

GELITECH

DISPLAY

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

GELITECH

SEASON 3 – EPISODE 5

DISPLAY

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

© 2023 SHETIRA ANWAE, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

This version (GT032BOR90) for distribution only via the author's own accounts on:

Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/anwaecreations>

FurAffinity: <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/shetira>

Do not redistribute through via any other website and/or means without the explicit written consent of the author.

Email: shetiraanwae @ gmail.com

ASPIRATIONS

“I guess it can’t hurt to give it a try,” the pretty cougaress sighed to herself. “I mean, it’s better than nothing, right?”

Sakie had been told that only a foolish fey’li would even think of trying to make a career of modeling in a big city like Mashiva. There were already far too many exuberantly exhibitionist feline tails in the market and far too few businesses looking to purchase their services at anything resembling a reasonable rate. Day contracts were hardly worth the effort of getting out of bed in the morning. Bigger contracts paid better, but unless she somehow managed to get on the ‘A List’, she didn’t stand a snowball’s chance in hell of getting one.

The was only one way for a fey'li girl like her to make any real money in the modeling industry. That was to find some very specific, under-served niche and make it their personal brand. Given the niches still left to be filled, she was almost certainly going to have to give up all pretense of personal dignity. If she really wanted to make a fortune, it was going to mean giving up far more. The former didn't much bother her. The latter, however, was more than enough to give her pause.

Sakie had given more than her share of pause to the various offers that piled into her inbox like drochaki drawn to a honey thief. Heck, she'd even been offered a job modeling what happened to honey thieves for a book on the topic produced by the local drochaki honey-makers guild. What she hadn't been offered, ever, was a chance to do anything resembling 'normal' modeling work.

Rejection had come, not in a trickle, but in a torrent of highly uncomplimentary replies. The

reasons were always the same. She was just 'too stiff'. 'Too plain'. 'Too rural'. 'Too ordinary.' One respondent even had the gall to call her 'One step short of ugly for a fey'li'. That latter remark had bitten particularly hard.

That most regarded her as being too 'rural' looking wasn't really much of a surprise to the deeply resigned cougaress. She was, after all, reading her messages while sitting on a hay bale in the barn of the family farm. There was just no escaping the look of having come fresh from the fields no matter how hard she tried.

Sakie moved like a girl who was always ready to get down on her hands and knees as start pulling up weeds. That was how she spent most of her day, after all. Soberries were just too delicate for the automated weeders. They had to be cared for by hand, and well cared for indeed. The wineries wouldn't buy anything less than the most perfect berries. Any physical damage prior to full ripeness gave them a bitter taste that rendered them

totally unsuitable for any use other than as fertilizer for the next crop.

To make matters even more difficult for her modeling aspirations, the rural cougaresse's face really was as plain as plain could be. Pretty, for sure, but in a very plain way. And her long braided ponytail? The one she was so proud of that she tied it with fancy bows even when she was out working in the fields? To the snobby big city modeling agents, it just screamed 'I chase cows all day'.

That left the displeased cougaresse only one real choice if she was going to model. She was going to have to accept one of those unusual job offers. She was going to have to find that niche. And she was going to have to live it, if she wanted to make any real money.

"Mom's going to kill me," Sakie murmured as she stood up and dusted the loose bits of hay from her blue denim overalls. "But I've gotta start somewhere, right?"

The barn's dust protection system responded to the conflicted cougaress' attempt at self-reassurance with a roar. The dust detectors hadn't worked right for years. Even the slightest provocation would trigger then, switching on the huge overhead vacuums.

Normally, the dust would be sucked into the quasi-pulse-jet engine that was built into the system's exhaust. The thrust produced by the burning of the dust would then drive a turbine generator to recover some of the energy used to run the vacuums. It was loud. It scared the cows. But they'd never had a barn fire. Not once in over three hundred years.

This time, there was no dust to burn. The few bits of stray hay weren't even light enough to get pulled up into the vacuums. After a few minutes, the whole thing shut down.

The barn was quiet again. More quiet than it had been before. At least that was always how it seemed to the equally quiet cougaress. It was

almost certainly her ears playing tricks on her, but she just couldn't shake the idea from her head.

"Sakie?" came a low, smoothly feminine voice from the half-open barn doors. "Is that you?"

