

Jewel Princess

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Cutey Honey: The Jewel Princess

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Nyoko peered over the class jewelery cabinet in surprise. Her lips parted softly, the delicate sheen of her lipstick reflected on the glass as she admired the delicate velvet displays below. Hundreds of crystal pieces of jewelery set in gold, platinum, and other fascinating metals. But, it wasn't the settings that attracted her attention, it was the gemstones themselves. They were the colors of the rainbows, with a clarity that gave her the impression of liquid light being hardened into intricate shapes. The crystalline sparkles caught her eyes and she leaned down to get a closer look. Her breasts flatted against the glass with her efforts. She felt the cool surface against her nipples, but the rapt fascination with the expensive jewelery below distracted her quickly.

“Do you like my pretties?”

Nyoko jumped at the sultry voice right behind her. Spinning on her heels, she straightened out her dark purple dress before looking at the speaker. She paused, not seeing her for a moment, then had to look again at the statuesque woman who stood behind her. Nyoko gasped softly as the woman reached out with one hand and gently cupped her chin.

“But they are nothing compared to you.”

The woman's voice was a soft purr, sultry and seductive. Nyoko found herself staring into the crystalline eyes, lost in the deep colors.

“Um... yes.”

She felt the edges of the woman's long fingernails brushing up against her cheek. Then, it was gone as the lady stepped away. The look in her eyes smolders and Nyoko felt a tingle filling her. Looking

away uncomfortably, she felt a flush rising up in her cheeks. The woman came around the counter, leaning forward and showing her own deep cleavage. Diamond earrings dangled from her ears as she settled into place.

“Is there something that catches your eye?”

Nyoko held her breath for just a heartbeat before looking back over the glass-lined case. Her eyes scanned through the bewildering array of jewelery. She focused on the most humble-looking piece, a blood-red crystal set into a large, but silvery metal ring. She hesitantly gestured to it.

The woman smiled broadly as she unlocked the cabinet. Her longer fingers reached out and plucked it from the velvet container. Pulling it out, she presented it to Nyoko. The girl took it with trembling hands.

“It’s... it’s beautiful.”

“Yes, only a million yen.”

Nyoko froze, the ring almost on her finger.

“Oh... I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to. I-I can’t afford this.”

The woman smiled easily, but made no effort to retrieve her ring. Instead, she stood up and admired Nyoko.

“It would match your eyes perfectly.”

Nyoko blushed and handed it back.

“I’m sorry, I can’t...”

The woman took it from Nyoko, easily balancing the ring on the very tip of her finger. The dark red crystal flashed hypnotically and Nyoko followed it with her eyes for a moment. Then, the proprietress slipped it back into the cabinet.

“Shame. It would have been perfect, my dear.”

Nyoko thanked her with a bow and fled the store.

The dance club shook the windows of the buildings around it. The high-tech edifice of steel and concrete rose four stories up into the air and Nyoko couldn’t wait to get in. A short line, framed with neatly printed signs sprawled to the right of the double doors leading into the club. Bright posters and signs covered both doors, giving them a hellish appearance in the flashing lights. Behind her, her friends, Shiori and Asuka, were dancing in a circle, moving their hips in time with the driving beat.

Above the front door, a dragon head made of welded steel flashed with lights from the inside. Nyoko's eyes traced one of the brighter lights, a brilliant red that swirled around in an endless spiral, tracing a hidden path along the tinted glass. At the light hit the dark glass, it looked like the liquid crystal of the pendant she saw earlier ago. The thought of the delicate platinum hands holding the heart burned in the back of her mind, despite the music that called to her.

"Come on, Nyoko, come and dance!"

Shiori's voice called her and she roused herself from her memories. Turning around on her dark purple heels, she smiled as her friends beckoned for her. Both girls were dark haired, but in the light outside of the club, Shiori's glowed with a deep navy blue as it swirled around her, the bleached tips brilliant in the light as they brushed along the tops of her small breasts. Next to her, Asuka, her friend since school, was twisting hard in time to the music, thrashing her head in time. She had streaks in her hair, striped like a zebra which matched almost perfectly with her dress. Black and white, it clung to her narrow waist and elegant curves. Straps criss-crossed across both the front of the back, giving hints of the muscular back and the deeper cleavage in the front. The straps in the front continued down, showing off her belly button, with the deep shadow to hide how deep it really was.

