

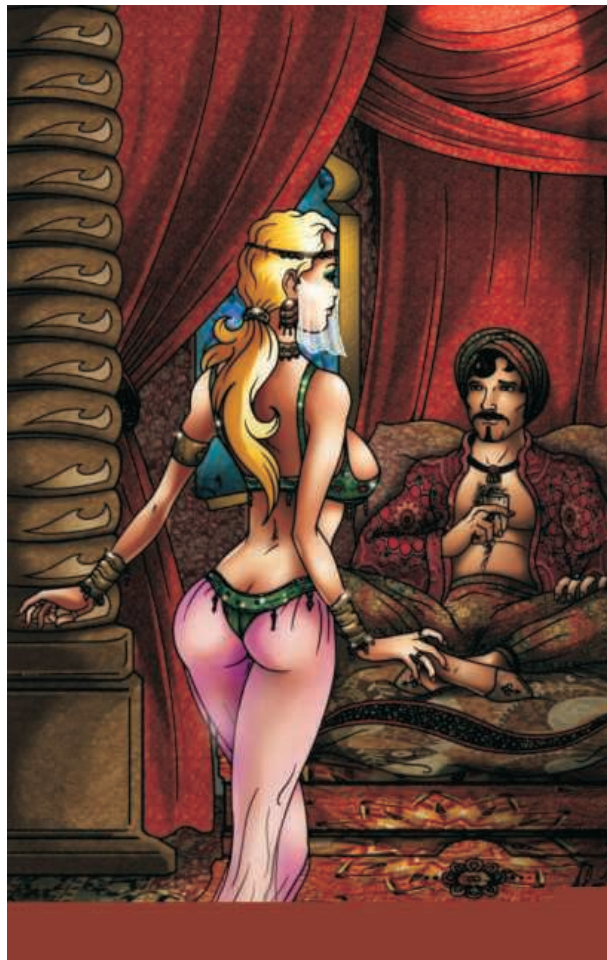


*Reluctant Press* presents:

# ARABIAN NIGHTS

*A VIRTUAL REALITY NIGHTMARE*

Marrissa Greene



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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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 19<sup>th</sup> 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 asked 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 19<sup>th</sup> 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.

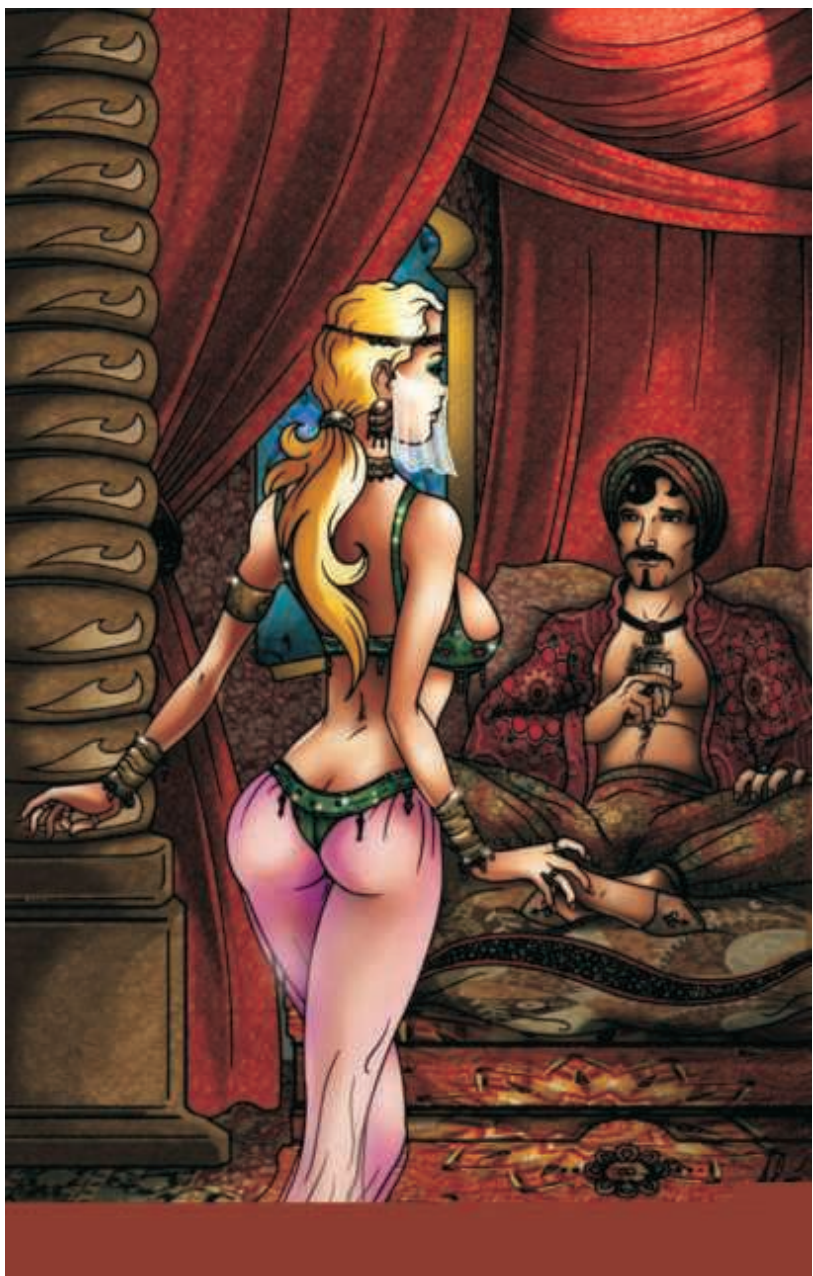
Once I was dressed in that finery I nervously walked out of my room and paraded before Assam he gave a rather feral grin then declared "Very good dear, the clothes set of your assets wonderfully. However given you are now dressed as a dancer I insist that you perform before me"

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 creatures 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 women.

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 women"

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.

When he had completed that the immobilized girl was released and given a silk bag, containing a salve for her fresh brand and local slave clothes. Without comment she applied the salve and quickly dressed into her new clothes.

In a similar fashion the other four women were processed. It was then obviously my turn.

The master gave me an evil grin and said "its now your turn sweet one, I'm afraid tonight you are no different from any of the other girls here"

I desperately pleaded "please don't do this, I don't want to be branded"

He simply glowered at me and in a matter of fact way declared, "I'm afraid there is no way to escape your fate, and you are being more of a sissy than any of the true women have been. As you said earlier tonight this is simply the lot of slaves and is of no significance, so pretty one experience this insignificance first hand"

The eunuch then grabbed me and dragged me screaming to the table. I of course struggled as much as possible; but that did not prevent my eventual stripping and strapping to the table for my final humiliation. It only gave me some serious bruises and additional whip marks to show for my fruitless efforts.

When I realized that there was no escape I thought I would at least avoid giving them the pleasure of me screaming when branded. To my chagrin I of course screamed just as loudly as any of the other slaves when branded and possibly more as in spite of my earlier reassurances it was so incredibly painful. Also to my great mortification I wet myself, my pee poured down my legs to puddle beneath me. This caused a lot of tittering from the other girls and for the master to shake his head and proclaim, "What a pathetic woos you are, you obviously belong in that collar"

I cringed at his words feeling miserable and deeply shamed. He grinned malevolently at me obviously enjoying my distress "Now you are a collared beast, you will obey my every word and call me Master. You will also respect the Eunuch and likewise call him Master is that clear?"

I miserably nodded my head and not wishing another whipping softly muttered "Yes Master"

He still gave the right cheek of my bottom a vicious lash and leaned forward "What was that again? I didn't hear it the first time"

This time I almost shouted "Yes Master"

He grinned satisfied with that "Good girl, now you are a beast I also have naming rights over you, whilst I have let the other girls keep there names, I do not feel John is an appropriate name for one as pretty as you so I have decided to call you Petal. So what is your name dear? So all can hear"

I shout back "This beasts name is now Petal Master"

He then leaned forward and lightly patted me softly on my head "Good girl now I will release you from the branding wrack and wish you to go and join your chain sisters"

After my release I quickly joined the other women, not wishing to receive any more strikes from that whip. I was quickly appreciating why slave girls became so compliant.

The salve did reduce the pain on my thigh, but not my loss of face. I felt violated and degraded by the whole process and extremely angry. I could also imagine Assam gloating at my predicament and despairingly guessed he was probably watching right now. I wondered how anyone could want to actually go through this sort of process voluntarily. I gingerly stepped into the red and gold panties provided in my silk bag, not wanting to aggravate my brand and tattoo. I then put on the matching halter and waist belt with a clearly practiced ease. One of the other girls noticed and giggled "Are you sure you didn't know what was going to happen as you seem rather competent in putting on that halter and belt"

I blushed a bright crimson and ignored her comments as I stepped into the transparent pantaloon trousers and applied my veil and various jewellery items. My silk bag had also included a number of cheapish bracelets, anklets and earrings. Rather quickly I found myself dressed just like the other girls, except of course for the colour of my clothes as each of us had a different colour scheme. To my shame I also realized I was just as covered as the other girls.

That however was not the end of my humiliation. The master then ordered the eunuch to train his new girls in simple dance steps and general obedience.

The eunuch singled me out and made an unpleasant smile my way "Now Petal, the other girls already know how to dance, but I suspect you might not"

I blushed a bright red and nodded my head "No Master"

He gave an even crueller smile "Thought not, OK petal showed us all what you can do anyway"

Not having a clue as to how to dance but having heard my Masters command and not



wishing another whipping I literally leaped into it. Naturally, given it was only my second attempt (if you included that embarrassing earlier display before Assam), my performance was more than a little ham fisted. Although I had since seen many girls dance, belly dancing proved much more difficult than I could have imagined.

My Masters laughed and gave me curious grins, then the Eunuch declared "That was pretty poor Petal but it still was sexy so I think you might be a natural" I smiled and almost preened surprisingly pleased by its praise, then blushed brightly as I caught myself doing so.

The Eunuch smiled kindly then added "There was nothing wrong with that performance that a few lessons with me or a whip Mistress wouldn't solve"

The Master then called loudly "Basra, Vishba come"

Two of the other pretty slave girls came quickly across to where you were and smiled brightly at the Master, before kneeling before him and in unison they asked "Yes Master?"

