

# GELITECH

EPISODE 3

**SHE'S ONLY A MODEL**

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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## I

"Hey there! How are you doing this wonderful morning?" Chyka purred as she waved to the Gelitech Gelarium's newest potential customer. "Do you know the Gelarium rules, or would you like me to go over them with you?"

"I've been here before," the teal skinned elf-ear answered with a smile as she passed the felid by. "All set, thank you!"

"Alright," the leopardess replied with a halfhearted smile and a nod. "Have fun!"

An astute observer might have noted a hint of desperation in the Chyka's otherwise smooth voice. She hadn't had a single catch all morning. Not even the hint of a nibble. She was going to have get someone interested. Anyone, really. It was her first day working the floor as a proper

biogel model, and she really wanted to impress her boss, the intimidating Matron T'myne. So far, however, things weren't looking good.

"No bites?" the all too familiar voice of the Gearium's tall, purple skinned, ram-horned senior matron rolled into Chyka's ears like the thunder of a thousand sheep charging headlong into a lush, ungrazed field. "Not even a university student looking for a little social time? You need to loosen up. Be more inviting. If you know what I mean. And I am sure that you do."

"Yes, ma'am," Chyka replied, blushing under her fur. "I do."

"Keep trying," Matron T'myne responded sternly, with a shake of her long, deep blue mane. "I expect something today. Even if it's just getting one of the students to drag you around yapping. Every mind is a mind that have ideas put into it, even if the results aren't immediate."

"Yes, ma'am," Chyka answered.

"Very well," Matron T'myne said, turning back the way she'd come. "At the end of your shift, come to my office and we shall discuss your day's performance."

"Yes, ma'am," Chyka replied, watching as the frowning mitanni tromped off in search of some other newbie to harangue. She sighed deeply and wondered exactly how she was supposed to get bites when she'd been assigned to the Gelarium's spaceport ramp entrance. They only people coming in from there today were students taking a shortcut between their practical flight classes aboard one of the Mashiva Mariners' University's training ships and the University itself.

Chyka bit her lip and watched the Matron as vanished into the maze of potted plants and holographic displays that filled eastern end of the Gelarium's Main Hall floor. Her eyes turned upward to the balconies of the four upper levels,

filled as they were with biogel steeped experiences both conventional and exotic. Everything was painted in a middling shade of grayish violet, from the high arches that helped to support the Gelarium's soaring roof, to the balconies and railings themselves. Bright purple lighting panels on the inner arch surfaces, covering the lift tubes, and elsewhere around the hall cast the whole place in a weird, purple glow, quite deliberately reminiscent of the ancient Xinta Temple and its ruined annex along the Mashiva River to the east.

A grand, purple glowing crystal sphere loomed over the very center of the main hall, where a similarly proportioned cross-hall divided the old shipyard office building into four equal sections. This cross-hall opened out onto the courtyards of the Gelitech employee residences to the north, and the Biogel Hotel to the south. The latter was a luxury hotel specifically catering to biogel clad visitors to the city, with all of the amenities one might expect a biogel wearing guest to need for both work and pleasure.

Wherever she looked, Chyka could see people. But they weren't the kind of people she needed. Most were obviously just students hanging around, though some of the people were clad all in glossy black. Some of these were biogel clad students, most likely, but most were biogel models, just like the nervous little snow leopardess herself. Their job was to tempt the rest into buying into the whole biogel lifestyle. Or, better yet, to tempt them into trying out some of biogel's more exotic qualities right then and there. Qualities that so often had quite extreme, and quite permanent, physical effects.

Playing the temptress was where all the fun was. Getting a chance to do that meant getting someone to ask Chyka for guidance, though. Getting someone to do that was proving far harder than she ever could have imagined. Everyone she'd encountered so far was just passing through, or using the Gelarium as a hangout while waiting for their next classes.

It was only in the evenings that things started to really get spicy at the Gelarium. That was when the students were mostly replaced by tourists. Curious tourists looking to see all the kinky goings-on for themselves. And if they were going to have anything to see, some of them were going to have to get more intimately involved. That was when the easy pickings were. And that was when the little snow leopardess really wanted to work.

During the last week of her training, however, Chyka had only been partnered with more experienced models stationed off in the boonies. Sometimes it was greeting tourists in the bus station beneath the Gelarium. At other times it had been doing some in-person advertising off in the subway station on the other side of Anwae Arena, or in the spaceport passenger terminal.

Only once had the little snow leopardess been asked to do anything interesting. She'd been asked to dive into the deep biogel pool that ran down the



length of the cross-hall for the benefit of a rather fancy looking group of tourists. The point had been to show that it was a perfectly safe thing to do. Indeed, it was no different than sinking into a biogel bed, only with significantly more opportunities for totally anonymous intimate shenanigans.

