

# GELITECH

---

“LOST EPISODES”

- GELIWARE -

## GELIWARE

*This lost episode takes place shortly after Gelitech Season 1, Episode 8: Bargain Basement and Shortly before Gelitech Sides Episode 1: On The Edge*

Chyka took a sip of her fruity, mildly nippy drink and stared off into space along with the rest of the girls. It was her first time out and about with both Jumie and Sakie together, and thus far it had been about as far from an eventful afternoon as it could possibly be. That was nothing short of a miracle considering that Sakie apparently couldn't move a millimeter in her new suit of glistening black biogel without getting positively horny. Perhaps the presence of a bunch of other Gelitech staff was helping temper her outward expressions of arousal.

Sakie couldn't keep hiding it forever, though. It was only a matter of time before they were going to have to duck into a hotel room for some private time. On the positive side, they *were* the Grand Biogel Hotel Bar. Getting a room wouldn't be a problem.

The Grand Biogel Hotel was the Mashiva Resort District's newest tourist draw. Everything that could be made from biogel was. Furniture. Decor. Even some sections of the walls. It was shiny. Some might say almost *too* shiny. But if you wanted a taste of the biogel kink without any pressure to commit, this was definitely the place.

"I'm stuck in such a rut," Shyure Miyasha, Gelitech's infamous marketing cheetah remarked as she ran a finger around the rim of her tall glass. Clearly, whatever inspiration had come in it hadn't done its job very well. Chances are she was going to need another, and that never boded particularly well for those who had to her lightweight tail back

to the Gelarium. “You know. Like... like... like something really crazy that you thought up but no one would ever try, but then once one person does it, then everyone wants to do it because it must be fun! Like... yeah. That kind of thing.”

“You really do enjoy driving Dr. Mika up a wall with all the crazy ideas, don’t you?” Tashie remarked as she gazed into her comm with a smirk. “This mitanni camgirl is so fucked, it’s not even funny.”

“What’s she doing?” Chyka asked, leaning over to take a look. “Something really gross, I hope.”

Watching camgirls get into xeno stuff was always fun. The more permanent the results, the more fun it was. And if the results were so nasty you could practically smell it through the screen, well, those were the most fun to watch of all. Maybe not the most titillating, but definitely the most fun.

Granted, it was typically something of an acquired taste. It was sometimes quite hard to believe that the camgirls might actually be enjoying what was happening to their bodies. Once you got over that hurdle, though, it was hard to stop watching the seemingly endless parade of absurdly disgusting transformations.

It hadn't taken Chyka very long to get over that hurdle. In fact, she'd gotten over it long before she'd arrived at Gelitech. But the longer the little snow leopardess spent at Gelitech, the more she started to enjoy the really crazy nasty stuff. At least as long as the participant was enjoying it. And they always seemed to be. Even when they obviously shouldn't.

"That's not even real," Tashi laughed as the two watched the sexy, violet mitanni toying with what looked like a hivewear mask. "She does this kind of crap all the time. Here she had three boxes. Said two have ultra realistic costumes, and the other is the real thing. They're all gooey and nasty, and

you can't tell the difference on video. Well, except for the fact that there's no hiding those big tits. Or those hips. Real hivewear would have gotten rid of them the moment it was put on."

"Let me guess," Chyka responded as she chuckled at the mitanni's show of putting the mask's unusually small oral protrusion into her mouth before sealing the whole thing onto her smiling face. "She lets her watchers vote on which box, and it's never the real one."

"Exactly!" Tashie replied as the mitanni began to flex her bug-mouth. "I've got to give it to her though. Those costumes are absolutely perfect. Look at that mouth... it looks and drools just like the real thing."

"So... why is she so fucked?" Chyka asked. "Did the rowa find out and sue her for misleading people by faking it?"

“Ha! I wish,” Tashie replied. “But no. It’s waaaaay better than that. See, she’s gotten so popular that people are starting to push her to doing it for real. Like, for real, for real.”

“And you think she’s actually going to do it?” Chyka inquired.

“I know she is,” Tashie replied with a grin. “Because she took the bait and challenged me to go one-on-one in the Gelitech peril pit. Live!”

“Oh,” Shyure said with a smirk. “Is that what you’re up to tomorrow?”

“You know it!” Tashie laughed. “I can’t wait to see what the peril game team came up with for us. It’s gonna be awesome!”