Our Master grinned brightly at the two "I wish you both to perform renditions of some of the basic dance movements so that our new girl Petal can start to learn how to dance. Please start with showing first the basic stance and a three step turn"

The girls obediently nodded at the Master then gracefully leaped to their feet and gave beautiful examples of both the basic stance and the three step turn.

He then turned to you "Now Petal I wish you to copy first the stance then the turn"

I smiled back at him somewhat nervously, taking my cue from the other girls. I then carefully tried to imitate the stance the other girls had taken. Whilst I was attempting to do that my Master barked out various commands "Now Petal make sure you stand with your feet slightly apart, approximately hip or shoulder width, with both feet flat on the ground and your toes pointing forward. Make sure that your weight is evenly distributed between both feet and that you feel solidly connected to the ground. Make sure that your knees start out slightly bent. Keep them relaxed, flexible, and ready for movement. Also ensure that your hips and pelvis are centred and held level to the ground and that your ribcage is pulled gently up with the stomach held comfortably in. Petal your shoulders should also be relaxed back and down. Be also aware of your centre axis, or vertical body alignment. You can imagine a line running from the top of your head, through the centre of your torso, and exiting between your feet"

I made subtle adjustments as he pointed out each aspect of the basic stance. He then gave me a bright smile as a reward for my efforts and softly praised me "Good girl I knew you were a natural. Now watch the girls do a three step turn"

And so on it went for the rest of the night as I gradually mastered the basic steps of belly dancing.

The dance we all finally performed for the master was a rather erotic one I had already seen frequently performed, but that did not ease my embarrassment as a man to be doing it.

I also hated having to practice my subservience to the master. Repeatedly we all had to take it in turns to say how much we loved being the Masters slaves and how nothing would be a greater honour to ones as low as ourselves. Inadequate performances received

immediate punishments of varying degrees of pain. At the same time we were also given a special potion to increase our submissiveness between dances.

All the time the Master and his Eunuch watched on with obvious pleasure. By the early hours of the morning I was exhausted and finding my subservience gradually becoming increasingly automatic. I was scared how quickly it was happening. That night none of us of course were allowed any sleep.

The next morning the Master again separated me from the other women. On his bed he told me "Petal you are making good progress and I am pleased with you. You clearly would make a very good slave girl"

"Thank you Master" I beamed back, with carefully averted eyes.

"Do you like being my slave, little one?"

"Yes Master" I automatically responded "it is the highest honour one lowly as myself could obtain"

"That is good answer" he chuckled, clearly pleased "then you wouldn't mind being my slave forever then?"

"No Master" I answered then suddenly realizing the danger of what I was saying I quickly added, "I however have other commitments today, that must take precedent"

"Alas you are to quick for me" he said with a down turned face displaying great disappointment "you would be surprised how many men have agreed to stay a slave in your circumstances. Clearly I will not be leaving this place today after all"

After a moments silence he sparked up again and said "Would you like to try sex as women, maybe that would change your mind?"

"I would indeed Master, but I do not think I will change my mind" I answered

"We will see" then he chuckled.

Sex as a woman did indeed prove to be pleasant and indeed better than I had experienced as a man. Sex on its own however was definitely not enough to overcome the over problems of such a station in life.

Shortly after my sexual interlude the whip mistress entered and I was transferred back to my former body. Given I had not fallen into the trap it was both a very pleased and angry self that stood before her. I hurtled all sorts of abuse at her and latter at the brothel owner himself. Nothing would contain my anger in regard to the treatment I had received. I new I had overstepped the mark in terms of what was considered appropriate in this land but I didn't care, as I had no intention of ever returning there. I also refused to pay, although Assam stepped in with the cash to stop creating a scene.

The Whip Mistress gave me one of the dirtiest looks I had ever seen as I finally walked out of the building, but her final comment was bland and surprisingly mild, she simply said "John you will not be welcome here again unless your manners considerably improve and even then you will have to pay for what have said and done this morning"

As we left Assam gritted his teeth and sardonically said "Be careful in future you fool, you have unnecessarily made an enemy of that whip mistress, in this place you will find

that it can be extremely dangerous to make enemies, pray that you never find yourself at her tender mercy”

“Assam, a man at the mercy of a woman, not likely in this world” I retorted angrily

“True but fate can be strange here, so be careful as the tables can be easily turned and have you not learnt anything from your experience last night?” he cryptically concluded.

## Chapter 5: CAFÉ STORIES AND RESCUING A PRINCESS

After the humiliation at the brothel I had deliberately avoided going to Hogaths Café, just in case Assam relayed my sorry story to Elsa. Unfortunately the effort was in vain as at a completely different café we still managed to run into her. I felt she was like a bad penny always turning up when not wanted. She of course recognized us and came up to introduce her docile new slave to the two of us “Sir this is my Eve, isn’t she delightful. Tell this young master how much you adore me”

The slave turned to me and said in a sickly sweet voice, “I love my Mistress and adore the earth she walks on”

Elsa smiled at that and softly said as she played with her slave’s collar “Now tell this Master about how you became my slave, I don’t think he believed my earlier story”

The slave girl became quite red faced and after pausing she started saying with down turned eyes “Once I was Elsa’s lover, but I decided to leave her for another woman. Elsa however kidnapped us both, my new love was sold as a sex slave and she had me transformed into a woman, the exact duplicate of my new love. So that every time I stand in front of a mirror I am doubly reminded of my loss. I was then trained for six months so I could be a good personal slave and so I would be forever be loyal to Elsa”

Elsa wickedly grinned at me “The earlier offer still stands. I could arrange the same treatment for you sweetie. My sister would love her own former male slave. Both of us just love the idea of turning men into pathetic passive little femme creatures. Particularly ones like you who are half way there”

I went very red faced and wished that I could either flee the place or she would miraculously vanish. As I’ve said before, she just seemed to have the knack of pushing all my wrong buttons and unfortunately new it.

Instead of leaving us in peace, she however insisted that we join her for coffee and Assam surprisingly agreed. I could never work out what he found in the woman or why he even tolerated her. I would have preferred to quickly leave the establishment as irrationally I somehow felt she was responsible for what had happened in the Brothel. I knew at very least she was responsible for my new found feminine curiosities that damned skin had awakened in me. Somehow I also feared that she knew of my secret and somehow could look into my soul. During our coffee she continued to regale us with tales of other hapless males who all seemed to end up as females in some form of slave bondage. Most of the men were transformed involuntarily, but some by choice. The latter stories didn’t seem to particularly interest her. Her stories included others tricked by whores (but stuck permanently), some caught in other men’s harems or those transformed as some other

punishment. I noticed Assam seemed to enjoy those stories as well and seemed to actively encourage her. Neither seemed to be worried by my obvious discomfort. To my mortification Assam insisted on telling her about my lucky escape at the brothel. He also described how I had earlier worn the skin in our shared apartment and how his suggestions about getting dance lessons had played out in the brothel. He seemed to find that twist very funny. During all of that my face went a bright crimson colour and I uncomfortably shuffled my feet, wishing I could disappear through a crack in the pavement.

She was clearly excited by the story and declared to me "John fate is telling you something here, I'm sure you would make a good submissive female, just accept it. Most western men would of course; you are all too soft to be proper men, but you John I feel seem particularly soft. I know a merchant looking for a man to replace her dearly departed daughter, if you prefer to be free rather than a slave" she ended by winking at me slyly.

"Elsa I am not interested. Stop this line of talk immediately" I almost shouted out.

"John, you are very touchy, maybe she is right," teased Assam.

"Would you prefer a more manly adventure?" said what seemed to be a surprisingly chastened Elsa.

"What do you have in mind?" I questioned in return, not completely trusting her.

She then said, "I heard from a merchant that a local princess had been kidnapped and a large reward would be offered if she could be saved before enslavement has occurred. Are you up to it?"

Given that I had only hours before declared to Assam that I wanted some adventure and I equally wanted to establish my manhood in front of this offensive woman I could hardly refuse. Assam immediately suggested that we join one of the rescue parties. At the same time I was naturally very uneasy about it, particularly given that the idea had come from Elsa.

In spite of those reservations, within the hour the two of us were armed and on horses in the desert following a lead that another one of Assam's friends had given him. By the end of the day we had located the slave traders and in a daring move rescued the princess from them. I personally sneaked into the slavers caravan inside an invisibility clock and released the princess. As well as releasing her I unchained all the other girls to create a diversion for our own escape. I gather they were nearly all recaptured but I had managed to piss off the slave trader somewhat and had greatly reduced his profit.

Assam modestly avoided any praise for the rescue and assured everyone that I was solely responsible. I couldn't understand why he avoided the lime light for as a consequence of the bravery displayed I was lauded by thousands, including Prince Asad himself and offered substantial rewards and gifts for my efforts, one of which included my own Island harem. I however had made a serious enemy out of the trader whose caravan we had raided. Garton was the owner and I heard he had sworn revenge. I however felt cocky and outside of the reach of anyone of his ilk and besides Prince Asad had sworn to protect me from Garton.

## Chapter 6: HAREM DRAMAS

Instead of worrying about Garton I decided to kick back and enjoy my many rewards. What harm could such a man do to me, now that I was such a favourite of the court and personal friend of Prince Asad, I foolishly reasoned. Alas, I did not appreciate that danger could come in many forms and that Garton was only one source of those.

Unfortunately a number of my supposed rewards ended up having an unexpected sting in the tail. Given my earlier experience at the brothel I suppose I shouldn't have been that surprised but then again I was young and somewhat naïve and obviously full of hope for better things and still just a little cocky about my own invincibility.

For starters, I thought that owning my own harem was going to be nothing short of heaven on earth. It is of course one of those fantasies that most adolescents have and I was so looking forward to indulging it. I mean why else would you come to an Arabian nights simulation if not to have your own harem.

So there I was surrounded by dozens of compliant women whose only reason for being I thought was giving me pleasure. Alas I did not appreciate just how devious and cunning women could be, particularly when stuck as inmates in the confines of a smallish harem with nothing better to do than plot their nefarious intrigues. I also did not appreciate that it was impossible to keep anything secret in a harem.

Whilst I mainly enjoyed various manly pursuits in the harem and vigorously worked my way sexually through it selection of inmates, I also still secretly indulged in my shameful feminine persona, wearing the magic skin almost daily, for an hour or so. I alas just loved to put the skin on and dress up as a dancing girl. I thought I had been very discrete in my donning of the skin, but one-day I discovered that at least one of the girls had somehow learnt of my secret.