"Yeah, mom!" Sakie replied.

"Thank goodness!" Sakie's mother replied, poking her head inside. "For a moment I thought the cows got into the hay stocks again. You did remember to lock the field gate, didn't you?"

"Yes, mom," Sakie replied.

"What's the matter, sweetie?" Sakie's mother asked. "You look like you've got something on your mind."

"Well... do you remember when I asked if it was okay to make get some work in the city?" Sakie hopefully inquired. She'd never gotten a

clear answer. Then again, she also hadn't gotten a reasonable, or even sane, offer when she'd last asked.

"Mhmm," her mother responded with an unwelcome look of harsh skepticism on her face.

"Well, I found one that's just for a few days and I was wondering..." Sakie declared despite her mother's look of borderline disapproval.

"Just a few days?" her mother questioned. "What kind of job only lasts 'just a few days'?"

"We talked about this," Sakie replied with a deep sigh. "It's a media shoot for an advertising campaign. For a business."

"Really?" her mother responded with a raised eyebrow. "What kind of business?"

"A custom crystal business," Sakie replied. "It sounds pretty fancy. It pays pretty well too."

“After all that rejection calling you plain, all of a sudden someplace fancy wants to pay you well?” her mother quipped.

“Yes!” Sakie replied.

“And why in all the heavens do you think that is?” her mother inquired.

“The offer said they were looking to hire a new face that better represented their market,” Sakie replied with a shrug.

“And let me guess,” her mother huffed, crossing her arms. “They gave you a date to just show up and all the details will get sorted out later.”

“No,” Sakie replied. “I mean, not really. It doesn’t spell out *all* of the details. It’s done through the government free agency contract site, so it has to be legitimate. The payment is guaranteed too!”

“And how much are they offering to pay

you?” her mother questioned.

“Two thousand credits for the shoot!” Sakie replied.

“Really?” her mother responded with audible disbelief.

“That’s not all, thought!” Sakie excitedly bubbled. “I get a fifty credits for every week they make adverts from the shoot, and a commission on all ‘net sales that are made through adverts with me in them too!”

“That sounds much too good to be true,” her mother noted with a deep frown.

“Can I sign up for it or not?” Sakie asked. “We’re not planting another batch of soberries for three weeks, and you always let the others take side jobs when there’s nothing to do.”

“Oh, sure,” her mother replied, shaking her head. “You can sign up for it. But don’t come back complaining to me when you wind up

pregnant with alien larvae because you're too caught up in this whole modeling idea to see an obvious porn scheme to save your soul."

"Mom!" Sakie exclaimed.

"You just tell me when you're headed out so I can have Sirra or Kai'ee take care of the cows while you're gone," Sakie's mother said, turning to leave. "And once you're done satisfying your inclination to be taken advantage of, maybe you can find someplace that sells sensors for the dust system in town. I think maybe it's finally time we got it fixed."

"Yes mom," Sakie replied as her mother departed. "Dammit. She's not happy, is she? But... maybe she'll change her mind when she sees the money. I hope..."

MR. Q'ZUN

“Ah! So perfectly wonderful!” the diminutive alien sputtered in his light, metallic voice. “You are the spitting image of the pictures provided to me by the Association! Truly magnificent!”

The thoroughly lost cougaress couldn't quite tell where the voice was coming from at first. She'd been milling about Northwestie's Megablock 4-3 for almost an hour now without being able to locate her destination. Every directory she came across seemed to have different listings, and the custom crystal shop wasn't on any of them. No one seemed to be able to help her either. The location of The Bejeweled was as much a mystery to them as it was to he.

Now, there was a voice in a crowd that seemed to suggest that she'd somehow found her goal. Or, rather, that her goal had found her. She looked around frantically, lest the source of the voice decide to change its mind about her. It wasn't until she looked down, however, that she found herself gazing into the giant black eyes of her new employer.

"Oh!" Sakie sputtered with embarrassment at not having noticed the alien sooner. "I'm sorry! I didn't see you!"

"Such are the trials and tribulations of being so vertically challenged," the alien chuckled as he looked the cougaress up and down. "Mmm. Yes. Yes. You will definitely do quite splendidly!"

