as reality itself. Whilst the worlds would all have some emergency escape option, the visitor would most likely normally enter or exit via a certain portal or after a certain period of time. Time in such worlds would have a dream like quality so would be much faster than in the real world. An actual weekend of real time may translate as several months in such a world. As for the internet now, sex will most likely play a large part in this and of course certain worlds would appeal more to a certain gender or age group than others.

As such a process would be a mind transfer, rather than a physical one, you could assume whatever form you liked. Not only would you get the physical attributes of the body but also many of the skills associated with that persona in the world you visited, such as being able to speak fluent Arabic in the Arabian nights world. At the same time the limitations of the body also had an impact so in certain bodies you might not have access to certain skills and knowledge that you had in the mundane world. The choice of body was therefore very important. Obviously, certain bodies were more highly priced than others and the competition for some were quite cut throat. The character in this story is only a poor college student so has to take what his friend Assam offers. Obviously, as with all forms of technology things can go very wrong as our hapless hero is about to find out...

ARABIAN NIGHTS

VIRTUAL REALITY NIGHTMARE

By Marrissa Greene

Chapter1 THE ARABIAN NIGHTS WORLD

Being a hot-blooded male of college age, I was very keen to take up another student's offer of a free visit to the Arabian Nights world. Such virtual world romps were well beyond my meager student allowance. The other student was Muslim and although not of Arabic background himself, talked very glowingly of this Arabian Nights world and the many opportunities for adventure that it offered, including of course many of the sexual variety. He said that the world was very complex and offered so many possible scenarios that one could never get bored of it. At first I wondered why he made such a generous offer to me, as we weren't particularly close friends. If anything I felt there was some tension between the two of us including even some possible resentment on his part. I was clearly a much more able student than Assam. On reflection however I noticed that Assam did not have any close friends at college and I was probably the closest approximation to one he had and I did at least share a room with him. Being his roommate probably translated to something significant for him I thought, even though he frequently commented on how bad a roommate I made.

Given his much greater familiarity with the world and the fact that he was studying computer programming I let him select the basic settings for my avatar. I only insisted that my character would not experience any major physical harm during the time there, nor would he be made a eunuch for that matter. I also stipulated that I did not wish for my male form to be enslaved, not being at all keen on pain or hard physical labour. Given the abundance of magic in the world I also stipulated that I did not wish to be transformed into a slave or other male form (as the rules governing enslavement only covered your

original form) nor from man to an animal, plant or inanimate object. I was vaguely aware that these exclusion clauses were a little like a contract with the devil as the operating system generally liked to find ways around them. I however didn't want to put too many in or my time in the virtual world would be very dull. Assam smiled at my naiveté regarding exclusions but as I said this was to be my first experience. I also naively assumed that nothing to bad could possibly happen in the virtual world, as the corporation would want to avoid costly lawsuits. I didn't suspect that there might be other ways to avoid such lawsuits.

To enter the world you first had to be lowered into a special immersion tank in which your body would be nourished and maintained whilst you were in the world. These tanks were so designed that you could stay in them indefinitely. In fact I was aware that many chose to do so basically for the rest of their life. At the time I believed that most such choices were completely voluntary and occurred because the individual preferred fantasy to reality. I also believed that I loved real life too much to let that happen.

After drifting into unconsciousness I found myself waking up in a room with many portals. It of course wasn't a real room, but too my avatar it very much seemed so. Assam was already waiting there and was very keen for us to quickly enter his selected world. The room was a large Octagon surrounded by portals opening into a variety of related worlds. The Arabian nights world and a large Moorish style arch with Arabic writing above it. To my surprise, I had no difficulty reading it.

It was very exciting to walk through the portal, and like all new timers I was amazed by just how real everything seemed on the other side. Sights, smells, touch and tastes were indistinguishable from what I knew as reality.

Whilst Assam looked the same I noticed that my form had changed as I entered through the portal to Arabian Nights world. I now looked much more Arabic than Assam, which initially somewhat freaked me out. I now sported a relatively long black beard, was built like a tank and had a deep olive skin and a booming baritone voice. How natural the new form felt particularly unnerved me. It was as if I had always been this 200 pound, six foot 5 inches muscle bound hunk. I also noticed that I had a small somewhat inconsistent tattoo on my left wrist. He explained that the tattoo was simply a marker that could be used to identify me, if something untoward happened. It was a butterfly and seemed somewhat effeminate to me, but he assured me by showing a similar one on his left wrist that it was quite normal practice and represented the twisted sense of humour of the AI underpinning the operating system.

After first visiting our pre-booked accommodation, Assam took me on a tour of the city and its surrounding bay. This of course included a visit to the slave market, one of the better class local brothels and the cities major market bazaar. As we walked I noticed that the streets were relatively absent of females and those who traveled the streets generally went in groups and wore chadors. Seeing my interest Assam explained that most women in this world were kept in harems, some as wives but most as slaves. Most women he explained could only leave the harem on special occasions or to a bathhouse if their masters or husbands were to poor to own bathing pools or even more simple bathrooms. Allah had declared that it was very important that woman be clean. Most of the groups of women would therefore be going to the public bathhouses. Some families were less strict on such

matters as were foreigners in general. In this regard I noticed a number of distinct groups of female "foreigners" roaming the streets in an array of varied and colourful costumes. The city was clearly very cosmopolitan. All woman however were conservatively dressed and made sure most of their skin was covered, including the obviously western woman, who wore what looked like 19th Century dress.

