

GELITECH

TWEEN-EPIISODE 3.5
WIT DA FISHES

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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WIT DA FISHES

"All the windows?" Dran grunted as he bobbed in the middle of the huge spaceport mermaid pool.

"All of them," Chyka replied as she sat on the polished granite shelf that ran around the rim of the pool, about a quarter of a meter beneath the surface of the water.

"There's so many!" Dran quipped as he put his diving mask back on. "Mph! Mmm! Mrmph!"

"That's what the Matron said," Chyka replied, waving her coworker back to work with a splash. "Off you go!"

The little snow leopardess wasn't sure exactly how all this was supposed to qualify as work, at least so far as she was concerned. Her instructions were, quite literally, to hang out at the top level of

the pool, and maybe go for a swim should she be so inclined. There were well over a dozen biogel body-mod mermaids frolicking about for the tourists lining the windows down below. They seemed to be having fun. Indeed, they seemed to be doing as little in the way of work as she was.

The pool itself was a gargantuan cylinder. Its top was at the spaceport passenger terminal's ground floor level, where it formed part of the centerpiece of the outer lobby. There, anyone so inclined could sit in the shallows on the shelf and socialize with the playful, glossy black mermaids. The massive tank descended six stories down into the ground. Its base was at the level of the spaceport subway station, where it sat between the broadly spaced northbound and southbound Purple/Red line platforms, and in the middle of the huge, dedicated Sky Line platform below.

A shallow, descending ramp ran around the pool's windowed perimeter, allowing tourists to watch the mermaids spend their working days

doing everything but work. The ramp also spiraled five stories upward from the spaceport's ground floor. In the empty space in the middle, dozens of fully transformed biogel mermaids were floating naturally posed and suspended in a vast mass of nearly transparent aerogel. It was a magnificent display, and quite popular with tourists and locals alike.

Chyka wasn't at the spaceport for the sights, of course. She was there to work. Or to not work, as the case seemed to be. It didn't really make sense to her. The rest of the Gelitech models at the spaceport were there to model and advertise. What was she doing to help promote biogel? Nothing, unless sitting with her legs hanging off the granite shelf, watching a squeegee equipped knucklehead clean windows was somehow important.

Chyka watched Dran dive down toward the point where he'd left off. He'd only managed to get eight windows in before getting all grumpy, and he had at least three dozen to go before he could call

it a day. The biogel mermaids certainly weren't making it easy for him, either. They kept getting in his way, and they'd snatched his squeegee once already, forcing him to chase them for it. Perhaps they were just being playful with their 'toy'. Or perhaps they were expressing their displeasure with certain remarks that had been made regarding their modded shapes' lack of certain features. Or perhaps it was a bit of both.

Suddenly, Chyka was drenched with water. It had burst from the surface of the pool without warning, and rained down all over the rim where she was sitting and quite some distance beyond. She hardly had time to get the water out of her eyes before a soggy feyli muzzle was pressing firmly under her chin.

"Mmm," the glistening black mermaid purred, her voice marked by a faint, rubber vibration that seemed to be common to all body-modded who's chests had been subject to full biogel conversion. She was laying on the shelf beside the surprised

snow leopardess, and seemed quite happy to take some liberties with her new 'friend'. "You're such a nice smelling little cutie-fluff! I'll bet you'd be a lot more fun to play with than that big buffoon, hmm?"

"I'll bet I would," Chyka agreed, not quite comprehending the true nature of the suggestion. "He's quite an... WOAH!"

The mermaid grinned. "Let's play then!" she bubbled as she wrapped her arms around the little snow leopardess. Together, the pair rolled off the granite shelf and into the water.

Chyka had no idea what the mermaid intended to do with her. All she could do was hold her breath and wonder as she was pulled down into the depths, toward the exit tunnel that led back to the Gelarium's own network of water filled tunnels and pools. Within the dark tunnel were little biogel filled alcoves, where the mermaids could take naps between periods of vivaciously

carefree frolicking. It was almost certainly the mermaids intention to pull her newly acquired companion into one of these. But what would come afterwards, only the mermaid could say.

