

LIBRARIAN CHYKA TALKS PERILS

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Part One The Digital Gorgon

The digital gorgon, eh? Yeah. I know a bit about those. Fancy bits of xenotech that can turn a fine cat's ass into a block of solid gemstone faster than she can sputter out the 'ch' in 'cheese'. And I would know. Because I've tried it once or twice myself.

I'm going to go out on a limb and assume you're not just looking for a data sheet or some videos, are you? Thinking about giving it a try for yourself? You are, aren't you? And I can't blame you. After all, it *is* one of the rare few transformational experiences that you can just try... for a price.

If it's advice you want, well, there's not all that much to give. There's only one legitimate jeweler in Mashiva, up in Northwestie. The Bejeweled, it's called. Quite the establishment. I know the proprietor. Tell him Chyka send you his way and maybe he'll give you a discount.

It's important that you always use a well established jeweler with a public facing storefront and a reputation for studious adherence to contracts. Why? Because you never know what a back alley jeweler might actually do to you. Best case, they get a bit too creative with how they pose and mount you. Worst case... well, you've got no way of knowing how long they really intend to leave you with a stone body, do you? Maybe they intend to reverse your jewelery as promised. Or maybe they intend to put your cold stone ass right out in the showroom with a price tag around your neck.

So go to The Bejeweled if you really want to try an emerald butt on for feel. But pay attention to the contract terms. Even at The Bejeweled, there's some traps for the uninitiated.

Don't sign up for a Snapshot Jeweling. Those are 'photography' sessions with a gorgon app camera. Neither you nor the photographer know when the gorgon is going to trigger. Fun, and kinky? Yes. But app jewelery is always permanent.

Same goes for Mannequin Jeweling. That's just a quick, one-and-done, simple statue jewelery using a gorgon app camera. Not sure why they call it Mannequin Jeweling. Maybe it's popular for making fancy fashion mannequins for upscale shops? I guess I'll have to ask the next time I'm over that way.

Oh, and don't go signing yourself up for weird mountings, no matter how sexy they might look. They cost a lot extra, and you can't take them home with you when they're done. But if you really insist, only go with ones that you can fully mount before you get jeweled. Being forcibly twisted about as a mount is generated around you isn't terribly fun.

And, for the love of all that's holy, don't even think of trying 'through mountings'. I don't care how cool the fountains look, or the ones with the tentacles going in one end and out the other. Those mountings actually *do* go in one and out the other, and they get generated inside you before the rest of you gets jeweled. I mean, it doesn't actually hurt or anything bad, but unless your idea of kinky is being really uncomfortable for way longer than is probably necessary then just steer clear. Trust me. It's *disturbingly* uncomfortable, and in ways that I didn't even think were physically possible.

The last thing you really need to watch out for is the jewelery experience duration. The default terms at The Bejeweled, and any other legit jeweler as I understand it, is ninety-six hours. That's very significant, because reversibility is only guaranteed for the first seventy-two. Those extra twenty-four hours will mean a fifteen to twenty percent chance that your new stone posterior is very, very permanent. I mean if you're into that kind of peril-play, go for it. Otherwise, pony up the extra credits for the seventy-two hour, guaranteed reversibility option. It's worth it. Trust me.

Now, as to what the actual experience like? Do you really want me to spoil it for you? Yes? Well, okay.

Imagine yourself stepping into the midst of a massive arcane mechanism. A giant brass armillary sphere who's arms start to spin around in seemingly random manner as you float weightlessly in the very center. Clicks and thumps echo through the chamber as dozens of safety interlocks are disengaged by their movement. Soon, the arm carrying the Gorgon itself moves in such a way as to bring it into view. Around and around it whirls before coming level with your chest. You take a deep breath. You hold it. And then...

ZAP!

Well, it's not really a zap. There's no sound. No warning, even. No nothing but a flash of searing white light that you can see perfectly clearly even with your eyes closed tight.

You won't be given any opportunity to feel what the Gorgon is doing to your body. It just twitches as a surreal sort heat seems to instantly fill your whole body. But your body doesn't actually move. It can't. Why? Because it's already made of solid stone.

By the time your mind catches up, the heat vanishes. You feel cold. Really, really cold. Cold as death, one might say. But you're no dead. Something in the structure of your lifeless mineral body is keeping hold of your mind.

At this point, the process is pretty much over. At least the physical process. You're blind. Deaf. No taste. No smell. No nothing but an extremely dull, tough rather pleasantly smooth, sense of touch. Well, pleasant in the sense that it isn't unpleasant. Not that you're capable of telling the difference anymore.

Your body may have finished becoming stone, but the consequences for your living mind take a bit longer to set in. They're quite... mind bending. Try and imagine having a body so smooth and dull that it doesn't respond to anything. No pleasure. No pain. No nerves. No hormones. No nothing.

How can you feel emotions without your body responding to them? Well, you can't. Everything that is you, every thought, every memory, even every sensation as amorous fingers slide over your emerald thighs... it's all blank. Empty. Perfectly plain. Devoid of substance. There. But not really.

Don't worry though. It won't drive you insane. You can't be driven insane without the ability to feel genuine emotions. But you can be driven someplace. Someplace really weird. Because when nothing has weight, then nothing matters, and when nothing matters, then what's the point in even thinking?

That's right. You stop thinking. You stop being you. You become little more than an empty consciousness. It's like being under full anesthesia, but not really. You can still feel the world through that dull sense of touch. It's literally all you are.

It's so... so... I can't even describe it. Sterile? Unnatural? But it's also... kind of nice, to be honest. I guess. It's kind of hard to judge something like that unless you actually feel it for yourself.

Now, if you've gone and ignored my advice, there's a good chance that you're never going to know any other existence than this state of... what do they call it? Eurotic dissolution? Eternal eurotic dissolution. Well, maybe. No one really knows how it works at the scale of cosmological time, so your mileage may vary.

If you've actually taken my advice, then good for you! You're going to spend what only *seems* to be an eternity in a state of eurotic dissolution. Then, out of nowhere, there's going to be another twitch, and the world will come flooding back all at once. Thank heavens they keep you floating there until your mind catches up. It takes a few minutes before you can sort out things like where your legs actually are.

I honestly think that was the most interesting feeling part of it all. You have all of these physical sensations flooding in, all at once, but your mind has no idea what the actual shape of your body is supposed to be. You just start out with random parts in random places. Fingers on your butt cheeks. Ears where your tits are supposed to be. Thighs for hands. Seriously. Those are the kinds of things that you experience for the first minute or so.

Once your mind starts to sort things out, it gets a lot weirder. Your misplaced parts actually feel like they're shifting and moving around toward their proper places. After a few minutes, you start to feel normal, but yeah. Before that. It's insane. Seriously. You've *got* to try it!

So, that's about it. If you really want to know more, there's a nice book titled *Ten Thousand Jewels* in the XenoExperience Studies section in the second basement. It's written by a model who worked in a jeweler's shop enticing prospective merchandise. Nice read with lots of pictures. Check out the companion videos too!

Or, you know. You can just go and try it for yourself. Hmm? Yes? I know you want to!