But, much to Chyka's considerable chagrin, there seemed to be no clear route to getting assigned to the evening shift. There was no set procedure, as far as she could tell. Her fellow models didn't seem interested in offering her advice. Not even Tashie, who at the moment was off at some private event, doing who knew what for, and perhaps to, the lucky attendees.

"This sucks," Chyka murmured to herself as she turned back to the doors. "Everyone talks about how much fun it is, but I'm just not seeing it anymore."

Chyka's biogel wife offered her a warm, cozy feeling in response to her frustrations. It was a brief pleasant sensation that stood out quite strongly amid the cool, fall air that filled the Gelarium's large, open main hall. It was also a sharp reminder that she was very much alone in her quest to prove herself. Not even the wife who coated her little feyli body with her glistening black substance could offer any suggestions, save the occasional opinion formed as a wave of pure emotional investment.

The Gelarium's purple glass door again slid silently open. In stepped a smallish woman, tan skinned with shortish, though quite pointy elf-ears. She wore a silky, cream colored, robe-like dress fastened around her waist with a lovely violet sash. It was so unlike the attire typically worn by the locals that Chyka had to look twice just to make sure she wasn't imaging things.

The strange woman definitely wasn't a university student. And she definitely wasn't from

on-world. But what had she been doing out on the spaceport ramp? Was she some student's guest, taking a tour of the University flight line? That seemed to be the most logical conclusion, but there was something odd about her smooth, graceful walk, and her extremely formal poise that suggested otherwise.

"Oh! Uh... hi! How are you doing this morning?" Chyka said, flubbing her practiced greeting out of sheer nervousness at the prospect of the stern Matron seeing her failing yet again. "Are you familiar with the Gelarium rules or shall I go over them with you?"

"Rules?" the brunette beauty inquired with an extremely puzzled look on her face. "As in... rules that are not typical for a market or shop? What a curious concept!"

"Well, yes," Chyka replied with a nod. "Owing to the particular effects and potential hazards presented by the products, experiences, and

general environment on offer here within the Gelitech Gelarium, there are certain rules in place that anyone who passes the yellow line there on the floor is assumed to both fully understand and unconditionally consent to. Shall I explain them?"

"What an unusual thing for a commonplace market," the woman replied, cocking her head to one side in overtly imperious fashion. "Of course I should like to know these rules. Pray do tell me what they are."

"Excellent!" Chyka replied with a warm smile. She was doing everything she could not to show how pleased she was to get her first real nibble, but her tail had other ideas. It flicked from side to side with giddy enthusiasm, much to the visible bemusement of the strange visitor. "First, you must know that entering the Gelarium is an act done entirely at your own risk. There are many things here which can impart very permanent alterations to your body should you come into contact with them. Also, some things may allow

other participants to anonymously interact with your body in one fashion or another, should you choose to participate yourself. If you personally engage with any of these things, by choice or by accident, then you fully consent to whatever acts or effects are imparted on your body."

"Interesting," the woman noted quite dryly. "I suppose that is not to be unexpected for such a purveyor of such decidedly unpleasant fetishistic fantasies as this. I am already quite informed upon this establishment's... reputation. And I must say that I do not find it particularly pleasing."

"Secondly, most biogel processes cannot be stopped once they have begun," Chyka continued, wondering why the woman had come to the Gelarium if she'd found it's reputation to be so unpleasant. "Should you chose to engage with with any of the biogel offerings here, you will have no choice but to see it through to the end. No stopping. No reversing. Permanent means permanent, for real."

"Fair enough," the woman responded. "Is that all?"

"Thirdly, if you do experience any such effects which convert you entirely into biogel, your new form will then be utilized for the purposes which you yourself desire *only* should you choose to fill out the appropriate paperwork," Chyka continued. "Otherwise, your new form becomes the property of Gelitech, to be utilized for the purposes laid out in the policy guide, which can be obtained at the information desk. Certain experiences may have other specific conditions, also contained in the policy guide."

"Very well," the woman again responded. "Is that all, or were the rules composed by the same individual who crafted the vile black slime that pervades this place with its deeply unpleasant odor?"

"One last thing, and that's all," Chyka answered with a growing knot in her stomach. Whatever this woman was doing in the Gelarium, she clearly didn't seem like the type to explore its offerings. All the little snow leopardess could do was finish up and hope to the seven heavens that the Matron wasn't still watching her. "You may direct any further questions to the information desk attendants. Or... I can accompany you in order to give you a more personal perspective on whatever might pique your curiosity."

The woman raised her eyebrow. "Indeed? You would escort me dark hive of... of whatever it is? That would be quite splendid. I would very much like your company and your responses to certain questions that I very much desire to have answered. Pertaining to certain... related matters. And you will do this?"

"I would love to!" Chyka replied, even as the robed beauty whisked past and beckoned her to

follow. "Oh! I take it you have something specific you're interested in?"