To Chyka's astonishment, the mermaid was swimming so quickly that they had reached the first of the tunnel alcoves before her biogel coating's protective mechanism had even registered that she was at risk of drowning. In a flash, she was being pressed into the thick, gooey surface of the alcove's glossy black filling. Darkness enveloped the little snow leopardess. Darkness and the cool, wet slime.

The mermaid embraced Chyka firmly, with one hand around her back and the other sliding down to take hold of her soft little rump. She didn't go any further, however. Indeed, it seemed as if she'd almost immediately fallen asleep.

Chyka wrapped her own arms around the mermaid's back and shoulders and wondered what

the mermaid could possibly have meant by 'play' if all she'd wanted to do was cuddle for a nap. And, Chyka wondered, was sharing that nap still considered work? Was it actually the work she was intended to do? Or was it a break? Was it even possible to take a break from work that didn't involve any working?

Chyka soon found herself falling into a dreamy, half-conscious state. She was still awake, and aware of the blackness, and the mermaid's tight embrace. But she was still dreaming, of swimming, and floating, and weird fishy things that wanted to rub their slimy selves all over her body.

Eels. Goopy, smelly, slime exuding eels. They were all around her, covering her with their unpleasant mucous. Her fur had vanished, replaced by smooth, slimy skin. Slimy skin that exuded the same mucous as the eels. Because she was one of the eels, squirming and writhing amid the mass of like creatures, every one of them

having been a woman just like her. Until they'd wound up in the eel pit. The deep, dark eel pit from which cute little snow leopardesses never, ever returned.

The eel-laden dream slowly faded away, punctuated by a lone, rational thought. *I shouldn't have had those last few fish cakes last night.*

Chyka awoke with a start. She was being pulled through the water again by her new 'friend', but something was different. Her shape felt weird. Long. Stretched out. Fishy, in a way.

The little snow leopardess's jaw dropped as a dawning sense of existential dread came over her. Or it would have dropped if her whole muzzle hadn't been bound tight within a solid coating of biogel. *What... what the fuck?* she thought as she looked down at the long, serpentine body that trailed back behind her. *Oh! What... what did she DO TO ME?*

From the waist down, Chyka's body had become that of a nearly six meter long long eel. A glistening black eel, with fluttering, full length 'fins' and a stiff, awkward motion that made her feel like anything but a native denizen of the aquatic world. If the mermaid hadn't been pulling her along, she would have had considerable difficulty in making headway, let alone twirling around like she and her fish-tailed companions did with such ease.

Why can't I move naturally? the little snow leopardess thought as she tried to make sense of her new self. It took her far too long to realize that the awkward motion was a result of her still having actual legs within her eel-body. *Wha... wait? This isn't a body mod? Then how? I don't get it.*

Chyka wanted to ask the mermaid what the deal with her new sort-of-not-really body was. Was it a body? It was biogel. Her biogel. Her biogel wife, even. Surely it qualified as a body. A body mod, of

a sort, but one that only affected the biogel part of her body.

Her biogel wife seemed to be enjoying the change of shape far more than the little snow leopardess was. A light, airy feeling washed over her. It was a feeling she'd always felt from her wife as some impending pleasurable experience beckoned. But what could possibly be pleasurable about being a mute, barely mobile eel?

The mermaid towed her confused eel-girl friend into the big spaceport tank and began to whirl her around in the middle like a ribbon, much to the bemusement of the other mermaids. They began to circle around and dance playfully with one another as the little snow leopardess helplessly watched the windows, and all those gawking tourists flash by. Up and up the pair rose, and outward, in ever-broader circles, until finally the little leopardess was thrown up out of the pool's surface.

Chyka would have yelped if she could have. All at once, the water gave way to air. Her whole, surprisingly light eel body arced up and around, spraying water all around the spaceport lobby. Then she came crashing back down, drenching the whole area immediately around the pool itself.

The mermaids clustered around their little snow leopard, kissing her all over in a brief orgy of unfettered affection. A different mermaid, an aqua skinned elf-ear now took her in tow. Back down to the bottom of the pool they went. There, the swirling dance began anew.

Chyka didn't know what to think of it all. Down and up she went, time and time again, and each time with a different partner. The tourists were crowding the windows now, and even accumulating around the pool without any apparent concern about getting drenched. All she could think of was how many people must be missing their trains, their appointments, and maybe even their flights.