"Master" she began one evening after I was lying back relaxing in a pleasant haze from my last marathon session of sex with her, "Do you want me to help you explore your other side?"

"What do you mean?" I asked rather guardedly.

"Help you explore your female side, silly" she grinned back "I've seen you in your magic skin you know"

"You what?" I almost splattered back with shock

"Don't worry," she gently teased back "I haven't told any of the other girls so it can be our special secret if you like. It would be a great honour if you let me help you become the woman you wish to be"

"I don't wish to be a woman" I quickly retorted

"Don't you?" she grinned back "even if only for a short time."

I vigorously shook my head in response; she then however gave me a hurt look and said, "Please don't deny it any more. We could have so much fun together, if you can only be honest with me. I think the idea that you such a strong man may want to experience being a woman very exciting and something of a turn on. I think you would be so cute as a

woman. I could teach you how to dress and act like a woman and even how to enjoy sex between women. Aren't you even curious?"

I still don't know why I trusted her, but alas I quietly answered, "Perhaps I am, just a little interested"

She smiled back at me with the most beautiful and alive glow that I had ever seen; gently she requested "Master go get your skin now so we can play together now if you like"

Without a further thought I stood up and with very visible excitement soon got the skin out of its secret box near my bed.

"So that's were you kept it hidden, rather clever" she grinned back as she helped me put it on. After the transformation was completed, she smiled at me "You are very pretty Master... or should I say Mistress now" she giggled.

I went bright red at that and she laughed deeply at my clear embarrassment adding "Mistress you are also so delicate I could easily overpower one so fragile as you, but don't worry I promise not to hurt you ...at least for now" she added with a wink.

She then carefully applied makeup and perfume to my naked form, before then dressing me in the most exquisite costume in my growing collection. Normally I spent less than an hour in the skin but Sashra managed to convince me to spend the whole evening in it, as her playful companion. We shared our evening meal together and a bottle of expensive wine. The wine of course had the normal diuretic impacts on ones bladder and eventually I had to pee. For some reason I had avoided such biological functions as a female, aside of course for that dreadfully embarrassing episode in the brothel, but as I wet myself then it didn't really count.

Sashra however insisted I should pee as a girl rather than remove the skin. I let her lead be to the toilet for female guests. I was rather nervous entering that most private of female places but my bursting bladder gave little time for such considerations. Here the ladies toilets largely consisted of holes one squatted over. Sashra gave me some basic directions and I let nature take over. She grinned at me like a Cheshire cat, whilst I went through those actions then passed me some paper to wipe myself. I was more than a little embarrassed by the whole process.

She gave me a hug when we returned to my room and said, "very good Mistress you are slowly becoming a real woman for me"

I blushed at that and said nothing. I of course loved the evening so much that I made sure I selected her for the next night as well.

All continued well for a week or so and I gradually became more and more addicted to our sessions and found myself becoming virtual putty in her hands. A week latter Sashra asked before our session "Master you need a new name during these sessions, it seems strange for me to call you Mistress when you are so prettily glad and we are like two girlfriends out for a lark. What pretty femme name would you like to be called when you are in your skin?"

I cocked my head curiously "You mean you think I should pick a girlie name, for when we play our games. That's not a bad idea, what names can you think of"

"Master you would let me pick your name?" she beamed back at me with obvious joy

"Yes dear what would you like to call me?" I asked back.

"Rose I think would suit you Master," she tentatively answered

"Rose it is then," I could live with that name I thought pleasantly as I sounded it out in mind a few times.

She hugged me closely and with a beaming smile "Thank you Master"

After my transformation and dressing up she said in a rather forceful voice, "Lie on your back my sweet Rose".

She grinned at me wickedly and after I complied and knelt over my prostate body and tightly closed her legs around my waist. She then leant forward and kissed me on the forehead saying "Good girl, just how you should be, nice and compliant"

Laughing with obvious delight she then lightly brushed some strands of golden hair from my eyes and added "Rose, you belong to me now you know, given that you let me name you, you silly girl. So my sweet treasure would you like me to ravish you now or leave that to latter"

I grinned up in her sweat face and said "Sashra do your worse"

She then removed my halter and exposed my breasts and started to gently play with my nipples and devilishly asked "Rose would you like me to be your Mistress and join the other girls in the harem"

"Would that mean more of this?" I jokingly responded, as I found my body lighting up to her touch.

"Sometimes" she grinned "but other times you would have to do what I wanted as I would be your Mistress"

"I'm sure I would but dear let us not forget who has the tattoo on her thigh and the collar on her neck" I gently retorted

Her face darkened for a moment, but that quickly passed and smiling again she said, "Rose that problem could easily be overcome you know"

Putting her hands lightly around my throat she added "A collar can be easily found for a neck as pretty as yours and a tattoo can be just as easily be applied to a butt as sweetly round as yours. Would you like that?"

"No Sashra I would not volunteer for such a thing" I gently responded although more than a little scared by her suggestion.

"Perhaps then you need to be forced, a collar would look so sweet on you Rose," she said with a wicked glint to her eye whilst pinning my arms down. Clearly demonstrated her physical strength advantage over me in my petite feminine form.

"Sashra enough, I do not like this conversation" I said now deeply frightened by her both her comments and display of relative strength.

She stood up over me then "Okay Rose, you may claim not like it, but I think you are lying, I however definitely like the idea. Be careful around me" she winked.

Cautiously touching her collar with one hand and her tattooed butt with the other I more gently said "Sashra I will...but these look much nicer on you than they would on me" I tried to make light of the situation and grinned back at her.

She smiled back and said "Well if you ever change your mind let me know and if it isn't what you want be careful Rose it is rare for one as pretty as you to remain collar free you know"

I shuddered at the thought and shook my head "No Sashra I don't think so, this talk scares me"

"Are you sure it doesn't actually secretly thrill you Rose, you seem so naturally submissive" she suggestively asked.

I decided that I had had enough then and said "No it doesn't. Go back to the women's quarter Sashra I have had enough of this game"

As she left she said snidely "I think it is what you do want Master, you just can't admit it"

"Go" I ordered more harshly.

She gave me a dirty look but still complied and left me to remove the remainder of my feminine clothes and latter the skin itself. That night I didn't sleep at all well.

## Chapter 7: THE TRAP IS SPRUNG

After that encounter I was than a little shaken by Sashra's forcefulness and wondered if I should continue our nightly encounters. I avoided Sashra for a full week and only donned the skin twice during that time. However whilst I was away for a few days on business, my desires to see her again grew again as did my fears diminish. So alas by the time I got back I was very keen to resume our games. I managed to last one more evening, but the one after that I felt I just had to see her again, so in spite of everything, I ordered her presence in my sleeping chambers.

Sashra was very pleased to be asked back and said on entering my room made a heartfelt declaration "I was afraid Master you may have been scared off by our last encounter and that I may not see Rose again. You know I had missed her so"

"I didn't like some of what you suggested dear but I also missed Rose"

"I am glad to hear that, I hope Rose likes this evening as much as I will and that maybe this time she will stay around much longer than usual" she devilishly grinned

"I'm sure she will" I replied only half listening to her as I retrieved the skin from its chest. As I went to put the skin on however I noticed a slight blemish on its left buttock.

Sashra saw me frown but just grinned back with her normally pleasant smile and held the bag she had brought with her closer to her chest. She noticed me looking at the bag and said, "a little surprise for you Master, once Rose is with us again"

That was also different I momentarily thought, she had never brought any surprises for me before but in my excitement I chose to ignore both her bag and the blemish on the skin.

Overwhelmed by excitement I rather too hastily stepped into the skin. As I did so I tried to reassure myself that there was nothing she could do to me, as I was the Master when all said and done. Once encased in the skin I noticed as I transformed into Rose that the blemish transformed into a clear slave tattoo. This startled me somewhat particularly given it was just like those on all the other girls in my harem.

“Like the little addition I had made to the skin, whilst you were away on business honey?” she asked with a wicked grin seeing my growing look of consternation. Then before I could either answer her question or realize what she was doing she withdrew a collar from her bag and quickly locked it around my throat, adding “and that’s to match your lovely tattoo”

After I heard that dreaded click I screamed in rage “What have you done?”

“You were always slow Rose” she answered somewhat exasperated “Is it not patently obvious precious, I have made your dreams come true, now you are nothing but another pretty member of this lovely harem and what is more now only exist to serve me your Mistress”

“How dare you, this is not the sort of thing I have ever wanted, did I not make myself clear”

“I don’t know about that, but I won’t disagree for now. I did warn you of the dangers of being Rose did I not? Regardless of what you do or don’t want, it is however something that I have wanted ever since I first saw you in the body suit, so please play along for a while. I’m sure you will find the experience at least interesting”

“I don’t care what you want and I am not going to play your silly game a moment longer,” I angrily declared as I slapped her and charged across the room to get my keys from the safe.

“You shouldn’t have done” she angrily exclaimed now with clear venom in her voice, “you silly little girl I’m angry now, so you will pay” Then with cold malice added “There is also no point going to the safe as your keys will not open the collar I have put on you”

When my efforts to unlock the collar with my standard keys confirmed her statement, she started laughing and declared, “The key for that collar is safely hidden where you will never find it”

Extremely angry with both my situation and her laughter at it I charged across the room raised my fists and screamed “You will let me out of this collar immediately or I’ll make you suffer”

“And if I don’t what will you do slave?” she defiantly answered as she glared back at me.

I suddenly had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I instinctively knew she was right as with the collar locked on I couldn’t get out of skin and in the form I was stuck in I had no rights beyond those of any other slave girl, which in fact meant none at all.

What was more being ostensibly the new slave to the harem she technically had discipline rights over me. I also suddenly remembered that in this form she was physically stronger than me. The form that Elsa had selected for me was quite petite and Sashra was also quite a large girl.

My anger suddenly evaporated to be replaced with cold dread and a creeping fear. Realizing my now somewhat dangerous circumstances I decided that I better change tack.

"Please Sashra give me the key, I promise I won't harm you. What favour would you like in return?" I pleaded in a far more conciliatory tone.

"That's better" she grinned realizing that the penny had finally dropped for me "at last some proper respect. I will think carefully about your offer but after your earlier outburst maybe I should instead just leave you forever as you are now. You make such a pretty slave girl it might be a waste to free you"

"You can't leave me like this, a harem needs a Master. Who will buy the food and other things we all need?" I tried to reason with her.