"How very perceptive of you," the woman remarked as led her biogel clad advisor toward the very center of the Gelarium, where the crystal sphere cast its glow directly down onto the glistening black surface of the biogel pool. "I do have a particular interest. A very particular interest. And I very much expect you to fully satisfy it."



## II

"Wonderful!" Chyka responded with barely repressed enthusiasm. She was absolutely chuffed with having someone to escort for the first time, even if there seemed to be little prospect that the woman would be receptive to her temptations. That was at least the bare minimum of what the Matron had wanted, and it made the performance review at the end of her shift seem much less intimidating.

"Might I ask what it is you'd like to learn about?" the little snow leopardess inquired as her potential customer looked about until she gazed one of the elevators that ran up and down the corners where the cross-hall and main hall met. She started to turn toward the lift, but stopped short to look down into the undulating mass of biogel that filled the deep pool to within about two meters of its gently curved rim.

"Well, you see," the woman began as she looked down at the glimmering, obsidian black goo. "You see..."

The woman paused and sighed deeply at the sight of the massive quantity of liquid biogel. A look of utter disgust washed over her face. It was still quite hard for the little snow leopardess to believe that someone visiting the Gelarium would really come thinking the substance revolting, despite her protestations. Perhaps she was merely displeased with the lack of any railings to prevent incautious visitors from falling right in. Not even the pair of narrow bridges that crossed the pit were provided with a rail. There was a warning line on the floor, near the very edge, but that was all.

"Would you like to know about the biogel pool?" Chyka remarked, following the woman's displeased gaze. "It's quite a bit of fun for those seeking a relatively benign first time biogel experience. No biogel suit required. Though I have

to warn you, anonymous intimate encounters are always a possibility. In fact, one might even say they're the pool's intended purpose."

Chyka had only been in the pool once herself, the culmination of that dive for the well-to-do tourists. Despite its huge volume, she'd found her hips in some anonymous paramour's hands the moment she'd started to get her bearings. She didn't have time to think before a wave of heat had washed over her. There had been no pretense of foreplay. No exploration of the invisible living shapes that had found one another within the all-concealing blackness. Her unseen lover had just gotten straight down to business, and what a business it had been!

Perhaps the little snow leopardess would have returned to the pool since that day, were it not for the fact that 'anonymous' isn't always what it seems to be. Anonymous sex with the only male in the pool isn't anonymous at all. On the positive side, she'd gained a much less than anonymous

lover to periodically share a biogel bed with. A shortish, bearded lover with a penchant for speaking quite unintelligibly on occasions.

"No, I do not need to know any more than that," the woman replied with a sneer. She turned back to the elevator and the doors whooshed open. "My lovely daughter was a superb student at the neighboring university not that very long ago. She was quite the, shall we say, *independent* type. She cared nothing for my advice or admonishment. She became interested in things. Uncouth things. Things which I could never, ever find myself approving of."

"Ah," Chyka noted softly as they stepped into the elevator. She could already see exactly where this was all heading. It was a fairly common story, and one of the first motivating factors discussed in the Gelitech training material. Someone does something rather permanently transformative. Close family member comes looking to see what could have possibly convinced them to do what

they did. She would have to be extra careful to remain as neutral as possible. Those were the rules. It was bad enough to have one potentially irate family member poking around. Setting off a chain reaction of familial hostility was something no one wanted to be responsible for, let alone so new a model as she.

"Never in a million years," the woman continued. "*Never*. But my daughter was too hot headed. Too caught up in her newfound fetish to care how I might feel about the matter."

"And, you're interested in learning about what she did to herself?" Chyka asked, trying to steer the conversation away from past irritation and toward more immediate and engaging topics.

"So very perceptive!" the woman remarked with a wry smile as the elevator doors closed. "But how am I to know what she had done to herself? I am told time, and time, and time again that there is no way to know. That there is no record

whatsoever of what vile thing that she became, or where she was sent to spend the rest of her horrid new existence. They say that keeping no record is the rule. So no one can pick out a specific individual for future abuse merely because of who they might have been. Do you know how purely preposterous that is?"

"It's... certainly inconvenient at times," Chyka replied. Inconvenient indeed. But also quite necessary. Domestic abuse and sex trafficking were societal problems that existed everywhere, though not nearly so much in the Feyli Empire as elsewhere. Even so, the potential for xenoexperiences, such as those offered by biogel, to be used to render such non-consenting victims even more helpless than they already were was an ever-present concern.

For all the insidious possibilities that biogel offered, it had been created exclusively to cater to the erotic lifestyle fantasies of fully consenting adults. Steps had to be taken to keep it from

becoming a tool to facilitate or enhance criminal behavior. Just checking a purchaser's ImperID and ensuring their record was clear of felonious behavior was far from enough. Other steps had to be taken.

