

A Stiff Drink

Written by "Ina Izumi"

It seems that the year is about to end and everyone can start taking time to rest, celebrate and relax a little. That's what Erza thought she could do, after so many missions, she finally had some time to rest, at Christmas, and to spend time with his friends carelessly without having to fear that some unexpected problem will happen again. The pressure has been so much lately on Erza that there was a great burden on her back, a burden that she urged to lighten, and problems that she would conveniently be predisposed to forget that night. The hours pass while Erza drinks more and more, without stopping to think if she maybe she has been drinking just too much, just as Erza has not stopped to meditate if the harassment of her in that role-playing game has been too excessive. Erza does not regret anything and, in fact, she is very happy to be able to forget a little about any responsibility that she may have in any circumstance. She just watched as her friends were having fun and she wanted to be part of the fun too, so for Erza that night was great.

Even with all the excesses that Erza has committed late at night, it does not seem that she intends to stop at some point, as if it were a steam train accelerating its speed more and more as it approaches dangerous curves, without fear for the possibility of derailment. Erza wanted that night to be eternal, and she had no qualms about continuing to drink and send her friends for more and more alcohol, she felt committed to do everything possible to make that party eternal and continue, and continue more and more. Erza sinking deeper and deeper into the gloom of the night, suddenly everything was spinning in front of her eyes and, at a moment when she was no longer able to distinguish between reality and fantasy, she fell fast asleep, losing herself and her soul in a deep abyss.

The next day, at dawn, the flawless sunlight peeks over the horizon blinding Erza's eyes and reddening her skin. Erza begins to wake up slowly, bewildered about what happened that night. Erza asks herself where they all went and what happened, as she slowly regains consciousness, still in a state of drowsiness between drunkenness and hangover, as she gets up from a soft and comfortable lawn where she was. Lying down and visually inspecting what is around her, while her vision clears little by little. Erza wonders where the snow that had been falling that night has gone, because there was a heavy snowfall and, now, she has the embracing heat of the sun on her skin, as well as wondering where she is then, very different from the town in the one who was, now it seems that she has awakened in some idyllic pastures of some plain. As weird and disconcerting as it has been for Erza to have woken up in such a different place without clearly remembering what happened the night before, there was still something else that Erza would quickly observe as she continued to survey the territory in the one that she has awakened. Suddenly she Erza notices that she is surrounded by several stone statues with a female silhouette, of all possible sizes and shapes, scattered throughout the green fields that surround her. Erza at that moment, while she sees that idyllic and at the same time very strange landscape, she wonders if she is still dreaming, or if someone has plunged her into some spell or illusion to trap her in some abnormal place.



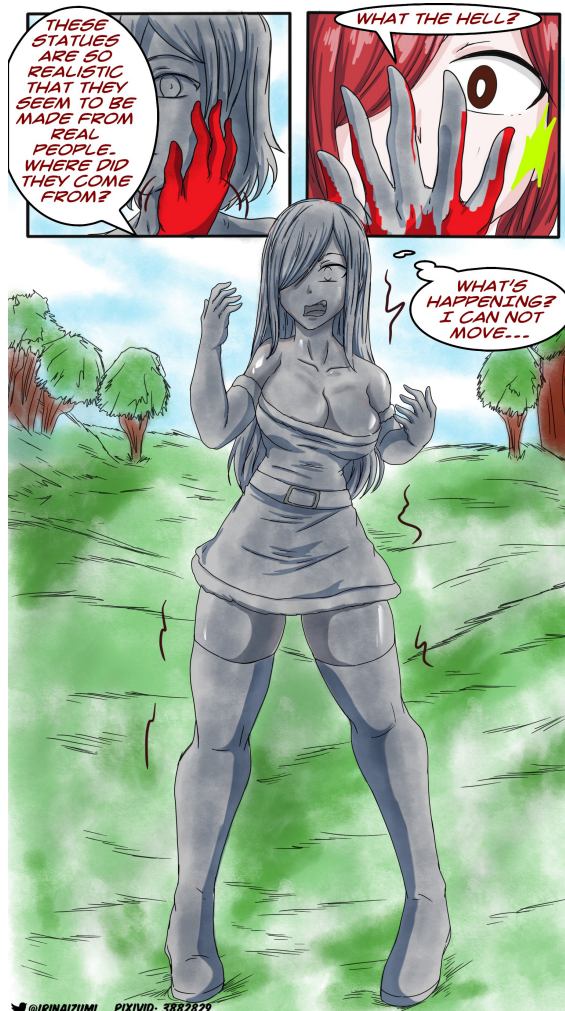
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE IS EVERYBODY...?
A MOMENT AGO WE WERE CELEBRATING AND DRINKING MERRILY...

