

- Tale of Fate #3 -

Jeweled

A Short Story By Shetira Anwae

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FEP Tales Issue #3

- Part 1 -

On The Run

“I... I can't hear it,” the chi'tess muttered softly as she knelt behind a large, tan cargo container. She adjusted her torn blue and black bodysuit, trying to keep the ripped flaps of fabric from impeding her movement. “It can't be too close.”

She peered around the end of the container. The small, hovering robot has nowhere in sight. She turned to look at the cargo handling area's only safe exit. The large gate tunnel which led to the walled landing pad, an the safety of her ship, was over a hundred feet away. There was little else in the way of cover between her and that passageway to freedom. There was a haphazardly stacked pile of small, gray shipping boxes and then another large cargo container. The space between each of these safe havens was considerable.

“Come out now Luna, my little-tit bitch!” a thin, croaking voice called from the other side of the area. “No is not an acceptable answer!”

Too Valuable

Luna probably shouldn't have left the ship by herself that evening. Then again, there was no reason to expect any trouble at a major frontier port like Ferriast, even at night.

Out of curiosity, the chi'tess had wandered into the large, open air market which filled the space between the town's dozen, thick-walled landing pads. Here, merchants hawked their wares at all hours. Of particular interest to the young woman were the many alien merchants and their highly exotic wares. One large tent in particular had caught her eye. It was the shop of a Zexta jeweler.

The small, gray skinned alien proprietor had seemed so nice at first. He had eagerly presented her with hundreds of two and three dimensional images of his prior works of gemstone art. All the while, the alien had continuously praised Luna's slender, youthful figure. She had been quite flattered.

The chi'tess wasn't very experienced with aliens and their ways, however. The constant compliments had caused her to let her guard down. The Zexta jeweler had wanted her to pose for him so that he might create a new work of art right there in the market. She had nearly let him talk her into doing it.

In the end, Luna proved less naive than the alien had apparently hoped. Just as her hand slipped to the zip-fastener on her padded, blue and black bodysuit, she came back to her senses. She politely declined his request. Then he offered her a thousand credits for her participation. When she still refused, he offered her five thousand. Then he increased the offer to ten thousand credits. Still, Luna declined.

As she had departed, the chi'tess seemed to have no idea that the alien wasn't ready to admit defeat. To the Zexta, she was too valuable a catch to let slip away.

Slender, small chested Ambwassi women in the first phase of their adulthood were a rare sight in the frontiers. They were even rarer in places where less than honest types could routinely take advantage of their curiosity and naivete. This made them far more valuable than those in the later phases of life. So valuable, indeed, that the Zexta jeweler was apparently willing to risk the full wrath of the law to obtain one by whatever means he had at his disposal.

The Chi'tess and the Bot

“I wish that thing was louder,” Luna hissed as she prepared to make the short sprint to the nearby pile of small, gray shipping boxes. She had gone through some physical training in her year at the merchant marine basic crew school but nothing had prepared her for the game of cat-and-mouse she was now compelled to play.

“Well, it's now or never,” the chi'tess muttered. She took a deep breath and bolted out from behind the cargo container. She managed to take three long strides before slipping and tumbling into the pile of boxes. She hadn't thought that they would be empty. The pile collapsed and boxes rolled every which way, leaving her with little cover.

“Fuck!” Luna hissed as she struggled to regain her balance. A strip of her bodysuit had torn off entirely, exposing her chest. Her nipples stood erect in the cold air. The inner lining of her ears reddened as she looked around sheepishly, a look of considerable embarrassment on her face. For a moment she seemed oblivious to the danger which still lurked on the other side of the cargo area.

“Oh... oh shit!” Luna spat as she jumped to her feet. She

immediately ran for the next, and last, piece of cover. As she did so, she shot a glance back toward the open center of the area. The bot was there and it was turning toward her. It's horizontal, cone shaped body was tipped with a faintly glowing gemstone. The gem flashed as the bot came in line with chi'tess. A bright green ray lanced out toward her.