Anonymization was one such step, and a highly effective one at reducing targeted abuse. But if any soul containing mass of biogel was abused in any harmful fashion, there were other measures in place. Brutal measures, generally reserved for slavers, the sole class of criminal typically considered to be outside the bounds of normal law.

The mobility of minds within biogel was the principle tool to mitigate abuse. If a biogel body containing a conscious mind was pressed too hard, or even destroyed, the mind within would simply shift to another biogel mass. The preference was toward a nearby mass of active, energized biogel, such as the biogel core within a starship or ground facility. Any mass would do in a pinch, however,

so long as it wasn't close to the body from which it had departed.

Then, of course, there was the recently formed Imperial Obsidian Guard. A branch of the Imperial Constitutional Enforcement Department, the Obsidian Guard was tasked with enforcing the modified rights of all individuals who might be inclined to give themselves over to various permanently life altering xenoexperiences. In the case of biogel, that meant enforcing the rights of transformed individuals to be free of any use or abuse not consented to, by explicit agreement, or by default conditions, prior to their biogel transfiguration. The unit was even rumored to have access to certain tools which could identify acts of abuse no matter where they might occur. Rumors that were backed up by their propensity to show up out of nowhere, in places so remote as to be otherwise inaccessible to conventional law enforcement, with exact knowledge of what criminal even had occurred, and how it had taken place.



"So, what am I to think? What am I to do, now that I am in this place where my daughter... became... something?" the woman questioned as the little snow leopardess hesitated. "I must do something, must I not? I must learn the truth of her experience. But... but how? Tell me. How?"

"I... I can't lie," Chyka replied with a defeated shrug. "I'm honestly not sure if it's even possible at all, let alone possible for anyone who works here at the Anwae Arena Gelarium. The only way, I think, would be if she put herself up in a charity auction. There's nothing anonymous about that. But if she'd done that, then they would have told you already."

"No, no," the woman said, shaking her head at the little snow leopardess. "I have quite given up on that course of action already. I want you to tell me how I can know the experience. How I can know what she felt. How I can know the horror that gripped her mind as her beautiful, tender body

was mutated into... into... this vile, black sludge. How?"

"Well... I can try to explain what she likely felt," Chyka responded with another shrug. It was a question with no easy answer. Indeed, it was a question with no real answer at all. No one who experienced such a thing was left in any state to tell the tale. At least, that was how the little snow leopardess was obligated to express it. If her experience with the geldancer in the mod chamber had shown her anything, the reality of the situation was almost certainly quite different. "But I have to be clear. There's really no way to put it into words that can truly capture the actual sensations of becoming biogel. I can't even find words to truly capture the sensations of swimming in a pool of it, even though I've done that myself. The only way to truly know... well, unfortunately, the only way to truly know is actually do it."

The woman frowned as the lift began to rise in response to someone else's call. "Of course," she

sighed. "Then I suppose that I shall have to do just that. And I expect you to show me how."

"Are... are you really sure that's what you want to do?" Chyka questioned quite earnestly as the lift headed upward to some floor unknown. "Why don't we go back down to the information desk so you can fill out the usage conditions paperwork and think it over a bit more?"

"No," the woman replied with a stern, determined expression on her face. "My mind was made up long before I set foot in this wretched place. I shall follow my daughter in becoming the vile black slime."

"Are you sure?" Chyka again asked, concerned that her first catch wasn't actually thinking things through. The woman kept speaking of biogel in such negative terms that the little snow leopardess felt obligated to try and force her to start having second thoughts. "Are you sure you don't maybe want to get yourself a biogel suit like mine? Try

out the lifestyle for a bit instead of running headlong into full transformation?"

"No," the woman again replied. "I have made up my mind, and I have every intention of seeing my decision through to its bitter end. Now. Show me the slowest, most torturous method of being turned into black goo that exists in this place."

"Well... I wouldn't actually call anything here torturous," Chyka responded with a resigned shrug. It looked like there was really nothing the little snow leopardess could do or say to change the woman's mind. At least she could try to help the woman understand that biogel wasn't anything like she seemed to think it was. If she would listen, that is. "The slowest stuff... well, that's the stuff that gives people time to express their feelings, and I haven't heard anyone complaining yet. Quite the opposite, it fact."

"I will be the sole judge of that," the woman snapped as the lift doors opened. She led the little

snow leopardess straight out, past an ashen skinned university student and onto the sixth floor balconies. "Just bring me into the presence of that which I have expressed my desire to be introduced to, and instruct me in the manner by which I shall induce it to take my body and defile it."

"Well... okay," Chyka answered as she tried to figure out just what would please the woman most. She started to wonder if the woman's expressed opinions were more bluster and posturing than they were an indicator of how she felt about the whole affair. "How about something that lets you choose the pace? Then you can take it as fast or as slow as you like. Or maybe something where you can watch yourself be transformed into liquid biogel? If you want to be liquefied. Or maybe..."