"True precious one we all do need a Master, but there is at least a month's worth of supplies on the island so I don't need to hurry my decision. You could have simply gone away on business; it is not uncommon for a harem to be left with only the eunuchs in charge. What is more if you did not come back another Master would simply claim the place as his own. Whilst to you that may be disastrous, to me one Master is much the same as another"

I realized she was right and that consequently my bargaining position had suddenly become considerable worse if that was possible.

"What do you want from me then?" I asked in growing despair.

"For now simply to be a good and obedient slave girl and recognize your new station in life. Immediately after I have finished with you today, you will become simply nothing more than another member of the harem, albeit the newest one. So as not to raise suspicions you will write a letter explaining to the Eunuch that you have gone on holiday and left a new slave girl to be trained as a personal maid for and by your personal favourite, which if you have forgotten is currently me of course" she concluded with an obvious look of triumph.

Then seeing my obvious look of capitulation she grinned at me with the most charming smile said "Rose don't despair I will treat you well, I just want my sport with you. I only want the boot on the other foot for awhile"

"If I do this will you free me?" I pleaded with tears in my eyes.

"Maybe I will, but I promise that if you don't cooperate you will never be released from that collar" Reaching into a satchel she grabbed some paper and continued "Here is some paper I suggest you start writing right now if you know what is good for you. You probably can only guess just how badly you need to please me now, if you ever wish to be Master again that is"

Reluctantly I wrote the letter exactly as she requested being well aware of the consequences of so doing. I thought briefly about writing something other than what she had requested but remembered that she was one of the few girls in the harem who could read. Also I had to admit I couldn't think of anything else I could write instead. I definitely didn't want the head Eunuch to know of my humiliating predicament.

On completing the letter she took it, carefully folded it and placed it safely between her breasts. She then leant forward, kissed me on the forehead and declared "Good girl let us

start your lessons in obedience immediately. I have brought more humble clothes for you to wear this time, which are much more fitting to your new status as simple serving girl and handmaiden to the woman of the harem”

She then through me the bag she had earlier walked in with. I open it and found in contained a plain and obviously cheap white bra and panty set, along with a rather modest Salwar Kameez, that is a floral blouse-skirt and matching harem trousers. Not at all the sort of clothes I normally liked to wear when I dressed up, but after putting them on I found them much more comfortable than I expected and far more practical for someone expected to do physical work.

She seemed to read my mind and said, “Not as pretty I grant but much more suitable for the work you have to do. As my handmaiden I will work you very hard and you will soon learn just how hard a task mistress I can be my sweet Rose”.

“Now I want you to Salaam before me and accept me as your Mistress” she declared haughtily.

Seeing no option I dropped to my knees then placed my forehead to the floor, letting my blond hair form a golden pool before me I sobbed and in misery said “Rose accepts you as her Mistress”

“Good girl” she declared “Much better behaviour you will however still need to be punished latter for your earlier insubordination, will you not”

“Yes Mistress” I continued to sob out “Please do not be to harsh on me”

With mock compassion she responded, “I will treat you no less fairly than you deserve, but in a harem a lack of respect must be punishment, so stop your whining” she paused then added “Now get up of the floor



there is one more thing I want you to do before we return to the women's quarters"

After I got up she handed me a list of clothes and other things she wished ordered for herself, "Sign this." she demanded "these are a few special little things I wish for myself"

Meekly I signed the request sheet, not bothering to see what it actually contained, as I realised it would make no difference to my signing it and I would only anger her further by delaying. She also folded this and placed it with the letter between her breasts.

"Now this way" she declared as she led me back to the woman's quarters. I was terrified of the prospect particularly of seeing the other women of the harem and have them recognize me.

Again as if she had read my mind she quietly said "Now Rose I will keep our little secret providing you behave yourself. I suggest you act as the slave you appear so as not to raise suspicion with the other women or the Eunuchs"

Conspiratorially I nodded in agreement, realising that was probably the best way to protect my actual identity.

When we got to the women's quarters she passed my letter and request sheet to the Eunuch. He glanced at them, then briefly at me, then looking at Sashra said "So this is your new plaything Sashra, she is pretty and looks a bit fragile for the Master to give one such as you to play with, so try not to break her"

Pretending to look somewhat hurt she replied, "Now I wouldn't do something like that would I?"

He laughed and said, "Well knowing you I would hate to be in her shoe's"

I gulped audibly unable to hide my reaction to his words.

He chuckled at my obvious dread then opened the large metal gate to the woman's quarters bowed and sarcastically said "Please enter ladies"

After we had complied he closed it behind us with a large thud. I had never been in the women's quarters before and I certainly didn't want to be there now. Normally the girls were brought out to me by the Eunuch so I had never had had the need to go there. I was surprised by how closed in it felt and how like a prison it seemed in spite its rich furnishings and feminine decorations. In away I suppose it was our prison as none of us was free to leave it. Sashra showed me a small cell that was linked to hers and said, "This will be your normal sleeping quarters Rose, but tonight because of your misbehaviour earlier your accommodation will be less salubrious"

Looking at the rather basic mattress on the floor I wondered how on earth that could be the case, alas I was soon to find out.

## **Chapter 8: MY FIRST NIGHT IN THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS OF MY OWN HAREM**

She quickly marched me down a hall to what she called the discipline room. It was quite a terrifying place without any windows and its walls were lined with various unpleasant instruments of discipline and even torture. It had whips, branding equipment and

an assortment of chains and cages. I had not even been aware that the room existed but its purpose was obvious.

She seemed to relish my obvious look of dread and after giving me a few minutes to contemplate her possible plans she ordered "Now Rose although I only just got you to dress, a little while ago, I now want you to take off your new clothes"

I sort of looked at her blankly but she interrupted my vacant look with a stern "Now dear strip and quickly"

That broke my trance and I quickly began to strip off my garments, not wishing to anger her further. I wasn't that unhappy to remove those dreary working clothes, but then if I had of known what would have replaced them I may have held onto them much more dearly.

When those were in a nice neat little pile beside me she said, "Good girl being naked will help you learn your new status as a slave much more quickly"

Seeing my sad look she added, "Oh don't be so forlorn Rose, I'll be giving you other things to wear soon"

She opened a chest and after sorting through it retrieved a strange looking belt "Honey I think this is your size, why don't you try it on for me"

She then walked up to me and first locked it around my waist, which left a nasty curved part dangling in front of me. She grabbed the end of it and drew it between my legs and connected its end to the back of the belt, locking it with a soft click. It was a very uncomfortable device that started chaffing my thighs and private areas almost from when she put it on me. Its only saving grace was the fine floral etching on its front plate.

"Do you like your new belt dear?"

I shook my head and muttered honestly, "No, its very uncomfortable" and with a look of abject misery asked, "How long will I have to wear this terrible thing?"

She laughed "its not meant to be comfortable dear...and how long you get to stay in it is up to you dear..." she grinned back

"How do you mean?" I asked dreading the possible answer

"It will come off when you no longer wish the safety of the belt," she cryptically answered

I looked at her confused and muttered "But I don't want it now"

She laughed "Dear I think you do ...what you are wearing Rose is a chastity belt, it prevents unwanted attentions from men"

"OH" I gulped when I realised what she meant and was not surprised when she continued "So dear it comes off basically when you think you are ready to entertain the new Master" she leered back at me "So my guess is you wont be in any great hurry to remove it in spite of how uncomfortable it might feel"

"Now sweetie I've also got some additional jewellery for you"

She lifted up some ankle and wrist bracelets for me covered in little bells and with a grin said "These should be small enough for you and it will mean I will always know where you are"

She quickly locked those onto my exposed flesh and with a smile added, " Now dear that's enough for now any more and you'll be over dressed"

I stared at her, somewhat dumfounded, as aside for the bracelets, collar and chastity belt I was butt naked.

She grinned again "for the slave of a slave you are, don't expect any fineries, particularly when you belong to me"

She then went to the corner and opened the door on a rather small cage "Now dear its bed time for you, I hope you find the accommodation to your liking"

The cage looked to small to even crawl into I gave her another forlorn look, to which she simply raised the whip in her hand "Does Rose need a little encouragement?"

I shock my head not wishing a further lashing and quickly got onto my hand and knees the little bells making a delightful sound as I did so. I then turned around and squeezed my way backwards through the small door into the cages tight confines beyond. There was just enough room for me to fit in, it was so small that I could not turn around, sit properly or even half stretch out in spite of my petite size. I shuddered in dread as Sashra closed the door and heard her force its lock home.

After that she left the room and switched the light out. I was then stuck alone in almost pitch-black darkness in that tiny cage with nothing to do but contemplate the mess I had got myself into. At that point I bleakly couldn't see how I was ever going to get out of this mess let alone ever again be Master of my own harem. With my fingers I gently played with the collar around my neck first trying its lock again. There was no doubt it was very secure and wouldn't be coming off without the key. I traced the letters inscribed into it, remembering that they informed the world that I now belonged to Sashra. That thought deeply distressed me and I finally started to cry. I also realised that I still wasn't even use to the feeling of metal against my throat and the trapped feeling it gave.

After awhile my hands then moved to the nasty belt around my waist and between my legs, its harsh metal prevented access to my private parts, preventing me from even that simple pleasure. I wondered how on earth I was even going to pee in it. I then touched my breasts and was thankful that they were relatively small, without a bra or halter anything larger would be a nuisance. I could not imagine what it was going to be like to be constantly naked and have my most intimate parts always on display.

## **Chapter 9: I LEARN MY NEW ROLE IN THE HAREM**

The next day she came in fairly early and opened the door to my cage. I was very grateful to be let out of the cage and hoped that things would be better today. The day however proved only to bring greater torments for me.

As soon as I was out of the cage I was quickly taken to a rather nasty looking chair and locked into it. It had locks for my waist, neck, wrist and ankles. In it I was barely able to

move an inch. So restrained Sashra grinned down at me and said, " Now to complete your beauty treatments"

She started by piercing my ears with a couple of hot needles and slapped me for moaning slightly to the pain. Into those new holes she inserted a couple of large gaudy earrings. She then inserted the same needles into my poor nipples and also put rings into them, those ones however also had little tassels connected to them, which to my consternation she seemed to delight in playing with.