I SWEAR IT WAS SNOWING TOO BUT NOW THERE'S NOT A FLAKE IN SIGHT. WHAT A WEIRD PLACE.

WHERE I AM? AND WHAT'S WITH ALL THESE STATUES? AM I DREAMING? OR IS THIS SOME SPELL OR ILLUSION?

However, despite how shocked Erza is by what she sees in front of her eyes, she knows that there is no time to lose and that, perhaps, to leave that place, or to discover why she has been transported there or if it is only a dream or illusion, there is no other alternative than to explore throughout the place and see what else she find in the vicinity, so she is predisposed to walk through these virgin lands and contemplate the strange female statues. Something that Erza can notice as she progresses and as she sees more and more statues and as she sees them in greater detail, it is very likely that, due to the amount of detail and with the delicacy with which these statues are made, it is not of common statues, if not, perhaps, of women turned into statues, something easy to assume also from their poses, since they are not always the most aesthetic, but many of the poses in which these statues are found seem more well everyday, as if they had been paralyzed at an unexpected moment and have been petrified for posterity in those positions.

Then Erza approached one of those statues and, without thinking about the consequences of touching any of them, since the material with which the statues are apparently made looks like ordinary stone, she strokes the cheek of one of the statues and looks her in the eye for better inspection and closer look at the detail with which this statue is made. However, when he starts to watch his hand turn pale, he can't contain his calm, but, to Erza's disadvantage, it turns out to be too late for her to react. Before she can do anything or even before she can scream for help, Erza finds herself petrified. She can still hear and see in some way, but no matter how hard she tries, her body has gone rigid as a gray stain spreads all over her skin and clothes until her entire body is perfectly covered.



After that strange and unusual event, Erza's life would never be the same again. Erza did not know if it was a very strange dream or if she has finally been caught by her enemies, but if she is living a lucid dream, she thinks herself that it should be one that has turned out to be very long, because as the days and nights go by, she can still perceive the slow passage of time around her, even though as the days go by, which then turn into weeks, and then turn into months, she loses more and more notion of the time that surrounds her. However, she begins to regain a little consciousness about the seriousness of her situation when she begins to hear in the following days something of stone fall little by little. Erza, scared, thought that perhaps the erosion was finally achieving its disintegration and turning it into dust, but for her good luck and also for her shame, over the days Erza realized that the erosion has stopped, but why what is Her own clothes have been torn and detached from her, leaving her completely naked and at the mercy of any depraved gaze that was near her, something that embarrasses her but, in turn, excites her deeply and uncontrollably.



A few months later a group of villagers found that field full of beautiful female statues. Although they were able to protect that place as a tourist attraction for the benefit of the small peasant town that was a few miles from the place, being the closest civilized place to that location, these villagers thought that perhaps it would be a great opportunity to benefit themselves. Among the statues that began to be loaded and taken from there to other locations was an excited Erza, who became more and more convinced that she was not dreaming. In the end, she, who was one of the most beautiful statues in the paved field, ended up in the corner of the living room of a wealthy family, shining her impeccable figure and giving a great and fine appearance to the room of its new owners.