Assam also told me that most local women were illiterate as education was generally considered a waste on their feeble minds. He seemed to delight in the sexism of this world and looked somewhat askance at any signs of mild displeasure on my behalf. I shivered at the thought of how horrible it would be to be stuck in this world as a woman. Being a man however I quickly dismissed the thought.

Whilst women were scarce, men could be seen everywhere, trading in the streets or chatting in the numerous cafes. I was amazed by how many men I saw playing Backgammon or chess. The men here seemed to lead relatively leisurely and idle lives.

SLAVE MARKET

The slave market was housed inside an enormous cavernous chamber with the most magnificent domed roof I had ever seen. As well as being grand in its size it was also adorned with beautiful and delicately exquisite patterns. Consistent with Islamic practice all of these were clearly abstract. Massive tile lined pillars supported the roof. Beneath this domed roof the enormous room was divided into several distinct sections. In the middle was a raised platform that contained the auction stand. This seemed to be surrounded by a series of separate specialist carrels.

Within each of these carrels were row upon row of little cages, most of which seemed to be occupied. There was no doubt that the people caged within them were clearly designated as chattel and obviously considered too be of little more value than domestic animals and possibly in many eyes even less. Whilst somewhat sickening I must also admit to having a certain fascination with the place. Particularly in regard to the bewildering array of specialty slaves on offer. These included specialties such as, dancing girls, sex slaves, personal attendant slaves and human pony girl slaves to name a few. As for animals the better trained the more valuable they became, particularly if they were pretty to start with. I also noticed that a sizeable proportion of the girls had been circumcised and some of them clearly only recently so. Some of those poor girls still had obviously oozing wounds and their discomfort made me wince. Assam explained that the custom occurred because it was meant to reduce the sexual pleasure of the slave but increased that of their masters. I could see how the former might be true but not necessarily the latter.

There also happened to be an untrained section of slaves, for those who liked to either do their own training or had more modest budgets. I gather that this was generally full of freshly captured slaves whose owners simply wanted a quick sale before too many questions were asked. Assam explained that nearly half of such slaves were unfortunate girls caught in illegal raids and much of the other half equally illegally sold as debt payment or for some form of revenge.

He also explained that the authorities generally turned a blind eye on such matters and very few traders were ever prosecuted. The leniency however never applied to the poor victims of such brutal illegal trades. Once made a slave, a girl was considered one for life, irrespective of the origins and obvious illegitimacy of their enslavement. There was never any reprieve for these unfortunate lost souls as even if they managed to escape their families would immediately return them to their owners as such women were considered to be already dead in the eyes of their family and their loss to have already been grieved. To do otherwise would be considered a great disgrace to a family.

Nearly all the slaves were female of course and most of the buyers' male. In this world due to the preponderance of magic, for heavy tasks, demand for male slaves was quite low. Some women, predominately foreigners, however also made purchases at the market, mostly for personal attendant slaves but occasionally for sex slaves. Many such women also brought their slaves to these dealers for specialist training.

In this regard I overheard one rather overbearing woman make inquiries about how her slave was progressing and heard the dealer advise her "Your girl is almost ready Mistress, it took some time to break her will but now she is very compliant and learning her lessons well. She will as promised attend you well and obey your every command when I am finished." His rather leery grin at her was quite sickening.

"Good to hear Jessock" the woman grinned back equally wickedly "I'm sure she will enjoy serving me in this new way...no one rejects me and gets away with it you know"

Unfortunately, she noticed that I was listening and turned to me "Are you interested in the special training for slave attendants young man? I'm sure Jessock could arrange it for you if you want it"

"I don't have any slaves as yet" I haughtily tried to answer.

She then laughed and said "I didn't mean for your slave silly, but for you personally"

I gave her a horrified look then stuttered, "Surely such training is only for slave girls?"

The glint in her eye was rather disturbing when she replied, "That is true pretty boy but that problem is easily solved if you are interested"

I was speechless and simply shook my head vigorously.

"No then" she continued to tease, displaying what I assumed was mock disappointment.

After pausing a moment she continued, "Then be careful how you treat a girl or you could share the same fate as my ex-lover over there. No more penis, your own little pussy and slave for ever to your former beloved". She walked away from us laughing loudly.

I quickly walked as fast as I could the other way, somewhat shaken I asked Assam "It is possible that her ex-boyfriend is now one of those poor girls?"

"Very possible John, I'm afraid, although the practice is obviously highly illegal. Women are clearly inferior to men, so trapping a male of such alien flesh is considered a great sin, but many have the magic to do it. I have heard many women are very excited about the prospect of having such a trapped male in their tender mercies. Revenge on our sex I suppose. I can not think of any worse fate for a man "

Although somewhat disturbed by that discussion I still decided to stay with Assam to watch the actual auction process and also to look more closely at the merchandise. The girls, even the freshly caught ones, had all been trained at the very least on how best to show off their assets. One group provocatively rubbed their breasts against the bars of their cages, another group leered at us and made very sexual gestures when we went past them. Repeatedly we heard pleas to be bought and sincere offers to serve us.

Whilst most such girls were sold by individual haggling some in the trading hall are sold by auction. These were usually the better trained and the more exquisite females, whose value is harder to predetermine.

