

THE OBSIDIAN TABLE

AN EROTIC ADVENTURE BY

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PROLOGUE

The royal palace of Evey'ya was a peaceful, inviting place. It's white marble halls and tapestry covered chambers could easily make one forget that one was part of a spacefaring civilization of high technological capabilities. It was in this palace that the Queen and her nine daughters resided, secluded from the toil and misery of an economically depressed world, left to rot by the core Ashiri civilizations which had established it. Perhaps worse still, only women were now left to tend the colony.

The youngest of the daughters was Princess Shal'ya. Twenty-two years old, five foot, eight inches tall with shoulder length blond hair and piercing blue eyes, she was the most striking of the nine royal princesses. She was also by far the most pampered by her mother. She had everything she wanted, including a favorite female Ambwassi plaything named Kir'na whom her sisters were not allowed to bed with.

So it came, in the year 4212IR that the Von'kir first arrived on Evey'ya. These tall, gray skinned aliens desired to speak to the Queen in order to make a certain business arrangement which, they claimed, would greatly benefit the suffering world.

The Queen may have lived a secluded life of relative luxury,

but she felt deeply for the plight of her people. In her desire to give them a better future, no opportunity was passed up which might benefit them as a whole, not even opening talks with an alien race known almost exclusively as 'legal' slavers.

The talks lasted many days. And then, on the eighth morning, Princess Shal'ya awoke to find herself alone in her bed. The absence of Kir'na disturbed her given the presence of the aliens in the palace. Still, it was not the first time Kir'na had wandered off. She was a barbarian Ambwassi and insisted on practicing her rites and rituals, usually alone in the palace gardens. And so, she dressed in a soft, white cloth bikini and went about her morning routine thinking that all must, in the end, be well.

But... all was not well as she was soon to discover.

DISPLEASURE

“You did what?” Princess Shal'ya stammered in disbelief, jumping up from the soft leather couch which graced the center of her private sitting room.

“Oh, come now love,” her mother, the Queen, replied. She smiling softly as she drew her youngest daughter back down beside her. “They were all just sex toys. You'll have another by morning.”

“But... but... she was my favorite!” the Princess whined as she sat back down beside her mother.

“And you'll have another favorite soon enough,” the Queen responded, a bit more firmly. “I'm sure you understand that proper gifts are a part of the diplomatic process.”

“But... Kir'na?” Shal'ya asked, looking at her mother with tears in her eyes.

“Of course Kir'na,” the Queen responded. “The rest of the royal playthings as well. All of them.”

The Princess looked down at the floor.

“The Von'kir were very pleased with the gifts,” the Queen added softly. “It is very important that we provide them with such offerings if we are to ensure they don't cause us difficulties in their business dealings here on Evey'yar.”

“But why? Why do they need gifts... women?” the Princess muttered.

“Women, Shal'ya?” the Queen responded. “You know the Ambwassi are hardly women. All they care about is orgasm after orgasm. Sexual exchange is their sole purpose in life. They are just animals who pretend to be intelligent in order to obtain the objects they desire.”

Shal'ya closed her eyes and murmured softly, “Kir'na. My Kir'na.”

“Don't worry about Kir'na,” the Queen said, rubbing her daughter's shoulder. “She'll be a fine servant of the Von'kir once they have 'dressed' her.”

“What do you mean, 'dressed' her?” the Princess asked, turning to look at her mother.

“Oh, it's nothing,” the Queen replied, smiling and kissing her daughter on the forehead. “Just something the Von'kir do with their servants.”

“I want to know,” Shal'ya responded, pulling away from her mother. Anger crept into her voice. “What are they doing to her?”

“Oh, don't worry about it, Shal'ya,” the Queen answered softly. “Kir'na is a creature of sensation. You know this. The Von'kir are introducing her to new and interesting sensations

the likes of which she could never have experienced otherwise. That is all. There's no need to fuss."

"Mother! Tell me what they're doing to her!" the Princess hissed angrily.

The Queen was taken aback. For her daughter to have so deep an interest in an Ambwassi was quite out of character for an Ashiri living on Evey'ya. She shrugged and replied, "Well, if you must know, Kir'na is being... changed."

