

# GELITECH

EPISODE 7

## GONE SHOPPING

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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**I**

Old Mashiva wasn't the kind of place one made a point to visit unless one had some very specific reason to go there. There was nothing at all to recommend the drab old frontier boom-town. Unless one was looking for dirt cheap liquor, bawdy live entertainment, or barrel-bottom rent, that is. It was hardly a place to live, let alone conduct any particularly profitable business. Unless, of course, one was willing to delve into the dark business of old-world vice.

All that could really be said in Old Mashiva's defense was that it generally didn't flood nearly so badly as the new city to the east. During the worst storms, three or four inches of water might accumulate for a time. The roads might become impassable. Public transportation might be shut

down. But once the rain stopped, the flooding quickly subsided, mostly thanks to the old city's location on a forty-meter high prominence that loomed over the old former rail yards, and the river just beyond.

The densely packed new city of Mashiva was located down on the plain. Though still about twenty meters above the river, it took the brunt of the runoff from the mountains to the north. The northern and western portions of the new city were especially vulnerable. As a result, the streets there were little more than a grid of granite-clad concrete canyons, dotted with colorful signs and ramps leading up into each block's elevated parking garage. There was little else to be found at ground level, unless one was fond of delving into the nuances of modern infrastructure and flood control.

Certain critical blocks around the Northwest Residential District were protected by lifting sections of roadbed that acted as temporary dams.

Backed up by pumps to remove accumulated rain water, these kept the blocks largely dry during flooding. In this way, certain vital structures including emergency services and the engineering support and ventilation systems for those areas of the city's vast underground network of multi-level basements, subways, and other tunnels, could be kept largely dry. As to the rest of the district, they all had to make do with a more elevated sort of lifestyle.

The real city experience in Northwestie began five stories above street level. Above the streets, the garages, and the lower level support floors, was a vast network of skywalks, lobbies, and businesses that mimicked the layout and composition of a more typical city's ground level. Enclosed bridges connected all of the blocks and buildings together into a coherent whole who's day-to-day life was largely unimpeded by the storms and the flooding that they caused. Each block had at least one set of public pathways that connected it to all of its immediate neighbors. In

some buildings, there were multiple public floors with restaurants, shops, and various sundry entertainments. In others, the public services were less expansive. In many, these were limited to public lavatories, and little else.

A second network of skywalks was built at the tenth-floor level. Less expansive, these were more recreational in intent, and were designed to create a visually appealing, hyper-modern cityscape for residents and guests alike. In addition to connecting selected buildings and blocks, these also served as access to rooftop plazas and gardens. A number of higher class recreational and culinary establishments could also be found at this level, mainly clustered near the major transit hubs where both monorail and subway access was close at hand.

The monorails ran in long, meandering loops which allowed citizens a reasonably rapid means of travel around Northwestie, and eastward into the new city center. These ran over the streets,

with passenger platforms located every other other city megablock. Each of these megablocks consisted of nine large city blocks together, bordered on all sides by broad bi-level thoroughfares that were intended to help ease traffic congestion. Traffic on each level went in one direction only. North or west on the upper level. South or east on the lower.

While all this might have made sense to the long-time resident, navigating the Northwestie maze was nearly impossible for the residents of Mashiva's other, more conventionally composed districts, let alone for a total newcomer. 'Getting lost in Northwestie' wasn't a commentary on the districts outward romantic appeal. It was an excuse for tardiness, and generally a perfectly valid one at that. In fact, if you visited Northwestie and *didn't* get lost, it was typically, albeit jokingly, regarded as a sign of being a bit 'off' by most. A bit odd. Even a bit crazy.

If being just a bit crazy was the sole qualification for successfully navigating the blocks of Northwestie in a timely fashion, Chyka should have had no trouble in finding her destination. She was a Gelitech model, after all. But even the little snow leopardess just couldn't make heads or tails of the place. Even with directions from her comm. In fact, she was starting to wonder if her destination actually existed at all.

"Are we lost?" Jumie inquired as the pair circled around the core of New Mashiva megablock three-four for the fifth time. This was the third megablock from the western edge of the new city, and forth down from the north. If they'd read the advertisement right, their destination should have been in block four, the middle block on the western side. But try as they might, the business was nowhere to be found in the public spaces, or in the directories for the private floors either.