These women were kept in a holding cage near the auctioneer's stand and taken up one by one to be chained to a post on a raised platform in the middle of the hall. All were naked aside from their slave collars and all were and expected to perform a rather lewd dance before the bidding started. The dance was very sexual and involved graphic displays of their private parts. These performances generally generated wolf whistles and howls of approval from the audience. Some of the men could even be seen to be masturbating to the show. The fantasy was one thing, this reality another. I wasn't sure what was more sickening the degenerate performance or the response of some of the men. Assam clearly seemed to love it and again seemed somewhat annoyed by my slightly green colour and western sensitivities.

After their little dance their chains were greatly shortened forcing them to stand still and on their toes. As the bidding went on they were expected to stand raptly still and smile at those bidding. Assam made a couple of bids but no purchases that day.

I noticed that whilst all of them were collared some bore tattoos and others simple brands upon their posteriors. Assam explained that this was simply reflective of a new wave in thinking amongst some of the dealers. In the past he told me, all slave girls had been simply branded, these days many felt that a tattoo could serve equally effectively as a permanent mark of their slave-hood and yet be much more attractive.

"Alas some are slow to change," lamented Assam on this matter. Indeed they are I thought silently wondering whether it had been wise to come to this barbaric world.

The whole experience at the slave market was somewhat unnerving for me. Although I realized that this was a virtual world, and most of the girls were simply computer generated constructs, I found the treatment of the slaves extremely disturbing and couldn't imagine a worse fate for anyone.

Assam disturbed by private reverie by declaring "John, you can be wet blanket you know, women are not like us, they really are happy being treated this way, your women in the west think they are free but they are not really happy. The freedom you give them emasculates men and also destroys families and culture. This is very silly, as women need to be strongly controlled by men as any other beast does. Your sympathies are disturbing and unwarranted. You are almost as emotional as a woman. Maybe you should have been one"

Defensively I declared, "Men do not have to be heartless monsters"

"You prove my point," he laughed, "Only women would make such silly statements in this world"

I scowled back at him and him “Next you’ll be claiming that woman don’t have souls”

He laughed at that “Well although the Koran does support the notion of woman having souls, many in this simulation tend to doubt that fact and ignore the prophets thoughts on the matter. Besides to some extent they are true, few of the visitors to this world are female, so if you meet a woman here chances are she is just a construct. A soulless avatar if you like.”

I in turn chuckled and responded to his observation “I can understand why few woman would choose to visit this world, especially feminists”

He grinned and nodded his head “True it is mainly men who visit this simulation and in our general demographic too. It caters for a mostly an under 25 male audience. There is however a hard core of female devotees who seem to relish the slavery idea and being dominated by a man or another female. For them this is the second most popular destination with only Gor surpassing it. Although in the minority those women know what it truly means to be female unlike most of the girls you would meet at college”

I didn’t reply having heard something about those kind of interests and was familiar with the popularity of Gor chat sites and the Gor simulation and that it surprisingly catered for a predominately female audience. I then remembered, as we wandered the street, of an interesting statistic that indicated that there was another interesting large sub group of women, who visited these worlds. Those into playing the male roles, enjoying transgender play so to speak. I couldn’t help chuckling at the next group of men past as I pondered if any were actually women. Assam asked what was so funny but I refrained from answering.

BROTHEL VISIT

The brothel Assam selected was equally intriguing and similarly disturbing if in other ways. The building on the outside was relatively plain, having high windowless mud brick walls, but inside it was so intricate and detailed that it took your breath away. Its entrance was more ornate than the most intrigant Harem scene I had previously observed from those famous 19th Century Orientalist painters. It was an enormous facility full of woman specializing in all possible forms of sexual perversion imaginable. It was actually too much of a culture shock for me and in spite of having just come from a slave market I found the degradation of the female inmates appalling. I in fact again voiced my concerns to Assam. He however once more shrugged it off and said “Leave your western sensibilities behind here. God created woman to pleasure men, they are clearly inferior to us on all counts and generally do not complain about their status”

I could accept they may not complain due to fear but I couldn’t believe that they were happy in such subservient roles. I knew it was very wrong but I let him lead me on and within the brothel did enjoy the power that such a position gives a male. I could understand why paternalistic societies would be so resistant to change, at least from the males. Who however would wish to be a female in such a cruelly sexist society?

THE CENTRAL MARKET BAZAAR

Our last major visit on that first day was to the Grand central market bazaar. At it you could buy almost anything but people (that was the sole prerogative of the slave market visited earlier). There were an immense variety of foods, clothes, ornaments, trinkets and animals on sale. During our sojourn we meet again that bossy and overbearing woman from the slave market and this time she insisted on introductions. Assam to my on going regret obliged.

"I'm Elsa" she loudly declared as she poked our cards in response to Assam's introductions "You must take this doll to see the magic section, we're heading that way so why don't you join us"

Those words, I now belief led to my current predicament as surely as an arrow fired at the heart will kill. At the time however I was blissfully ignorant of what twisted fate my future held.

Before we knew it, we were both being directed into a rather dark alley that opened to a small courtyard. It was I must admit, an absolutely amazing place, as everything magical from 1001 nights was available for sale in that section, plus more. There were magic carpets, invisibility cloaks and all sorts of potions and transforming devices. There were magical skins that would make some one look like a pig, a dog or almost any animal.

Elsa particularly made sure I saw the skins for looking like a woman. In her normal loud fashion she declared "Assam you should buy one for our shy friend, it's probably the only way he'll get to know a woman's body properly"

Assam laughed loudly but again I took the bait and became very defensive. That of course only encouraged her to bait me further "John you do make to much of a fuss on the matter, I believe secretly you want to be feminised. Maybe I'll buy you a suit and send it discretely to you residence" turning to Assam she winked and said, "What do you think?"

