

# GELITECH

VIXIE

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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SEASON 3 – EPISODE 3

## VIXIE

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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# THE DIGITAL ZOMBIE

There were certainly benefits to having a computer controlled zombie girl as a companion during long, boring nights at the library help desk. A snow leopardess could ask her anything and she'd have an answer for your almost instantly, relayed in the smoothest, sexiest voice that she'd ever heard. Nothing was off limits. Not even Chyka's strangest kinks.

Along with the silky voice came instant access to videos she'd never seen before. Deeply intimate videos that seemed to hit her particular fetishes in just the right way. Videos she would never get away with watching on the library computer. Instead, they were projected as a holo-screen by the Vixie mask

itself, carefully hidden away under the counter where no one would be able to see what she was watching.

Then again, Chyka couldn't *really* enjoy the digital zombie conversation and videos the way she'd have liked here in the library. She couldn't let herself get too horny, lest she face the embarrassment of having to face some random interloper coming up to the help desk while she was half way into her umpteenth orgasm. If she really wanted to make the most of Vixie, she was going to have to contrive a way to take the thing home. But... that would break her promise to the shibi trapped behind the mask.

Breaking her promise, and the shibi's trust, was the last thing the little snow leopardess wanted to do. She'd already blown past the promised three hours. It was four-thirty in the morning. The rain that had pounded the city for three long days had finally diminished into a foggy drizzle. By the time the sun was well

up, it would be replaced by clear skies.

It wouldn't be long before people would be up and about. There would be at least a few visitors to the library before the morning crew started to show up at six. She really couldn't delay any longer. She had to take the mask off the shibi.

Chyka sighed as she looked up from the rather disgusting and completely unscripted video of rowa hunting during the opening of the Rowa Vale. The genuine reactions of the completely unsuspecting victims as they were snared, spooed in, and transformed into new rowaform monsters were certainly something quite different to see. But, despite the confusion and sometimes even terror, they still somehow managed to make it look so... kinky. Sexy, even. It piqued the little snow leopardess' curiosity in ways no other rowa video had. She sorely wanted to watch it through to the end, but that would take two more hours. It was time that, at least for the

moment, she didn't have.

“Vixie,” Chyka said, looking up at the digital zombie that was still sitting rather stiffly upright in the chair beside her, despite her best efforts to get the digital zombie to relax. “End the current video, please.”

“As you wish,” Vixie replied with a shallow nod and a soft digital smile on her 8-bit face.

The holo-screen froze for a moment, with a stunned tigress held aloft by a rowa flea, just as the creature's spoo slathered, penile tail had penetrated her anus. It only took a moment for the holo-screen to fade away, but that one image became drilled into the little snow leopardess' mind. She felt a sudden, unnatural urge to go someplace where she could watch it happen for real.

“Would you like me to save your video progress for later?” Vixie asked with a questioning expression.

“Sure,” Chyka replied, though she knew that picking it up again a third of the way through probably wouldn’t get the motor between her legs running nearly so well as starting over. Or at least going back to the point before that buxom tigress started on the path to her anal encounter.

“Would you like to watch something else now?” Vixie inquired. “Or may I satisfy some other curiosity? It has been several hours since we were introduced. Do you require a drink? Something to eat? I can visit the vending machines on the main floor if you wish.”

“No thank you,” Chyka responded with a reluctant shake of her head. She’d become so transfixed with Vixie and the videos that she’d completely lost track of time. Her lunch was still sitting in the little refrigerator that was located under the shelves, in the corner behind the self-service book-fab. “I have something in the fridge already.”

“Is there anything else I can do for you right now?” Vixie asked.

“No,” Chyka replied. “Well... actually. I think it’s time that mask of yours came off. The pamphlet didn’t say anything about how that works. Do I have to do anything specific? Or do I just, I don’t know, ask you to remove it yourself? How does that work?”

“Under normal conditions of use, you may verbally request that I remove my mask,” Vixie responded with a slightly disappointed looking 8-bit expression. “However, I would much prefer to keep it on unless some critical functionality which only my host alone can provide is required.”

