

- Tale of Fate #1 -

No Other Choice

A Short Story By Shetira Anwae

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Naked

Ny'va was nervous, a fact made obvious by her shaky body language. But then, she was standing naked in front of half a dozen aliens. The slender, eight foot tall, gray skinned humanoids stared at her, muttering to themselves as she stood silently on the small platform in the center of the brightly lit room.

Much to the young woman's displeasure, the aliens all insisted on touching her. They ran their bony fingers along her deep tan skin. They fiddled with her long, straight, black hair. They even toyed with her slender, elf-like ears.

Ny'va couldn't object to the embarrassing treatment, however. Stranded on a run down former mining colony, with no money and no place to live, she either had to accept it or face death in the unforgiving, nearly lifeless desert which surrounded the small port town. There was no other option.

The examination continued for nearly a half hour. Then, all but one of the aliens left the room. The remaining individual continued to stare at the blushing young woman's body.

"You have... somewhat small breasts," the alien observed in a very matter of fact tone. "Firm, better than average body.

Attractive face.”

“Am I acceptable?” Ny'va asked softly. Her smooth, melodic voice contained a measure of uncertainty.

“Acceptable, yes,” the alien replied. “I am sure at least some of our clientele will find interest.”

“When do I start my duties?” Ny'va inquired.

“Shortly,” the alien replied. “First you must be dressed for your station.”

“Oh,” Ny'va responded. “What will I be wearing? I didn't think... aliens... liked their women... clothed.”

“Not clothing,” the alien responded, gesturing for her to step off the platform.

“Then what do you mean?”

“Your fundamental essence must be re-clad,” the alien replied as Ny'va stepped down from the platform.

“I don't understand,” Ny'va responded, shrugging her shoulders.

“Hmm... not experienced in the ways of the world,” the alien noted, shaking its head as it moved toward her. “Better for business though. I shall explain.”

Explanations

“Your body must be transformed,” the alien explained as it slipped a padded leather collar around the young woman's neck. “Your body must cease to be what it is and become different... a different species more suitable for the needs of our clients.”

“Oh,” Ny'va replied, looking down at the ground as the alien locked a leash onto the collar. “How long do I have to be... something else?”

“The transformation... very permanent,” the alien responded as it pulled gently on the leash, causing Ny'va to look up. “Not that it will matter much to you.”

“Why won't it matter?” Ny'va asked as the alien led her out of the room and into a large circular chamber. All around the walls were a series of large hatches, each with a big manual locking lever. All of the hatches had a light above it. Most were green. A few were red.

“Mind state is altered along with physical form,” the alien replied as he led Ny'va to the nearest green lit hatch. “You will continue to be you. You will, however, find nothing but contentment. You will like your new body. You will have no

choice.”

Ny'va watched in silence as the alien opened the hatch. The alien removed the leash and gestured for her to enter the small, dark, tunnel-like chamber.

“Wait... I have to be transformed now?” Ny'va asked.

“Yes, now,” the alien replied.

“Oh,” Ny'va responded softly as she looked into the chamber. To her surprise, all but the rather high ceiling was heavily padded and covered in shimmering pink silk. Large silken pillows lined the walls. In the center of the ceiling hung a spherical lamp which glowed in a dim, yellow light.

“Is... is it going to hurt?” Ny'va asked nervously as she began to climb into the chamber.

“No pain, perhaps some discomfort,” the alien answered.

“Is it at least going to go quick?” Ny'va asked as the alien reached out to close the hatch behind her.

“Not quick, no,” the alien replied. “Many find the change stimulating in certain unfathomable ways. You shall have enough time to experience the same before it ends and you are taken to begin the performance of your duties. Now, no more talk. It is time for you to transform.”

Transformation

Ny'va drew back to the far end of the tube as the alien closed the door. She leaned back on the large pillows and drew her legs up in front of her, her arms around her knees. She looked around at the pillows and the lamp. Then she began to fiddle with her collar.

The spherical lamp soon began to brighten. The yellow light it gave off now turned a sickly green. It began to hum softly.