"No," Chyka replied with a shrug. "We know exactly where we are. It's this place that's lost, not us. It's absolutely nowhere around here!"

"Pardon me, if I might be so intrusive, but are you having difficulty in finding some specific location of particular interest?" came a thin, metallic sounding voice. "Perhaps I might be of some reasonable degree of assistance in that regard."

Chyka looked down to find herself confronted with a diminutive humanoid of rather unusual proportions. His skin was a dull, greenish-gray and his eyes were large black orbs on the front of his almost comically over-sized head. His hands and feet with proportioned in equally absurd measure. It was hard for her to imagine the poor creature being able to stand upright, let alone conduct himself so normally in Maria's ever-so-slightly above average gravity.

The interloper wore nothing on his body save a short, shimmering golden kilt. He carried nothing else but a comm that was hanging from his silver belt. This was so big in proportion to his size that it would have certainly pulled the whole thing straight down were it not for his jutting, bony hips.

"Sure," Chyka said as Jumie took a pensive step back from the unusual little alien. "Do you know where High Tail is? They've got a really good sale going on, and the avert says its in three-four-four, but we can't seem to find it."

"High Tail?" the alien responded, tapping his fingers together as he looked up in a thoughtful manner. "I seem to recall hearing of a business with that name somewhere within this particular structural collective. A clothing establishment, perhaps? Specializing in feyli attire, I would assume? Yes. That is certainly it. I must, however, admit that I do know personally know the location of this place. Perhaps my erstwhile assistant

knows. Come! Let us go together and inquire of her!"

"Uh..." Jumie murmured with a very distinct tone of reluctance. She still wasn't nearly comfortable with being surrounded by so many people, let alone so many people who very much weren't feyli.

"Sure," Chyka replied, reaching back to give her wife a firm tug. It had been hard enough just to get her to come out in public wearing nothing but her glistening black coating of biogel. The last thing she wanted was for the appearance of this strange little alien to give her cold feet, especially so apparently close to their destination and the pleasant shopping distractions therein. "Asking for help is just part of life, right? Let's go and hope she knows where High Tail is hiding."

Jumie sighed with vocal apprehension as her wife pulled her forward.

"Come, come!" the alien said, leading them toward an escalator. He gestured upward, toward a broad storefront completely covered in brightly illuminated stained glass. "We have not far to go at all. Just up the moving stairs."

"That's pretty," Chyka remarked as she followed the alien onto the escalator, thankful temptation didn't lure her into commenting on his awkward gait. "You work there?"

"As it so happens to be, I am the proprietor of the establishment," the alien replied. "A mark of pride it is indeed, I must declare. You have heard of it before, quite possibly. It is called... The Bejeweled!"

## II

Chyka couldn't help but stop and stare at the sheer, opulent magnificence of it all. Everywhere, there were statues. Magnificent, gemstone statues, mounted upon platforms and plinths of stone, copper, silver, and gold. Sumptuous images that enshrined the nude physical form in poses ranging from the sublimely practical, to the imaginatively artistic, and all the way to the overtly erotic.

Many of the statues were single subjects in all manner of poses, alone upon their mounts, or ensconced within gemstone holders, or even little multi-colored gemstone scenes. Most of these were purely artistic in nature, though some had more practical purpose. Most common seemed to be the lantern holders, with their glowing orbs that seemed to contain no source of power to

illuminate them. There was even a complex fountain of sorts, the sapphire feyli subject issuing a constant stream of water from her upturned mouth. Water that entered through a gemstone passage beneath her tail, an image that carried with it slightly unsettling erotic implications. Erotic implications that were enhanced by the nearby statues of subjects held captive in the loving embrace of gemstone tentacles.

The rest of the statues were multiple subjects in a variety of poses. Some were purely artistic in nature, but most of them had been composed purely for erotic appeal. Couples making love in various fashions. More gemstone tentacles. Even some gemstone monstrosities that invoked images in Chyka's mind of some of the most unpleasant looking of alien erotica that she'd ever come across.

"Come come!" the little alien beckoned as he headed straight toward the back of the establishment. "I am quite sure that my assistant

can provide you with useful assistance. She is an assistant, after all!"