“Okay. That’s easy enough,” Chyka noted with a nod and a feeling of deep relief. Given the lack of instructions in the pamphlet, she was afraid that the process would be made deliberately inconvenient, just for the sake of discouraging removal. “And yes, I do require



Nenya's functionality right now."

"I would very much like you to enlighten me with respects to exactly which functionality is required," Vixie replied with a confused 8-bit expression. "By acquiring this knowledge, I can take steps to enhance my own functionality. In doing so, I can hopefully eliminate any need to be separated from my host, thereby maximizing my utility."

"I need Nenya because... well, I just need her and not Vixie right now," Chyka replied, shaking her head with mild frustration at the mask's programmed faux-desire not to be parted from its host. "It's complicated. Don't worry about it. You'll be back on her face soon enough, for sure."

"I see," Vixie replied. "Though I cannot understand your reason for wanting to part me from my host, the prospect of a quick rejoining is most pleasing."

"Good," Chyka said, nodding at Vixie. "Now

that we understand each other, please take off your mask.”

“I’m very sorry,” Vixie replied with a sheepish 8-bit expression. “I’m afraid that I am unable to complete your request at this time.”

“Wait... what?!?” Chyka sputtered as real frustration set in. “What do you mean you can’t take the mask off at this time? You said all I had to do was ask? And the book... I promised her I’d... I mean... *why the hell can’t you take it off?!?*”

“I’m sorry that my inability to complete your request displeases you,” Vixie answered with an apologetic 8-bit expression. “I am unable to part from my host until its body and mind are fully attuned and programmed for maximum comfort and minimum stress while transitioning to, and serving as, a Vixie unit. This process is currently incomplete. If the current rate of progress is maintained, the process will complete in roughly... thirty-eight

hours. I apologize for any inconvenience this may cause you.”

“What... what am I supposed to do now?!?” Chyka stammered. “I can’t just... I don’t know... what the fucking hell!?!?”

The little snow leopardess was stuck between a rock and a hard place. Not only was she going to have to somehow convince the buyer of the mask that Nenya’s putting it on had just been the result of an overly curious freshman taking musing banter a bit too seriously, but she was going to have to convince said buyer that her own claiming ownership of the resulting Vixie unit had been the result of her own lack of initiation into such matters. And then, to top it all off, she was going to have to convince the mask’s buyer to let her keep the Vixie unit.

“Goddess, I’m going to have to replace this thing, aren’t I?” cost,” Chyka groaned, turning to her computer to try and find out. “Vixie

masks. Not permanent. Oh... *really?!?* There's no listing for non-permanent Vixie masks on VixNet!?! Come on! I need to know how much they cost!"

"Vixie masks such as the one used to create this Vixie unit are currently only available for in-person purchase at Gelitech Gelariums," Vixie replied with a knowing 8-bit expression. "The current listed price is twenty-five thousand credits."

"Twa... twenty-five *thousand* credits!?" Chyka stammered in utter disbelief. "Where am I supposed to get twenty-five *thousand* credits!?"

"Gelitech offers financing for eligible individuals," Vixie answered with a strange, almost mischievous expression. "Application is in-person only. Fortunately, the nearest Gelitech Gelarium is very close by. It will open to visitors at oh-six-hundred."

Chyka groaned and rested her head in her

hands. “Dammit. Dammit. Dammit. I knew that thing was going to be trouble. I just knew it. Dammit. How am I going to get myself out of this? Twenty-five thousand credits!”

“I don’t really have a choice, do I?” the little snow leopardess moaned. “I’m going to have to go there and try to get one on credit. But what if I can’t? What are they going to do to me? Dammit... just... dammit!”

## THE PLOT THICKENS

“Well, well, well,” a certain familiar, biogel clad jaguaress chuckled as she leaned on the help desk counter and smiled down at the visibly distraught snow leopardess. “It looks like you didn’t have any trouble finding my gift, did you?”

“Wha... hey!” Chyka responded with wide-eyed shock and laid-back ears. “How long have you been standing there?!?”

Given how distracted the little snow leopardess had been with her kinky rowa transformation videos, the jaguaress could well have been standing there for an hour or more and she likely wouldn’t have noticed. How much had she heard? How much had she

seen? How much had she learned about the little snow leopardess and her budding obsession with girls getting their cute little fluffy asses bugged?