Ny'va looked up at the lamp and for a few moments she stared into it. Then she cringed and looked down at her feet. A strange green mist was rising from her toes. She watched in shock as her toenails grew and deformed. The flesh of her toes began to turn gray and shrink over the bones.

“Oh... oh my,” Ny'va stammered as she watched the shriveling spread up over her feet. She wiggled her bony toes and moved her feet about as if trying to comprehend what was happening to her body. Up and up it spread. She shuddered as it began to consume her beautiful, finely curved calves. The muscles shrank so drastically that they seemed to have all but vanished. Her knees twitched as the transformation passed

over them. Gingerly, she reached down and ran her hands over her bony, emaciated lower legs.

“Leather... it feels like hard leather,” Ny'va whispered as the transformation slowly moved up her thighs. Then, her fingernails started to grow and deform. She looked at her hands and watched as her fingers slowly shriveled up. “Oh... my... hands. This just feels so... so... strange.”

Ny'va did not stare at her hands for long, however. A sudden realization brought her eyes back down to her legs.

“Oh... oh... oh!” Ny'va panted as the soft folds of flesh between her legs pulled away from her most intimate of places. For a moment, the moist pink tunnel of her vagina was fully exposed, drawn open by the shrinkage of the flesh around it. Moments later, her vagina shrank and closed, leaving her crotch a flat, smooth surface interrupted only by her slightly protruding urethra.

Ny'va reached down with both hands and pressed her bony fingers into what was once her most intimate place. She rubbed and pulled on the hard gray skin.

“I... I... I'm...” Ny'va moaned softly. She spread her legs and let a hand rest where her womanhood had been. The other went to her breasts. “I'm not a girl anymore... I'm... I'm an it!”

All The Way

Ny'va lay back and stared at the glowing sphere above her. The transformation continued, pulling the flesh tight over her hip bones. Now, the bones too seemed to shrink, leaving her abdomen far more slender than it otherwise might have been. Her soft tummy became a horribly shrunken tube connecting her abdomen with her ribcage.

Ny'va gasped as the change started up her chest. She cupped her small breasts in her shriveled hands and then gently squeezed them. They slowly vanished into her shrinking ribcage. Her nipples remained, however, but they had grown into large, hard knobs of flesh which hung awkwardly from her flat chest.

“Oh... oh... that's awful,” Ny'va muttered, looking down at the place where her breasts had been. She took her nipples in her hands and held them up to look at. “There's nothing left... nothing to say I'm a girl... was a girl.”

As Ny'va stared at her deformed nipples, the transformation continued up over her shoulders. She again tensed as her already slender neck shriveled.

“Oh, this is it,” she moaned as the skin around her jaw

began to transform. Her lips shrank and melded with her gums, hardening into a body ridge which replaced her teeth entirely. Her tongue rapidly grew out and soon hung almost down to the nipples which she still gripped firmly in her hands. "Oh no... oh please no... I'm not ready for this! Make it stop! Please ma... ma... mk... rk... hrk!"

Ny'va's emaciated body shuddered and her eyes grew wide as the transformation neared its climax. Her long hair began to dissolve into green mist while her eyes turned into featureless black orbs, jutting out from her almost skeletal face. Then her skull itself shrank into a strange, alien form with distinct lobes on each side.

For a few moments, Ny'va thrashed back and forth while making desperate guttural noises. Then she fell limp. Her black eyes blinked slowly as the light of the lamp above faded. She hissed softly. It was done.

Ny'va's Fate

Ny'va slowly crawled to the open door of the chamber. The alien reattached the leash to her collar and gently pulled her out into the light. She fell to all fours and looked around in a bewildered way for a short time. Then she looked up at the alien and hissed softly.

“Hmm... not the best of results,” the alien muttered, shaking his head. “Not a nice lean face like an Ambwassi. To be expected, I suppose.”

Ny'va gently pawed at the alien and made a few chirping noises.

“Seems very passive and obedient,” the alien noted, looking down at the shriveled creature. “For two hundred credits... a decent pet it will be.”

THE END