That however was not the end of her torture with the needles, Sashra inserted the key into the heavy chastity belt and pulled forward the part covering my sex and then created a series of additional holes in my labia. Into each of these she placed tiny rings and which she proceeded to fuse close. I realised that like the collar around my neck they were not meant to be coming off. Once she had sealed the last of these she simply relocked the belt section between my legs.

Then grinned at me and said "the purpose of these little rings will become apparent when your Master chooses to let you out of this belt"

I was then released from the chair and given to a slave trainer, so I would become familiar with the full range of my duties as personal slave girl to the women of the harem. Sashra indicated to me that she found such training beneath her dignity to impart, but did expect me to be a good student. The slave trainer was an older woman and clearly a slave herself. That however did not stop her being a hard taskmistress and quite happy to be liberal with her use of punishment. My poor butt got whipped so often that first day that I soon lost count. It however had the desired effect as very quickly I became quite compliant and eager to please.

My role aside from being the personal property of Sashra was to wash, dry and dress the ladies of the harem as part of their daily toiletry. Sashra thought it was nicely ironic that the girls I had so joyfully ravishingly undressed as part of my lusty ventures I now had to carefully dress and pamper. Each night she loved to remind me of that very fact.

At first this task seemed mildly erotic but by the 20<sup>th</sup> girl in the day it was tedious and tiring work. Particularly given that each girl expected the same level of attention to her needs and none were beyond verbal rebukes, slaps and even using the small whips placed strategically around the harem. Sashra made sure I had no doubt that I was now on the very bottom of the pecking order, where she believed I richly deserved to be.

## **Chapter 10: SASHRA BECOMES THE NEW MASTER**

After a week as Sashra's personal slave and maid, the package she had forced me to order on that first day finally arrived. She was very excited about that and couldn't wait to get out of the women's quarters to open it. After much wheedling she convinced the eunuch to let her out and open it in private.

Less than an hour after she disappeared to look at her parcel the eunuch announced to the harems inmates that a new Master had arrived. He told us to all strip naked then made

us all Salaam on the floor, so 20 of us had our heads glued to the floor and our naked bottoms in the air when the new Master entered. It was a picture of utter female abasement to a powerful male. In addition however I still had the dreaded chastity belt I was constantly forced to wear, advertising my unique virginal status. The Master came up and squeezed the cheeks of my buttocks and lightly tapped on the metal of the belt. He gave an amused chuckle when he did that and I blushed profusely. I had never before felt so servile and humbled in the presence of a man. I felt so utterly degraded and yet I noticed my moist lions were telling me my body against my will was letting my female instincts take over. That further strengthened my sense of utter helplessness.

Whilst still prostrate I heard voices. The new Master had moved away from us and was talking softly to the chief eunuch, basically discussing his silent waiting women as a man might discuss his horses with his stud groom. I longed to look up momentarily to see this terrifying man who was now my Master, but I did not dare move. My forehead remained as if glued to the floor.

I heard heavy footsteps as he return to inspect us further. This time he was coming not to simply inspect his women, but to choose the woman for his pleasure that evening! To my shame, I felt my loins become even moister. I could even smell my own arousal. It was so shame making!

The chief eunuch then clapped his hands again. All of us kept our heads and hands on the marble floor, but parted our knees and raised our buttocks high for the Master's inspection of our sex. The eunuch held each of the kneeling women in turn quite still for the Master's inspection of their love tunnels. The master looked closely at each girl's sex and put his finger in and sniffed to smell her scent. I heard the footsteps come closer and heard the girl next to me give a little moan of pleasure as she was so inspected. I so longed to have a quick look at what was going on, but did not dare to do so, particularly given my lowly status within the harem. The Master finally came to me and I heard him ask the eunuch for the key to my belt, I felt the eunuch clasp my buttocks tightly as the Master unlocked my belt then stuck his finger into my moist pussy. "Rather moist for a virgin" he boomed loudly "this one will prove a vixen in bed" Before moving onto the next girl he relocked the belt.

After the Master had inspected all of our posteriors the eunuch ordered us all to kneel in karta, so the Master may see our other assets. Although we all had our heads bowed it did give us our first change to catch a glimpse of what he looked like.

The new Master was a very large African gentleman with the musculature of a warrior or well-trained athlete. His face was also very strong and had handsome features, which got my heart fluttering. That in itself disturbed me greatly, obviously I had been Rose far to long and my sexual interests were shifting to those of the girl I resembled. It didn't make any sense to my addled brain, but I couldn't deny my growing feminine urges.

I was not particularly surprised when he asked to see me first but did dread what that might mean. I followed closely behind at least relieved to be out of the women's quarters for the first time since that fateful day of my collaring several weeks ago now.

In his bedchamber he removed both my collar and the chastity belt. The former however was quickly replaced with a new one. Instead of being Sashra's plaything the new collar exclaimed the Master's direct ownership of me.

"Onto your hands and knee's bitch" he ordered with a quirky smile

When I quickly complied he then patted me on the head and said "good girl so well trained"

With me so positioned he then played with my hanging breasts and the tassels inserted into the nipples. "Such sweat breasts you have slut, and these tassels are so cute, do you like being my helpless girl?"

"Yes Master" I answered softly and with some shame added with a moan "in fact very much Master"

He then inserted a finger into my rather wet pussy and with drew it with a laugh "It is clear that you are not lying to me"

He then placed the tip of his engorged penis on the lips of my pussy mounting me doggie style with a firm grip on my body he asked "Bitch tell me how much you want this"

"Master please take me," I softly pleaded

Very slowly he then started to insert his firm rod into my pussy and asked "Tell me slut how much you want this"

"Oh very much Master please place it in completely I want you inside me very badly"

I felt my poor pussy stretched to its limits as he inserted his large member into it and moaned with an animal lust as he became to piston in and out of me. Far to quickly for me I felt his penis explode inside me filling my womb with his seed.

With a broad smile on his face he then lay back on his mattress, clearly satisfied by his love making efforts and said "Come her pet let me examine your pretty form again more closely this time"

I came up to him on my hands and knees with a broad smile on my face.

"Now kneel in tower my little beast," he curtly ordered

I quickly complied so as not to offend him. I knelt before him naked accept for my collar and piercings, my back straight, with breasts pushed forward hands lying loosely on my knees and knees wide apart showing my sex off to him. It was a rather shameful pose, but in my weeks of training I had become use to it.

With surprising gentleness he then started to massage my tender breasts with one hand and my pussy with the other "So Rose do you enjoy being a submissive female?"

"Yes Master" I answered softly, as I felt my body once more melting with pleasure.

"So can your little mind ever imagine being anything else?" he then asked

The question puzzled me somewhat, but after pausing I cautiously answered "It is Allah's way for women what other choice does a slave have Master"

"No Rose I want to know if you are happy with your role would you chose otherwise if you could" he corrected.

Now rather confused I simply asked "What do you mean Master?"

"Can you imagine yourself, being a man for instance, being strong and powerful and in control of a harem like this?" he said gesturing widely with his arms.

"No Master I could not even imagine what it would be like to be a free woman anymore, let alone a man," I answered with some sadness.

"It is then clear you are meant to be what you are, a helplessly submissive slave girl and that I made the right choice when I collared you. I much prefer to have power and be male" he in turn responded with a rather cruel grin.

I looked at him aghast as his words suddenly sank in "You were Sashra?"

"Yes" he laughed "I was once your pretty slave girl Sashra, it is so satisfying for me to have our roles changed, with me the Master and you now my lowly slave girl"

"So you are going to leave me like this?" I hesitantly asked.

"Of course my pretty one" he laughed even louder "did you ever expect me to release you from your collar"

I hadn't really expected her to but I felt I had to express at least some indignation "Yes Master as you did promise to do so if I complied"

"Really a promise made to a lowly slave girl has no status you silly girl" he mocked me, "obviously why would I not plan to keep you as my pretty pet for ever and ever. To think I may not have intended to do so all along just shows your wishful thinking and why I am now the Master and you the slave. As you said yourself you can no longer imagine being male again can you"

"No Master" I rather sadly acknowledged.



“Now sweetie I want you to thank me for the gifts I have given you” he mockingly requested.

Touching my breasts he declared “Start by thanking me for your boobies and the lovely tassels I put in them”

With tears in my eyes I softly complied “Thank you Master for letting me have the breasts of a woman”

Touching my clit he simply said “and”

“For giving me a pussy so I may have sex like a woman”

## **Chapter 11: AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ESCAPE ARISES**

Weeks went by and I became rather resigned to my fate. I actually accepted that I would never be leaving the harem. Then one day the Master slipped and crashed to the floor, knocking himself out cold, just before we had started one of our love making sessions. My initial reaction was one of alarm, my poor Master I must see if he is alright, but as I checked his unconscious form I remembered that it was Sashra inside the skin and that this could be my one and only chance of escape. Quickly I deactivated the skin, and then started to strip it gingerly off the prone Master, begging that he would not awake whilst I did this. Once Sashra’s prone female form lay before me I then quickly put the skin on myself. I felt that old tingling feeling and was amazed at how different it felt to be male again. I was once again large and powerful and of course very angry.

Feeling vengeful I went and got a bucket of cold water and throw it over the still unconscious Sashra. The shock of the water did revive her rather suddenly. She stared at me in horror when she realised what had happened and went even whiter when I said “The boot is back on my foot now and you are going to pay big time”

She then pitifully begged, “Please Master forgive me, do anything to me but please I don’t want to die”

Very coldly I replied “You have one chance to live and one only, if you immediately get the key to my collar I will spare your life.... Hurry!!”

She instinctively realised I had no patience left for her so ran to an adjacent storeroom and quickly came back with a key. In hindsight it had been hidden in a rather obvious location. To avoid any risk of trickery I carefully chained her to the bed, before stripping out of the male skin. The key was true, so shortly after, Roses skin joined the other on the floor and once more I was myself again.

I then immediately burnt Roses skin and all of my feminine finery so I could never be tempted again to don them or allow them to be used against me again. I however kept the black Master suit as it had saved me and I thought it may come in handy again.

At last I was free and back to being myself and fervently decided that Sashra would now pay dearly for her original deceit and latter cruel treatment of me. Whilst I decided that I would still keep my word to her I had no compunction against making the rest of her life unpleasant. After releasing her from the bed, I ordered her gagged and tightly

chained and then placed in a small hanging cage in the dungeon, so as it rocked backwards and forwards she could quietly dread and contemplate her future, whilst I plotted the best form of revenge. At least I hadn't tossed her into the bay in a rock filled bag I told myself so she should be grateful for small mercies.