Luna shrieked as she slid behind the cargo container. A crackling, tearing sound greeted her ears. She whipped around and saw a brightly glowing, green spot on the ground, right at the corner of the container. The bot's terrifying beam had missed her tail by a fraction of a second.

"Shit... that was close," Luna panted as she staggered toward the other end of the container. "It's going to come after me... I've got to make it to the gate."

Moments later, the bot slid behind the cargo container and again aimed directly at Luna. She ran for the open gate as the bot's beam sizzled only inches from her whipping tail. For a few seconds the container would be between the bot and her. There was more than enough time for her to make it into the landing area. Then the bot would have to face the ship's automated security system defenses. Surely, it wouldn't stand a chance.

No Way Out

Luna shrieked. She stood in front of the landing area gate, her mouth agape. The passage through the thick wall was blocked by a shimmering, silvery force field.

The chi'tess whipped around, looking from side to side in total panic. There were only two entrances to the cargo area. The one to the landing pad was now blocked. She looked back the way she had come, to the gate leading out into the open air market. She watched as a sheet of flowing energy spread to cover it at as well.

Luna took a few steps forward. She was too far from cover to escape if the bot should again appear. A throbbing hum greeted her ears. She turned toward the cargo container from which she had just run. The bot slid around the corner and aimed. She winced, expecting the bot to fire. Nothing happened.

“You thought you could get away so easily, little-tit?” the alien's voice projected from the bot. The machine slowly moved out into the open and toward the chi'tess.

“Fuck off!” Luna yelled in reply, covering her exposed chest with one arm and gesturing rudely with the other.

“I must say, your continued defiance is quite admirable,” the alien responded. “The display of youthful energy certainly supports my assessment of the quality of your body.”

“Shut up!” Luna hissed. “Let me go!”

“Go? Let you go? Certainly not,” the alien answered. “You see... your body... it is a stunningly beautiful thing. It doesn't belong running about doing menial labor in a little freighter-ship. It needs to be preserved, in a gallery, for all to see and touch... for ages to come!”

“I'm not fucking posing for you!” Luna snapped in response.

“You don't have a choice, little-tit,” the alien curtly informed the chitess as a strange, yellow glow surrounded her.

“What... what are you doing to me?” Luna shrieked as her limbs were forced to move by the irresistibly powerful, projected force field. Her legs were pulled apart and her arms were forced back and to the sides. Her hands opened wide. “Please! No! Stop!”

The alien only laughed as the force field curved Luna's back and forced her to look up to the sky. For a moment she was held in this position. Then, a small electric jolt caused her to gasp, giving her face an expression of shock.

The bot's gem flashed. The bright green beam lanced forth, striking Luna square in the belly. Her entire body glowed for a mere fraction of a second. The light faded. Luna, still dressed in her torn bodysuit, had become an inanimate statue. But this was no ordinary statue. It was a statue of solid diamond.

For a few moments, there was silence. Then the alien appeared and slowly walked up to diamond Luna. He drew forth a small knife and cut the fabric from her inanimate form. He took a few steps back and frowned.

“So beautiful and yet, she is missing something. This work... it is incomplete. Hmm...”

NOT QUITE THE END...

- Part 2 -

A Night In The Market

The open air market of Ferriast was never particularly busy in the early hours of the morning. Most of the stalls and tents stood locked up or empty. One large tent, however, was attracting considerable attention this night.

Nearly two dozen Ambwassi women wandered around the Zexta jeweler's displays. They pored over hundreds of pictures. They watched the holographic videos. Most of all, they stared in awe at the statue which stood in the very center of the tent.

Only seven hours earlier, the statue had been a beautiful young chi'tess. Now, her life essence, her soul, was imprisoned in an inanimate body made of solid, flawless diamond. She had become the perfect advertisement.

Many hands caressed Luna as the hours of darkness went by. Most of those hands belonged to strangers. Two, however, belonged to women which Luna had known well.

