

GELITECH

- SIDES -

EPISODE 6

THE LOVER'S BEND

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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THE LOVER'S BEND

There were many machines spread throughout the Gelarium's private upper level chambers. Many means through which a living, breathing guest might become a nearly inanimate, yet still living object of one hundred percent pure biogel. None, however, struck Paro's particular fancy more than the simple, yet astonishingly enjoyable 'Lover's Bend'.

The tigress who currently knelt before Paro was enjoying her brand new coating of glistening black biogel. He could see her smiling in the reflection on the equally glossy surface of the biogel mattress. She huffed softly with every thrust of his thighs. Growled, friendly-like, with every firm squeeze of her gloriously firm hips. Slapped him in the face with her tail, every time he thumped her soft rump just a bit too hard.

Paro was almost completely enthralled. This wonderful tigress was by far the best impromptu lover with whom he'd ever had the pleasure of sharing such a glorious workplace moment. A woefully fleeting moment, as it always was. But a truly magnificent moment nonetheless.

Technically, Paro wasn't supposed to be offering this particular sort of service to Gelarium guests. Models generally weren't allowed to give anything in exchange for a guest's engagement with the Gelraium's many myriad offerings. Nor were they supposed to receive any payment for guiding a guest to some particular biogel transformation experience. But the big, muscular olive green edrikan was just too good a catch for a certain sort of lady to pass up. They were so enthralled by his physique that they just insisted on having a go at his manhood before being physically transformed into something one hundred percent biogel. One last moment of unbridled sexual bliss before entering into a new kind of life. And for that, there was no better place than on the Lover's Bend.

The device was little more than a comfortable lump of glossy black biogel on which a supplicant

might kneel and bend over upon in order to present themselves to a prospective lover. Alternatively, such a supplicant might sit upon its surface, and let the lover do the mounting. But taking that later option wasn't something that fit Paro's particular fancy. He was a Gelitech model. It was his job to help make gummies out of guests, not sit there and let the guest make a gummy out of him. Not yet, at any rate.

The sensuously panting tigress had no idea what was about to happen. She hadn't bothered to ask. She just wanted to make love to him. The rest, she'd said, she didn't care about. He could do whatever he pleased, so long as he made her body sing.

It was clear that her body was singing a particularly sweet song. Every movement he made elicited a beautiful sound that kept him wanting to hear more. And more. And more, until he could hold himself no longer.

Orgasmic bliss. Sweet, sweet orgasmic bliss. But for all the pleasure it offered, it wasn't the sensation that he enjoyed the most. It was the sudden transformation that subsumed his

astonished lover that he found most pleasing. The moment he had released that first, succulent squirt of semen into her body, her obsidian biogel coating wrapped itself around her head. The second pulse of hot jizz came as the biogel flowed inward, transforming her helpless body into a solid biogel version of its former fleshy self.

The tigress' biogel body began to change shape. He gripped her hips firmly, and savored the feel of the transfiguration. He thrust with wild abandon as her womanhood became smoother and so much more pleasingly tighter. Thick, sticky semen dribbled and splattered as he did all he could to enjoy every last moment of his time within her. He panted. He groaned. He pressed all the way in, one last time.

The door to the private chamber slid open. Paro was too exhausted even to turn and face the unexpected interloper. "I'm... I'm a bit busy, if you don't mind," he grunted.

"Oh, are you now?" Tashie purred as she slipped up behind him and began to massage his broad shoulders. "Because it looks like your already done. So... tell me something. Is it true

that you big edrikan boys can fill a lover ever five minutes for hours on end? Because that's what I've heard. I'm not sure I believe it. But I was thinking that... well... maybe you'd like to... enlighten me."

Paro took a deep breath. "Yeah, just give me a few minutes to let my body recover," he replied, with a dark smirk on his face. "Then you can get on here and I'll stuff you good and proper."

Tashie giggled. "Sounds like fun!"

"Oh, it's gonna be," Paro chuckled. "You know, I've always wanted to get those hips of yours in my hands. Can't wait to feel you getting glistened. It's gonna be something special."

"Oh, no, no, no!" Tashie laughed as she nuzzled her soon-to-be lover's ear. "Matron T'myne says its your turn to sit on the Lover's Bend. Such a sneaky rule breaker, screwing girls up here while on duty. Couldn't be bothered to invite them back when you got off work, could you?"

Paro shuddered and looked over his shoulder at the grinning fey'li. "Are you... are you serious? Really?"

"Very serious," Tashie giggled. "Oh, so very serious. But hey, at least you get a nice final fuck out of it, right?"

Paro sighed. "Yeah, fine," he huffed as he slid his gummy-lover from the Lover's Bend and sat on top of it in her place. "Get up here and lets do it. But I'm warnin' you. I ain't gonna go easy!"

"Oh! Really," Tashie giggled as she slid on knee onto the Lover's Bend beside the burly green-skin. "Because you know... that's just the way I like it!"

ESPERANZA

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COMING NEXT MONTH...*