Joining them as they beckoned, she began to rock her hips in time with the music, one hand sliding around each of their waists. She grinned as they bumped their hips together. Behind them, a young man watched with rapt fascination. She smiled at him, he was cute but not remarkably so, and closed her own eyes to feel the music deep inside. The rush of dancing, even just the impromptu dancing in the queue, rose up inside her as they rocked. Sweat prickled along her skin with the flush of anticipation of getting into the club and properly dancing.

At the first feel of a hand on her ass, she cracked open one eye and bumped up against Asuka. Grinning at her, Asuka winked as she bumped up again, her fingers barely touching the curve of Nyoko's ass. Shaking her head, she tried to ignore Asuka. The fingers along her bum grew bolder, making it difficult for Nyoko to ignore it. Then, a new hand slid on the other side and Nyoko's hands snapped open. It was Shiori, grinning like she just won the lotto. Nyoko's

dance faltered and Shiori drew her closer, until their bodies were pressing together.

“Shi, what are you doing?”

Shiori grinned, bringing her face close to Nyoko's.

“The man three down offered to pay me ten thousand yen if I kissed you.”

“Shiori!”

Her other friend giggled and drew close.

“Ten thousand? He offered me twenty.”

All three of them giggled. Nyoko, feeling the flush of dancing, looked down the line waiting to get into the club. The man was an older one, but not by much, maybe in his mid-twenties. He held out his wallet in an unmistakable offer. She grinned, thinking to herself. Rocking her hips against her two friends, she rests her arms over their shoulders and held up two of her fingers, then all ten. He seemed to pause for a moment, then nodded. He licked his lips as both of her friends gasped, then giggled loudly.

Taking a deep breath, Nyoko leaned back against the hands holding her ass and pulled both of her friends into a kiss at the same time. She closed her eyes as their soft lips touched her own. Behind her, fingers curled deeper along the line of her buttocks and she felt her heart pounding even harder against her chest. When Shiori opened her mouth against hers and slipped her tongue out, Nyoko was surprised. Instead of fighting it, she just relaxed into her friend's embrace and let them kiss her, the heat rising between them as they lost themselves in the long passionate kiss.

All three of them broke gasping for breath. Nyoko had to duck her head to clear herself, the heat pounding in her ears gave her a slightly uncomfortable feeling. When she looked up, Asuka was looking at her with a smile on her lips.

“Asuka, you know I'm not into girls, right?”

Her friend's smile lit up the line.

“Of course, neither me or Shiori, but if some hentai is going to pay us a hundred to kiss, why not? It pays for the drinks.”

Nyoko covered her mouth and giggled. Shiori pushed her way back to them, holding the money in her hand.

“He actually paid!”

They took a few moments to split up the money as evenly as possible. Nyoko shoved the money into her cleavage, and ignored the leers from the men around her. She turned away from them, blushing, and looked out into the street in front of the club. Small cars drove past, their lights flashing brightly underneath the street lights. In the distance, she could see the skyline of Cosplay City but most of the city was hidden with the press of buildings around her.

A large limousine caught her attention as it pulled up in front of the club. The chatter of the crowd died down as the chauffeur came around and opened the door closest to the crowd. Then, silence as one beautiful leg raised out of the door. Nyoko stared in shock as she watched the woman from the club, the jewelery store, step out of the car. Her jewel-studded dress shifted down, clinging to her wide hips and breasts as it straightened out with a faint clinking noise audible even over the driving rhythm.

Next to her, Shiori whispered, “She is... beautiful.”

Nyoko whispered back, “She sells jewelery downtown.”

She had to swallow to continue speaking, “I was there today.”

Shiori wrapped an arm around Nyoko’s waist. Asuka leaned against Nyoko’s other side as they watched the woman slide past the front of the line and disappear into the club without the man at the door acknowledging her.

“How rich is she?”

Nyoko thought back to the price, “The cheapest I found was a million yen.”

Asuka gasped, then her lips closed in a thoughtful smile.

“Oh, my. She would be rich.”