Chyka couldn't help but smirk at the alien's rather lame attempt at a joke. Working up the courage to follow him was another matter entirely. She'd heard all about places like this before. Places where alien technology as just as strange as biogel could be found... and sometimes encountered in very intimate fashion. Where the line between guests and merchandise was fuzzy even by Gelitech standards. Where the rules of the game were all too often bent and twisted well beyond recognition. Where people went in... and only objects of living stone came out.

"What is this place?" Jumie asked as she was gently pulled along behind her reluctant companion.

"The Bejeweled!" the alien replied with a giddy, overly-enthusiastic tone. "Mashiva's one and only creator and purveyor of supremely

artistic, life-sized gemstone exotica and erotica! And I, in addition to being this establishments proud owner and proprietor, am also its jeweler! My work is quite splendid, is it not? Magnificent, even! Perhaps you would like to see how I go about in creating such beauties?"

"Maybe some other time," Chyka replied. There wasn't a doubt in her mind where the little alien was headed with that proposal. It wasn't someplace she was willing to go, let alone take her new wife along with her.

"Of course," the alien chuckled. "But I can assure you that you are missing quite an intimately inspiring treat. My digital gorgon is quite as astonishing to behold as its produce."

"I'm sure it is," Chyka noted as the alien led them through the maze of statuary, toward a service desk crafted of swirly, rainbow stone.

"Sakie! Sakie! Where are you?" the alien called out as they approached the counter. "We have guests in considerable need of your very personal assistance!"

Chyka had certainly heard of digital gorgons before. They were strange devices which could somehow use light itself to transform living beings into inanimate statues of elemental or mineral nature. They could produce both accurate, life-like conversions and highly modified shapes, standing alone and pure, mounted upon freshly generated pedestals, or embedded in partial or complete encasements. There seemed to be no limits to the variety of the potential results, save the imagination of the jeweler, and the cooperation of his subject.

"Coming! Coming!" a light, girly voice called out from a sliding, stained glass door behind the counter. It whooshed open, and a pretty, brown-haired cougareess burst out. "What'd you need?"

Buying? Selling? A demonstration? I'd love to give you a demonstration? No? Yes? Please!"

Chyka hardly heard the cougar's words. She was too focused on the woman's ample, and very naked breasts. They bounced up and down like sacks of jelly with every step, almost in perfect time with her long, braided ponytail. Whether or not the rest of her was as bare as her chest, the little snow leopardess wasn't quite tall enough to see, though definitely not for lack of wanting.

Public nudity was nothing strange to the feyli. They came equipped with one layer of clothing already. Their silky-soft fur was typically thick enough to conceal their more intimate details. That was one major reason feyli seemed to take to biogel a bit more readily than most others. They were already quite comfortable running around one step short of being totally naked.

"There she most definitely is!" the little alien declared, turning away to leave. "Now, if you shall

excuse me, I must be off to drum up more business, acquire new merchandise, and other such sundry activities."

"Thank you," Chyka replied with a smile and a nod, though she wasn't entirely sure if she was going to be quite as thankful by the time their visit to his establishment was over.

"Come this way and I'll demonstrate the gorgon for you!" Sakie bubbled, pointing toward another stained glass door toward the back of the store. "Once you've seen how it works, I can absolutely guarantee you'll want to try it for yourselves! Don't worry! It's one hundred percent compatible with that shiny black biogel of yours and..."

"Well, actually... we were just looking for directions," Chyka interjected. "Your boss thought you might know where the store we're looking for is located."

"Oh," Sakie responded with a rather dejected looking expression. "Well... Okay. I guess I could help. Maybe?"

"I really hope so," Chyka replied with a sympathetic smile. "We've been looking for High Tail forever... the adverts say its right around here, but for the life of us, we just can't find it."

"Oh! Uh... High Tail?" Sakie responded with a rather skeptical look, shortly followed by a brief chuckle. "Oh! Right. High Tail. *High* Tail. The Empire's premier establishment specializing in stylish activewear for the sophisticated feyli. *That* High Tail."

"Yeah," Chyka replied. "That High Tail."

"Well, there isn't one of those around in these parts," Sakie noted with a mischievous grin. "There's one down by the Resort District, on the ground floor of Meybi Tower. None here in Northwestie though."

"But the ad said..." Chyka responded.