"What do you mean, changed?" Shal'ya demanded.

"Well, you must understand that the Von'kir have a different sense of what is attractive than we do," the Queen replied. "They aren't terribly fond of the shape which the Ambwassi females have. They are making Kir'na into something which more suits their tastes."

"But... Kir'na... she was mine!" Shal'ya sputtered in disbelief. "Let me see! I want to see what they've done to her!"

"Shal'ya, I'm not sure..."

"I want to see!"

"Very well," the Queen sighed and stood to leave. "Wait here. I shall have the Von'kir show her to you."

A PET TRANSFORMED

“Oh my fucking goddess!” Princess Shal'ya screeched as the Von'kir led her former sex toy into the room. What had once been a shapely Ambwassi woman was now a mockery of her former self. Gray skinned and horribly emaciated, she looked more like a living corpse than anything else.

“It is my understanding that this was your special toy,” the Von'kir asked as he led the leashed creature up to the couch.

“Oh, Kir'na,” Shal'ya moaned, tears welling up in her eyes.

“Yes, this was called Kir'na,” the alien remarked as he drew the creature up next to the Princess. “It has no particular name now.”

Shal'ya stared and reached out towards the chest from which she had so often obtained rich, sweet milk. The creature's nipples were now as big as thumbs and hung twisted and misshapen from its nearly nonexistent breasts.

“Do not be afraid to touch it,” the Von'kir said as he watched the Princess closely. “Your curiosity about it is quite pleasing, in fact.”

Shal'ya's hand shook as she gingerly touched one of the creature's nipples. It was stiff and cold.

“Surely you must have once gripped its nipples between

your lips?" the Von'kir asked. "No doubt there are other places you have been as well. Explore them however you like."

Shal'ya looked down between the creature's impossibly thin legs. What were once soft, inviting folds were now shriveled into a set of hard, knotty wrinkles. Into these, she ran her fingers. In the desire to find something familiar, she pressed into where the creature's vagina should have been. There was no opening, no entry into the sacred place of pleasure.

"Ah, yes. I should have mentioned. The creature is no longer a female," the Von'kir said softly. "All functions of gender have been replaced by a state of blissful sexlessness."

Shal'ya ran her hand over the creature's bony hips.

"As a female of intense sexuality, no doubt you find the idea of sexlessness curious?" the Von'kir remarked casually.

"Sort of," the Princess replied softly as she slid her hand up the creature's side.

"You are certainly not the first," the alien responded. "Many have come to my kind with their curiosities. We are more than happy to sate them."

"But why? Why do you do this to women?" Shal'ya asked as she drew back from the creature. She desperately wanted to be disgusted, but to her it was still Kir'na.

"So that they may better serve our purposes," the Von'kir

replied.

“And what are your purposes for them?” the Princess asked, looking at the Von'kir.

“We keep these creatures as pets, of course,” the alien answered, smiling as he drew the creature away from Shal'ya.

“Why the fuck would you want a pet that looks like this?” the Princess responded, looking directly at the Von'kir.

The alien laughed softly. “It is not what the creatures are that makes them so valuable. It is the knowledge of what they once were.”

“What do you mean?” Shal'ya asked, looking back at the creature.

“Slaves are quite common things,” the Von'kir responded. “To be able to take away the beauty, sex and even intelligence of a lovely, feminine creature... to make her into something totally opposed to what she naturally wants to be... that is what makes a creature such as this so much more satisfying than a chained, rebellious and even possibly dangerous woman.”

Shal'ya turned away. She didn't know what to say.

“Such things shouldn't worry a lovely princess,” the alien added as he turned to leave with the creature that had until that very morning been her loyal and dedicated lover.

Shal'ya turned back as they stepped through the doorway.

“Perhaps,” the Von'kir said, turning back, “the lovely princess would like to see how her former plaything was dressed in her new body?”

“I guess,” the Princess replied, shrugging her shoulders.

“Well, then, follow me!”

THE OBSIDIAN TABLE

“This is the slaving table,” the Von'kir said as he and Princess Shal'ya entered the small room. It had a hard, glossy black surface, just large enough for a humanoid female to lay upon. Straps and cuffs hung from the ends and sides. Two firm grips rose above one end. Below the other end of the table hung a frame shaped like a trapezoid without a base.