More Little-Tits

“Oh... wow... I can't believe Luna got herself jeweled,” the pan'tyress whispered to her companion, a ty'gress. Both were Luna's age and both wore the same blue and black bodysuit which the chi'tess had been wearing before she had become a statue. She reached out and ran her hand over Luna's breasts before gently fingering one of the statue's erect nipples.

“I really didn't think she was into this sort of thing,” the ty'gress murmured in reply. “I guess she had us all fooled.”

“Yeah,” the pan'tyress softly agreed.

“I can't decide whether this is hot or... cold,” the ty'gress thought aloud, raising an eyebrow. “It's... kind of sexy but... she looks so... chilly.”

“Oh, she's hot alright,” the pan'tyress replied, stroking the statue's chin. “Burning hot.”

“You really think?” the ty'gress asked, turning to her companion.

“Oh, yeah,” the pan'tyress responded, nodding.

The ty'gress turned back to the statue and shrugged her shoulders.

“I wonder what it feels like,” the pan'tyress murmured.

“Hard, I imagine,” the ty'gress responded, frowning slightly.
“Hard and cold.”

The pan'tyress slid her hand down the statue's belly and between its spread legs. For a time, her fingers lingered in the diamond folds that were once Luna's womanhood. “It's a shame so much of... her... is all melded together.”

“Do you think she feels it... sexually?” the ty'gress asked as she watched the pan'tyress withdrew her hand from the statue.

“I really don't know,” the pan'tyress responded. “I can't imagine why she wouldn't. They say you can still feel sort of normal sensations when you're jeweled. It must be strange though. I mean... feeling the touch but not being able to get hot... or get off.”

“That doesn't sound like much fun, that's for sure,” the ty'gress muttered, shaking her head.

“Ah, fine young ladies!” the Zexta jeweler called as he slowly approached the two women. “I see you're quite interested in my latest work of art. Perhaps you might be interested in helping me complete it!”

Invitation

“I’m Tashi and this is Eshaera,” the pan’tyress said, gesturing toward her companion as the alien looked her up and down.

“Very lovely names,” the alien responded, smiling. “Quite appropriate for such lovely ladies.”

“What was this you said about needing to complete your work of art? I looks pretty finished to me,” Tashi asked, looking at the statue with her head cocked to one side.

“She is quite lovely, isn’t she?” the alien asked, reaching out and caressing Luna’s gemstone thigh. “Her pose and expression are so striking, are they not?”

“That’s for sure,” Tashi agreed, nodding.

“And yet, she is alone,” the alien added.

“And you want us to join her?” Eshaera asked, jumping right to the real purpose of the conversation.

“Yes, of course!” the alien replied, turning to the ty’gress and wringing his hands nervously.

“Riiight,” Eshaera replied sarcastically, rolling her eyes and shaking her head.

“Aw, come on Esh, don’t be so closed-minded,” Tashi said,

nudging her friend on the shoulder. Then she looked down at the jeweler. "I want to know more."

"Of course you do!" the alien responded, smiling widely. "It is a simple matter, really. This fine female needs companions to keep her company and enhance her already considerable erotic appeal. I have quite provocative poses in mind. Highly sexual poses, in fact."

"Exactly what did you have in mind?" Tashi asked, shifting her hips from side to side.

"Well, one companion would be on her knees in front of her, tongue pressed into her female parts," the alien explained. "The other would embrace her from behind and gently hold her breasts. The resulting visual effect would be... irresistible."

"Sexy!" Tashi responded, licking her lips. For a few moments there was silence. Then the pan'tyress shrugged her shoulders and looked down at the alien. "What do I have to do to get in on this?"

"You're... you're going to do this?" Eshaera stammered, a look of utter shock on her face.

"Sure, why not?" Tashi replied, smiling at the ty'gress.

Eshaera stood silently, her mouth agape.

"Well?" Tashi chirped, looking back down at the jeweler.

“It is quite simple, really,” the alien responded, wringing his hands and smiling widely. “You merely need to disrobe and follow my instructions for the pose. My robotic jewelry unit will do the rest.”