Shiori playfully batted Asuka, “Asu! You aren’t thinking about hitting after her, are you!?”

Asuka gave her a predatory smirk, “If she is that rich, I’ll consider it.”

“Ew!”

Nyoko only listened to her friends with half her attention. In the front of the line, she saw someone from inside the club walk out and whisper something to the employee at the front of the line. The man controlling who got into the party stepped sideways, scanning the line. Seeing her, he motioned for her to come closer. Nyoko, surprised, pointed to herself questioningly. He nodded and gestured

for her to come again. When Nyoko pointed to Shiori and Asuka, he shrugged.

Turning to her friends, she tugged on them.

“Come on.”

“What, I thought we were staying here?”

Nyoko grinned, “Want to go in or just wait in line?”

She stepped out of line and headed toward the front. Her friends trailed behind her, laughing nervously as they jumped to the beginning of the line. At the front, Nyoko looked at the middle-aged man curiously.

“Go on, you got jumped.”

Bowing to him, she entered the door to the club. A wall of noise slammed into her and she felt her emotions rising as she let the sound coursing through her body, filling her with its pounding rhythm. Behind her, Shiori screamed out with joy.

“Rock on!”

Finding an unused table near one of the edges of the dance floor, they deposited their jackets and purses and quickly joined the dance floor. The sounds were wonderful, filling Nyoko’s heart with a sense of urgent passion. Soon, she lost herself in the dance, going at least three sets of music before they had to take a breather.

By the time they returned to their table, she was soaked with sweat and buzzing with the adrenaline high. They ordered drinks, but when they were delivered, the waiter indicated that there was no charge.

Shiori frowned, “No charge?”

“One of our guests has paid for your drinks.”

“They have?” Shiori looked around, careening her head to find someone looking at her. The waiter gestured above the dance floor to a series of blackened windows overlooking the entire club. Shiori beamed.

“Really? Who?”

The waiter bowed, “You are welcomed to join our guest in room one any time you wish.”

He disappeared into the crowd, leaving the three girls alone.

Shiori jumped up, “Come on, I wanna see who it is!”

Asuka hesitated before getting up slowly from the table. Only Nyoko didn’t get up.

“I don’t know if we should.”

“Why not? They won’t do anything here, they got the VIP room!”

Nyoko couldn’t help feeling resistance.

“We shouldn’t. Let’s just dance.”

Both of her friends frowned, obviously curious. But, with Nyoko’s hesitation, they slowly nod. After a few drinks to cool down, Shiori dragged her friends back onto the dance floor for another few rounds of high-energy dancing. Nyoko had to fend herself from a few wandering hands with sharp slaps but otherwise she managed to dance without anyone hitting on her.

When they staggered back to their table, there were drinks already waiting for them.

“Nyoko! We are getting free drinks, we have to go check it out!”

Shiori’s voice rose into her girl-like squeal. Nyoko wanted to resist, but when she turned to look at Asuka, the girl was trying to give her the best impression of starry eyes. Groaning, Nyoko shook her head.

“We shouldn’t. Just let the hentai pay for our drinks and enjoy ourselves...”

Her voice trailed off as the waiter returned. This time, he had something in his hand which he set down in the center of the table. A short note, handwritten from what Nyoko could tell, was placed carefully on top of it. Saying nothing, the waiter bowed again and walked away.

Asuka grabbed the box, ignoring the letter and cracked it open. Nyoko watched as her lips parted in surprise. She started to laugh, but Asuka remained silent, her eyes glittering in fascination. When the girl didn’t speak for over a minute, she cleared her throat.

“What is it, Asu?”

Asuka didn’t move, so Shiori reached over and gently took the box from her slack fingers. Turning it around, Nyoko was shocked to see the deep red ring inside. The exact same ring she saw earlier that day. The platinum base sparkled in the flashing lights of the dance club. At the first sight of the ring, her heart started pounding violently in her chest.

Shiori gasped, “It’s beautiful. Is it a present?” She set down the ring and picked up the letter. Reading it silently, she mouthed the words. When she finished, she repeated it out loud.

“For the most beautiful woman in the club.”

She frowned, “So... which one is us?”

Asuka ignored her, “I wonder how much it is?”

Nyoko sighed, “One million yen.”