Surely, the little snow leopardeel thought, this performance was going to the catalyst of untold chaos. Somebody should probably have stepped in to stop it. Or at least keep people moving along. But no one did. Perhaps no one cared. No doubt it looked like too much fun.

Chyka's biogel wife was far more enthusiastic. A being who's only sense was that of touch, the whole experience must have felt very interesting. Enjoyable, even. A cozy warmth surrounded the biogel eel-girl's body. To this was added soon a little tingle of more intimate simulation.

The little snow leopardess' biogel wife had become the mistress of subtlety in the month they'd been as one. She had learned well how to make her companion feel good about something she might otherwise have found uninteresting, or even rather repelling. And she had come to understand the fine art of timing. She now used her talents to masterful affect.

By the time Chyka was in the midst of repeating the dance with her seventh partner, a cute pink haired mitanni, her biogel wife had sorted out how to couple each whirl with a gentile rub in all the right places. The dance became an intimate massage, from her shoulders all the way down to her captive feet. It made her relax. And it made her feel good. Very, very good, and in ways she simply couldn't ignore.

By the time Chyka was on her ninth partner, she was so into it, and so relaxed, that she was little more than a rag doll in the mermaids grip. By the time she was on her twelfth, she was more out of it than into it. By the time the last mermaid had finished with her, she was floating high as a kite upon a gently undulating sea of subtly erotic pleasure.

Finished with their dancing, the mermaids left their exhausted new toy floating alone in the middle of the pool. There was nothing she could

do but slowly flex and squirm as the pleasure her biogel wife had imparted upon her body slowly faded away. Clarity returned to her mind. She looked around in hopes of finding the mermaid who'd pulled her into the pool. Most of the mermaids were gone, though a few remained to entertain the tourists. The feyli mermaid she was looking for wasn't one of them.

With a considerable effort, Chyka managed to start herself moving upward, toward the pool surface and the granite shelf where mermaids were wont to lay. She wanted to try to get the attention of one of the other biogel models what was sure to be out and about up there. If anyone was going to help her get out of her predicament, and her new 'body', it was probably going to be them.

Chyka broke the surface and struggled to drag herself up onto the granite shelf. To her surprise, one of the other models seemed to be waiting for her. "Mmm! Mph! MmmMMM!" she tried to

she tried to speak through the biogel that continued to keep her mouth closed up tight.

The model, a tall, splay-horned mitanni with a mane to rival the Matron's just laughed. "Oh, no, no, no! They caught you. Now you have to spend the rest of the day doing whatever they want with you. They'll let you do when they're done. Or maybe not. Who knows?"

Chyka groaned.

"Go on!" the mitanni said, shooing the little snow leopardeel back into the water. "Get back to work in there. There's tourists and mermaids to keep entertained!"

Chyka felt a tug at the end of her long eel tail. It seemed that at least one of the mermaids had decided that she wasn't quite done dancing yet. As the little snow leopardeel began to slide back into the water, she began to wonder if this had all been part of the plan. Dran's job had been to wash the

windows. Had hers been to keep the mermaids distracted from Dran?

In the end, it didn't matter what the intention was. Chyka was the mermaid's toy for the time being, and she was just going to have to play along with it. As she was again pulled down among the giant seashells, corals and long, green strands of kelp which decorated the very bottom of the pool, she wondered if the mermaids planned to do anything else with her besides dance and splash people in the lobby. And she wondered just how long they were going to keep her. A regular shift was eight hours, but the mer-day never really ended. Were they going to let her go when the evening mermaids arrived? Or were they just going to hand her off to the next group? And if they did that, how long were they going to keep her? Days? Weeks? Or maybe even longer?

Chyka surrendered to the mermaid's gentle kisses amid the aquatic décor. There was really no point in worrying about how long the mermaids

intended to keep her. What was going to happen was going to happen. There was clearly nothing she could do to change that.

It was the way of the biogel lifestyle, after all. All tickets to the real fun were one-way. Even if there was a route back, it always seemed to be under someone else's control. The mermaid's control, in this case. All Chyka could do was enjoy what she could, and hope it ended with a ticket back home, and not on a one-way trip further down the eel-girl road.

TO BE CONTINUED...