"Didn't you read the whole thing?" Sakie asked, leaning on the counter and clasping her hands together.

"Uh... maybe... not?" Chyka answered.

"It's a game," Sakie said, pointing to a small sign on the counter. "A thing the Imperial XenoTrade Association runs in partnership with various local and interstellar businesses. They offer coupons and other tangible benefits to those willing to visit their member businesses and learn about their various sundry and not-so-sundry offerings."

"Ah," Chyka responded with a nod and a slight frown. Given the sort of establishment she was currently standing in, it wasn't hard at all for her to see where the direction this little game was likely to take.

"Of course, you don't just get a coupon by walking in the door," Sakie continued. "You have to do something to earn it, generally. Sometimes it's accepting samples. Sometimes it's trying something on for size. Sometimes it's listening to a sales pitch."

"Okaaaaaaay," Chyka responded with an increasingly skeptical look.

"So, I might just be able to hook you up," Sakie purred, licking her lips like a lioness staring down a plate covered in thick, juicy steaks. "If..."

"If what?" Chyka grumbled. She could very well imagine just what the naked cougaress was going to insist upon. It definitely wasn't worth fifty percent off at High Tail, or any other store for that matter. Even if it was just for a few minutes.

"You have to watch me give a live demonstration of the digital gorgon using nothing

but my own completely naked body," Sakie replied with her mischievous little smile. "That's all. No strings attached. Unless you want to attach some strings to it. I'm always happy to offer certain free upgrades. Among other things."

Chyka shook her head with considerable annoyance. On one hand, she didn't seem to expect either of her guests to get turned into stone. On the other hand, she almost certainly expected both of her guests to consent to being turned into stone. The big question was, how far would she go to convince them?

At Gelitech, temptation was just that. Temptation. But few ever dared to go beyond simply dangling the prospect of fascinating physical experience before a guest's eyes. In the end, it was always up to the guest. But other establishments dealing in xeno-experience were often more lax about the rules. How lax The Bejeweled was, well, that was something yet to be

seen. If she decided to take the risk. Or, rather, if *they* decided to take the risk.

Chyka was no longer just responsible for Chyka now. She had to think of Jumie, and often doubly so. The leopardess had only been introduced to modern civilization one short week ago, and in a gooey-black fashion that hardly lent itself to minimizing the effects of culture shock. Quite the opposite, in fact.

"Well?" Chyka asked, turning to her wide-eyed wife. The leopardess was thoroughly entranced by the nearby statuary, and it took a couple of gentile tugs on her hand in order to get her attention. "Well? Should we watch her do her thing and get that coupon, or should we pass on it?"

Jumie bit her lower lip and shrugged in a very hesitant fashion. "I... I don't... know."

Jumie at least had the sense to be skittish about anything outside of her former life experience. She

hardly dared to touch a perfectly benign vending machine, even though it's only real hazard was failing to dispense the selected snack in a timely fashion. However, unless it had to do with railroad things, or not going too close to the edge of a cliff, or sticking a finger in a pot of boiling water, she was completely clueless about what might actually be dangerous or not. It might take her more convincing than most that something was safe, but chances are she could be convinced that anything was safe by the right person.

Their other wife, the one residing who encased both of their bodies within her glistening black biogel form, was a bit more enthused by the idea. The warm sense of approval that came over the little snow leopardess was to be expected, of course. That soul to which they were both captor and captive was always fascinated by the prospect of some interesting physical experience. At times, perhaps a bit too fascinated. But for now, at least, she was merely expressing her approval for her two captive bodies to proceed as they wished.

At least, she was expressing approval to Chyka. The more impressionable Jumie was far more susceptible to their biogel wife's suggestions. She seemed far less able to distinguish between her own feelings and those insinuated into her mind by their biogel mistress.

Jumie half-smiled and shrugged. "I... I guess... that would be... okay."

Chyka looked back at the smiling cougaress. "No strings attached? Really?"

Sakie shook her head and smiled. "No strings attached! None at all! Just come with me. Watch the show. And that sweet, sweet High Tail discount will be all yours!"

Chyka shrugged. "Fine," she replied, even though she strongly suspected that this was going to be a decision she was going to regret in the very near future. "We'll watch your show."