"Uh... thank you?" Sakie replied she looked the little alien over in turn. His skin was a dull, greenish gray and seemed to absorb light in a way that made him look almost two dimensional to the naked eye. His eyes were

giant black orbs set within a permanently furrowed brow. His forehead was disproportionately large, as were both his hands and his feet. He wore only a kilt made of fine golden scales. “Are you Mr. Kw... Kwa...”

“I am indeed the Mr. Q’zun whom you seek,” he replied. “Pronounced Kuh-zuhn, if you do so kindly please.”

“I’m pleased to meet you Mr. Q’zun,” Sakie responded with a soft smile. “I’ve been having a hard time finding your shop. I don’t see it on any of the directories.”

“Ah, yes! Such a bother! One would think that the local authorities would be much keener to promote local establishments by updating the directories in a timely fashion!” Mr. Q’zun exclaimed. “Did you know that there are directories here that have not been chanced for ten whole years? Ten whole years!”

“That really does seem like quite a bother,” Sakie replied, carefully adjusting the short, wrap-like dress that she’d bought from a discount shop just for the occasion. It was a pleasant silvery-blue in color, with a silvery-gray sash around the waist to hold it all together. It was also far, far too short for her liking.

“It is, that I can most definitely assure you,” Mr. Q’zun replied, momentarily smiling with visible bemusement at the cougaress’ attempts to make her short dress just a little bit longer. “But enough about my personal peeves. Come! We have much work to do and the sooner that we start, the better for all!”

“Where are we going?” Sakie asked as she did her level best not to laugh at Mr. Q’zun’s almost comical proportions and his weird, shuffling gait. Granted, the cougaress’ own gait wasn’t all that much more elegant. Every step seemed to push her dress up just a bit further. Before long her panties would be visible for all

to see. At least that was what it felt like to the farm girl who had grown up wearing plants and overalls.

“Up this way,” Mr. Q’zun replied, pointing toward an escalator that led up, directly toward a broad storefront completely covered with brightly illuminated stained glass. “Just up the moving stairs. Not far at all.”

Sakie had passed through the lower level more than once, but had never noticed the escalator or the balcony level above. If she’d just looked up, she would have seen the place as clear as day. Anyone would have. And from the traffic going up and down the escalator, plenty of people had. But... every time she’d asked, no one seemed to know anything about the place. It was strange. Very strange. But in a big, confusing place like this, perhaps there was so much going on that no one had really noticed it well enough to remember its name.

“Come come,” Mr. Q’zun declared as he led the puzzled cougaress up the escalator and toward the sliding stained glass doors of his establishment. “Here it is. My most cherished pride and joy! So much work it was to bring my jewelery technology to this place. So much more to satisfy all the inane desires of the government for reams upon reams of pointless paperwork. But here it is! Let us now enter so that we can begin our work posthaste! The quicker we get started, the quicker we get paid, after all!”

“Yeah,” Sakie replied with an awkward smile. The quicker she got paid, the better indeed. With a bit of luck, one paying job would lead to another. With a bit more luck, maybe she’d actually be able to get out of niche work and into the mainstream before she was too ‘typecast’ into it.

The beautiful stained glass doors rumbled open. “Welcome to The Bejeweled!” Mr. Q’zun exclaimed as he led the cougaress inside.

Sakie gasped in wonder as she stepped into the little alien's surprisingly large shop. For a farm girl who considered simple things like an ordinary restaurant meal or a discount rack dress to be luxuries, the interior of the shop was absolutely opulent. Everywhere, there were statues. Magnificent statues crafted almost exclusively from beautifully colored transparent crystal!

“Behold! My work!” Mr. Q.zun declared as he led his new model into the maze of colorful crystal statuary. “Each one is cast in perfect solid gemstone. Yes, actual gemstone! Sapphire here. Emerald there. Diamond. Ruby. Jade. Amethyst. Common quartz. Even less precious stones in the case of certain special requests. Anything of mineral nature is possible in jewelery, so long as the materials are available!”

The astonished cougaress' head whirled as she followed the proud jeweler through his collection of work. Many of the statues were

lone subjects, crafted in all manner of poses. Most of these were purely artistic in nature, though some were composed for 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. Others held bowls, or vases, or vessels. A few seemed to be intended for use as coat racks, with lower arms held out horizontal for convenience.