Much to my chagrin Assam laughed loudly and played along "Good idea! The skin suit however isn't the only option is it, maybe he would prefer an alternative more permanent solution, as it is rather easy to get in and out of the skin you know"

"Of course" Elsa responded excitedly, clearly enjoying the sport "he could use one of the those medallions or potions that make you look like the person whose clothing you last touched, or there is that water from the maiden spring"

"That would be good as it turns you into your fantasy woman doesn't it" Assam excitedly declared

"Indeed, they use the water as a punishment in some villages" with a shudder she added "Most peoples sexual fantasy are generally a horrible thing to be, serves them right I suppose"

Turning to me she asked "and what would your fantasy girl be like John?" Before I could answer she said riley "Big breasted, blond and stupid I suppose. You better not use that option then"

Turning to Assam she matter of factly added "Women would make much better choices as their fantasy men would be much less two dimensional"

"Women are of course generally kept well away from the maiden spring and its waters, as I suppose otherwise we would have no woman. Who would want to be female when you could be a male? I gather it is a very serious offence to give to a woman isn't it" Assam baited

"Yes" Elsa snapped back " but where there is a will there is a way. Mind you whilst I do not wish to be a slave to a man, I have no personal desire to be one and I'm sure there are some men who want to be women, even in this backward world"

Then to me she said with a grin "Like you perhaps John?"

I stared back at her stony faced and held my tongue, having learnt that any response seemed to worsen the situation.

After I didn't reply she further asked "Well you'd probably want a less permanent option to start with so I suppose its back to the skin then?"

When I again didn't bite she turned regally on her heels haughtily saying "Anyway I must go, let me know how much you like the special gift I'll send you latter" she winked "If you would like to know more about being female you can always catch me at Helgoth's café and if you particularly like it I could arrange to make your transformation more permanent"

With that she departed and left us to continue exploring in peace. I hoped she was only joking and didn't send me anything as my apartment was next to Assam's and he would give me hell if she did.

Chapter 2: WEARING THE MAGIC SKIN FOR THE FIRST TIME

Unfortunately much to my embarrassment a large parcel was waiting for me on my return to the apartment that night and as I feared Assam insisted that I open it in his presence. As suspected it contained a female body skin and an accompanying collection of feminine harem type clothing. On top of these was a single card that simply said, "ENJOY".

"You are going to put it on for me aren't you?" Assam chided

"No way" I testily replied

"I've worn one you know are you just scared you might like it?" he teased back

"No...but" I answered confused

"Well here's a chance to see what it's like to be a woman, where else could you experience that?" he pointed out

He continued badgering me in a similar vein until I eventually agreed to try it on. Reluctantly I went to my room and stripped and then with a large sigh gingerly stepped into the skin. As I closed the catch in the neck I noticed the material of the suit start to transform and miraculously become just like my own skin. The breast felt real and like they be-

longed to me, as did the rather moist vagina I found between my legs when I inserted my fingers in that private area. The suit even changed my voice into a sweet feminine pitch and considerably reduced my size. After my transformation I was a rather petite 5'2", fair skinned, blue eyed blond rather than my former solid 6'5". I couldn't start to imagine how such a thing was even possible. Rather hesitantly I walked out to the living room in which Assam had been waiting patiently.

As I entered Assam clapped his hands with glee then gave a wolf's whistle as he saw the beautiful female form I had acquired. On Assam's further insistence I briefly donned some of the feminine finery that had come with the suit. This included a green and gold coloured belly dancing costume, which for some odd reason took my fancy. It included a jewelled bra, panties, waist belt and transparent pantaloon trousers and veil and copious amounts of costume jewellery.