"Being dissolved into that foul goo before my very own eyes would be much to my... complete and utter disgust," the woman replied. "Show me how I shall have it done to my body."

Chyka nodded and gestured down the line of private experience chamber doors. "Okay. We're on the floor with the private rooms. Room 620 has the sort of thing I think you might be looking for. You're free to engage with it on your own, unless you want me to go in with you for company."

"Please do," the woman declared as she led the little snow leopardess down the walkway, toward the suggested door. "There is no point in hiding my final suffering from a stranger's eyes. Even a stranger such as you and your... corruption. Gaze upon whatever horror it is that this infernal thing does to my by tender body and take whatever perverse pleasure that your kind seem so callously free to take in the sight of such things."

"Okay," Chyka responded as she followed the woman closely. The more she listened to the woman speak, the more she wondered what the woman was trying to hide behind all those excessively expressive words. Was she trying to

mask fear? Nervousness? Anxiety? Or was there something else she was trying to conceal? "Um... you do understand that this isn't going to hurt or anything, right?"

The woman snorted contemptuously. "Do not think for one moment that I am fool enough to believe that. A thing cannot rend a body asunder and not be truly absolute torture."

"But... biogel doesn't actually do that," Chyka responded. It was hard enough for her to get her own biogel steeped mind around it half the time. Trying to explain it to someone who'd even experienced any of it first hand seemed almost impossible. "You become the biogel. But the biogel also becomes you. It maintains you all the way through the process as you become a single thing. A unified organism. It really doesn't matter what change of shape is taking place. Or even if you become liquid. You just kind of merge and morph into something new. Something entirely

made of biogel. And you remain fully conscious throughout. And beyond."

"They really do brainwash you with their foul marketing, don't they?" the woman muttered, shaking her head as she stopped in front of the door. "No wonder my daughter was tricked into casting herself the embrace of that vile slime. How could she possibly resist such silken platitudes of slithering black absorption into... hell knows only what?"

Chyka didn't know what to say. She stood by silently as the door hissed open. The woman was playing the game right to the end. Whatever that game actually was.

"Now. What do I need to do?" the woman demanded as she stepped through the doorway. "How do I effect my... dissolution?"

Chyka followed the woman into the dimly lit chamber. It was appointed in the sort of simple,



though unique fashion that was common to all of the Gelarium's private chambers. Four potted coniferous shrubs stood in the corners. At the very center, beneath a dimly glowing lantern, was a crystal clear, glossy black block, roughly one meter to a side. Its top was dished out on the far side, giving it the shape of a large, blobulous armchair.

Facing the unusual chair was the chamber's sole piece of artwork. A glossy black torso jutted out from a sheen of blackness. This was confined within an oval shaped frame of finely polished bronze. The remainder of the room's walls and ceiling were covered in mirror panels, while the floor was the same black glass as everywhere else in the Gelarium.

"Do not tell me that... that thing... is..." the woman murmured as her eyes fixed upon the shape on the wall.

"The lovely Miss Mawra Miashu," Chyka answered, stepped past the woman to run her fingers over the shape's featureless head. "Voted into this lovely mounting by the audience at the conclusion of the most recent Gelitech Public Exhibition Biogel Games match at Anwae Arena. What the home team may have lost to a bunch of randomly selected Biogel Games fans, the Gelarium gained in this magnificent memento of the fun they had that evening."

"I hope that you do not think you are going to make me into something like that," the woman remarked with a glare at the little snow leopardess.

"No!" Chyka replied with as warm a smile as she could muster in the gaze of the woman's fiery hazel eyes. "Certainly not. That's hardly the dissolution you're seeking, is it? No, your experience will be this lovely mass of crystal biogel here, and I can assure you, it's going to be quite a ride."

"Pft!" the woman spat. "I have no need of your purring and cooing over my coming terror. Just tell me what I must do to consummate it."

"Well, first off, you should denude," Chyka instructed in a very matter of fact way. She was done trying to draw out the woman's motivations. If the woman wanted to keep her secrets, then so be it. "You don't strictly have to, but if you want to watch yourself dissolve, then you certainly don't want any pesky clothing in the way."

Without a word, the woman undid her lovely violet sash and her cream colored dress fell open. To the little snow leopardess' surprise, she was wearing not a single stitch of fabric underneath. Was this the woman's normal mode of dress, or had she just come prepared for her encounter with the biogel?

"Now what?" the woman asked as she again eyed the glistening black trophy on the wall with an expression of utter disdain.

"Just sit down on the crystal biojelly," Chyka replied with a gesture toward the dished out 'seat'. "Then just relax and let it take you. But let me assure you, it's not going to feel anything like you might think it will."

The woman snorted as she tossed her dress aside. She walked around the shimmering crystal mass and plopped her rather generously proportioned rump right onto its perfectly polished surface. "You are toying with me, aren't you?" she sighed, with a sharp tone of irritation in her voice, when nothing happened. "Do you think I am not serious in my desire to face complete and utter dissolution?"