“So, what about crazy kinks, huh?” Shyure asked. “You’ve gotta have some new ideas for me!”

“I don’t know,” Chyka replied with a shrug. “I think we hit maximum weird when you had Dr. Mika make that giant butthole wall hanging for Mikarri.”

“Exactly how many females has she gotten to stick their heads into that thing?” a silver skinned sevirian called Alore inquired with a voice that sounded so completely artificial and genderless that some actually found listening to her speak to be rather unsettling.

Chyka, for one, didn’t find Alore’s voice unsettling in the least. Granted, she’d gotten quite used to all sorts of unusual and unexpected voices during her time at the MMU Library. Seviriens were no different in that regard.

What the little snow leopardess did find a bit off-putting about them was the fact that they were all artificially engineered, genderless clones. They were all perfectly identical, to the point that only a full fidelity DNA scan could tell them apart. Well,



it wasn't so much their origin or genetics that bothered her. It was the fact that they just didn't smell real. At least not real compared to other humanoids. Of course, they *were* artificially engineered. Perhaps those who engineered him didn't want any scent related 'side effects'.

What *did* get Chyka feeling seriously uncomfortable was the aforementioned wall hanging. That and the manner in which its extremely persuasive owner made use of it. Mikarri was Gelitech's mistress of shiny black punishments. She was the one primarily responsible for keeping staff from straying too far from the rules.

Technically, Mikarri was supposed to document and report problem staff to Matron T'myne. In reality, reports rarely made it to the Gelarium's chief. Transgressors were often convinced to try out one of Mikarri's creative punishments rather than face the ire of the Matron.

As far as Mikarri always seemed to be concerned, there were never enough transgressors for her liking. Granted, there were never many in the first place. As a result, she had taken it upon herself to start her own sort of game, convincing staff and guests alike that they were naughty, and deserving of punishment of one sort or another. To that end, she'd requested several creative means of turning naughty souls into biogel. Most infamous was the sphincter-like wall hanging, which would suck in anyone who dared to stick their head into its opening.

No one was really sure how many unsuspecting subjects had dared to follow Mikarri's instructions to take a peep inside the glistening black orifice. No one really wanted to ask, lest she manage to charm her way into adding another girl to her tally. There were rumors about, however, though the numbers inevitably seemed exaggerated.

"A few dozen, at least," Tashie replied with a low chuckle. "At least that's what everyone says."

Not the most graceful of ways to get turned into shiny black goo, but it's fun to watch, if nothing else."

"She lets you watch?" Alore inquired with a raised eyebrow. "I thought her rule of punishments is that if you want to watch, then you're next."

"You've just gotta make the right excuse to be in the office when she's dealing with someone who's been particularly naughty," Tashie said with a mischievous wink. "You should try it sometime. I'm sure she'll be fine with it."

"Don't let Tash fool you," Chyka noted with a silly smirk. "She only gets to watch because she once threatened to pick Mikarri up and show her how the thing actually worked."

"Such strange people," Jumie said, directing the comment to no one in particular.

“They know how to have fun though,” Sakie responded, biting her lip as she shifted a bit on the bar stool. A lowering of her voice made it clear that her movement had been accompanied by a wave of arousal between her legs. “I... I don’t know how they can live a normal life in this stuff. Not... not that I’m complaining.”

“Have you tried gel therapy for that?” Tashie inquired with a sly wink. “I hear it works wonders for relaxing all that tension and getting it out of your system.”

Chyka shook her head. “For the billionth time, I know its your favorite thing to watch, but none of us want to get dissolved in crystal biogel. Even if you guarantee we’ll wind up dressing someone else.”

“Are you sure?” Tashie laughed. “Ah. You’re no fun!”

“Come on,” Shyure begged as she continued to run a finger around the edge of her glass. “I need something really weird. Like... like... totally outside the box. You’ve gotta have some ideas!”

“What about... biogel glassware,” Sakie suggested, pointing at the marketing cheetah’s drink and regretting the shift of her hips that accompanied the raising of her arm almost immediately. “You know. Squishy plates and cups and stuff.”

“Who would want to drink out of a squishy cup made of biogel with someone’s soul stuck inside?” Jumie asked softly as she sipped on her fruity, very much nip-free beverage.