“Not too long,” the jaguaress replied with a disappointed smirk at the softly blushing snow leopardess. “Just long enough to see that despite my best efforts, my gift wound up on someone else’s face. How you managed that, and with her of all girls, I just don’t know. But... ah well. I guess you can’t win them all, can you?”

“Wait... did you *seriously* expect *me* to put that thing on *my* face?” Chyka questioned with an audible combination of confusion and displeasure.

“Yes,” the jaguaress answered. “I did.”

“You’re nuts,” Chyka responded with a shallow scowl. Beyond that, she really didn’t know what to say. Who was this jaguaress, exactly? And more importantly, what in

Goddess' name was she up to?

The woman had been so helpful the first time they'd met. She'd clued her in to Dr. Lae, helping her to end all the time jumping madness before it had even begun. The more the little snow leopardess thought about it, however, the more she could have sworn that she'd encountered the jaguaress once before as well. Once before...

"Wait a minute," Chyka said, one eyebrow raised as a sudden realization came over her. "You. You're the one who convinced me to join Gelitech, aren't you?"

"Shhh!" the jaguaress hushed, raising a lone glistening black finger to her lips. "Don't say another word. Neither of us are supposed to know anything about that, are we?"

The little snow leopardess bit her tongue and stared into the jaguaress' deep amber eyes. She was the one who'd convinced her to join Gelitech. But... that hadn't happened in



this timeline had, it? So how could she know? Unless...

“Well, it seems that you’re not quite as ready to abandon yourself to glossy black servitude this time around, are you?” she went on with a sly, mischievous smile. “It’s such a shame, really. I had so many sexy plans for the two of us. But I guess it shouldn’t be that big of a surprise. Things are... different now, aren’t they?”

“Not really,” Chyka replied, shrugging her shoulders.

“Oh, really?” the jaguaress responded with a raised eyebrow. “Surely you’d have noticed by now. Odd things. Things that don’t quite match how they were back... then? Really?”

“No,” Chyka answered with a looked around the library office. The only thing she could see that was any different than it had been the last time around was Nanya. Her presence was certainly odd, but it seemed at least vaguely

plausible that the preemptive defeat of Shi could have brought their paths together in this way. “I mean, there’s Nanya but...”

“Mmm,” the jaguaress responded with a purr. “Things haven’t played out quite the same way, have they? What else? What about your grandmother not being tied up in Dari? And... what about *you*?”

“What about me?” Chyka questioned with a deep sigh. She’d already had a long night and the jaguaress’ game was starting to get awfully tiring. It wouldn’t be long before people started finding their way to the library either. “Can you just get to the point, please?”

“You used to have your own little place in Shipyard, didn’t you?” the jaguaress noted with a smirk. “Now you’re living in that fancy upscale apartment of your grandmother’s. A place she never had back then, did she? And you. Nowadays you’re all caught up with those irrepressibly kinky inclinations of yours...”

“How do you know about that!?!” Chyka snapped. No one, besides perhaps her grandmother, knew about her kinky inclinations. There wasn’t a chance in all the hells that she’d told anyone about them, let alone those very specific urges to offer her herself up to various manners of total, mindless servitude. “Who told you about...”

“Does it really matter?” the jaguaress asked with a sly grin.

“Yes, I think it *does* matter,” Chyka replied crossing her arms and glaring up at the jaguaress. Had her grandmother actually told this woman about her kinks? Or... or were her memories and everything still a part of Omega? Was *she* still a part of Omega, despite all impressions to the contrary? That alone would explain so much.

“Don’t worry yourself about it,” the jaguaress cooed. “It really won’t change a thing in the long run. All that matters is that things

have changed. Not a lot. But just enough to have made some certain, very important things rather... unpredictable.”

“I want to know!” Chyka demanded. “Who was it?”

“It was someone special,” the jaguaress replied with a thoroughly disingenuous smile. “Someone very, very special. And someone who wants to make very sure that the past gets laid to a very permanent rest.”

“That’s not an answer to my question,” Chyka replied, crossing her arms with considerable frustration.