Chyka walked around behind the seated woman and placed her glossy black hands on the woman's stiff shoulders. "You said you wanted slow and... all that. Just let it take its time."

The woman was about to offer some scowling retort when her countenance changed from one of irate imperiousness to one of sudden, dawning realization. Her soft, tan posterior had begun to slowly sink into the crystal biojelly's highly viscous mass. "Oh!" she exclaimed as the cool, sticky slime took hold of her. She pressed her hands down against the jelly's glossy surface in an apparent effort to steady herself. All that she achieved, however, was to sink her hands straight into the goo, trapping her firmly within its unyielding embrace. "Ah! My hands! What... what is this... what is it doing?"

"Just what you wanted it to do," Chyka replied with a smirk. It was certainly just the sort of thing that the woman had asked for. Whether or not it was what she'd actually wanted, that was another matter entirely. "Just relax. Who knows. You might actually enjoy it."

"Enjoy this?" the woman groaned with an even mix of confusion and consternation, as she

continued to slowly sink down into the crystal biojelly. "This... this... cold, wet, sticky, slimy, tight... oh. Oh! What is that? What is *that*?"

The woman's descent into the crystal biojelly was now accompanied by the spreading outward of a very different looking sort of biogel. The glistening blackness had first formed where the crystal jelly was touching the woman's skin, around her trapped hands, along her sinking rump, and between her quivering legs. From there, it spread rapidly outward, over her legs, up her belly and back, and up her arms.

On the surface, the spreading black biogel appeared to be forming a coating on the woman's body just like the one that coated Chyka's own body. But, she knew, this was only how it looked. In reality, it wasn't a biogel coating. It was a biogel transformation. And it was subsuming the woman to her very core.

"Oh! OH! That feels... that feels..." the woman stammered as the crystal biojelly pushed up between her glossy, obsidian legs and around her slender waist.

"Weird?" Chyka inquired as the spread of the blackness washed up over the woman's chest and shoulders. "Bizarre? Alien, perhaps?"

The woman grimaced, though her contorted facial expression couldn't hide the low, sonorous huffs that came along with each breath.

"It feels so cool and uniform, doesn't it?" Chyka purred. "So plain and bland, except for that special little place between your legs. Do you know why that is?"

The woman bit her lower lip as spread of the blackness slowed, but didn't quite stop. It crept up her neck as the crystal biojelly closed in over her thighs. It began to surround her lower legs and draw them inward.

"It's because your body is actually transforming into the biogel," Chyka cooed, pressing gently upon the woman's quivering shoulders. "It's because right now, everything below your neck is nothing but pure, unadulterated, living blackness. All of it. All the way down to your fingers and toes. Amazing, isn't it?"

"I... I suppose," the woman huffed as the blackness crept up under her ears and chin. Her legs were drawn fully into the jelly's mass, forced into a kneeling position as she sank down until her breasts were nearly resting upon its glossy surface. "So this. This... is all there it? Just this flat feeling of cold... cold... something? And the place where the seat of my motherhood lies? And that is all?"

"Oh, no," Chyka mused at the softening of the woman's steely demeanor. "What you are feeling now is just a brief stop on your journey into something *so* much more incredible! In a few short moments, you will start to dissolve.



Experience total dissolution, as you said you so deeply desired. And then..."

"And then what?" the woman asked, her voice softening as the first little bubbles of blackness began to form on the surface of her calves and feet. "Oh! Why do I feel... fizzy? My feet! My legs! Oh... oh... oh my. It really is eating me!"

"Eating? No," Chyka soothed as the woman's feet and lower legs began to bubble away into little floating globules of blackness within the crystal clear mass of the biojelly. "It's taking your biogel body and absorbing it. Adding it to itself. And in such a short little time, it's going to add your mind to itself as well. And there it's going to stay until we pull it out and process you into something that I can all but guarantee is going to be very, very much to your liking."

"My liking?" the woman huffed her breasts slid down into the crystal biojelly amid the cascade of little black spheres that were now parting from her

hips and thighs. Her feet were already gone, and her calves were not far behind. "How can you possibly think that any of this... this... ugh! Why? Why doesn't it feel unspeakably painful? Why doesn't it make me want to wretch? Why?"

"Because biogel feels good," Chyka responded as she pressed more firmly upon the woman's shoulders. The blackness on her face had washed over her ears and was spreading over her cheeks. "And it feels good because it doesn't give you any option to feel it otherwise."

"That's... sadistic," the woman moaned softly as her legs all but vanished into a cloud of little black bubbles. The crystal biojelly was almost up to her shoulders, and the blackness was starting to spread around her lips and eyes. "So... so... I... I... I can't... can't help but..."

"Enjoy it?" Chyka inquired as she took her hands off the woman's shoulders, lest she too be drawn into the biojelly.