“Spread those legs and find out,” Tashie chuckled as she flicked to the next of the mitanni camgirl’s faux-peril videos.

“Hmm,” Chyka hummed as she took another sip and contemplated the prospects of a biogel

dinner service. “I can kind of imagine it. A biogel cup. But not just a biogel cup, if you know what I mean. It’s just made from the lady bits. Labia become the rim. There’s a clit there somewhere, but you can’t see it. You can only feel when the cup gets tense as you hold it in your mouth. And when it gclgasms... sploosh! You get your drink all over your face.”

Tashie laughed. “I’d buy one.”

“You must be jesting,” Alore said. “What a strange idea. A carnal cup? A vaginal vessel? I suppose it... might be... a novelty? But I’m not really sure I understand how one would be convinced to become the object itself.”

“Oral sex, transformed!” Tashie declared with a giggle. “Getting eaten out has never been so easy! Your owner will drink you dry every day!”

“Biogel cups,” Shyure murmured as she gazed into the ice at the bottom of her glass. “It’s

definitely weird enough. I could kind of see someone wanting to give it a go. But... is it bizarre enough to get people feeling kinky enough to follow suit. Like... enough people to have enough cups to sell.”

“Well, I guess it depends on how you compose the transformation more than the end result,” Tashie replied. “What about the portable sex toy transformation? You could use that as the starting point.”

“Mmm. Melt away into a crystal biogel Portapuss and then morph into a cup?” Chyka questioned with a shake of her head. “That’s kind of nuts. But it could work, couldn’t it?”

“Ooh! What if you made a device to spin it like real glass?” Sakie exclaimed. “Like... someone could pick a model, watch their transformation into the rubber pussy on the screen, then choose what shape of glass they want! Kind of like a jeweler does it!”

“Kinky,” Tashie chuckled. “I told you you’d get into the groove eventually. When are you going to start as a model?”

“That’s... that’s a really good idea,” Shyure said as she tapped furiously on her comm screen. “I’m gonna order it!”

“Good luck with that,” Chyka chuckled, knowing full well that there was going to be two week’s back and forth before Dr. Mika reluctantly agreed to develop the idea. *If* she agreed to develop the idea. “Isn’t she still mad because the inflatogummies took off like... well... balloons?”

Shyure’s comm beeped. “Oh! Wow! That was fast. Is she saying no? She’s saying no. Dammit. No. Been there, done that. Order a pink petal and stop bothering her with silly ideas.”

“What’s a pink petal?” Tashie asked, emptying her own drink as she started another of the mitanni



camgirl's videos. "Another one. Three boxes. Only one has a real purple odangi. And she's going to stick whichever one the viewers vote for in her twat. So fucking fake!"

"I don't know," Shyure responded with a shrug. "Barkeep! One pink petal, please! Actually, how about one round for us Gelitech girls? Yeah. One for each of us!"

The four-armed cyborgirl bartender casually pulled out a six small tumblers and started adding a variety of very pink, very berry and nippy smelling liquids to them.

"So... who wants to volunteer to become a cup?" Sakie asked. "I'm never going to convince Mika to make it if I don't have someone ready to do it. And... I mean, it was the group's idea, after all, right? One of you has to be the first to try it!"

"Honey, that hasn't been the rule since the Vxianti days around here," Tashie replied. "If it

were, well, what would you be right now? An inflatable sex doll?”

“Well, yeah. I guess,” Shyure replied with a shrug. “Come on though. We’ve got to show up with someone to do it and you girls all know that you’re getting glistened one of these days whether you like it or not? Why not become something special? Something unique?”

“Why don’t you?” Jumie inquired as the bartender added crushed ice to the mixes.

“I will!” Shyure replied. “Eventually. I mean, Matron T’myne put my name on a can of instant inflatogummy that she keeps in her desk drawer after that oopsie with the refill tank. So...”

“I still cannot quite understand the potential attraction,” Alore said, shaking her head as she watched the bartender put lids on the tumblers and start to shake them.

“I guess you’d have to have some girl bits to be able to imagine how good it might feel,” Tashie replied. “But I can assure you, as the proud owner of a set of said bits, it’ll feel amazing. Like, really, really amazing.”

“Ooh! Ooh! Alore!” Shyure responded, bouncing up and down on her bar stool. “What about you? You know biogel can give you bits that nature didn’t, right? What am I saying? Of course you do! You’ve been asking about that body mod for weeks! Why haven’t you done it already?”