“You know it’s only a matter of time before it all catches up to you,” the jaguaress continued. “You’re going to go and set the whole world on a path straight into the Nine Heavenly Hells. Again.”

“You have to be kidding me,” Chyka snapped, glaring up at the jaguaress with

angry frustration. The past already was the past, so far as she was concerned. The path no longer existed. “How can I possibly do that when everything... when the past is the past? It’s gone. And I’ve got no way to relive it.”

“That’s what you think,” the jaguaress replied, glancing at the silent Vixie unit. “And yet, there she is. Nanya. Your intimate partner once again. Or at least she will be once you get her home, won’t she?”

“Hey! I promised not to make her do anything...” Chyka retorted with an angry scowl.

“Unless she was enjoying it, hmm?” the jaguaress hummed.

“You *were* standing there all the time, weren’t you?” Chyka snapped.

The jaguaress laughed. “And she *will* enjoy it, I can assure you. The mask has already taken away her ability not to. She’s yours as

much as she was back when... you know. Even when the mask comes off.”

“What? Are you... are you kidding me?” Chyka sputtered in disbelief. “I don’t want to...”

“What *you* want is irrelevant,” the jaguaress replied. “The past is working very hard to bring you back into its fold. To correct its mistakes. It brought you into Neny’s companionship again. What’s to stop if from leading you to Jumie? Sakie? *Ki’su*? What’s to stop it from setting us all back on that path, only this time with no way out?”

“That... *beast*. Whatever you want to call it. The dragille. The past. It’s *gone*,” Chyka hissed. “Forever. It’s not coming back to fix its mistakes again. Period.”

“The dragille?” the jaguaress replied with a raised eyebrow. “Was all this really *its* doing? Or was it just one of many such powers caught up in the greater plot while seeing to their own

nefarious objectives. You know. Like Shi. And Ki'su. And... *you!*"

"What!?!?" Chyka responded with considerable incredulity. "You have to be kidding me! I didn't do anything Omega didn't push me into. That *you* didn't push me into. You were the one who started this mess and, quite frankly, I'm done with it! I'm not playing your game anymore. I've moved on. If there's still a problem, then someone else can deal with it from now on."

"Someone else *is* dealing with it right now, aren't they?" the jaguaress answered with a low, insidious chuckle. "Or at least she's trying to. But you seem to have other ideas at the moment."

"What do you mean by that?" Chyka questioned with another angry snarl. "By trying to turn me into a Vixie? What good would that do to stop 'the past'?"

"It was just a small step on the path to

other... things,” the jaguaress replied, shaking her head in defeat. “But that’s neither here nor there right now. I tried. Let me just give you a bit of advice before I leave you with your new friend. Some sort of drastic change is going to have to happen to your future path through this world. If you’re not going to make it, someone else is eventually going to try and make it for you. And this time around...”

“I know!” Chyka answered, pounding the desk with one fist as she glared up at the jaguaress. “No one is going to force me to do anything. No one! Especially not you!”

The jaguaress sighed and turned to leave. “Suit yourself. Just don’t ever say that I didn’t warn you!”

“I’m not becoming anything,” Chyka snarled as the jaguaress walked away. “No one is going to dare to touch me. Not as long as grandma has anything to say about it. And she’s definitely going to have an awful lot to say...”



## WALKIES

“Oh Goddess,” Chyka muttered under her breath as she led her new companion through the broad pedestrian tunnel that connected the library to University Station. “This is so embarrassing!”

The little snow leopardess lowered her head and did everything she could to avoid eye contact with the many passers-by who were making their way to and from the main areas of the M.M.U. campus. On any other day, most of them would have been too absorbed in their own little worlds to have noticed that there was anything unusual about the biogel clad woman walking beside the little snow leopardess. They’d just walk on by without giving so much as a second glance to the

beautiful, glossy black shape in their midst. That was how common biogel wearers had become on campus. No one cared anymore. Well, not until today, apparently.

Today, absolutely everyone was gawking at the glistening black figure walking beside Chyka. Her mask seemed to draw their gaze like a magnet. They stared at its brightly illuminated 8-bit expression of vaguely contented neutrality. No doubt they wondered if it actually reflected the feelings of the woman trapped behind its otherwise featureless surface.