"Ye... yes," the woman nodded and moaned sensuously as the blackness spread over her nose and forehead. Her hair was shortening, drawn into her biogel scalp as the substance began to spread over her mouth. "Yes. Oh... oh... yes!"

Chyka smiled. "If you think this feels good, just you wait until everything is all said and done," she purred into the woman's ear. "When you spread your liquid form over the body of another. And make them all your own."

"Oh... oh... ohhhhhh!" the woman uttered as her lips were pulled together and sealed closed. Her face wavered and melted into a featureless surface. What was left of her dissolving body shuddered as her perfectly smooth, round, glossy black head slid down into the biojelly.

Chyka watched as the woman's biogel shape bubbled itself away into a cloud of little black globules that momentarily filled the whole of the

crystal biojelly. She couldn't help but wonder whether or not the woman's soul had been tied to one of the little globules or not. Had she been able to feel the whole of the biojelly as if it were her own body at some point? Perhaps even feeling the last moments of her own dissolution? She wondered. But not too much, lest she tempt herself into actually finding out.

The door to the private room slip open. "Heya Chyka! Matron T saw you with the Lady High Priestess Hira and wanted you to bring her to..." the silver haired, sable skinned morri chirped before hir eyes fixed upon the little black bubbled filling the crystal biojelly. "Oh... oh my..."

"The Lady High..." Chyka replied with a frown. She'd never bothered to ask the woman's name, let alone anything else about her.

"Uh. Yeah," Du'vai replied with a sympathetic expression on hir face. "The Lady High Priestess of the Vian Province of the world of Shubarri.

Mistress of the Stars. Bringer of the Moonlight.  
Speaker of the..."

"I get it! I get it!" Chyka replied in confusion. She had no idea who the woman was. How was she supposed to know whether or not she was fair game? Was she fair game? Wouldn't someone have said something a lot sooner if she wasn't?

Du'vai shrugged. "So... um. You gonna tell the matron, or shall I?"

### III

Chyka nervously bit her lower lip and awaited the judgment of Matron T'myne. It was hard enough having to sit there being glared at by the steely-eyed mitanni. Having to sit there being glared at, while being forced to look at that three liter bottle of Lady High Priestess infused blackness was another thing entirely.

"Don't think for one moment that I don't know," Matron T'myne finally rumbled as she tapped her fingers on the black glass surface of her intimidatingly large desk. "Don't think for one moment that I don't know about your friend Tashie and her little transgression. About the biogel wife she so carefully and deliberately selected for you. And about who that biogel wife used to be. Such things cannot take place here in the Gelarium without my knowing every little sordid detail. So don't think..."

Chyka blushed beneath her fur. "I... I didn't have anything to do with that," she sputtered plaintively, unsure of what Tashie's little sin had to do with the current matter at hand. Besides, of course, the apparent fact that Matron T'myne didn't seem to have any issue doing the same with the little snow leopardess own first 'catch'.

"Of course you didn't," Matron T'myne answered with a low, almost sadistic laugh. "But that doesn't just make you completely innocent of being thoroughly steeped in the transgression of her perpetrating, does it?"

"I... I don't know?" Chyka responded in confusion. Steeped in the result, perhaps. But certainly not the transgression.

"So. Tell me," Matron T'myne inquired, leaning forward until the little snow leopardess could feel the mitanni's chamomile breath washing over her face. "What was it that the Lady High Priestess

actually desired? Not the how, mind you. The how is a foregone conclusion. The end. What was the end that she sought to achieve?"

"I... I have no idea," Chyka responded with a little, anxious shrug. "She refused to fill out the forms. She seemed so disgusted by it all. Like she was forcing herself to do it. At least until the very end. But..."

Matron T'myne leaned back and laughed. "You've never met a shibi before, have you?"

"No," Chyka replied softly.

"When shibi speak of their innermost desires to strangers, they always bury them in the language of displeasure and disgust," Matron T'myne explained with a grin. "Only on the attainment of such a desire do they change their tune. But they still speak as if the pleasure was all quite unexpected. Because they will never outwardly



admit their deeply rooted penchant for exotic experience and carnal pleasure."

"Why is that?" Chyka inquired. It wasn't at all unusual for people to try to hide their fetishes and lusts, but the Matron was making it sound like a cultural, rather than an individual thing.

"Because two thousand years ago, the shibi were almost driven to extinction by their carnal obsessions," Matron T'myne replied. "Fueled by lust for intense physical stimulation, and abetted by the science of genetic engineering, the shibi created ever more extreme encounters using the already quite accommodating native flora as a basis. Encounters that demanded more and more from their bodies, until the inevitable development of permanent unions. Life experiences that would never end. And of course, everyone wanted in on that. And you can imagine the result."

"Ah," Chyka responded with a frown and a faint feeling of distant, though seemingly

inevitable doom. "That... that sounds an awful lot like..."