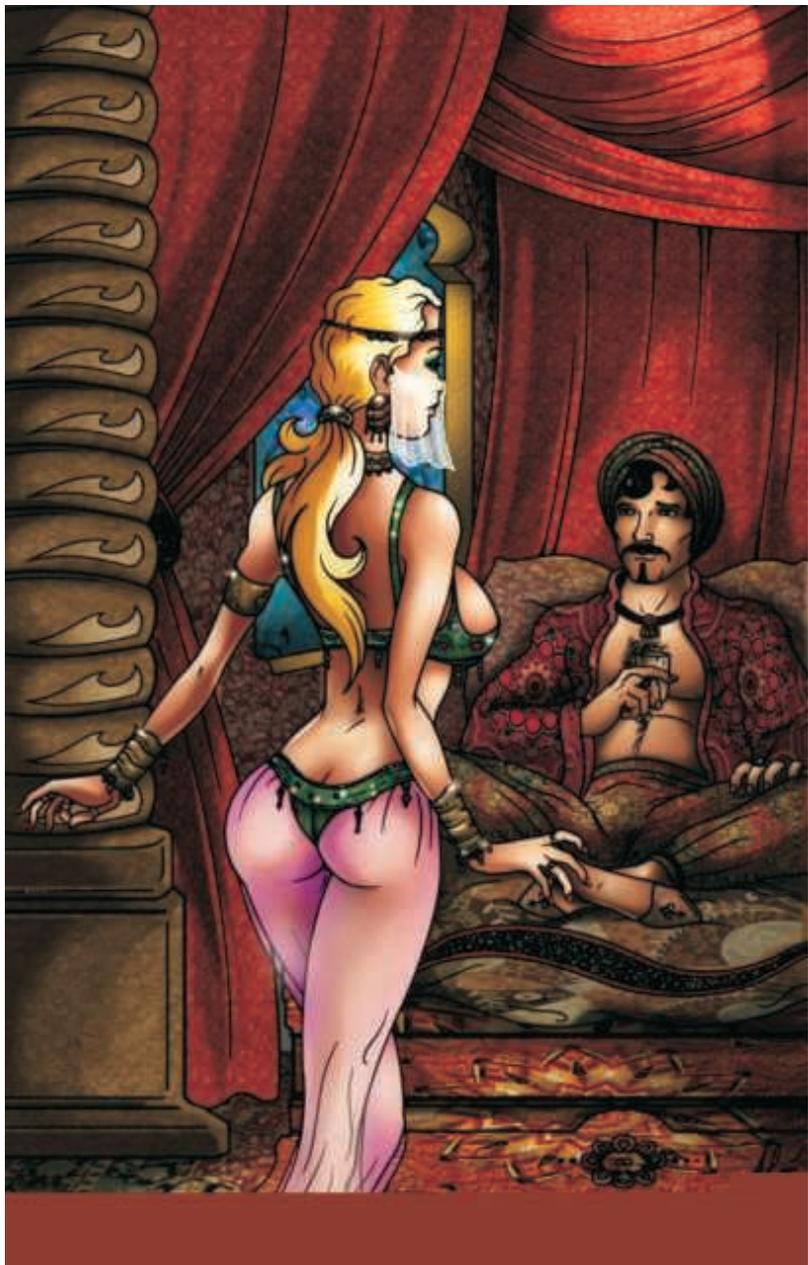
Once I was dressed in that finery I nervously walked out of my room and paraded before Assam he gave a rather feral grin then declared "Very good dear, the clothes set of your assets wonderfully. However given you are now dressed as a dancer I insist that you perform before me"

I blushed and softly whined back "Assam I know nothing of dancing and I'll just look the fool"

He laughed "You already look the fool just give it a go, what do you have to lose?"

He continued to taunt me in the same way until I made a ham fisted attempt at belly dancing. Although I had seen many girls dance it proved much more difficult than I had Imagined.

"Pretty poor but still sexy" Assam laughed as he watched my clumsy dance efforts "But nothing a few lessons with a whip mistress wouldn't solve. I can arrange that you know. Or would you prefer to expe-



rience sex as a woman? I can oblique there too if you want.... right now even" he added rather crudely.

At that point I went as white as a ghost and decided to immediately remove the skin, just in case he got any further ideas. As well as my obvious revulsion at the idea of having sex with Assam I had heard that having sex in one of these magical skin suits might make it very difficult if not impossible to remove. I certainly wasn't keen to take such a risk.

Much to my everlasting shame I didn't however dispose of the body suit or clothes even though I declared that was what I was going to do. I even made a show of putting them in the bin. I however secretly reclaimed them latter that evening as much to my great horror during the donning I had found that a part of me enjoyed the experience and wanted to try it again.

After that I secretly donned the skin almost each night I was alone. Whilst I enjoyed feeding my perverse curiosity I made sure I kept my desires very secret and limited to my private rooms. I would have been absolutely mortified if anyone else knew especially Assam.

Assam of course made sure we visited Helgoth's Café so I could personally thank Elsa for her gift. She was very thrilled that I had actually donned it, but disappointed that I apparently didn't wish to go further. "I was hoping for a new sister" she declared "Maybe you'll change your mind in the future and I can show you the ropes, we could have so much fun together"

Alas part of me would have liked to scream yes, however I equally new how important it was to keep my fantasies secret.

Chapter 3: ENTERING THE FORTUNE TELLERS TENT

The next day I walked once more down the twisting alley, but this time on my own. It was fun to be exploring on my own and allowed me to savour the myriad sights, sounds, smells and people of this ancient cosmopolitan city at my own pace. I was greatly enjoying myself when I found that I had suddenly come to the edges of the city itself, where stone and tile give way to a dinghy shantytown of tents, caravans and covered wagons. I noticed naked children, both boys and girls running about the dirt streets, giggling and cavorting about with obvious joy. I also noticed nomads and camel herders looking up from narligahs and old men drinking tea and play parchisi or halma.

Just as I was soaking in the local atmosphere, a stooped and cowed figure called out to me from the entrance of a sagging camel hide tent and in a sibilant voice exclaimed, "Let an old seer read you your fortunes" As a wrinkled hand beckoned from the tent flap, I struggled to make out the features of this bent creature, but her face was hidden in the shadows of her hood.

"John, I see your various foes seek to entrap you in this world, some bearing the mask of friends. It seems if you do not manage things properly that your long-term prospects are most assuredly enslavement and sweat feminine bondage ... three times I see you will be trapped in feminine finery and the chains of a slave ...and the last you will never be able

to escape ...but for a small price I can pierce the veil of the future and tell you your ultimate fate and how to avoid it" the wizened old hag beckoned me again to enter through her heavily curtained entrance.

In the real world, I was, usually not all interested in fortunetellers and their ilk, considering them basically charlatans, but for some reason this crone's words stroked a chord of dread within me and more than pique my curiosity. I was also more than vaguely perplexed as to how she knew my name, given I had never before ventured into those parts. With little better to do I followed her into her sagging tent. Within its dusky interior a brazier burnt away and released a pleasant, though pungent resin smoke.