Both of their heads snapped up.

“Are you serious?”

“No! You have to be joking.”

Nyoko shook her head slowly, “It was the cheapest thing I found there.”

“Wow, and she’s giving you this?”

Nyoko frowned, “No, it can’t be me.”

“But, you said that was the jewelery lady, and that you looked at this, and she’s waiting for you!” With every statement, Shiori tapped the table. Nyoko resisted, but both Shiori and Asuka stood up, holding her by her arms.

“Come on, we’re going to see your admirer!”

She struggled weakly as her friends dragged her around the dance floor, but at the steps, she shook herself clear and took the lead to come up the solid steel steps leading to the private rooms. Up in the dark hallway, the sounds of the club still pounding on the walls, but the air had a cool feel to it, almost protected from the press of people below.

There were only three VIP rooms, numbered from one to three. They heard giggling and laughter from rooms two and three, but the first door was silent. Nyoko paused at the door, but Shiori gestured for her to knock.

A throaty voice answered, “Come in.”

Nervous, Nyoko opened the door and peered inside. Except for the stunning woman from the jewelery shop, it was empty. A dozen chairs were scattered throughout the room and a table filled with drinks and sushi filled one corner. The far wall of the room was transparent, looking down at the sea of dancers, drinkers, and party-goers. Shiori gasped and headed directly for the window, to peer down at everyone. Nyoko stopped inside the door, staring at the woman who held a glass of red wine in one hand. The proprietress smiled at her and lifted her glass in a mute salute.

Asuka pushed her way through the room and looked around, nervous for a moment. Then she saw the statuesque lady on the

couch. Grinning to herself, she slipped around Nyoko and came around to the couch. Sitting down primly next to her, she smiled to the jewelery lady.

“Um... hi?”

The woman smiled warmly and held out her hand, a huge diamond sparkling on one finger. Asuka hesitated for a moment, then took it in her own hand. For a moment, Nyoko thought she was going to shake it, but to her surprise, she brought it up and kissed her knuckles lightly.

Shiori gasped, just turning around to catch it.

“Asuka!”

Asuka blushed fiercely, but didn't release the fingers for a moment. Gracefully, the woman took them back.

“A pleasure, Asuka?”

The blush deepened, “Yes.”

“A pleasure.” Her eyes slid to Nyoko and the girl felt a shiver down her spine. Up close, her eyes still looked like solid jewels, but somehow she was drawn closer. Stepping carefully around the couch, she felt herself drawn to sit on the other side of her. The woman turned, transferring her glass to the other hand.

“Again, a pleasure...?”

“Nyoko.”

She repeated Nyoko's name, tasting it on her tongue.

“A very pretty name.”

Shiori came over, giggling, “I'm Shiori.”

The woman smiled, “Call me.. the Jewel Princess. Like my store.”

All three girls tittered for a moment. The Jewel Princess leaned over the back of the couch and picked up a large bottle of red wine. Holding it up, she asked a silent question with an arched eyebrow.

Nyoko hesitated, but her friends quickly grabbed glasses and held them for the lady to pour them. As the last of the blood-red wine poured into the glass, all three looked at Nyoko. She blushed, hesitating again, then she slowly picked up one of the glasses herself and let the Jewel Princess pour her a glass. As the wine settled down, Nyoko felt a blush growing.

The older woman raised her glass.

“To the most beautiful woman in the club.”

All four drank deeply from their glasses. Shiori drained hers, but Asuka and Nyoko didn't. Nyoko noticed that the Jewel Princess, the strange woman who called her up there, also finished hers.

Shiori licked her lips before grinning wryly.

"So, which one of us is—"

She stopped in mid-sentence. Nyoko's eyes widened as the girl collapsed on the ground.

"Shiori!"

She threw the glass aside as she scrambled to her friend. Asuka landed next to her. Nyoko grabbed her friend's hand, terrified as it felt limp in her hand.

"Shiori! Shiori!"

Nyoko clutched her friend's hand just as a wave of weakness slammed into her. She gasped as her vision blurred. In the corner of her fuzzy vision, she saw Asuka slump across Shiori and lying sprawled against her knee. A rushing noise filled her hearing as she felt her body crumple on the ground. The last thing she heard with a quiet laughter of the Jewel Princess.