Many of these statues were mounted upon platforms and plinths of granite or marble. Others were mounted upon strange stones the likes of which she had never before seen. A few were mounted on the same colored crystal from which they'd been made.

As Mr. Q'zun led her deeper into his establishment, Sakie found her eyes drawn to a collection of statues who's nature sent a chill down her spine. Half a dozen figures were held aloft in the embrace of tentacles. These extensions of each statue's plinth were treating

their captives to various erotic ministrations, as tentacles were so often wont to do.

More chilling was the fountain that sat among the tentacled figures. This features a sapphire fey'li figure which issued a constant stream of water from her upturned mouth. This water entered the figure through a hose inserted into her open gemstone anus. From there, it shimmered through her disturbingly accurate, albeit nearly invisible, digestive tract.

“That’s... weird,” Sakie murmured as tentacles gave way to less outrageous erotic statuary. Figures masturbating. Playing with gemstone toys. There was even one large composition featuring a couple making love.

“You find something unusual about my works of art?” Mr. Q’zun asked as he led his new model toward a service desk near the back of the shop.

“Well, I mean, that fountain was a little...

you know... odd looking,” Sakie replied. “The insides, I mean.”

“Ah, yes. The fountain,” Mr. Q’zun replied. “There really was no other way to go about it, I can assure you. Not without harming the subject, at least. Either you keep the natural passage open during the jewelring, or you are forced to make a positively garish artificial one after. The latter is quite impossible without disfiguring the result, so I must go about the former.”

Sakie’s heart skipped a beat. “Wha... what do you mean by... by natural passage?”

“Ah, yes, I do so rudely forget,” Mr. Q’zun responded with a smile as he stopped in front of the service desk. “You know nothing of jewelring, do you? Well, worry not! There is really no mystery to it all all! You will soon know all you need to know!”

“I’m not really sure I...” Sakie answered as she began to feel as if she’d been snared into

something very different than modeling for advertisements. Granted, the contract *had* been for an advertisement involving exotic artistic statuary, but still.

Mr. Q'zun chuckled as he began to enter something into a computer that was located below the desk top. "No worries, no worries," he mused. "Our client is not interested in that sort of imagery. Of course if *you* are, then perhaps we can make some different arrangements."

"No thank you!" Sakie exclaimed.

"There, done," Mr. Q'zun declared, stepping back out from behind the counter. He gestured toward a nearby doorway at the back of the shop. "We are ready to begin our work!"

"Okay," Sakie replied, biting her lower lip as she began to wonder exactly what sort of work this advertising contract was going to involve.

"Come come!" Mr. Q'zun instructed. "I must

confess that I am quite as anxious to finish this advertising material as you seem to be. Quite profitable, I must say. Quite profitable indeed. I am sure that once all is said and done, you will quite agree!”

“I... I guess,” Sakie replied as she looked at the sign that had been posted beside the door.

“Jeweling workshop,” the sign read. “Caution: Digital Gorgon In Use!”

“Behold!” Mr. Q’zun exclaimed as the door slid open with a soft hiss. “My workshop! My cherished tool! My *digital gorgon!*”

Sakie gasped as her jaw hit the floor. Her eyes grew wide, and not just because of the huge, round room’s darkness. She’d never seen anything like it before. Not even the strange mining equipment that had been left behind on the north end of the family farm, by the rabid gold miners of yore, could come anywhere close to matching the strangeness of what she was now seeing.

The gigantic machine consisted of a large silver camera-like device mounted on the inner arm of a massive brass armillary sphere. Its incredibly complex mechanism was so large that portions of it vanished into the floor and ceiling of the huge, dark round chamber. Sliding panels in the floor and ceiling no doubt opened to give the whole structure the freedom to move when it was activated.

At the very center of the giant armillary mechanism was a raised platform. Its surface gave off a soft white light that illuminated a low, broad block of beautiful pastel amethyst that was sitting upon its surface. The machine's camera device was pointed directly at this block. Given that the alien had called the machine a 'gorgon', the block was clearly meant as a plinth for the alien's newest work of 'art'. It was also pretty clear who was intended to be recast in solid gemstone upon its surface.