"Sit, relax sir, you are safe here, far safer than many other places in this world anyways," she said as she ushered me towards some opulent pillows decorated with sun, moon and star symbols. As I seated myself on those cushions I noted a small nondescript table in front of me, covered with entrails, casting bones and other weird tools of divination. The ancient seer then sat herself down on the other side of the table and motioned through the smoke from the brazier in slow oblique movements, humming softly to herself. At first I had to avoid a desire to giggle, as it seemed so staged and just like in the movies, I then however blinked in the haze and stared nervously into her hooded visage as something just didn't seem right about her. Within her hood, I was just able to see the glimmer of her dark eyes. I then noticed that eyes seemed to move about, floating queerly. One seemed to blink shut whilst another winked open, like anemones in the benighted sea. I wondered if it could be some simple sorcerers trick or if the cloying smoke might be having some strange narcotic effect on me, but to my growing unease this hag definitely seemed to have more than two eyes. I noticed the hairs rise on the back of my neck.

"You said you could tell me of my future?" I nervously prompted, trying to break my strange dread, but also wanting to get things over and done with as soon as possible.

"Yes," she says, "for a price."

"And what might that be?"

She chuckled and her laugh ended in a tittering little hiss. "Nothing you cannot afford. So tell me what you wish to see?"

"We must agree on the price before you show me," I carefully stated "Only a fool enters into a deal without knowing the price"

"True. Then perhaps a taste to whet your appetite," she says, "no cost. Do you agree?"

I nodded my head "If its free sure"

"Good, I shall show you your probable final fate in this world, if my advice is not heeded..." she waited patiently for my response.

After gulping loudly I finally slowly nodded my head, "Yes indeed show me."

The smoke in the room then swirled in a most disturbing manner and gathered before my eyes, creating a thick veil around my face. Crackling with lights and energy as it engulfed my entire body. I blinked and coughed, my eyes watering and my head swimming from the effects of the strange smoke. Then there were sudden bright flashes before my eyes and the room began to spin and then to my amazement the tent and its crone appeared to vanish.

As the smoke cleared, I then found myself standing in one of the palatial rooms of that high-class brothel that Assam was so keen on. There was no sign of me but there was Assam banging away at a most attractive raven-haired whore. To my surprise I liked his taste as she was very like my fantasy woman, right down to her hair colour, breast size and body build. It was disturbingly uncanny. The pretty whore moaned with an obvious animal like lust, bringing Assam and herself very skillfully to a shared orgasm, a girl who clearly loved her trade. It was weird watching this scene invisible to both participants. I felt a little like a Voyeur, and decided rather lustfully that I needed to cheek her out myself, if she was real of course.

Whilst they were relaxing in an obvious post coital bliss, Assam chuckled and patted her gently on the head in a rather endearing fashion "It is always a joy to visit you Tahirah, you are by far the best whore here, so well trained and obedient"

She blushed with an obvious pride in her trade "Thank you Master you are too kind"

Assam chuckled "and to think I once detested sharing a room with you, I do find your current form and nature much more pleasing"

I then went rather cold as I considered Assam's words and then noticed in dreadful confirmation that the pretty girl had the same butterfly tattoo on her wrist as I bore. At that point the reality of what I was seeing finally sank in. Somehow the hallucinogenic tableau I had been watching was implying that I was meant to become the girl I had been observing like some dirty voyeur.

The scene then faded almost as suddenly as it had appeared and I found myself back in the seers tent my heart racing, probably beating at well over 120 beats a minutes. With some evident relief my cursory check of my form revealed that I was indeed still male and still wearing my masculine street clothes. Fortunately nothing important had changed whilst I had been experiencing that bizarre and sophisticated hallucination.

Shuddering badly and sweating profusely from my rather unsettling experience, you gaze back at the seer, through the smoky haze of her tent and almost stuttered "Um not at all keen on that ending, but it can not be possible, I can not be forced to become a girl, I stipulated that in my contract"

She chuckles softly and nodded her hooded head "Hmm not surprised by that at all John, didn't think you would like, but in spite your carefully worded contract, it is your most probable fate. You may not be able to be forced to becoming a woman but you can be tricked into choosing to be one as a woman your enslavement is no longer a contractual problem. Too avoid that or a similar fate there are four things you must be careful of, don't trust Assam, reject apparent gifts from untrustworthy sources, be very cautious of anything you agree to do and be rather careful of whom you offend"

I frowned slightly not considering those words particularly helpful or deep for that matter, but refrained from comment, still rather spooked by what I had just seen.

The seer then sways slightly "So John want to see more?"

I carefully shook my head "No I've seem enough now thank" and stood to leave.

The seers voice was clearly disappointed as I made my way to the tent flap "Its your life John, but do be careful, try to heed my words and listen to what Elsa has to say, unlike Assam she has your best interests at heart"

I left that fortunetellers tent somewhat shaken by what she had both shown me and warned me of. I obviously didn't want that fate but at the same time I couldn't imagine Assam betraying me, nor could I see any value in listening to that painful woman. Elsa always seemed to push all the wrong buttons in me and if anyone wanted me in skirts it was certainly she. In the end I dismissed most of what the seer showed me as simple magic tricks enhanced by some powerful hallucinogen designed to play upon ones worse fears and get you hooked for more. I actually thought little more on the matter until much latter.