“How... how does it work?” the Princess asked softly.

“It is a very simple process,” the Von'kir explained. “A female is strapped onto the table, face down. The device is activated. The frame folds up over the table and an energy field is formed within it. The frame then travels the length of the table, transforming the female from toe to finger. The speed is variable to allow more or less time for the female to understand what is happening to her body.”

“Does it... hurt?” Shal'ya asked nervously.

“Oh, no!” the alien responded. “It is, perhaps, a little bit uncomfortable. The Ambwassi do seem to find it very interesting, however.”

“They do?” the Princess asked, a skeptical tone in her voice.

“Yes, indeed!” the Von'kir replied. “Much of the time they react in a very playful manner, especially when there's more

than one of them.”

“You mean... they like it?” Shal'ya asked, eyeing the Von'kir.

“I cannot say if they truly like it or not,” the alien replied. “I can definitely say that they don't dislike it.”

“Did... Kir'na... like it?” Shal'ya asked, looking back at the device.

“She seemed to find it pleasing,” the Von'kir replied. “Indeed, she was quite insistent on going second after she had watched the first.”

Shal'ya stepped up to the table and ran her hand along the hard surface, trying to imagine what her special plaything's transformation must have looked like. She then sat upon the edge of the table and looked down at the floor.

The Von'kir waited silently for several minutes before the Princess finally looked up.

“I want to try it,” she informed the alien. “I want to know what it feels like.”

“Oh my!” the Von'kir responded gleefully. “First the royal harem and then the youngest, loveliest daughter of the Queen! But... I must be terribly honest. I fear there is really no 'trying it'.”

“What do you mean?” Shal'ya asked.

“You see, once you are transformed by a slaver table, you cannot be changed back,” the Von'kir replied. “It is very, very

permanent.”

“Oh,” the Princess responded, looking back down at the floor. “Did Kir'na know it was permanent when she did it?”

“Oh yes,” the alien replied. “They all knew it was permanent. That fact didn't seem to affect their desire to make use of the device, however.”

Shal'ya was silent. Conflicting emotions welled up inside her.

“Of course, if you truly desire to join your special plaything, it would please me very much to grant your wish,” the Von'kir added.

Shal'ya looked up at the alien and smiled briefly.

“I must say, I think you would make a very fine pet,” the alien remarked in a casual tone. “It is just so difficult to find such suitable Ashiri these days. Such lovely legs... hips... chest.”

“I don't think my mother would approve,” Shal'ya muttered. She had no intention of letting an alien coerce her into becoming a shriveled sexless animal. She would make that decision on her own. “I had better go now.”

“I shall be here for several more weeks,” the alien remarked as the Princess slid off the table. “The slaving table will be ready for you when you make up your mind.”

Shal'ya faked as smile for the alien and then swept out of the room.

THE QUEEN'S DESIRE

“So, have you sated your curiosity,” the Queen asked as Princess Shal'ya closed the door to the slaving table room behind her. She looked her daughter up and down.

“Not really,” Shal'ya replied, startled to see her mother.

“And what are you still curious about?” the Queen asked, smiling softly.

“I really want to know what it feels like,” the Princess said, crossing her arms. “But... it's permanent. I'd have to be one of those things forever. I... I don't know.”

“Do you know what I think?” the Queen asked softly as she ran a hand through her daughter's hair.

“What do you think?” Shal'ya asked in reply.

“I think you should sate your desire,” the Queen replied, looking her daughter in the eye.

“You? You think...” Shal'ya stammered. “You really think I should become one of those things... forever? Just to know what it feels like?”

“Why not?” the Queen answered. “You've shared all sorts of pleasures and experiences with Kir'na. Why not share this one?”

Shal'ya was silent. She couldn't fathom why her mother

would suddenly be encouraging her to follow Kir'na.