"Great!" Sakie exclaimed, bouncing up and down for a moment before stepping out from behind the counter to lead her guests toward the door at the back of the shop. "Come on! This is going to be so much fun! I can hardly wait!"

### III

For a device that could be fit into a standard comm sized package, the digital gorgon in the two-story back-room studio of The Bejeweled was a massive, and extremely complex looking machine. More theatrical in form than practical, the jeweler's gorgon consisted of a large silver camera-like device mounted on the inner arm of a massive brass armillary sphere who's incredibly complex mechanism vanished into the floor and ceiling. At its center was the chamber's only source of light: the large, softly luminous circular stage upon which the gorgon did its insidious work. Where it made living beauty more intense and permanent, with only the price of that living beauty being transformed into an inanimate object of stone.

The digital gorgon shared one very significant feature with the biogel that clad the chamber's current pair of guests. As with those transformed into biogel objects, the digital gorgon's victims still retained the vital spark of life. They were trapped in exactly the same sort of semi-conscious, dream-like state. Their only connection to the outside world was the same sort of vague, subtle sense of touch. It was exactly the same sort of ethereal sort of existence, as far as anyone could tell. And, as the attendant had so politely pointed out, it was fully compatible with its glistening black counterpart.

Chyka couldn't help but wonder if, somehow, the biogel and gorgon transformations were fundamentally the same thing. The only difference between the two was that, in the hands of an honest jeweler, that of the gorgon could be reversed, assuming not much time had passed. It was therefore one of the only transformational xeno-technologies that could be considered casually recreational. There were even beauty

contests, where the participants would all be transformed into statues for a few days, and voted on by the viewing public.

All that required an honest jeweler, of course. The little snow leopardess couldn't recall ever having heard of such a contest taking place in Mashiva before. Or seeing advertisements for recreational gorgon use, even in the shadier of local xeno-mags. Hopefully that just meant that The Bejeweled was a new establishment without much in the way of local presence yet. Otherwise...

"How would you like me mounted?" Sakie asked as she led her guests into the ring of plush, dark gray couch seating that surrounded the gorgon. "You get to pick. I'm feeling pretty sexy today, so... how about a choice between crazy tentacles, total encasement, or... I dunno. A fountain or something. Your call."

Chyka was reminded of the configuration of the body-mod chamber back at Gelitech, where she'd almost been accidentally transformed into some half-bestial biogel shape. The purpose was no doubt the same. Get the audience comfortable. Show them something amazing and highly titillating. And then... see if you can't get them to try it out for themselves.

"I mean, unless you have something less interesting in mind," Sakie added as she gestured for her guests to take a seat. "I'll get done up however you want. If you insist."

Chyka sat down alongside her wife on the surprisingly comfortable, heated cushions. She thought for a few moments about the cougar's suggestions. She was particularly inclined toward the tentacle option, if for no other reason than the sheer inconvenience of the whole affair. On the other hand, she was also pretty curious about how the path for water to pass through the subject of a fountain was kept open. At the same time, she also

didn't want to suggest something that might give a month of nightmares to her skittish and impressionable wife. Encasement seemed like the safest option among those offered.

"Encasement?" Chyka asked Jumie. "That sounds pretty sexy, don't you think?"

"I... I guess," Jumie replied with a soft, nervous tone. "What is that even?"

"In this context?" Chyka replied with a shrug as she placed an arm over her wife's shoulders and pulled her close. "Well, I guess we'll just have to see."

"Encasement, eh?" Sakie asked as she stepped through a convenient opening in the armillary structure. Her tone was giddy and full of excited anticipation, but something about it sounded just a bit... off. "Sounds like fun. You sure? Because you only get one choice. Once it's done, it's done."

"Yeah. Encasement," Chyka replied before her brain quite caught up with what the cougaress had said. "Wait... what do you mean, 'once it's done, it's done?'."

"Oh, never you mind that," Sakie replied as she stepped up onto the stage. "It's all part of the fun. Part of the commitment. You just sit back and enjoy the show."

"Commitment to what?" Chyka insisted, half-rising from the couch with half a mind to stop the cougaress.

"To art!" Sakie replied with a soft smile as she stopped at the center of the platform and turned to face her audience of two. She immediately began to rub at the soft, fluffy folds of her genitalia with both hands. The machine hummed to life, and the platform's glow intensified. She began to float, perfectly upright, off the floor.