Chapter 4: BROTHEL DRAMAS

During the next few days I also took time to further experience, the pleasure of the brothel slaves at a number of the higher-class establishments. Although the city had a true red light district, Assam shunned it in preference to using establishments with specially trained slaves and given I only went with Assam they were the establishments I was forced to frequent. Many of the slaves were of course simply captured whores, but some had been specially trained as sex slaves as either some form of personal punishment or to humiliate a broader family group. There was no lower form of slave than those that were incarcerated in a brothel, nor any greater shame to a family. Assam told me that a number of the slaves were actually former men who lacked the courage to suicide. Whilst such a fate horrified me, I also must admit to having had a secret curiosity as to what it would be like. This knowledge however didn't change how I treated any of them and in fact seemed to feed my desire to dominate.

After visiting one flash establishment on more than one occasion, I felt something like a regular. As I mentioned before the number of options and forms of sex available there was mind boggling, but up to that visit I had been very conservative in my selections. I boasted to Assam that I was however prepared to try anything now.

Given that I wanted to be adventuresome, the whip mistress suggested I simply spin the wheel to select my next experience. In the foyer of the establishment was an enormous wheel that had separate numbers for all of the various specialties of the house. Assam dared me to accept whatever the spin delivered.

The whip Mistress laughed when it landed on twenty and said "I'm sure you will find this experience very illuminating" and turning to Assam added "won't he Assam"

"Indeed he will," grinned Assam "Can I watch?"

I wondered whether I should back out of this dare "This isn't going to hurt me is it?"

"Of course not sir, we never do anything that would permanently harm a client. You have my guarantee that you will leave tomorrow just as you entered tonight, if that's what you wish" she finished with a wink.

"Will you tell me what it is then?"

Just as the Whip Mistress appeared to be about to say something Assam cut in with a sharp "NO, that would not be part of the dare, I think you will learn from tonight's experience and probably enjoy it. Either do it or admit your cowardice"

Reluctantly I agreed and followed the whip mistress upstairs. I rationalized to myself that it could not be that bad, and sex however kinky could not kill you.

When I got to the room I was expecting something quite kinky, but to my surprise, the room was set up simply like a king or prince's sleeping quarters. A fantasy I had indulged on a number of occasions.

The room even had some "potential" slave girls sitting on the floor. "Sir your nights entertainment is to first select the girl you find most charming. After she has satisfied your sexual lusts and deepest desires, you will watch as each girl in turn is branded, collared and dressed appropriately for slave training and sale at the auctions"

The girls were all dressed in western clothes of a 1950's vintage and all had a quite western look to them, half being actually blond. They almost looked like some victims of a white slave trading ring. "Are the girls actually going to be sold after my session?" I queried.

"No sir" she answered, "these girls are just being reminded that they could be sold at anytime if they do not please me, the master or a client. Also sir you are not allowed to show mercy or demand that events of the evening must stop, as all the girls here must be re-branded and collared. Also if you are silly enough to try and plead it to stop your commands will be ignored by the eunuch. Is that clearly understood?"

"Yes, but why would I want to stop it?" "You may have your reasons, western sensibilities or personal weakness I suppose. Whatever enjoy the night," she concluded as she left and locked the door. That somewhat disturbed me as it wasn't normal practice, but then I rationalized that it was simply to stop me backing out of my dare.

As I looked at the beautiful maidens before me, I thought that there was obviously some catch here, but I couldn't for the life of me work it out. The girls all seemed harmless and well covered and the Eunuch would always have to obey the Master in all things over than the collaring and branding and it was the girls not me who were going to receive that.

Giving up on my speculations, I went up to the girls to select my passion slave for the night. To my surprise they all were very keen to be selected. Given that the main evening's entertainment was meant to be their collaring and branding afterwards I thought they would be much more subdued. I was disturbed but I again managed to once more rationalize to myself, I concluded that the display was just a product of their good training.

Nevertheless, I felt compelled to ask, "Are you being punished by coming here"

"No sir" one answered "we all very much want to be here and have the magical chance to sleep with you. We hope it might even be a life changing event for us"

I blushed somewhat at the implied compliment "You flatter me pretty ones, but I don't expect you will find my sex world changing"

With great earnestness one politely replied "You underestimate the magic of sex here Master, it will indeed potentially be a life changing experience for one of us"

I laughed at that and said "Oh well, I am afraid then that five of you will be disappointed"

They all nodded their pretty heads sadly and then started to giggle uncontrollably.

I looked at the six of them somewhat disconcertedly sure I was missing something.

"Sir do you know what will happen tonight?" the same girl asked, somewhat tentatively after regaining control.

"Other than the collaring and the branding of you girls, No. I came to this room sort of as a dare" I smiled back

She and the others giggled again and then after taking a deep breath she continued "Master I'm sure you will be surprised how things unfold and I am sure you will learn much tonight about the fairer sex" I felt very uneasy then as it was the same statement as the whip mistress had made.

After I was silent for a few moments a different girl asked "Do you not think it cruel that we are to be branded and collared?"

"I suppose it is the fate of slaves, I do not care greatly" I responded trying to sound like a local male.

"Perhaps you might feel differently if it was your butt" she teased back, to which all of the girls giggled.

"Is anyone going to tell me what is going on here," I demanded

They all grinned and in unison shook their pretty heads.

I realized they were not going to tell me more so decided I might as well simply go along with my selection and see what would happen. All the girls were very pretty so in the end I simply selected the bold blond girl who had answered my initial question.