Looking through my other rescue related gifts the solution came to me that night. One of Elsa's friends had gifted a special trip to a wild life park and the offer of any one of its inmates. This wildlife park was no ordinary zoo. It held hundreds of women; mainly slave girls but also the occasional volunteers, who through various forms of magic and wizardry had been transformed into mythical creatures; as well as some true examples of those same creatures. The zoo held mermaids, centaurs and any feminine mythical creature you could think of.

I decided that the park would be the fitting future home for Sashra. After visiting the magic bazaar the next day, I returned with a special skin. Given her desire to wear a magical skin before I thought it was quite a fitting and ironic punishment. She would finally get to permanently experience the magic of a skin if not in the way she had hoped. The skin selected for Sashra turned the wearer into a pretty female bird like creature. She would have the most magnificent colours and be a most desired attraction. At the zoo she would get to spend the rest of her live singing in a gilded birdcage and providing sexual favours to privileged male visitors who would consider her considerably less than human.

I also appreciated that the beak would forever prevent her speaking about what she had once done to me and the wings prevent her writing it down, so my humiliation would be kept secret and this would also add to her shame.

Sashra was quite fatalistic when confronted with the skin. She donned it without complaint and made no effort to plead her case, simply doing as I directed. I was disappointed that she didn't use her last chance to speak and found it somewhat anticlimactic. Once transformed I had a silver collar welded close around her neck and another circlet around her leg, so there was no chance the suit would be coming off.

"The rest of life you will sing in a little gilded cage, your voice will be beautiful, but alas no words will ever again come from you and your diet will be bird seed and the like" I told her with glee. She was however silent and only looked at me with deep sad eyes.

I did not get to hear her sweat new voice until after she was well ensconced in her new home. She initially tried to refuse me that pleasure.

I also decided to acquire a mermaid for the large natural rock pool on the shore of my island. Before releasing her in there I made sure that the underwater inlet was suitably barred to prevent escape.

## **Chapter 12: MEETING FAIZAH**

After all those dramas things seemed to settle down again and miraculously the harem appeared to return to normal with me once more firmly as Master. Somewhat disturbingly it was almost as if nothing untoward had ever happened. No one of course mentioned

Sashra's disappearance or even inquired about the obvious missing month when I had been stuck as an inmate of my own Harem.

Very occasionally I missed my magic skin, but I was never tempted to buy another one, having learnt my lesson far too well. To compensate for my time as a slave girl I tried even harder to be the viral Master of the harem, and did the things local men were expected to do, including buying several new additions to my harem and treating my girls with a growing masculine disdain. I actually even started to see them as little more than beasts, my chattels to do with as I pleased.

During that time, which I know consider simply the eye of the storm, I settled into a very comfortable routine and managed to restore most of my rather bruised Male ego. The only unsettling thing in that time was another blasted encounter with Elsa. This time she had a friend in tow with her as well as that simpering handmaiden of hers.

She ran into me in the Caravanserai where I did much of my trading and had over the last few months, (my sojourn in the harem aside), managed to build an immense wealth out of my already sizeable reward monies. I had a sizeable reputation for having uncanny good luck and a golden touch as far as money and trade went.

I had rather fond memories of this grand building and decided not to let her presence tarnish those in any way. I was naturally polite but rather distant with Elsa, since my previous uncomfortable encounters with her. I hoped she would not notice me, so busied myself at a stall, with my head deliberately turned away and allowed my memories to linger back to past times spent here.

It was here in the Caravanserai that I had met with exotic merchants from the distant corners of the world, making gifts of lavish jewels and supple concubines to firm my trade agreements. I can now still recall the luxuriant marble fountain in the central courtyard where I had haggled deals to the cries of scantily clad slave girls mock wrestling in the chilly water. It was over sumptuous banquets of steaming fuul, kufta, kebab, fiteer and kushari that I had pondered the finer points of a contract, all the while limber courtesans dancing enticingly at my every whim. It was also there that I lazed about, sucking on spicy nargilahs or drinking sweet rose shay whilst playing backgammon, fanned of course with peacock feathers by half naked slave girls. Even now I can still smile at the memory of the Caravanserai's rich chamber walls, lined with extravagant Ottomans to muffle the hedonistic cries of its curvaceous ladies of pleasure. Oh such wonderful memories!!

Unfortunately Elsa spotted me and walk right over to me, smiling in her indefatigable manner she lent forward and grabbed my wrist "Hi John, nice to see you again, please meet my dear friend Faizah, she was the one looking for a new daughter and I was so keen to introduce you too"

I turned my head towards the lady in question and politely smiled at her as well knowing that I could no longer avoid this encounter. In a rather neutral voice I replied "Nice to meet you Faizah"

Faizah gave me a curious and rather unsettling look "Likewise John, has Elsa explained what I seek?"

I blushed and nodded my head as I cleared my throat with a large cough "Um yes, she indicated you want a man to volunteer to become your daughter or something like that to help you manage the family business"

She gave a charming smile "Yes John exactly, so have you thought about it and might you be interested?"

I gave a nervous little laugh and shook my head "Um no Faizah I think I enjoy being a man far to much, so what is your family business anyway?"

She gave a disappointed look then coyly answered "Oh I'm a merchant, I sell a number of different rather specialized goods"

My eyes started to glaze over already bored with the conversation and not wanting to hear another merchant prattle on about her special goods, but to be pleasant I asked "So why do you want your daughter to have once been a man?"

Faizah, then giggled softly "Oh that's a trade secret, I'd have to kill you if I told you, unless you were family that is, but a daughter in my line of work with a male perspective would be immeasurably valuable, but I'm not going to divulge why unless you are actually interested in the position"

Elsa then squeezed my hand rather firmly as she decided she needed to butt into the conversation at that point "Oh I'm sure John would be interested, his only being coy now, but you get him alone and he would probably beg to get into your daughters special silken panties"

I coloured up brightly as Elsa had once more managed to push all the right buttons. It was because of that special knack she had that I generally avoided her when I could. I was also somewhat suspicious of her after she sent me that skin as a present. I angrily pulled my hand free from her and snapped back "Look Elsa, I'm not interested at all, so can you drop the matter"

She giggled and gave me a light feminine slap "Hmm trying to be all manly now are we John, look we both know its only a ruse and how much you want to dress up in feminine finery, Faizah, is a rather successful merchant and her daughter would consequently be able to wear all the latest fashions from Baghdad, just think of the opportunity"

Faizah then added excitedly "Yes dear, you could have the finest silks and there is already a wonderful wardrobe of clothes that use to belong to my poor departed daughter"

I blushed a bright crimson and somewhat flustered "Look I don't know where you ladies got the idea from but I definitely don't want to be a woman. Why don't you just grab a male slave for your purpose?"

Faizah looked obviously disappointed "Hmm wouldn't work, the person must be both free and male. The spell to transform the man into my daughter and tasks needed afterward wouldn't work if the male wasn't a volunteer"

I gave her a pleasant grin "Hmm I see your dilemma, be rather hard to find a free male in this world who wants to be a woman, good luck lady you'll need it"

Elsa re-clasped my wrist and after making some obvious tut-tut sounds firmly and commandingly said "Now John don't be two hasty, this is a wonderful offer and given

that we both know you are on a pathway into femininity it is a much better route than most of the alternatives, at least think about it dear, I'm not the enemy here you know. I can see your possible future and it isn't pretty, all the two of us are trying to do is meet your unconscious desires in a somewhat less destructive fashion. It is much more pleasant to be a wealthy woman than some pathetic powerless little slave girl"

Angry now I yank my hand away from her and vehemently shake my head "Look Elsa I know I upset you by not using that foolish female skin of yours as much as you wanted, but will you stop suggesting these silly ideas to me"

Elsa gave me a disconcerting wink "Really John, I heard from Assam that actually wore it for him and then from other sources used it again in your harem and according to rumours on more than one occasion"

I blushed a deep crimson remembering the fiasco that had come from wearing the blasted thing "Alright I might have worn it a few times but I've definitely given up using it"

Faizah gave you a curious look hearing at least your confirmation of wearing the skin "So Elsa was right you are clearly at least curious about what it is like to be a woman"

Elsa laughed and shook her head at my words "Whatever you say John, but I think you protesteth too much, remember what the fortune teller said a few months ago, that you are destined to be a woman and if you are not careful you'll end up a slave girl, in some dreadful brothel or maybe that is what you want?"

I scowled at her, not liking the fact that she had chosen to remind me of that early and disturbing encounter with the fortuneteller, or the implication that she was making about my nature or desires. I also briefly wondered how on earth she knew about it. Somewhat of balance I blustered back "Look that fortune teller was full of crap, she was just trying to push my buttons just like you are now and obviously I have no desire or intention to end up some slave girl stuck in a stupid brothel"

She giggled "Really John, I think you'd make a wonderful pleasure girl so do you still have that skin I gave you?"

Faizah giggled in turn and cryptically said "A pleasure slave in a brothel, how poetic given my offer to you"

Frustrated and somewhat unnerved by the two of them I shouted first at Elsa "Look I destroyed the blasted skin as it caused me far too much trouble". I came from within a hairs breath of confessing what that trouble had been. I then turned to Faizah and gave her a confused look "What on earth do you mean?"

For once I had actually managed to inadvertently push Elsa's buttons for a change as her face went a bright rage filled red at my comments "Normally I have a lot of time for you John but destroying that skin was an unconscionable act, you do know how they are made?"

I paused for a moment feeling a little sheepish and confessed "Umm, no Elsa as a matter of fact I don't"

She wagged her finger at me "Those skins belong to real people who have been transformed by an evil form of black magic into lifeless skins. The poor girl who was turned

into that skin was still sort of alive and lived vicariously whenever worn. By destroying it you have in fact killed that poor girl, I hope you'll pleased with yourself"

I was terribly shaken by her revelation "The skin was alive? I really didn't know, but I suppose I should have guessed, as it did seem to influence me the longer I wore it you know I would never intentionally kill someone"

Elsa seemed to rapidly calm down when she heard my "Sorry lad, I shouldn't blame you I really should have told you more about the nature of the skin, I keep forgetting you come from another world and must confess I never imagined you would destroy her," she paused for a moment then made an intuitive leap "Hmm so something major went wrong in the harem involving the skin hey? And you said felt influenced by her how long did you wear her for?"