“There is definitely no need to be nervous!” Mr. Q’zun declared as he led his new model through a space in the padded benches that surrounded the grand machine. “There is nothing that the digital gorgon can do that cannot be undone with the utmost expediency!”

“You’re... you’re...” Sakie stammered in shock. This definitely wasn’t what she’d signed up for. Or had she? She hadn’t really read much of the fine print. She couldn’t really remember the details of what she had. “You’re really going to use this machine to turn me into... into stone!?!”

“Well, of course!” Mr. Q’zun laughed. “Just long enough to satisfy my client’s desire for suitable imagery for their advertising campaign. Then I get paid. Then you get paid. And then, perhaps, once you’ve discovered just how wonderful being transformed into solid stone can feel, you’ll consider a... longer term engagement.”

“I... I just... don’t...” Sakie sputtered. Was this *really* what she’d signed up for? She just couldn’t remember. “I mean... it just can’t... it just has to feel awful. I really don’t... I really don’t think I’m going to like it at all!”

“Well then, don’t think,” Mr. Q’zun replied with a smile. “That is the advice I give all of the models I hire before their very first time stepping into the digital gorgon. It seems so much more intimidating in person that in does in the media, doesn’t it? It makes for many second thoughts. So just don’t think.”

“That’s... that’s easy for you to say,” Sakie responded with a deep frown.

“Well, yes,” Mr. Q’zun admitted. “I certainly is. That does not automatically make it incorrect. But if you must think, then think about all of the other beautiful models whom I have hired in the past for projects like this one. They were all just as skeptical of the machine as you are right now. But they just did it, and

they enjoyed every moment of it. Some of them so much that they decided to do it again, and again, and again. A few even decided to become artwork for life!”

Sakie didn’t quite know how to reply. Just the idea sent a sharp shudder down her spine. How could anyone in their right mind actually want to spend the rest of eternity as a statue?

“And have you any idea how many come to me seeking a brief time living in stone?” Mr. Q’zun went on. “Or how much they are willing to pay for the experience? Why, just a few short days ago, I had a group of six lovely tourists pay a whole thirty-six hundred credits for a day as beautiful jewels!”

“And then you changed them all back?” Sakie inquired with considerable skepticism. It seemed almost too good to be true.

“Of course!” Mr. Q’zun replied. “But the big moneymaker is the annual Bejeweled Beauty Contest that the Center for the Arts puts on. I

get paid two thousand credits per bejeweled beauty. Attendees pay to view the art, and they get to vote on the ones they like the most. Then at the end, everyone but the highest scoring beauties are restored. The winners become permanent pieces of art, eventually to be auctioned off to benefit the Center. I get a very amicable twenty percent commission. Very amicable indeed.”

Sakie nodded, but still didn't quite believe what the little alien was telling her. She'd never heard of such things before. Then again, her mother had always kept her and her siblings from getting into that kind of media. It was a futile effort, for sure, but it been effective enough in keeping her from getting too broad a view of what really went on in the xenoexperience capital of the Marian Drift Prefecture.

“Now, let us begin,” Mr. Q'zun stated with a smile as he gestured toward the amethyst block. “It will be over before you know it!”

“I... I guess...” Sakie murmured nervously as it became quite apparent that not only was she going to be turned into a stone statue, but that it was going to be happening right away. There was no time or her to prepare.

“That’s a good model!” Mr. Q’zun chuckled. “Just take off your dress and I shall instruct you on our client’s desired presentation.”

“Uh... I have to do it naked?” Sakie questioned.

Again, Mr. Q’zun chuckled. “Why, of course! Sex sells, as they so often say. Our clients are firm believers in this core principle of advertising.”

“Okay,” Sakie replied, reluctantly undoing her sash.

“Excellent!” Mr. Q’zun exclaimed with a broad smile as he waited for his new model to denude. “Just lay your clothing on the bench here. Then we can begin!”

STONED

Sakie looked down on the big amethyst block with a sense of deep trepidation. The nervous cougaress had hoped a closer look at the block might soothe her nerves. Instead, it only made the butterflies in her stomach worse. *Goddess above, she thought, I can't believe I'm actually going to get on this thing. And... actually do this thing. It's all just so... so... insane!*

The amethyst block was longer than it was wide, roughly the size of a double sized mattress. The edges were rough and crystalline. The top was smooth and polished to a mirror finish. There were strange loops rising up from its surface. Two small ones were located right at the front end. One

broader one was located about two thirds of the way to the back. Exactly what purpose they might have had yet to be revealed.