Nyoko woke up with a start, letting out a shrill shriek as she bolted to her feet. Almost instantly, the world began to twist the bed underneath her feet shuddered from her sudden movement. Her purple dress twisted around her legs and she almost fell off as she flailed for balance. She barely managed to stumble around and step off the tiny cot onto a concrete floor. Her eyes continued to scan around, trying to orient herself as her mind woke up crawling from a nightmare of ice and glass.

She was in a cell, a honest prison cell. The walls were a gray material, embedded with faceted gems. Her heart pounding in her chest, she reached out to one of them, brushing up against the glassy surface and shivering from the cool sensations below her touch. Her eyes slowly slid along the wall, to a steel door baring her way. She didn't even see a window or hatch to look out of. The pounding in her heart grew even harder, hurting her ribs as she moved her gaze up, to where the room was light by a single light bulb, easily thirty feet above her.

She clutched her arms around her shoulders, feeling her breasts pressing up against the smooth silk of her dress, the cold air

brushing between her bare legs. Her shoes, matching pumps, were lying on the edge of the bed and her bare feet felt the icy concrete beneath her toes. Shivering, she paced the room and peered at the steel door.

Nyoko frowned as she tried to remember how she got there. She remembered the club and dancing. Even the memory of the driving beat warmed her up a little as she scoured her memories. They came up slowly, swimming through the fog of her mind. Asuka and Shiori dragging her up the stairs. The strange woman at the couch. Then she dredged up the memory of the pendant. The crystalline beauty stole her breath away again and she felt the fog lifting. Finally, the memory of Shiori collapsing caught her and she let out a tiny sob.

“Shiori!”

Her cry echoed against her prison walls. Still clutching herself, she walked the length of her room. Sitting down heavily on her bed, she just let the tears cry as she realized the helplessness of her situation.

She didn't know how long she cried, but the tears continued to fall when the sound of a metal bar being thrown back. Jumping to her feet, she silently winced at the bitter cold seeping through the concrete. The door squealed loudly as it opened. From the crack, a brilliant light flooded into the room, blinding Nyoko. She held her hand up over her head, trying to shade it as she peered at the shadowy figure standing in the center of the light.

“Nyoko.”

The sultry voice, purring one octave below seductive, sent conflicting tremors of cold and heat through her body. She gasped as she remembered the voice.

“T-The Jewel Princess?”

A jewel-bedecked hand reached out for her, friendly and comforting. She took it hesitantly, unsure of the pounding in her chest or the fluttering in her stomach. Her fingers brushed against the hard jewelery of the Princess and she wondered why the woman wore it even in the dark tunnels she was trapped in.

A firm gesture tugged her forward and she followed, her bare feet padding against the icy ground. Her panting reflected back against concrete walls. The woman leading her knew exactly where she was going, following the tunnels and turning almost at random. Nyoko

could only follow, trying to find the energy question the strange woman.

Their travels brought them to a strange cavern. With only a dim light flickering near the center, she could only see twisted shapes in the darkness, alien and yet somehow very familiar. She frowned, trying to make out the shapes. The Jewel Princess continued to lead her toward the center of the light. Nyoko shook her head and stopped. The Princess' hand slipped against hers before the sultry woman stopped.

“Is there something wrong?”

“W-What happened? I remember blacking out.”

The Jewel Princess patted her on the arm.

“Don't worry, everything is going to be beautiful.”

Beautiful? Nyoko frowned before looking around.

“Where is Shiori and Asuka? Where are my friends?”

Her “host” didn't seem perturbed as she gestured toward the center.

“They are safe, over there.”

“Over there?” Nyoko peered over there, then called out.

“Shiori!? Asuka!? Are you there!?”

Her voice echoed softly around her, a whisper of sound that teased against her senses. The smell of Asuka's perfume teased her senses and she stepped forward. The Jewel Princess guided her toward the center, stopping her in the center of the light. Nyoko stopped there, frowning as she continued to stare into the darkness, silently begging for her friends to step out into the light.

“Where are my friends?”