I blushed a bright pink and shuffled my feet nervously "Um I kind have, um got stuck inside her"

Elsa chuckled and rhetorically asked, "Stuck inside her?"

She then rubbed her chin "Hmm the only way a skin can get stuck on someone is if a collar or something is locked around your neck whilst wearing it" She burst into a loud giggle "So I guess that is what happened to you, did you enjoy being a slave girl dear?"

I was terribly flustered by her clever insights and realized that denying the event would not help, so gave a heavy sigh "Yes I was trapped as a slave girl in my own harem, and no I did not like the experience"

Elsa clasped and patted my hand again "poor lad, but what a salacious tale, obviously you got of the skin somehow, lucky for you. Unfortunately the longer the skin is worn, the more the original personality takes over, after a month you would be more her than yourself, after three months, she would have been completely in control of your mind and body. Some witches get turned into skins to obtain immortality that way, the poor girl you wore however was a simple peasant stolen from her family"

I shivered involuntarily at both the fate of the poor girl and my own near loss of self. I wandered if Sashra had realized that she was risking her own soul as well as mine in using those skins.

Faizah, listening quietly to all those revelations, then gave me a curious and rather wry grin "Hmm I think you would have liked working with my line of merchandise, pity you wont get to help me manage it. Oh well maybe we might meet in future under different circumstances. I would love to give you a survey of my um, facilities one day dear"

I blustered back again "Um again lady no thank you, I don't think I'll want a tour in the future either"

Faizah give you a wink "Hmm maybe your attitude could be different in the future as it was in the resent past"

Elsa laughed again playing you once more like a musical instrument "Well John its your choice, when Assam finds you in some lovely brothel I'll get him to send you my regards, until then be careful dear"

I then stormed off feeling somewhat disconcerted and terribly off balance from my encounter with the two woman. It annoyed me deeply that she always seemed to be able to do that to me.

### **Chapter 13: TRICKED BY A SPECIAL OFFER**

After about a month I started to get a little bored with things and began to look for new challenges. I checked in a lot with Prince Asad and Assam and whilst those encounters were pleasant, they weren't enough. I knew I craved something extra. I even contemplated going on another daring adventure and spent my time looking at various novel options around the town. In that mood I re-examined my various unclaimed prizes and gifts to discover some rather intriguing things. One in particular piqued my interest. It was a rather strange present, consisting of a box that simply contained a card with a letter inside it.

The Letter simply stated:

"I can make you your dream girl. Just tell me what you'd like and I can make you her. Gift for freeing princess"

The grammar was not the best but I was intrigued. It could be a method to obtain a particularly unique girl for my harem. My sojourns in the slave markets had so far been somewhat disappointing, as most of the girls on offer at present had seemed somewhat lacklustre.

I followed up the letter and found it had come from a rather wizened old wizard in the magic souk who on approaching his premises avidly claimed, "Yes sir it is true, I can create any girl for you, just tell me exactly what you want and I can produce it. I can make you a girl of any form and temperament. If you are not completely satisfied, I promise to create a new form for you. The only stipulation is that you try out the created form for at least 24 hours before I make the changes you desire"

I only thought briefly on the matter as what could possibly be the downside. In very worse case scenario I thought if the girl annoyed rather than pleased me I could simply lock her in the dungeon for the requisite time. I however planned to be careful in my specifications and not fall into that trap.

The old man could see my interest and said "Let me show you the selection machine, if you can not produce from it what you like you need go no further"

I nodded my agreement and followed him into a back room. It contained a large chair and an enormous overly ornate viewing screen and other oddly out of place high tech equipment. It was as if the room and equipment within it just shouldn't exist in this world. I however quickly rationalised that it obviously had to be part of the realm or the AI would have destroyed it.

The wizard directed me to the chair and asked if he could strap me in. A large transparent case sat above the chair waiting to further enclose its occupant. He brightly explained that this was so the machine could read my thoughts and desires. Whilst initially

somewhat apprehensive, he showed me how to use a simple release switch, which I could use at any time up to finalizing my choice.

In the end I reluctantly agreed to be locked into the chair, with the transparent top in place it felt terribly claustrophobic and I already was having second thoughts.

As I lay within the chair, the old man then started going through the options. "Before we get into specifics let us start with the broad parameters like height and size" he began.

To which I responded "5 foot six and petite"

I found the case made it slightly hard to hear and my voice had an odd echoic quality

"Good" he answered and then put in the requested basic settings. The screen then came alive and a wire form of a woman appeared on it in with the height and dimensions requested. This was very cool magic.

The wizard then continued in his broken English "tell me what you like, I make it on screen first, but if you are not sure I tell you what other man want. You then choose. Understand"

I simply nodded; he then went through a whole series of other options to which I in turn gave my preferences.

This began with "skin colour"

"Fair to slightly olive" I responded, and as I spoke the image I had in my mind translated onto the screen. Somehow the chair could read my mind and the wizard was simply using his questions to guide my thoughts. Clearly that was why I needed to be in the chair. That revelation made feel a hell of a lot more comfortable about being locked in it. Whatever magic he was using it was pretty cool.

Next it was "breast size"

"B" I answered and girl naturally acquired breasts that perfectly matched my mental image.

That time he queried me and said, "are you sure? Most men go for really big breasts. Let me show you"

At which point the models breast expanded enormously. "Not my cup of tea I responded, more than a handful I consider a waste"

He seemed disappointed as he let the breasts resume my selected size but happily continued with his list and next said "hair colour"

"Raven" I answered, as beautiful lush long raven hair appeared on the model

"Hip and waist size"

"Proportioned to her breasts" was my reply

He then said, "Think about her face"

I brought the image of the most beautiful women I could think of into my mind and before I could speak, her face appeared on the image.

"Amazing ah!!" said the wizard and continued with "what sort of nature?"

It was something I had not thought of, after hesitating I said “guileless, kind and gentle natured”. “Submissive and obedient as well?” he added.

“Yes, but not too much, whilst I don’t want a shrew, I don’t want a doormat”

Seeing his surprised look, I added as explanation, “I like some challenge”

“Ah yes, sensible sir. How bright do you want her? ...Perhaps a bimbo would suit you?”

“No I would prefer her bright and astute, she would therefore be more able to pleasure me”

“Any special skills you want her to have ...I can give her knowledge of any of the special arts if you like”

“Give her some knowledge of all the feminine arts. In particular I want her skilled as a dancer and able to pleasure me just as well as the best trained whores in the most exclusive brothels could”

He chuckled “It is as well you ask for her to be bright other wise her mind could not contain all you want as it is I must reduce some of her general knowledge is that OK?”

After pondering, I said, “Is there some other solution?”

“We could instead remove skills that would not please you”

That started a very long negotiation process, eventually I however was pleased with the balance of general knowledge and specialist skills she had. I wanted her to have common sense, to be able read and to understand some science, mathematics and philosophy as I perversely enjoyed chatting with my beasts after using them.

The wizard shook his head and mumbled under his breath “to meet your lengthy list of demands I’m going to have to make the girl not only bright but considerably more intelligent than you, are you sure you want such a girl”

I brightly smiled “Yep if that’s what it takes to give her what I want”

The wizard shrugged his shoulders muttered inaudibly but continued to set the mind programming as directed. He asked some other weird questions that I can no longer recall and at the conclusion of that process said, “You have surprised me John with the wisdom of your decisions. I do not know why some one as sensitive as yourself would want the gift offered”

True fully I answered, “I don’t really, particularly after going through this ...but I want to see you work your magic nevertheless. I do not understand how you can create something as complex as a person from nothing”

“But I don’t create her from nothing I use your imagination of course ...now look at the screen is that what you want?”

My dream girl was dancing very seductively on the screen and looking at me with clear desire and spoke with crisp sweet clearly intelligent voice.

“Yes definitely! that’s perfect” I exclaimed.

“Finally sir how would you like her clothed? Or as she is perhaps?”

For a moment I was about to say yes as I wanted to ravish her then and there, but after a moments reflection I saw the folly of that. Without street clothes how was I to get her home.

“No wizard ...in proper street clothes. How else am I to get her home?”

“Clever again sir let us start the process”

“Go ahead”

As the machine came to life, I felt an incredible burning pain, just as I was about to pass out I heard the wizard say “Clever you may be, but not clever enough” and then cackle in a most disturbing way.

When I came too, I was sitting on a couch in the wizard’s front room. I wasn’t sure what had happened to me but I knew I felt terrible and dreadfully out of sorts. My body ached from head to toe. I soon noticed that my clothes had been changed. For some reason I was wearing the street clothes I had selected for my dream girl. I instinctively then felt for my penis and found instead a smooth mound. I screamed in rage and anger at the gloating wizard “you bastard, what have you done to me?”

I then tried to grab him by the throat, but he was able to easily deflect my relatively weak and poorly executed feminine assault. I then realised to my horror that I seemed to have lost not only my male strength but also most of my fighting skills.

“Is it not obvious to one as bright as you” he answered in almost perfect Arabic this time “I have made you into your dream girl as promised. It is not my fault that you did not listen properly to what I said. It always amazes me how many men choose to miss understand situations like this. They think with their penis instead of their head, which here is a dangerous thing to do as you are likely to loss both. Of course I don’t deny that I selected my words carefully to create sufficient ambiguity to throw you off and I also concede that my fake accent and bad Arabic diction made it easier to fool you. In that regard you must agree that I’m a pretty good actor”

I was so enraged that I shouted back at him shrilly “I don’t care how good an actor you are. You did this deliberately didn’t you? I’ll make you pay for this one day”

“Yes to the first and I doubt it for the second. I would be very surprised if you can avoid becoming the possession of the one who organized your lovely present. As I said earlier, you can of course be changed back in 24 hours, if you can avoid capture that long. No method other than my machine can change you back however. Your transformation is resistant to all other spells, so unless you wish to stay forever a woman I am your only hope. Whilst I wont hand you over, you are not welcome to stay here for that time and a certain enemy of yours has many men looking for you and shortly they will be equipped with your description”

I stared at the Wizard numb with shock and without thinking asked “But surely this situation must violate my contract. I clearly stipulated that I would never be forced to become a woman nor transformed into a slave”

The wizard laughed and clearly must also not be of this realm, as my question did not faze him at all. Which his answer further confirmed, “John this situation does not violate your contract at all Fist you volunteered, in fact almost begged to be made your dream

girl, the fact that you misunderstood the situation is immaterial, your contract does not protect you from stupidity. Second, you have been transformed into a woman not a slave. As a woman you run the same risk as any other women in this world in terms of getting caught by a slaver. Slaver doesn't actually transform a woman into a slave, he simply makes her one"

I felt a sickening sensation in my stomach as I realized the extent of my danger and how diabolical my situation was. Desperate to know who had set me up I softly pleaded "Did Elsa set you up to this then?"