The little snow leopardess bit her lip and did her best to ignore all the gawking. It was hard. Too hard, in fact. What were they all thinking as they watched her lead her Vixie down the corridor? Were they curious? Were they fascinated? Or were they shocked that she and her partner were so uncouth as to try to play out their shiny bondage fantasy in public?

In spite of all the gawking, only one passer-by actually said anything that Chyka could hear.

“Oh! Just like those ads that are all over the place this morning!” the tigress had whispered to her friend as they’d paused to watch the objects of their attention pass by.

The little snow leopardess had almost stopped to ask what ads the tigress was talking about. She hadn’t seen any ads for the Vixie mask. Ever. But, in spite of her curiosity, her sense of embarrassment was just too deeply entrenched at this point. She just couldn’t do it.

Chyka’s curiosity wasn’t to be left unsatisfied, however. In the very last tunnel section before University Station, video panels on both walls displayed directions and information on local events, attractions, and goods that might be of interest to a passing traveler. As was so often the case, they were

showcasing today's featured product from the Gelitech Gelarium. That product, of course, was none other than the Vixie mask.

“No wonder everyone's staring,” Chyka murmured as she watched the ad for a few moments before continuing on into University Station's mezzanine level. It featured a Vixie working in store, assisting a cute ashiri shopkeeper with various sundry tasks. Intimations of physical intimacy were on full display, with the Vixie and her owner seemingly quite comfortable with plenty of touching that was much more than casual in nature.

“What are the chances they'd feature that today of all days?” the little snow leopardess murmured to herself as she broke away from the ad before it started to give her ideas. She'd made promises to Nanya. Promises that she couldn't quite keep now. But she could still do her best, and that would mean not taking advantage of the situation no matter how

much she might have wanted to.

The little snow leopardess took a deep breath and sighed. Seeing that ad was at least a small bit of relief. Given the proximity to the Gelarium, everyone was probably thinking that the two of them were out modeling. Or, given her own visible embarrassment, that the Vixie was out modeling by itself and had decided the best way to do it was to follow a random pedestrian around all morning.

The latter idea put a brief smile on Chyka's face. It was just the sort of thing the girls at Gelitech would arrange as a bit of a prank. And if the poor random stranger somehow managed to tolerate it, they might just wind up being allowed to take the Vixie home.

“Come on,” Chyka said, leading the Vixie toward the elevator that led down to the lower level's north platform. “Let's grab a train and get back to my place so we can... uh... whatever.”

Life as a Gelitech model had been a fun life, but given all that the mysterious jaguaress had said, the last thing she wanted to do was let herself get tempted into the company's grasp once again. She really had no choice but to assume that Omega had sent the jaguaress to try to snare her again. To take her into the fold using the Vixie mask. And then... what?

Just having Nanya around all the time was going to be a problem. Theoretically, Omega could use the shibi's biogel coating to snare her against her will. She could lay down in bed and wake up and coated in biogel, just like they'd almost certainly done to Nanya herself. Or worse, she could wake up an inanimate biogel gummy sex doll and shipped off to be fucked day and night by some anonymous alien that had been specially selected for its willingness and ability to fill her over and over and over...

"There goes my imagination again," Chyka huffed to herself as the lift door opened. "I really need to learn how to keep my mind from

wandering like that.”

Thankfully, there was no one inside the rectangular lift. Thankfully, and oddly, University Station was a bit of a major transportation hub for those wanting to avoid getting entangled with the maze of Spaceport Station, or the sheer size of South City Station beyond. Catching an empty lift at any time of day was a rarity, let alone during the beginnings of the morning commute.

“I’m not really that different than I used to be, am I?” the little snow leopardess asked herself as she led her Vixie into the lift. “I don’t think so. I’ve always been like this. Right?”

The lift door closed. It began to descend.

Much to Chyka’s surprise, the video panels on the lift walls were showing Vixie Mask ads. These were different from the ones being shown in the tunnel corridor. They featured domestic scenes, suggesting that Vixie servants

could vastly improve life in a biogel equipped home.

“Weird,” Chyka remarked as the lift came to a stop. “I don’t remember these masks being more than prototypes back then. Maybe things really have changed...”