The Princess smiled comfortingly as she stepped up against Nyoko, her large breasts pressing against her. Nyoko felt a flush growing on her cheeks as she stared up into her crystal eyes. With deliberate grace, the Jewel Princess cupped her left hand with hers. Nyoko slowly turned her head down to watch as the woman slide the nearly priceless ring on her finger.

“What?”

“It's for you.”

“But-But I can't afford it.”

An enigmatic smile. “I'm not charging you for it, I'm giving it to you, Nyoko.”

Nyoko swallowed, “W-Why?”

The Jewel Princess leaned forward. Nyoko tried to step back, but the gentle grip on her hand pulled her closer. She felt herself being drawn until her lips were only centimeters from the Jewel Princess’ own lips.

Nyoko’s lips worked silently, but the woman leaned forward and kissed her softly. Nyoko gasped, a flush rising up in her cheeks from the delicate, almost tender embrace. Then, the princess stepped back with a smile.

“Wait here, my beautiful, and I will show you your friends.”

Nyoko remained in the circle of light. The sparkling ring on her finger drew her attention and she stared at it, losing herself in the brilliant red gem in the center. With trembling fingers, she brushed her fingertips against the metal, not wanting to smear the perfect crystal surface.

She felt the ground below her click and she frowned as she looked down. Seeing nothing, she felt her eyes drawn back to the crystal. Nibbling on the bottom of her lip, she briefly wondered if she could have asked for one of the more expensive ones. Then, the clicking on the ground repeated itself and she glanced down.

A blur of movement startled her as two poles burst out of the ground through neatly machined holes. She inhaled to scream as they rocketed past her. To her horror, she felt her arms yank up as the poles extended to their full length.

Screaming, she looked up to see her wrists being pulled toward the very tops, bands of force holding them in place. She screamed at the top of her lungs as she yanked down at her wrists, trying to free them.

“No!”

The force holding refused to budge but she continued to jerk and writhe against it. After a few moment, she felt woozy as she looked up to see the Jewel Princess watching her.

“So... beautiful.”

Stepping forward, Nyoko watched as the woman slipped out of her dress, letting the red fabric slipping to the ground. Terrified, she tore her eyes away, not wanting to look at her captor. Whimpering, she jerked at her bounds again and again.

At the first feather-light touch against her wrist, her head snapped back toward the Jewel Princess. She gaped and looked again, her mind refusing to see the transformation of the woman. Instead of the soft woman she expected to see, the Jewel Princess gained a bluish skin tone. Her body shook as her eyes trailed down, to the large breasts that almost dominated her vision. Instead of nipples, she saw clusters of crystals following the curves. More clusters bunched along her sides, her fingers, and even across her face. With a start, she realized that the Jewel Princess was more than a name, she was almost as crystalline as her jewelery.

“What... what are you?”

The laughter of the princess filled the room.

“I am the Jewel Princess.”

“W-What?”

The Princess stepped forward, reaching up for Nyoko’s hand. Nyoko tried to avoid it, but the powerful forces refused to relent and the woman stroked her cool hand against hers.

“You are beautiful, Nyoko. I must add you to my collection.”

Fear gripped Nyoko’s heart.

“Y-Your collection?”

With a grand gesture, the Jewel Princess lifted up her hand as light filled the cavern. It was a cold and icy light, reflecting off millions of crystal surfaces. Nyoko closed her eyes tightly to avoid being blinded. Around her, tiny sounds of dust and cracking filled her vision. Finally, she opened her eyes in curiosity, tears streaming from the brightness.

For a moment, she just saw twisted shapes and curves, but as her eyes focused, she realized she was staring at women. Women made of crystal. Translucent and solid, each face was frozen forever in a mask of horror and terror. Hands reached, imploring for freedom, but the fingers no longer moved.

Her mouth opened in silent horror. She looked around the room, the enormity of the situation weighing down heavily on her. Then, her eyes focused on the terror-stricken face of Shiori, on her knees with her hands reaching up in a desperate and silent pleading. Her friend was naked and even the tears were sealed in crystal, locking her forever in her new crystal form. Above her, balanced on her

hands was Asuka. Asuka's eyes were tightly closed but there was no mistaking the fear in her frozen, still body.

"Shi..." Nyoko sobbed softly, unable to tear her eyes away. "Asu..."