"Biogel?" Matron T'myne chuckled. "A fully organic, highly engineered, plant based, living substance which demands permanent union lasting a virtual eternity? Indeed, it does, doesn't it?"

Chyka nodded. "Yeah."

"Except of course, that biogel doesn't remove its normal hosts from productive society," Matron T'myne answered. "And those who choose more extreme encounters? Well, if you paid attention to the xenoexperience statistics during your training classes, you'd know that the sum total of all people engaging in permanent xenoexperiences which remove them from the reproducing population is still only a fraction of the Empire's birthrate. Which is a problem, isn't it, what with the anticipated resource shortages in a couple centuries or so?"

"I suppose it is," Chyka agreed.

Though it was almost never explicitly mentioned, one of the primary reasons behind the creation of biogel, and the opening of the Empire to purveyors of xenoexperiences in general, was reducing population growth. It wasn't a particularly effective method overall, despite what the massive numbers involved might have suggested. Amid the Empire's population of over twenty-one trillion, with an overall growth of three billion per year, a couple hundred million per year being 'lost' to xenoexperience was hardly putting a dent in the problem. Yet, at any rate.

"But that is neither here nor there, is it?" Matron T'myne said, bringing the conversation back to the matter at hand. "Tell me, did the Lady High Priestess not mention at all why she so deeply desired to be made into... this? Surely in her expressions of disgust, she would have said something to suggest her final intentions? Hmm?"

"She did mention her daughter having come here and doing something," Chyka replied. "I imagine she probably wanted to do the same thing, like the training says is usually the case, but no one could tell her..."

"Oh, I think *someone* could have told her," Matron T'myne interrupted. "In fact... I think *Tashie* could have told her *all* about everything. Because that daughter just happens to be *your* beautiful, snugly fitting biogel wife."

Chyka's jaw dropped. "Oh."

The little snow leopardess' biogel wife surely couldn't hear or understand the Matron's words, but she gave her eternal companion a warm, all-encompassing squeeze of comfort nonetheless.

"So. If she wanted to know the full measure of her daughter's experience, then that means that *someone* needs to find her a cute little snow

leopardess to marry, doesn't it?" Matron T'myne asked.

"I suppose it would," Chyka replied, definitely not liking where the conversation was heading.

"I don't suppose you know any other cute little snow leopardesses who might be interested in letting this container of blackness here to enjoy their body, would you?" Matron T'myne inquired, running her finger over the bottle's lid.

Chyka shrugged. "I don't really have any snowy friends. And I'm not really that close with most of my family. I mean, there are some cousins, but..."

"I'm sure one of them would do very nicely," Matron T'myne interjected with a low chuckle. "There's *always* room for family in the business, you know. And the more relations, the merrier, right?"

Chyka didn't know how to respond. Did the Matron *really* expect her to try to get one of her relatives to let that bottle of blackness have its way with them?

"You just ask Tashie how it's done, hmm?" Matron T'myne added. "Now take that bottle back to your room with you, so you can be reminded every day what you need to do. No rush though. She has all the time in the world to wait for a perfect little floofy tail. But don't take *too* long. That would just be impolite."

"Well... uh... okay," Chyka replied hesitantly as she reached out to take the bottle with both hands. "I'll... I'll try."

"I'm sure you'll do more than that," Matron T'myne responded with a mischievous grin. "And I'm sure it will have quite a positive effect on your first performance and compensation review. Normally, I do those every six months or so. But

for you... I'll just wait until your new charge has a soft little ass to hug. Is that understood?"

"Yes," Chyka replied. "Yes it is."

"Good!" Matron T'myne declared. "One last thing before you leave. Tomorrow I'm sending you over to the spaceport terminal with Dran. See if you can't at least show him how to stand there and not embarrass himself... again."

"I can try," Chyka replied, holding the bottle of Lady High Priestess against her chest.

"If not... well, it is what it is," Matron T'myne responded with a shrug. "Either way, next week I expect you'll be enjoying your new shift assignments. And I do believe I have you scheduled for a field trip too. That is all. Dismissed!"

"Thank you," Chyka answered with a soft smile as she rose to leave. It was the first time she'd ever

heard the Matron give a complement to anyone. It didn't really do much to ease her nervous apprehension toward the task represented by the bottle of glistening blackness in her arms, though. She really didn't want to snare one of her own relations into marrying the gel. But what other choice did she have?

Chyka again bit her lower lip as the door to the Matron's office closed behind her. *This isn't going to be fun*, she thought in silence as she pondered how to approach relatives she hardly even knew. Unless some random miracle occurred, the task seemed almost impossible. *Dammit. I need to talk to Tashie and soon. This is all her fault. She's going to have to figure it out. Or... or... dammit. Goddess above... what have I gotten myself into? What have I gotten myself into?*



STROCCO (10)

TO BE CONTINUED...