Alore shrugged her shoulders as she gazed down into her own nearly empty glass. “I don’t know. I just... I’m not sure about... feeling such things. What if I can’t stop wanting to feel them?”

“Then you’ll be just like the rest of us,” Tashie replied with a smirk. “And just like Sakie here in particular. She can’t help but want to feel sexy all the time, can’t she?”

“Nfff,” was all that Sakie could manage to huff in reply.

“So, what do you way?” Shyure purred. “Get bits. Become bits. Enhance bits into drinking bits?”

“Shyure!” Chyka responded with a disapproving frown. “No one here wants to become a cup right now. And... oh... what are *those*?”

The cyborgirl bartender had just taken out six crystal clear cups and placed them next to the tumblers. Calling them cups might have been a bit misleading, however. They were actually biogel porta-pussies whose shafts had been shortened and formed into the shape of a thick walled glass.

“Ooh!” Shyure muttered as the bartender used her robotic fingers to open each of the biogel pussies in turn so she could pour the contents of one tumbler inside.

“Looks like someone already had that idea,” Tashie chuckled. “How in the Hells are you supposed to drink out of it, though?”

“You want the sweets, you gotta lick it,” the bartender smirked as she placed one in front of each of the girls. “Lick it good. Be careful though. Some of them are squirter.”

“Is this... actually...” Jumie murmured as she looked at the glistening crystal pussy with an expression of mixed skepticism and disgust.

“Someone’s pussy?” Sakie finished the question. “They’re all different too, aren’t they? Does that mean they’re all... you know... just like the girls that they were made from?”

“They are,” the bartender replied with a chuckle. “Now get-a-licking before the ice all melts, would you? Wouldn’t want those sweet juices to get all watered down, would you?”

“Okaaaaay,” Sakie replied with a slightly nervous look on her face. Given just how impossibly horny she was, licking a biogel pussy probably wasn’t the best idea. Still, she was at least curious enough to pick it up and run her tongue along her vaginal vessel’s ripply inner folds. A thick, pink syrup oozed from within.

“What does it taste like?” Chyka asked as she finished off her first drink and contemplated the wisdom of the second. All things considered, she really didn’t have much choice. She had to at least try it.

“Ooh! Like... like... cherries and... and... sweet... and...” Sakie replied.

“Don’t overdo yourself!” Tashie giggled. “These things aren’t the only squirters here. Don’t want to add an extra layer of biogel to your seat, do you?”

“Wouldn’t be the first time,” Chyka mused. “Thank heavens all the furnishings back home are made of biogel.”

“Wow! It’s sooooo sweet!” Shyure exclaimed as she licked at the smooth inner folds of her own carnal cup.

“I feel as if this may be a very questionable idea,” Alore remarked as she picked up her own, rather puffy looking biogel pussy and gave its lush inner folds a few tentative licks. Thick pink goo oozed out onto her tongue, forming long strands that hung between the cup and her mouth as she pulled back to look at the gooey little mess she’d made on its surface. “Oh. It is very... interesting. But... ah. I don’t know. It’s so... slimy and... and... sticky!”

“Just like the real thing,” Tashie laughed as she pressed her tongue deep into the slender inner folds of her own cup. So deep, in fact, that sticky

pink goo bubbled out all over her lips and nose.  
“Mmm!”

Jumie bit her lip and picked up her own pink petal. She didn't seem very sure about trying it, however. She lifted it several times, but only sniffed at it.

“Go on,” Chyka said. “I'm sure it doesn't have too much nip in it.”

Jumie sighed and began to lick. Her expression of displeasure made it quite clear that the form of her cup definitely wasn't to her liking.

Chyka took up her own silky looking pussy and pondered just the sort of woman it had been made from. It was, of course, virtually impossible to tell just by looking at it. None of the six vaginal cups had any features that stood out as belonging to one species or another.



The little snow leopardess pressed her tongue into the glistening biogel folds. Sweet, cherry goo oozed out. Cherry, and some other, far more subtle berry flavors. It was good. Very, very good. So good, in fact, that she just couldn't help herself but keep licking like it was some sort of pussy popsicle.

“I feel like I'm in a porno,” Sakie murmured between licks.