"They are beautiful, Nyoko. They will be beautiful until the end of time."

"Why... what did they do to you?"

The Jewel Princess shrugged, "I helped them. I made sure they would never fade, their looks would never be torn down by age and gravity. It is the most precious gift I can give."

Nyoko could only sob as her captor reached up and tugged a chain free. Nyoko tried to yank her arm away, but she only felt her muscles beginning to tear with her frantic effort. Her body writhed helplessly as the woman chained her wrist. A moment later, the other wrist was chained just as tightly, the deep red ring on her finger glinting in the light.

Desperate, she lashed out her foot at the Jewel Princess, but the woman responded with supernatural speed, grabbing her ankle and twisting it down. Before she knew it, there was a chain spreading her legs apart, leaving her helpless to writhe in her bounds.

"No, please don't do this! Please!"

"You will be beautiful!"

Nyoko sobbed, "I don't want to be beautiful, I want to go home!"

She could only watch as the insane woman stepped back, the crystals along her body sparkling with the light. The Jewel Princess gave her a smile which was as hard as ice as the ground clicked below her.

A crystal tube rose up from a grove in the ground, sliding up to surround Nyoko. She gasped, looking around in fear as it rose up smoothly, the smell of chemicals teasing the back of her throat. It reached the ceiling, where another circular grove was barely visible. When it clicked into place, she whimpered. Her eyes flashed back and forth, trying to find some freedom from her fate.

"No! Someone help me!"

No one came to rescue.

As the first sound of hissing, she jerked up, her chains rattling loudly in her glass chamber. She felt something press against her, waves of force. As they slammed into her, tearing apart her purple

dress, she screamed out at the top of her lungs, her hair flying in all directions.

“No!”

Almost instantly, she was naked, her body heaving with her frantic breaths. Her large breasts shook violently as the Jewel Princess purred loudly.

“Beautiful... so beautiful.”

Nyoko screamed out, twisting and yanking at her chains, her body feeling more helpless than she ever felt in her life.

“No! Help me!”

The cool air brushed against her nudity, teasing her inner thighs and hardening her nipples into two points. She whimpered loudly, still rattling her chains as the chemical smell flooded the back of her throat.

Below, she saw a bluish mist rising up from the ground. She screamed out again, “No!” as it rose higher on her body. It was icy cold, clinging to her skin. In her desperate panic, she saw the Jewel Princess smiling triumphantly.

“No! Someone help me!”

Her voice was shrill, hurting her ears almost as much as the chains that dug into her wrists and ankles. She twisted violently, yanking at them and pulling, trying to free herself as the cloying mist rose up against her hips, then along her sex. The clinging moistness burned with icy cold, dancing right on the edge of pain that barely cut through her panic.

“Wouldn’t you like to stay this way forever?”

Nyoko barely listened to the woman speaking as she twisted and pulled. Her breasts heaved with her panicked screams, the tiny tips of her nipples perk and hard from the sensations of being coated in something. Already, she could feel her ankles growing stiff and cold. Her hair slipped along her left nipple as she tried to bear down. Outside, her captor continued to speak in a purr.

“Don’t worry, I will give you the gift of eternal beauty.”

“No, please!”

“I will make you more beautiful than ever!”

Nyoko screamed out as the mist rose over her head. She felt it clinging to her, the icy sensations burning into her skin as she found

her lower half moving sluggishly, as if it was dipped in concrete or something worse.

She screamed out at the top of her lungs as the mist hardened along her skin.

“No!”

She felt an icy crackle slamming up into her, as if the ice was digging into her very body, freeing it in place. She managed to a single jerk, her hands clutching out in the air, her mouth still open in scream, as the mist froze her in position. Her final scream echoed in the glass chamber, but her world was focused on the sensations inside her.

She felt her internal organs twisting and jerking, then slowly freezing into place. She tried to desperately flex her muscles, but they were sluggish, then they refused to work. Even her breath froze in her mouth and she realized she would suffocate.

But, the burning in her lungs ceased as they froze into crystal, her body being turned by the transforming mist into something terrible... and beautiful. She had a single moment of fear, of being trapped in her body, when she felt the mist freeze her mind. As her final thoughts faded, she heard the Jewel Princess laughing.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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