"Thank you sir" she answered with very clear delight.

I felt somewhat flattered in spite of suspecting it was something of a con, but took my selected beauty up to the very large bed placed in the middle of the room.

Once on the bed she quickly took off her dress and wiggled her butt at me "You like what you see?" she teased.

"Very much" I answered.

"You find me pretty and well formed then?"

"Petal you are like an angel, I can see no flaw in you beautiful body"

"You want to get in my panties real bad then?" she asked with a wicked grin.

"Yes very much" I replied and with humour added "they are very pretty, but not as nice as the treasure they cover".

"Then you like my body very much, tell me how much you want it," she cheekily said.

"I want you real bad" I played along.

"Do you want my boobies?" she asked as she took her bra off and fondled her breasts.

"Yes" I answered

As she took off her panties she continued "and my pussy?"

"Yes I want every inch of you"

"Good I want your body real bad to, you can't guess how much I want your penis and how much I want you inside me"

I smiled at that and said "my treasure come to me and let us share our lust and bodies and fulfil each others dreams"

"Your wish is my command, as this is my greatest dream," she said as she coupled with me. The sex itself was fairly brief as I had been highly aroused before starting and quickly felt my penis wanting to explode into this lovely creature's wet and tight love channel. When my climax however did hit it exploded through my body into the greatest orgasm I had ever experienced, it was world-changing sex after all I briefly mused. I felt like I was literally leaving my body.

Then things suddenly went very strange and I momentarily blacked out. When I recovered I noticed that we must have rolled and switched positions. I felt very woozy and weak and felt the weight of the girl pressing down on me. As she moved off me, I got a shock, as she looked very different to what I remembered. In fact, she now looked just like me instead of the girl she had been. I then realized that I also looked different and as the reality dawned, I let out a large high-pitched scream of shock.

"My little slave girl has suddenly realized the purpose of this room. It is so precious mostly we get effeminate men, not someone who took a dare. I will greatly enjoy your strong masculine body as well as your degradation and humiliation tonight," said the transformed woman.

I drew away from him and started shaking uncontrollably. After that all I could manage to do was mumble, "I don't want to be a woman"

The transformed woman simply ignored my distress and ordered, "Put back on my clothes and join the other girls"

This callousness inspired a reaction in me and I responded, "I do not wish to put on such things and I demand to be changed back".

"That will not be happening tonight. You have one more chance to do what I demand or be punished" he answered with a clear and growing anger.

I still refused to do as ordered and pouted back at him "Change me back now I've had enough of this"

My former self nodded at the bemused eunuch, who simply grabbed me and started to flay my bottom with a small whip. The whip actually drew blood and I was shocked by how much it hurt. After six strokes he asked me "will you now do as the Master asks?"

Not wishing more damage to my posterior, I silently nodded my compliance.

"Good" said the Master with clear glee "you will also learn to be compliant in many other ways tonight"

I gathered up her clothes and tried to work out how to put them on. I had no problem with the panties and quickly stepped into those, but the bra confused me. It was very different from the local clothes I had experimented with. Seeing my confusion he turned to

one of the other five women and ordered "one of you go and help this stupid slave girl who can not even remember how to dress"

Silently one of the girls came forward and helped me dress. After helping me get my boobs into the bra she put the suspender belt around my waist and connected the stockings to it. She also helped me into the petticoat and dress.

The master then got me to turn around and show of my clothes, he then asked me to lift my dress up and placed his hand on the elastic of my panties. With a wicked grin he said "I'm sure you didn't expect your wish to get in my panties would be so literally delivered. I hope you enjoy your finery more than me"

I silently stared back at him to shocked to answer.

"Is that a no then?" he said with a devilish grin

To both of us he then said, "You may both rejoin the others"

I then followed the women who had helped dress me back to where the other women sat and after sitting started to once more rock in a distressed and somewhat lost manner. One of them put an arm around my shoulder to try and calm me and gently said "Don't worry dear the branding and collaring don't hurt that much, all of the rest of us have gone through it many times before" I then started to sob uncontrollably as I had forgotten that aspect of the nights entertainment.

"How sweet" said the Master to the girl consoling me and then turning to me sneered and said "How pathetic you are, in spite of your whimpering, it is however time to get down to the real business of the evening"

"Sacros pick the first girl for branding and collaring, but please however make sure you leave my little lovebird to last. Particularly given she has only just got properly dressed"

The eunuch unceremoniously grabbed one of the women by the arm and led her to a table construction in the corner of the room. She went silently and did not complain or resist in any way. Her passivity to her plight was quite unnerving. Once at the table, the eunuch literally ripped her clothes off her and then immobilized her naked body on the table. Various straps were then applied to her form conspiring to immobilize her arms, legs, neck and torso.

Sacros then measured the women's neck and selected a suitable slave collar from a wicker basket full of them. This was then locked around her neck and a molten piece of lead was placed in it to make its removal very difficult. The message was meant to be clear to the rest of us that this was one collar that wouldn't be coming off soon. Next the eunuch heated a fine silver filigree brand and once satisfied with its heat, forced it onto the flesh of her left thigh. The women let out a loud scream and the smell of burning flesh was quite apparent to the rest of. The eunuch however simply ignored the protestations of the poor girl and continued to his next stage of slave marking. For this he used tattooing equipment to place a number and symbol below the freshly applied brand mark. The girl only wriggled slightly whilst that painful process occurred.