

GELITECH

TEASER-EPIISODE 0.5

TEMPTATION

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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TEMPTATION

The sable haired jaguaress probably couldn't have found herself a more receptive pair of fluffy feyli ears. The little, silver haired snow leopardess listened intently to her honeyed words. They resonated with her on a deep, almost primal level. She'd spent several long years working the overnight shift at the stuffy, pretentious university library, playing the part of the innocent, blissfully naive librarian to absolute perfection. But something had long been simmering deep inside her. Something that the jaguaress' silken sales pitch had brought to the surface.

"Don't you dare tell me that you wouldn't thoroughly enjoy it," the jaguaress purred with a warm, sincere tone in her voice as the pair stepped out into the broad, well lit underground tunnel.

She gently steered her new friend away from the residences to the west, and toward the subway station to the east. "Come my way for a bit. Hmm?"

"Well, sure," Chyka replied with a shrug. She certainly didn't have anyplace better to be. The close proximity of her companion's glistening black body certainly had its particular charms as well. She was particularly enjoying the serenade of little rubbery sounds that came from every one of the very attractive feyli woman's graceful movements. These cute little rubbery sounds came along with an equally rubbery odor, a natural perfume that smelled like a freshly opened package of latex balloons.

"You know, Gelitech has open interviews for biogel modeling positions this morning," the jaguaress noted, playfully bumping her slick, perfectly polished thigh against her little new friend's hip.

"Really?" Chyka inquired with a raised eyebrow.

"Yep!" the jaguaress replied with a casual gesture toward the rather conveniently placed video advertisement. It was displayed on the wall, right next to the library entrance. "All species. All sexes. Why not come with me to the Gelarium and apply? Seriously! You'd look incredible done up like me, all shiny and black. What do you think? Wouldn't that be way more fun than dusting old books all night?"

Chyka shrugged. "I... I don't know," she responded somewhat hesitantly. Her eyes fixed on the other part of the ad, where a very enthusiastic, and very naked, tigress was being turned into shiny black goo by a machine. Shiny black goo that was presumably going to be used to dress a girl like herself at some point. It was a thing that Gelitech did. One of many such things, all revolving around turning people into that obsidian black substance that they called biogel.

On the face of it, the things that Gelitech did seemed more than just a little perverse. Turning people into goo, or into solid objects made from that goo was something that probably should have been illegal. Or at least frowned upon. But this was the Feyli Empire, where letting the curious sate their desire for certain sorts of forbidden knowledge was just part of the culture.

Some foreign yokels liked to say that 'curiosity *killed* the cat girls'. Such dullardry was typical of the culturally hidebound little fiefdoms that dotted the Imperial Frontiers. One might even say that statements like that were a bit on the racist side. The truth was that curiosity rarely killed any cat girls. Did it get them physically transformed into very un-cat-like things? Well, that was an entirely different story. And Gelitech? They were the current reigning masters of turning cute, fluffy cat girls into very un-cat-like things.

Chyka wasn't keen on the idea of being turned into a very un-cat-like thing. To her, that had always been Gelitech's biggest turnoff. Their glistening black biogel might have been the biggest thing to hit Mashiva since the Vesvik Mar crash landed in the river, but it came with certain costs. Costs that were measured not in credits, but in time until the shiny black inevitable. They didn't call it 'The last job you'll ever need!' for nothing.

On the other hand, there was definitely a dark allure to the idea of becoming a biogel model at the Gelitech Gelarium. It was the models' job to facilitate the creation of un-cat-like things. They used charm, wit, and their biogel coated bodies to reel in the curious, the naive, or even the just plain bored. They would all become biogel. One hundred percent pure glistening blackness. Some would become liquid, like the tigress in the advertising video. Most, however, would become solid shapes of one sort or another. Still living, but barely animate. All thanks to the models. The

obsidian temptresses, and very well paid ones at that.

"Trust me," the jaguaress purred softly into Chyka's ear. "It'll be so much sexy fun that you'll wish you'd signed up on day one. And all that money too! Really! I can't even find the words to explain how awesome it is. What do you say? Give it a try?"

"Well... I... I guess," Chyka replied, giving in to the glistening black temptation.

"Really?" the jaguaress cooed. "Well! Come on. Let's go! We can get all the paperwork done before they start interviewing. Before you know it, you'll be just as shiny as I am!"

"Wait. Right now?" Chyka questioned, having a second thought about perhaps having second thought or two. "You want me to go with you and apply right now? Like... now, now?"

"Yeah," the jaguaress responded with a giddy smile. "Right now."

"Well... alright," Chyka responded with a shrug. "You only live once... I guess."

"That's the spirit!" the jaguaress chirped.

"Do you think they'll actually hire me?" Chyka asked as the jaguaress led her toward the Gelarium and her date with destiny.

The jaguaress grinned and bumped her new friends hip with her thigh a second, and far more enthusiastic time. "Sweetie... I *know* they will!"