What was revealed was the name of the client that was paying for all this. On the front end, cut deeply into the crystalline surface, was a name that sent a chill down Sakie's spine: Rowa Vale Adventures. Even the ignorant and naive cougaress knew who the rowa were. She'd been warned about their terrible games. About how they'd kidnap her and take her to their hive to be transformed into a horrible monster. And now... had she really sold her image to be used as advertising for them?

"Yes, yes, I know," Mr. Q'zun said, no doubt noting the look of considerable displeasure on his new model's face. "They are not the most pleasant of clientele, that is quite for sure. I would not normally engage with such monstrous creatures and their rather addled fans. But... we live in a place that is dependent

on all sorts of bizarre draws for suitably inclined tourists. A rising tide lifts all boats and all that.”

“I... I guess,” Sakie replied. Nothing the little alien said was going to soothe her nerves. “So... what am I supposed to do for this?”

“Ah, yes! It is quite simple, actually,” Mr. Q’zun instructed. “Your wrists go in the holes at the head end. Both of your ankles go in the hole further down. This will hold you down on your elbows while you lift your most lovely posterior held high. As high as you can, with your tail up over your back.”

“Okay,” Sakie responded with an anxious cringe.

“Then, all you need to do is lift your head up and smile,” Mr. Q’zun continued. “Smile and stay in that position no matter what happens. It will be a bit of a complex composition with multiple stages, so it is absolutely essential that you hold your position and smile. No

matter what happens. And if you can do it with a particularly suitable level of outward enthusiasm, then I shall add a five hundred credit bonus to your base pay.”

“Okay,” Sakie replied.

“Very good,” Mr. Q’zun said, gesturing toward the surface of the block. “Mount yourself and we shall begin.”

As hesitant as Sakie might have been, the quicker she got it all over with, the better. She took a deep breath and knelt down on the amethyst block. It was was pleasantly warm to the touch, and she found it oddly easy to slide to its center and slip her hands and feet into the provided rings. Or were they restraints? Did it really matter?

The cougaress gripped the front edge of the amethyst block and struggled to lift her rump up into the air. The pose couldn’t possibly have been more awkward. She couldn’t let her knees rest on the block. She had to keep her chest up

as well. Despite her long years on the farm, it was taking all of her strength. There was no way she could hold the pose for long.

Mr. Q'zun smiled at the quivering cougaress. He reached down to pull her long ponytail off her shoulder so that it would dangle down in front of the block. "Much better," he remarked as he backed out from the interior of the machine. "All you need to do now is relax."

Sakie wanted to reply about how difficult the pose was, but she was afraid that losing her smile for even a moment might mess things up. Or worse, cost her that nice extra bonus. Thankfully, though, her employer had already thought of matters.

A force field of some sort was forming around the cougaress' body. Her weight seemed to lessen. All pressure on her strained muscles faded away. At the same time, it seemed to hug her tightly, holding her still and locking her into her current pose.

Mr. Q'zun sat down on a bench off to one side of his subject. The armillary rings began move. They whirled around the platform and its anxious subject for several long moment before settling into a position where the camera was held directly above. There was a sizzle. A snap. A flash. The rings that had helped give Sakie her pose vanished.

Sakie kept smiling. That was all she had to do. No matter what happened. All she had to do was smile and wait. But what was she waiting for?

A loud buzzing filled the chamber. It was coming from above and behind the completely restrained cougaress. It was getting louder. Closer. And it came along with a very strange smell.

A soapy, briny odor filled Sakie's nose. It was sharp. Heady. Organic. Very, very organic.

The captive cougaress could feel a breeze upon her legs. Upon her upraised ass. Little

drips of warm something were falling on her thighs. She could only imagine what was hovering over her. What sort of monstrosity was waiting for its moment to strike.

It didn't take long for the realization to hit her. She was to be the centerpiece for an advertisement for a business that brought tourists into the grasp of the rowa. Clearly that meant placing *her* into the grasp of the rowa!