“Let me be honest now,” the Queen said as she reached to open the door. “I was only going to give a few of the playthings to the Von'kir and certainly not Kir'na. They were all there in the room and I ordered them to pick from among themselves five to become servants of the Von'kir. I never invited Kir'na. I don't know how she found out. The first was all nervous but for some strange reason she managed to convince the rest that the effects of the device felt erotic. Before I knew what was happening, Kir'na was jumping onto the table with a demand to be next.”

“You could have stopped her,” the Princess muttered, looking at the ground.

“I was... distracted,” the Queen replied softly. “Watching the first change stimulated me in ways I have never experience before. It may have been the Ambwassi pheromones at work. The whole thing excited them so much that before I knew it five became ten. Ten became twenty. And then... all twenty-seven were gone.”

Shal'ya sighed.

“I was just so fascinated by them actually wanting to be transformed,” the Queen continued. “How they could actually want to become something so... unpleasant... I cannot know.”

The Princess looked at her mother.

“The whole event fascinated me so much that... I thought of a way that the slaving table can help our people,” the Queen said.

“How can the slaving table help?” Shal'ya responded. It seems impossible that something so horrible could actually help anyone on Evey'ya.

“Our population is entirely female,” the Queen replied. “The Von'kir want females. Ashiri females. That is why they're here.”

Shal'ya looked at her mother in disbelief.

“The arrangement is quite simple,” the Queen explained. “Right now, you and two palace ladies will lay on the slaving table so that I might satisfy my desire to watch Ashiri women be transformed. Then I gift them with a tribute of three to lay on the table per week. There will be public shows and anyone tempted may partake of the table.”

“And that's supposed to reduce population pressure on the economy and our resources?” the Princess asked skeptically. “I don't see how there will be enough volunteers.”

“Oh, it's simple,” the Queen responded. “You have eight sisters. They will lay on the slaving table at periodic intervals to encourage the people.”

“And you think they'll actually do it?” Shal'ya asked, raising

an eyebrow.

“I know they will,” the Queen replied, opening the door. “But that’s not your concern now. Your only concern is the slaving table.”

“I... I don’t know,” Shal’ya sighed as her mother drew her into the room and up to the table. “I’m really not sure now. It all makes so little sense.”

“It will make sense soon enough,” the Queen said as she removed Shal’ya’s cloth bikini. “For now you must be satisfied in knowing that you are entertaining your mother in a highly exotic fashion.

“Why... why now?” the Princess asked her mother. “I really need some more time to... understand.”

“Because I desire it to be done now,” the Queen replied. “Now, get up on the table and wait. The two ladies shall be along shortly.”

UPON THE TABLE

“Why the fuck do you have to strap me down like this?” Princess Shal'ya muttered in disgust as she lay face down on the slaving table. The Von'kir quickly locked her wrists and ankles into the table's padded cuffs. “I'm not a fucking bondage whore you know.”

The Von'kir smiled as he secured a restraining belt around her waist. “It is just part of the dressing process. The restraint ensures that you have nothing to worry about save the enjoyment of the unusual sensations which you will experience.”

“Whatever,” the Princess huffed.

“Just relax,” the Queen cooed from her seat at the foot of the table. Near her stood the two palace staff members. One was a slender brunette. The other had black hair and a tropical skin tone. Both were totally naked and already had Von'kir slave collars around their necks.

“How can I relax when I'm about to get tuned into... a... an... it?” Shal'ya muttered as the Von'kir activated the table. The trapezoidal frame flipped up over the bed.

“Don't worry about becoming an it, my daughter,” the Queen responded as a translucent, yellowish energy field formed

within the frame. “Just lay there and enjoy the feelings. It’ll be over before you know it.”

“I fucking hope so,” the Princess sighed as she reached forward and grabbed hold of the grips.

The Queen laughed softly. She watched intensely as the frame crept forward. The energy field inched toward Shal'ya's toes. The Princess closed her eyes.

“Oh... oh... oh! That's... hard,” Shal'ya stammered as the frame moved over her toes. A soft hiss began the moment the field touched her. Inch by inch, her shapely feminine feet shriveled into gray, malformed, clawed versions of their former selves while a yellowish smoke rose from the area around her transformed parts.

“I wonder what it feels like?” the brunette staff member murmured to herself.