"Uh..." Chyka murmured, unsure of exactly what she and her wife were actually witnessing. Was it just a demonstration? Was the cougaress actually a volunteer? Or was something else going on here? A weird sales pitch maybe? Or was it something darker?

Jumie pulled Chyka back onto the cushions, no doubt blithely unaware that anything might be wrong. Her eyes were fixed upon the floating feyli inside the massive machine. It was the first time she'd ever seen anything floating in invisible defiance of gravity. Anything that wasn't an aerospace craft of some sort or another, at least.

The whole of the digital gorgon machine began to throb with energy. So too did the seating. Brief pulses of intense vibration rose and fell with each audible thrum that came forth from the massive armillary.

Jumie gasped at the sudden vibratory stimulus, so firmly applied. "Oh! That feels so... oh... I... it's making me..."

"Hot?" Chyka responded, biting her lower lip and pulling her wife in tight. "Yeah. You and me both."

There was no mistaking the purpose of the stimulation. Nor was there any mistaking its form, and frequency. She'd been a librarian at MMU long enough to have wandered into *that* section of the collection. The one on physio-sexual theory and applications. The one the designer of this particular set of seating had obviously also spent a considerable amount of time perusing.

According to theory, there was an optimal range of frequencies which, when applied in the genital regions of various sapient species, generally resulted in completely involuntary arousal to one degree or another. Feyli of all sexes were among the most susceptible to this kind of tuned stimulus,

to the point where certain rather mundane mechanical contrivances had to be carefully engineered to avoid the relevant frequency range. Otherwise one might wind up with something akin to the famously infamous Dinandi 3304 model tractor, who's unofficial motto among thoroughly unamused feyli farmers was 'The only reason to get on a Dinandi is to get off again'.

Deliberately applying optimal frequency stimulus without foreknowledge and consent was quite illegal of course. Knowingly entering a pre-consent environment was a notable exception, however. Some of the Feyli Empire's constituent cultures had more open attitudes toward such encounters, and xenoexperience law created additional exceptions to the rules which only applied in specifically defined xenoexperience environments. Exceptions that applied to places like the Gelarium and, of course, the studio of The Bejeweled, where such stimulus was considered a part of the overall xenoexperience on offer.

Visitors to xenoexperience environments were expected to educate themselves before entry. Signs were posted by all possible public access points defining the potential hazards, both voluntary and involuntary, within. There had been such signs posted at the entrance of The Bejeweled, of course. Chyka had paid them no mind. Perhaps that had been a mistake.

Of course, the little snow leopardess could still have ended the stimulus, assuming it was actual, deliberate sexual arousal and not some innate side effect of the massive gorgon's operation itself. Only a few words were necessary to suspend the vibration. The process was supposed to be automatic, and couldn't be overridden by the proprietor of the establishment. It could only be reset after the one who'd stopped it broke physical contact with the offending device.

Despite this, Chyka just bit her lip and allowed the vibrations to continue. Her wife seemed to be enjoying it, just as she seemed to enjoy the

innumerable manners in which biogel could stimulate her body and bring her to the heights of euphoric bliss. Years of sexual repression in a community of domineering prudes were coming out in the wash, and it seemed like the leopardess was set on a perpetual spin cycle. A very fun spin cycle, for all involved.

Indeed, even the little snow leopardess couldn't help but enjoy the feelings that the vibrations were causing to bloom between her legs. Whether or not that was her own opinion, the opinion of Jumie, the opinion of their mutual biogel wife, or some combination of the above was impossible for her to tell. It didn't matter, of course. They were all just components of a single organism, after all. If that organism was enjoying itself, far be it for any one of its lesser parts to object.

Chyka quickly became so caught up by the arousing vibrations that she hardly paid attention to the floating cougaress. The woman was vigorously trying to bring her own body to the

heights of pleasure before the machine could work its potent magic upon her. As floor panels opened up to give the massive armillary freedom to move, she toked at herself even harder. She began to moan and huff as the machine rumbled to life.

Brass wheels within wheels within wheels, spinning in mind bending patterns. At first it was all just a blur of golden metal. Then, slowly, an opening began to take shape amid the whirl. A fuzzy window to the hovering cougareess as she desperately tried to obtain orgasmic release.