Sakie's heart raced. She stared straight ahead and smiled as best as she could. What else could she do?

Something jabbed the horrified cougaress right in the tailhole. It didn't penetrate too deeply. It just poked inside for a moment and gave her a brief squirt of fresh hot bug semen.

Sakie held in a sharp gasp and kept smiling. That was all she could do. It was all she had to do. No matter what happened.

Oh... oh no! It... it... it actually spooaged right

in my ass! Sakie thought without really knowing what that meant. *Stay calm, Sakie. It's too late to do anything about it. Just stay calm and don't ruin the statue. Keep smiling. Keep smiling!*

Before she even knew what was happening, the fur around Sakie's midriff was starting to fall out. In its place, she began to feel smooth and stiff and... leathery. *Oh... no! No! It can't... I can't... I'm... I'm turning into a bug!*

Sakie still kept smiling. Surely the little alien wasn't going to do anything to her that couldn't be undone. She just had to keep smiling. Let it all happen.

The transformation of the cougares' body was astonishingly rapid. Dull, insensitive segments wrapped around her hips and waist. These were separated by more sensitive, flexible seams. Her midriff began to flex in strange ways that left her feeling deeply unsettled.

Still, Sakie kept smiling, even as the leathery feeling spread down to her tailbone. As it crawled around her hips. As it advanced inexorably toward that precious virgin place between her legs.

Again, the cougareess was compelled to stifle a gasp as the transformation pulled upon her luscious vulva. As it spread downward within, erasing her womanly organs as it went. There was a pull upon her clit. A tug that drew her glistening pink labia apart, exposing her vagina just as its tender flesh completely fused together. A sudden burst of sexual arousal surged through what remained of her tender flesh.

In an instant, it was all gone. Her virgin pussy had become a perfectly flat surface between her legs. So too had her anus. The cheeks of her rump now pulled together. They fused into one flat surface, just as her legs began to join together as one.

Sakie's transformation now seemed to accelerate. It spread upward over the base of her ribcage. It spread down toward her ankles. Eight long black insect legs pushed out from the sides of her ribcage. The lower three pairs were splayed out below her arms. The other pair had grown from her shoulder blades, coming to a rest over her arms, near the front edge of the amethyst block.

Oh shit! Oh shit! the horrified cougaress thought as she waited for the little alien to do something before she'd completely turned into an insectoid monstrosity. *My pussy! It's... it's gone! My legs... they're fusing together! Come on! Turn me into a statue! Don't let me turn all the way into a bug! Come on! What are you waiting for?!?*

Again, and with perfect timing, the giant brass armillary began to move. It wheeled about as the transformation reached the Sakie's ankles. It slowed to a stop as it began to pull on the underside of her warm, soft

breasts.

Through all this, Sakie continued to stare straight ahead and smile. It was all she had to do and everything else would turn out alright.

A loud sizzle filled Sakie's ears. There was a snap. A flash. And then... there was nothing. No bug. No digital gorgon. No amethyst block. And no Sakie either.

THE FLOW

“Alright, smarty-pants,” Dr. Alluwa huffed with audible annoyance. “Since you seem to know everything there is to know about all this... where exactly did it all start to go so wrong?”

Dr. Kidan shook his head as he made an adjustment to the controls of a very different kind of armillary sphere, this one located in a secret chamber beneath the residential area of the old Vixanti Three facility. “I wish I could give you a definitive answer at this point. But... it’s proving a bit more difficult that I thought it would be.”

Dr. Alluwa scowled as she watched the massive silver rings begin to move. There were twelve nested sets, the outermost being exactly

forty-two meters in diameter. Inside each flowed an exotic blend of transdimensional substances suspended in an activated biogel matrix. “Are you sure you want to try that again? After what happened last time...”

“Well, that’s the problem, isn’t it?” Dr. Kidan quipped back. “We want to fix things, but that means breaking other things, doesn’t it?”

“Can’t we do the breaking things someplace else?” Dr. Alluwa huffed as the armillary rings began to move so fast that they all blurred together into a strangely ethereal moving mass. It wasn’t just a trick of the eye, however. Each ring was not simply moving in one direction at a time. It was moving in both, simultaneously. “Hmm. You’re getting to superposition a lot faster this time around.”