He frowned for a moment, then gave a soft chuckle "No, you misunderstand poor Elsa. Her intents for you have always been benevolent. The one who paid for your trap is far less pleasantly disposed to you. I of course will not divulge who that is. Now leave before I change my mind about handing you over"

With little choice I headed out to the street guessing that my best chance of avoiding capture lay in somehow managing to get back to my own harem. In spite of the wizards denials I still suspected that the male skin I had kept would probably work, at least I had a plan of sorts, which made me feel somewhat better.

Out in the street I felt very exposed. Woman very rarely traveled unescorted, especially at night. I was very glad I hadn't taken up all of his suggested options, or I would have been in an even more terrible mess, if that were possible. At least I still had my wits and I actually thought I might have a chance to get home and back unescorted. In fact my mind seemed if anything sharper than before. As I walked home I thought about contacting Assam, but I felt to embarrassed to let him see me in my current form. He might also want some sexual favours as a reward for helping and I just couldn't face such a prospect.

Fortunately my luck hold out and I did make it home to my Island Harem. Once there I hide in my chambers. I could not let any of the staff or inmates see me in my current form. From my earlier experience I had no doubts that they would find a way to exploit the situation.

Almost immediately I tested out the wizards claim and put on my salvaged black master skin, retrieving it easily from its special hiding place. This time its magic wouldn't work on me and it just hung on my body like a more conventional costume would. For all intents and purposes it appeared to be simply some inanimate object rather than the magical skin it was. That night I decided that I was rapidly growing sick of this world and its tendency to try and feminize me, and that it was time for me to go.

I also wondered if Elsa was right, as this was the third situation that I had found myself as a woman. Each situation had sort of been of my own doing, even if only by my naiveté and each had been progressively more difficult to extricate myself from. It was as if at some subconscious level I did indeed want to be stuck female. At the same time I decided quite strongly that I didn't want to find out if she was correct and consequently decided that I needed to leave the world as soon as possible. I then also remembered with dread that dreadful prophecy that the fortuneteller had shown me. As I glanced in the mirror I realized I was the woman in the hallucination, sans only the horrid collar and clearly pregnant belly. I clearly would have to be very careful if I wanted to avoid the dreadful fate re-

vealed by that fortuneteller. It also reinforced my decision to not involve Assam in my current dilemma.

That meant that the next day I was caught in a big conundrum. Clearly I did not trust the wizard one iota, but I also realized that he was trapped by his word and would have to change me back if I somehow got back to his shop at the right time.

I also remembered that the exit to the Arabian Nights world was in the port, so one option was to disguise myself, go there and simply leave this world. I however realized how foolish I would look to Assam and all my friends if I exited the world as a female. It would be a shame very hard for my male self to live down. On the other hand I didn't want to risk getting permanently stuck in this world either. My current and steadily increasing female mind was also having difficulty dealing with this male pride thing, somewhat intensify the internal conflict. Finally the cautious and sensible female perspective managed to override the other and I decided on a two-pronged approach.

I would first try and take the safer and saner option of simply going to the exit point, cut my holiday short and leave this crazy world for good. My mind however felt strangely uneasy about that simple option, for some unknown reason, in the back of my mind, I doubted I could leave in my current form. I didn't know why I felt that way, as there was no sane or logical reason for fearing that, so I just put it down to female intuition and therefore developed a Plan B. I decided if the Exit gate didn't work I would attempt to visit the wizard and force him to change me back. I knew I could not stay indefinitely in my own harem as a woman and I really had nowhere else to go. I didn't kid myself, mind you, as I knew the chances of enslavement with plan B were very high. But if I wasn't successful and got captured, I argued to myself, I had beaten the operating system before and would do so again. I suppose I simply hoped that there wasn't any situation I couldn't get myself out of. But oh how wrong can one be! And how one should learn to never tempt fate.

I spent most of the day working on my disguise and decided to time my visit to the Exit port to just after the 24-hour deadline, so if the gate didn't work I could go straight to the wizards shop and legitimately demand immediate return to my male form. I created a false beard for my pretty face; strapped my breasts flat with a muslin cloth, thickened by waist with some padding to reduce my feminine curves and even made a bulge in the right place for my trousers. I was very pleased with my efforts and then spent hours practicing to make my voice sound masculine. I also spent a considerable amount of time going through various possible scenarios and how I could overcome them, whilst I wouldn't miss this body, her mind would be sorely missed. I had never appreciated the pleasures of a quick, sharp and witty mind before.

It was however with some trepidation that I ventured out of my harem. My disguise seemed to work well as no one challenged me when I arrived at the port or as I walked out into the street. They just assumed that I was a relatively short gentleman out on business.

This emboldened me somewhat as I began walking across the port towards the exit portal. I still however felt an incredible relief when I finally reached it unmolested. I raised my wrist to show the cute butterfly tattoo and commanded, "I John Lemure wish to exit this VR environment" I then said what I now considered the terribly lame password I had selected on entering the world "Abracadabra baby"

Nothing happened for a few moments, and then the Arabian nights world froze around me. All motion stopped including a bird flying pass me and there was an accompanying deathly silence. To my great relief the exit port opened, just as it should. As I got ready to step into however a large AI walked out of the Hazy exit port and straight into me, declaring in its monotone voice "You have the right mark and gave the correct password for the citizen John Lemure, but you are clearly not him, it is obvious that you are not even a man but a rather intelligent woman in disguise"

I nodded my head brightly having anticipated this possible little hiccup "Yes both are true, I've had a bit of bother and a run in with a cranky wizard who decided to change my form"

The AI nodded its head "Hmm perhaps, but none of your profile here match. There are naturally many ways to change the appearance of an avatar, which is what makes this world so popular with the Transgendered community, but none of the constructs here are meant to be able to change the personal attributes and personality, let alone intelligence in an upward direction. I'm not wishing to insult the real John Lemure, but according to this profile you are now 30 points higher in intelligence than when you entered"

I blushed in a rather feminine manner and coughed slightly, not sure whether I had been much dumber as a man than I realised or the body I now occupied was incredibly gifted "Um Look that can all be explained, the wizard programmed in all the aspect of my fantasy woman into this body and I ....err liked bright woman"

The AI gave you an odd look and clearly didn't belief you "None of the constructs have the capacity to do that you must be lying. This is a disturbing development, we have been aware for sometime that certain brighter constructs had become self aware and wished to become truly alive. I suspect you had created this elaborate ruse to simply steel poor John Lemure's body in the real world, never fear we will find the poor man and stop your dastardly plot at identity theft. The system is this very moment searching for him, we will find him no matter what you have done to him"

I started to get rather desperate at that point as whilst I had expected some problems, clearly not this sort, it also meant the Wizard was much more than he appeared to be and if he didn't change me back perfectly I would have the same problem. In a shrill voice I shouted, "Look that wizard wasn't a simple construct, there was a real person behind him and I guarantee that I am John Lemure, what can I do to prove it?"

The AI paused for a moment clearly caught in a dilemma and some sort of logic loop, after being frozen for almost a minute it finally declared, "There is a slight possibility that you are John Lemure, as you claim so it is your lucky day construct as I will not destroy you. Nor however can I let you exit as that may more likely trap the real John in this world. Therefore we have decided to ban your exit until this matter can be resolved"

The hairs on the back of my neck raised as it spoke as I hadn't appreciated that I was so close to being destroyed and how messing my attempt to exit had made things, gulping like a fish out of water I desperately exclaimed "What am I suppose to do then?"

The AI casually responded, "We care little what you do. Note that you have been tagged so as not to be able to pull this ruse in another way, given your high level of intelligence we suspect you might come back with the actual true appearance of John's avatar,

we are also considering other ways to keep you out of trouble. Just in case you are whom you claim to be however we will ensure your safety at least until this matter is resolved. Management has been advised and will be taking a personal interest. So far we have still been unable to track down the real John and again that is why you will be allowed to continue to live at all. Bygone evil construct”

The AI and exit portal then vanished before my eyes and the world suddenly became unfrozen around me. Miserably I realized that it was onto plan B and I realized I needed to act quickly as I didn't like what that jerk of an AI had intimated. His phrase “other ways of keeping me out of trouble” sounded rather ominous. I expected that I would soon be facing some considerable bad luck and very soon.

After moving a suitable distance from the exit gate I stopped and tried to get my breath back and my settle my frazzled nerves. My heart was beating at an alarming rate and felt like it might burst at any moment. I clearly was in a major pickle had to resolve a rather serious dilemma, before I did another thing.

Should I continue with my original back up plan in light of how badly my exit strategy went?

The idea of heading to the Wizard's shop and trying to get back my male identity had a number of inherent risks already. The veiled threat from the operating system AI probably meant that all of those were considerably increased now. In addition, there was the very real possibility that even if I successfully regained my former body, that the operating system may still fail to recognise me.

Alternatively, I could simply return to my harem, lie low and simply live as a free woman until the system sorted out its problems. My rapidly feminising brain saw no problem with being a woman especially one as bright as myself. From the harem I could also contact Assam for assistance as well or even possibly Elsa. That strategy was however not without risk, as I still bore the scares in terms of how treacherous the inmates of my harem could be, particularly if I was in female form.

The more I mulled over the dilemma the harder it seemed to resolve. In the end I simply decided that flicking a coin, was the easiest and quickest solution, as time wasn't a commodity I had a lot of at that point in time. Grinning to myself I designated heads to charge in like a bull and tails to run back to the safety of my harem like a dog with his tail between his legs. I reached into my purse and grabbed out an unmarked or clipped coin. I gave the coin a very serious flick into the air watched the coin arch up in what seemed slow motion then come hurtling back down to spin wildly when it hit the ground. To add to the tension it pivoted on its edge for a moment, clearly undecided as to which way it wanted to go, finally it fell over to reveal....

[To be continued...]

Read part two to find out if John can regain his manhood and avoid the dreaded fate prophesised by the fortune-teller.