A more solid shape formed directly opposite the opening in the seating that allowed access to the seats and the machine. This was the arm that held the gorgon itself, first spinning, then wobbling, then slowly coming to a halt. The focus of the mechanical beast fell upon the floating subject. A sizzling sound filled the air.

Sakie furiously attempted to fulfill her orgasmic wish, but to no avail. An intense flash of light

filled the interior of the armillary sphere. The cougaress was instantly transformed into a beautiful floating statue of vivid blue sapphire, her pose and expression frozen at the cusp of masturbatory climax. It was an amazing sight to behold in and of itself, but the machine was not quite finished with its subject.

Again, the gorgon sizzled. Again, there was a flash of light.

Chyka couldn't help but gasp as she faced the beauty of the magnificent jewel coupled with her own approach to physical climax. The sapphire cougaress had been encased in an eight sided, perfectly clear crystal. This flawless gemstone encasement was perfectly parallel along the full height of her body, but formed sharp points over her head and beneath her feet. All it was missing was a proper mounting. A mounting that, no doubt, would also involve similarly treated companions.

Jumia huffed as a final, particularly intense vibration buzzed through the seat cushions. "That's... she's... so... beautiful!" she murmured. "So *beautiful!*"

"She is," Chyka agreed, somewhat annoyed that the vibration had stopped so close to fulfilling its apparent purpose. She could have finished the job herself, of course, but she'd never been one for sexual activity in strange places, where strangers might be watching, and waiting to take advantage.

"Do you really think so?" Sakie asked. Or, rather, some unseen computer asked, in Sakie's voice. "Am I really, truly beautiful? More beautiful than I was before? Tell me! Am I?"

Chyka wasn't impressed in the least. She'd seen the trick before. That time it had been the geldancer in the body mod chamber, imitating Sey'li so well that she'd convinced the genuine article to mod herself into a mostly-biogel rowaform nasty. The only question here was

whether not Sakie had actually been turned into a statue, and the computer was talking; or if it had been a projection and the real Sakie hadn't been with them at all. If there even was a real Sakie.

"You are!" Jumie replied, looking around with a thoroughly confused look on her face.

"Thank you most kindly!" the invisible Sakie responded as the armillary rumbled to a halt. The floor panels closed and a concealed door at the back of the studio opened. A robotic arm reached out and plucked the encased statue from its place above the glowing platform. The door closed behind it, leaving the guests alone with the machine. "Now... you can either go back to the desk to get your coupon for High Tail right away, or you can accept the free upgrade I've arranged just for you. That's right. Just for you, I've convinced my wonderful employer to allow you a three hour jeweling. That's right. Three hours to feel what it's like to be a magnificent work of art,

just like me! All you need to do is step onto the platform. The gorgon will do the rest!"

"Pft!" Chyka huffed as she stood up and shook off the last lingering feelings of sexual arousal. "Upgrade, my ass. Let's..."

"It's so beautiful," Jumie murmured, as she got up and quickly walked toward the opening in the armillary that gave access to the platform within. "I... I want to try it."

"What... wait!" Chyka stammered, reaching out to grab her wife before she could enter the machine. It was too late. By the time the little snow leopardess had reacted, her wife had entered the interior of the armillary and stepped up onto the platform. "What are you doing? Stop! Come back!"

Chyka found herself pushed back by a protective force field as her wife began to float above the platform. The floor panels opened and

the armillary began to whirl. She could just see the leopardess as she began to masturbate just as the cougaress had done before her. It felt good. Very good. And their mutual biogel wife was making very sure that she knew it.

Chyka groaned as she felt her wife's fingers between her own legs, the sensations duplicated by their biogel mistress. She couldn't help but stagger back and fall onto the cushions where the vibration amplified her arousal to the point where she just couldn't contain herself. She panted, huffed, and moaned as the tension within her body rose like a tsunami. Slow. Powerful. Unrelenting.

The little snow leopardess looked up as the window again formed, and the shape of the arm carrying the gorgon itself wobbled into clear focus. She knew what was coming, of course. As inexorably as the orgasm that was about to overtake her helpless body, her wife was about to feel the gorgon's power. And, want as she might to, there wasn't a thing she could do to stop it.

CONTINUATIVE

*TO BE CONTINUED...*