“Indeed,” Dr. Kidan replied. “That’s the key to controlling the instabilities. Ideally, we’d be using permanently superposed rings, but that’s quite out of the question.”

“I swear, if you summon another dragille this time, I’m seriously going to kick your ass,” Dr. Alluwa remarked as a strange, golden glow began to form at the very center of the machine.

“Dammit!” Dr. Kidan swore as he watched the traces displayed on one of the large screens that had been set up to one side of the vast chamber. “I thought we were successful in pulling things back toward center when we got that Vixie mask on Nanya. Now look! The trace for Jumie is... she’s...”

“Gone rowa?” Dr. Alluwa noted with a wry smile. “Don’t you tell me for one moment that you didn’t expect that to happen.”

“Maybe if you’d let me pay her to come here to... I don’t know... whatever,” Dr. Kidan replied with a scowl.

“Given your track record with girlfriends?” Dr. Alluwa replied with a thick layer of sarcasm. “She’s better off being a rowa.”

“For now, perhaps,” Dr. Kidan responded. “We’ll have to fix it later. Sakie is a whole different matter. She’s in some kind of transitional state. There a rowa imprint, but also a... petrification imprint? And it just happened within the past hour or so!”

“Looks like the rowa are quite keen on snaring the whole bundle of them,” Dr. Alluwa noted with a puzzled expression. “But... why?”

“Why indeed,” Dr. Kidan responded with an equally perplexed expression. “What do they think they can gain by trying to force the divergence to become the main timeline?”

“How do they even know about the divergence in the first place?” Dr. Alluwa asked. “Someone had to tell them. Someone *within* the divergence.”

“But who?” Dr. Kidan questioned. “Who knows besides Omega, and anyone directly involved in events? That’s who? You? Me? Chyka? Admiral Sarva? His vetted personal

guard unit? General Riyalli? That's it."

"Only you, me, Chyka, Admiral Sarva and General Riyalli know about the actual characteristics and divergence, though," Dr. Alluwa observed. "That's a fairly short list that only includes people who's characters are quite unimpeachable."

"In the main timeline, yes," Dr. Kidan noted. "But only you and I are tied to that through Omega. The others... well, I *think* we can rule out Chyka. She may have caught herself a bad case of the rowa bug, but she hasn't had any personal contact with them."

"That leaves just the Admiral and the General," Dr. Alluwa responded with a deep frown. "You don't suppose..."

"Suppose what?" Dr. Kidan inquired with a raised eyebrow.

"You don't suppose that Sarva is trying to tie up loose ends using Chyka's favorite fetish, do

you?” Dr. Alluwa asked.

“I mean... it’s possible,” Dr. Kidan replied looking back to the armillary as it slowly decelerated. “We’ve kept all this business from him, haven’t we? If he thinks he’s fixing the timeline and preventing Chyka from jumping around anymore by locking it all into its current state...”

“That’s something we’re going to have to keep in mind,” Dr. Alluwa noted. “The real question for us is what we do about the others. There’s still Chyka and Tachi, isn’t there? If we do anything to protect them, then we’ll expose all this to Sarva and then... well. I don’t want to think about how he’ll respond to finding out about your temporal flow experiments.”

“Agreed,” Dr. Kidan replied. “We can’t protect them. We’ll just have to fix things once we’ve got the clock tuned to bring everything back to a point of relative sanity all at once.”

“And how long do you think that’s going to take?” Dr. Alluwa asked.

“I have no idea,” Dr. Kidan replied. “But I think I’m getting close. All I need to do is get the clock running over the hump without causing tremors and...”

“Speaking of tremors,” Dr. Alluwa interrupted. “I wonder what we broke this time.”

“Good question,” Dr. Kidan replied. “I’m sure Omega will figure it out soon enough. Then we can see what we need to do to mitigate it.”

“Right,” Dr. Alluwa responded as she turned to leave. “Now you’re going to do me that favor, right?”

“Yes,” Dr. Kidan answered with a deep sigh. “No turning the clock back on unless you’re here and approve of it. I won’t. Well... not unless its a real emergency.”

“A *real* emergency,” Dr. Alluwa replied with a harsh glance over her shoulder. “And nothing less!”

TO BE CONTINUED...