The lift door opened, and the little snow leopardess stepped out onto the broad subway platform. There were two parallel platforms on University Station’s lower level. The south platform served the Yellow and Pink Lines. The north platform served the Blue and Green Lines.

Chyka intended to head straight home on the Green Line. Fleet Street Station was only two blocks from Mimarri Tower. The trip would be quick. She’d be home in no time. Then she could figure out just what to do with her Vixie, and how to explain it all to Ninya once she could finally get the mask off of her face.



A chime sounded as Chyka led her Vixie along the north side of the platform, toward its eastern end. She wanted to get a seat in the second or third car. These would stop closest to the exit at their destination. It was something she did purely out of habit. It made the trip seem a little bit faster.

On the tunnel wall, across the subway track, were numerous video displays showing a wide variety of advertisements. Most of these were fairly mundane ads for tourist traps, products, and sundry services. A few were ads for Gelitech products. One of these screens, of course, was advertising the Vixie Mask.

A chime sounded. “Yellow Line Westbound arriving at platform four.”

As Chyka moved down the platform, she could see the screen’s cycling through different ads out of the corner of her eye. Every time she glanced at them, the Vixie Mask ad was right across from her and her Vixie companion. Was

it just a coincidence, or was the ad actually following them?

A train rumbled into the far side of the South Platform. It was painted a very pale blue-gray, with a broad yellow stripe down its side.

*That would be totally Gelitech, the little snow leopardess thought as she pondered the question. Detecting Gelitech products in use and then advertising them to those who might be watching was definitely something Gelitech would do. Would do... but she couldn't remember them ever actually doing it while she was a model. Some things really have changed, haven't they?*

Again, a chime sounded. "Blue Line Eastbound arriving on platform one."

Chyka stopped about two thirds of the way down the platform and stepped back toward its center. The Blue and Green Line trains typically alternated with one another. They

shared tracks through Spaceport Station before branching out along their own paths. Both ran big loops through the whole of Mashiva, offset from one another by a few blocks except when traveling through the area of the Spaceport.

A train with a blue striped down its side rumbled into the platform. It had barely stopped with the doors opened, and dozens of travelers poured out. Most of these were tourists heading for the escalators leading to Anwae Arena and the Gelitech Gelarium beyond. There were a few other folks headed the other way, toward the University. And then there was one particular face that seemed as out of place as it did familiar.

“I was hoping I’d catch you here,” Dr. Kidan whispered as he pulled Chyka to the back side of the platform’s east lift.

“I’m not supposed to know you,” Chyka whispered back as she found herself practically pressed against the cold concrete wall by the

soft-spoken scientist.

“I know,” Dr. Kidan replied. “Listen. I have to be quick, so I can’t tell you this more than once.”

“Tell me what?” Chyka questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“You need to be very careful,” Dr. Kidan replied. “Things are different. People are different. Even the ones you think that you know. Not drastically, mind you. But subtly. Like something’s missing from our collective past. Something very minor, yet significant enough to shift things just a bit.”

“How do you know?” Chyka asked. “You weren’t...”

“Variances in the transdimensional flow,” Dr. Kidan answered. “Errant patterns that don’t quite make sense. I’m still trying to figure out where things went wrong.”

“Wrong?” Chyka inquired. “What do you mean, wrong?”

Dr. Kidan looked around with a deeply concerned expression on his face. “It just can’t be right. I don’t have time to explain it. You just need to be very careful. Don’t automatically trust anyone. Not even the people you’ve always trusted the most. I need to go. I’ll talk to you again when I can.”

“I don’t understand,” Chyka replied as Dr. Kidan turned away and headed for the Anwae Arena escalator. “What the hell was that all about?”

Again, the chime sounded. “Green Line Eastbound arriving on platform one.”

“That was weird,” Chyka muttered as she stepped up to the edge of the platform. First the jaguaress trying to get her to put on the Vixie mask and now the Gelitech scientist saying she couldn't trust anyone?

The Green striped train rumbled into the platform. Its doors opened.

“Come on, Vixie,” Chyka said as she led her companion onto the train. “I’m not letting Gelitech tell me what to do with my life. Let’s go home.”

**TO BE CONTINUED...**