“It feels like fucking hard leather... except it's my own skin that's the leather,” the Princess responded, cringing. It was indeed rather uncomfortable. “It's just soft... then it's hard. There's nothing in between. No tingling, no nothing!”

“That's... that's going to be us?” the dark skinned staff member whispered as the energy field moved up over Shal'ya's ankles.

“Yes,” the Queen softly replied.

“Isn't this thing going to go any faster? It's taking fucking forever!” the Princess sighed as her shapely calves began to shrivel. “Oh... this just feels so damned strange!”

“Oh, I had the Von'kir set the progress at a slower rate,” the Queen replied. The field was approaching Shal'ya's knees. “It gives me more time to watch and you more time to feel.”

“Fuck!” Shal'ya yelped as her legs convulsed and pulled hard on the restraints. “What the hell?”

“It is common for such a reaction when the joint of the knee passes through the field,” the Von'kir remarked. “It is nothing to worry about.”

“I hope you're enjoying the view down there,” the Princess huffed, looking back at the energy field as best as she could given the restraints. “I wish I could see what I looked like.”

“You look like a mummified corpse from the mid-thigh down,” the dark-skinned staff member said, as she watched in disgust.

The Queen tensed as the field moved up the last few inches of Shal'ya's legs. She could see her daughter's womanly folds through the field. Her hand slid down between her own legs. It was her daughter, but it still made her feel hot.

“Oh,” whispered the brunette staff member.

“It's coming now,” the Queen cooed to her daughter. “So

close. So close.”

Shal'ya didn't need anyone to tell her it was coming. She held her breath. Her whole body tensed. Her folds shriveled back, fully exposing her openings and clit. She arched her back, instinctively straining to get away. The field moved forward. Her vagina sealed shut. Her clit vanished.

“Oh... goddess!” the Princess moaned as an intense wave of sexual desire flooded her mind. It faded quickly, the last gasp of genuine womanhood she would ever feel.

“That looks so... disgusting,” the brunette staff member murmured as she gawked at Shal'ya's nether regions and newly shriveled ass.

“Perhaps,” the Queen remarked. “But it's an erotic sort of disgusting, isn't it?”

“Yeah,” the dark-skinned staff member replied as Shal'ya's abdomen and belly transformed into a wrinkled tube, cutting her waist size by two thirds. “It is... it's so... strange.”

“Mmm,” the Queen responded as the field moved inexorably toward Shal'ya's head.

“Oh, come on!” the Princess moaned as the field began to crawl up her ribcage. “This is taking too fucking long.”

“No rush, my daughter,” the Queen cooed. “Just enjoy it.”

“I *am* enjoying it,” Shal'ya sighed. Indeed, something about

the strange sensations of a shriveled, hard, leathery body had struck a chord in the erotic part of her brain. "It's sexy and strange and so... so... I don't know any words to describe it."

"You mean... you like it?" the dark-skinned staff member asked, staring at the bony protrusion that was Shal'ya's tailbone.

"I... I think I do," the Princess replied as the field just began to touch her breasts.

"I'm sure you do, my... well, I can't really call you a daughter now, can I?" the Queen responded, laughing softly.

"I guess not," Shal'ya answered as the field moved over her breasts. "My nipples had better come out huge. That's all I want out of this... huge fucking nipples."

"And it seems you have them," the Queen observed as the field passed ever closer to Shal'ya's neck.

"Good," the Princess huffed as she lowered her head. The field was now up to her neck.

"You are a very fine creature," the Queen said as the field pushed on toward the base of Shal'ya's skull. "Watching you change has been... so much more fascinating than the Ambwassi animals. It really makes me want to do it myself. But... not yet. Maybe soon. I may... join you."

Shal'ya didn't hear her mother. Her mind was focused only

on the hardening sensations which crept up over the base of her skull.

“This is it. This is really it,” Shal'ya whispered. Her whole body tensed. Her mind began to waver. Her head spun. She could feel her face shrinking and hardening. And then, she wasn't Shal'ya anymore. She was just an animal of semi-intelligent mental state. Nothing more. Nothing less.

“Cay'lune?” the Queen inquired, turning to the darker skinned woman.

“Yes, your highness?” she responded softly.

“You are next.”

THE END