“Sounds pretty easy,” Tashi laughed softly. “Alright Esha, you go first.”

Jeweled

“What? Me?” Eshaera stammered, looking at her companion with an expression of total disbelief on her face.

“Sure!” Tashi replied, patting her friend on the back.

“But... why do I have to do it?” Eshaera asked, staring at Luna's gemstone body.

“Why not?” Tashi asked in response. “Just think... the three of us... forever together in a tight embrace. It's way too perfect to pass up!”

“I... I guess,” Eshaera murmured, shrugging her shoulders.

“Good then, off with your suit!” Tashi laughed, reaching around her friend and pulling down the zip fastener on the front of her bodysuit.

“Hey!” Eshaera responded, looking around sheepishly. The activity had caught the attention of about a dozen of the other Ambwassi women who were wandering through the jeweler's tent. “I can... I can take my own clothes off.”

Tashi giggled and took a step back from her friend as she slowly pulled her bodysuit off. Her heavily matted fur made her look like she'd just gone for a swim.

“Very nice! So lovely!” the alien exclaimed as the ty'gress

stood naked before him.

"I'm glad you think so," Eshaera muttered as she shifted about in a very nervous fashion.

The alien smiled and gestured toward the front of the statue. Eshaera stood where the alien indicated and looked down at the statue's crotch.

"Do I have to be the one in front?" Eshaera asked as she hesitated.

"Of course!" Tashi responded, leaning back against a nearby display table. "Now get down and show us what you've got."

Eshaera took a look around at the women who were watching and she slowly let herself down onto her knees. "How... how am I supposed to pose?"

"Kneel close and put your hand on her thighs," the alien instructed. "Then curve your back so that your genitalia are visible from behind."

"Like... this?" Eshaera asked as she did as the alien instructed. The spectators all murmured in approval.

"Yes," the alien replied, pulling a small device from his pocket. "Now, press your tongue into her crotch and lift your tail high."

Eshaera hesitated for a few seconds and then pressed her tongue against Luna's cold, diamond folds. Her tail flicked upwards.

Tashi watched, her mouth half open, as the hovering bot swept in, its nose mounted gem glowing brightly. She jumped as the gem flashed brightly. The beam of green energy shot forth, striking Eshaera right beneath her uplifted tail. The ty'gress glowed brightly for a moment. The light faded and she, like Luna before her, had been frozen, transformed into solid diamond.

"Very nice!" the jeweler exclaimed as the spectators gawked and murmured among themselves. "Now you."

Tashi smiled at the jeweler and stripped bare. "How do you want me?"

"Stand behind her and wrap your arms under hers," the alien replied, pointing around Luna's back. "Cup your hands under her breasts but leave her nipples showing."

"Alright," Tashi responded. She quickly slipped behind the statue and stood as the alien instructed.

"Press your nose against her neck and lick," the alien added.

Tashi responded by nuzzling up under Luna's raised

cheek. She closed her eyes and began to lick the statue's smooth surface in a highly passionate manner. There was another flash of light. Another beam of energy into a finely curved ass. Tashi too had become solid diamond.

For a few moments, the jeweler viewed his work of art. Then he smiled. "Now... now this work is complete."

A Jeweler's Dream

Luri, Eshaera and Tashi. The three friends were now eternally bound as a single work of art. Those who had witnessed the final stages of this transformation, and many who had not, now clustered around the diamond statue. The gawked, touched and murmured amongst themselves as the jeweler watched from a short distance.

For almost an hour the alien waited. The inevitable question finally came from a lep'rdeess who had witnessed the final jewelings: "Can... can I try that?"

For hours, the market was lit by green flash after green flash as the fascinated spectators became participants. One by one, the women let the alien transform them into gemstone. The jewelings ended only when there were none left to jewel.

It had been an event which few Zexta jewelers dared even to dream about. In a few hours, fifty-seven women had become stunning works of art. Such a collection would fetch a princely sum.

THE END

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- AND -

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