“Mmm,” Tashie responded with a grin. “A tasty one, though.”

“I can't believe... I can't... that... that... I didn't think of this first!” Shyure sputtered between increasingly inebriated licks. “Why... why aren't we... selling these things? I've... I've gotta... gotta do... start... you know...”

“Working up a marketing plan?” Tashie replied.

“Yeah,” Shyure replied. “That.”

“I think we’re going to need a room,” Chyka noted with a deep sigh at the lightweight marketing cheetah’s rapidly deteriorating state. It was hard to believe that anyone could be so rapidly affected by nip, let alone in such a severe fashion. On the positive side, at least she wasn’t the ‘instantly horny, fuck the first remotely fuckable thing she comes across’ type.

“Goddess,” Sakie groaned as she stopped licking and tensed up. “So... sweet... and...”

“Two rooms,” Chyka added with an even deeper sigh as she continued to lick at her pussy popsicle. Every lick made it feel a bit different. A bit less floppy around the folds. A bit tighter deeper inside.

“Might be too late,” Tashie laughed as she took out her comm and reserved one of the group rooms set aside for visiting Gelitech models.

“Good thing the seats here are biogel, right? It all just vanishes and on one’s the wiser.”

“Aaah,” Sakie moaned as she relaxed. “Peace... until the next one.”

“Have you thought about putting her in a conditioner for a few days?” Tashie inquired. “It’s not as good as gel therapy, mind you, but it might get her feeling a bit more stable between the legs.”

“A conditioner?” Chyka questioned. She’d knew about conditioners, of course, but they were for girls with both a biogel fetish and a thing for having their minds fucked with in various permanently altering ways. “I don’t know about that.”

“Well, if you aren’t sure, ask Dr. Miyan about it,” Tashie replied. “She can get it set up just right.”

“Jush... right,” Shyure murmured as she licked hard at her biogel pussy, trying to get every last sweet cherry drop from it.

Chyka didn’t see it coming. Or cumming, as the case happened to be. She was mid-lick when the squirt of icy cherry slime burst out and straight into her mouth and all over her chin.

“Ah!” the little snow leopardess exclaimed as she grabbed a handful of napkins with one hand, while trying to steady the cup with the other. Another squirt. And then another. And another. She did her best to catch and swallow it all, but it was quite a drippy mess nonetheless.

“Oh, tank heavens for biogel,” Chyka muttered after the cup had emptied itself. For a fey’li, being able to just wipe herself clean instead of having to thoroughly bathe was a heaven-send in cases like this. All she really had to worry about was her chin. “What a sticky mess!”

“Want me to lick it up for you?” Tashie asked with such a silly grin that it was hard to tell if she was joking or not.

“I think I’m all set,” Chyka replied as the chuckling cyborgirl bartender offered her some damp dish rags.

“All... shet...” Shyure murmured.

“So, who’s going to carry her sorry ass up to the room?” Tashie asked, turning back to her comm and the mitanni camgirl’s fake xenoperils. “I did it the last time.”

Chyka sighed. “Do I look like I can carry those hips very far?”

“I’ll do it,” Jumie replied, no doubt taking what she saw as an easy way out of licking someone else’s biogel pussy in public.

“I’ll help,” Alore offered, no doubt for the very same reason.

“I’ll have your drink, if you don’t mind,” Sakie said, reaching over for Jumie’s barely touched pink petal.

“Suit yourself,” Jumie replied as she stood up and patted the drunk marketing cheetah on the arm.

“Wha? Where... where we... I’m not...” Shyure sputtered.

“They’re taking you upstairs so you can do marketing things for these biogel vagina cups,” Chyka said.

“Oh,” Shyure burbled. “Right. I... ah.... forgot about...”

“Alright,” Tashie said as Jumie and Alore took Shyure by either arm and began to lead her toward

the elevators. “You girls have fun with that. Keep her out of trouble!

“Easier said than done,” Chyka noted with a wry grin.

“So, are you all gonna come watch me take on this faker tomorrow, or what?” Tashie asked. “I’ve already reserved seats for you, you know.”

“Yeah, we’ll be there,” Chyka replied.

“Awesome!” Tashie chirped as she finished her pink petal and turned to Alore’s. “I’m gonna beat her so bad. You just wait and see. It’s gonna be great!”

*MORE LOST EPISODES TO COME...*