

GELITECH

TURNABOUT

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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SEASON 3 – EPISODE 8

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FAIR PLAY

All's fair in love and war, Chyka thought as she pondered the famous mitanni saying. *More like all's fair in lust and war. But which one is this?*

Ky'tin had always seemed to like the little snow leopardess. She was about the only one the mitanni truly got along with back at Gelitech. Now, however, she didn't seem to see Chyka as being anything more than an object. A trophy to be mounted upon her precious tree along with her other conquests. Was it out of lust for the possession of her body, transformed in a fashion that satisfied her most arousing fetish? Or was it a war of retribution against her soul, the victim turned mistress determined to ensure that their relative status would never again be reversed?

Chyka wasn't sure. Nor was she really in any state to ask. Her strength was gone. So too was her willpower. All she could do was lay limp in her captor's grasp and await the inevitable.

The little snow leopardess shuddered as Ky'tin lifted her head toward an open space beneath one of the hellish tree's large branches. Soon she would be dangling in the air, dripping vaginal mucous all over the ground just like all the other upside down blooms. It was a terrifying prospect, one made even worse by the knowledge that there would be no reprieve. It would be her eternal fate. Her eternal damnation, one from which she could never, ever escape.

On the positive side of matters, at least the little snow leopardess could take some comfort in knowing that she wasn't going to be reduced to a helpless abdomen attached to the end of a demonic vine. She wasn't going to be made available to be used by all demonkind, in whatever manner they might see fit. Assuming

the Hells weren't home to something inclined to pollinate the blooms, that is. Granted, that at least *might* be a bit more interesting than the other alternatives she'd seen thus far. At least for a little while. But then... what? Would she just be left there to ooze intimate juices and maybe get pollinated every so often and little else?

"Here we go," Ky'tin cooed as she lifted her captive up a bit higher. "Just a little bit more and you shall become an eternal part of my magnificent garden. Oh, how I shall enjoy gazing upon your beautiful petals. Tasting your sweet nectar. Mmm!"

There was a woody creaking just above Chyka's head. This was followed by a sharp cracking as a small cloud of woody dust cascaded downward along with numerous little bits of shattered bark. She looked up to find herself mere centimeters from a deep, dark hole in the branch. She could only imagine what it was going to feel like as the wood

pressed in and began to subsume her.

No matter how terrifying the prospect might have been, the little snow leopardess knew it was going to feel good. Intoxicatingly good, in fact. She would have no choice but to enjoy it. That was the way of the Nine Heavenly Hells. But even knowing that, the thought of being transformed into a demonic flower gave her an unexpected burst of energy.

“No,” the Chyka hissed as her newfound strength helped her come to a rather belated conclusion as to the proper course of action. That, of course, was to resist. She began to wiggle and squirm against the mitanni’s powerful grip. “Just... no!”

“Don’t struggle. It’ll only...” Ky’tin replied as she attempted to raise her captive up into the shallow opening in the underside of the branch. In doing so, however, she was placed in a very awkward position. No matter how strong her grip was, it was no use in holding

onto a mucous covered fey'li suddenly possessed of the will, the determination, and the leverage to take advantage of it. "Hey! No! Let me..."

Chyka slipped from Ky'tin's grip just as her head was about to enter the opening in the demonic tree branch. She fell to the ground in a splatter of mucous as the mitanni made a vain effort to regain a hold of her. The little snow leopardess was just too small and too dexterous a target, even if she found herself almost just as hampered by the mucous as her captor had been.

"And what do you think you're going to achieve?" Ky'tin laughed as she watched the little snow leopardess slip and slide about on her hands and knees, just out of easy reach. "Do you really think you can escape my domain? Do you really think you can escape my demonic guests? No. There is no escape. If you run from me, then your little body will be adorning the seething giant cock of the first

demon to find you. And they *will* find you. So, what would you prefer? To adorn my tree or spend the rest of your immortal existence as a demon's cock-sheathe? The choice is yours."

"I'll take eternal demon cock any day over your nasty plants," Chyka snapped in reply as a plan began to take shape in her mind. It was a risky plan, for sure. But it was certainly better than the alternative of being chased around the strange, maze like garden by the one who'd created it. She smiled. "But not before I've had a little fun of my own."

"Oh, really?" Ky'tin chuckled. "And how do you plan on achieving that, hmm?"

"It might be the Hells, but we're still playing by mitanni rules, aren't we?" Chyka replied with a broad grin. Without pausing to give her target time to figure out what she'd meant, the little snow leopardess bolted straight for the mitanni's ankles. With a bit of luck, she might be able to hit with enough force to put her off

of her hooves. With a bit more luck, she might knock the mitanni into one of the lower branches that were quite conveniently located at just about head height.

“You must be jesting,” Ky’tin sighed as the little snow leopardess crashed into her powerful legs. “You really think you’re strong enough to wrestle me down?”

Much to the little snow leopardess considerable consternation, the mitanni didn’t budge.

“There,” Ky’tin giggled, reaching down with both hands. “Are you done? Yes? Then let’s get that silly little head of yours in its hole and...”

All’s fair in lust and war, Chyka thought as the mitanni seemed poised to grab her. *And this is war!*

It was said that the Nine Heavenly Hells were as painless as they were terrifying. There was only horror and pleasure, and nothing

else. It seemed like now was the perfect time for Chyka to find out if all that was actually true or not.

Ky'tin screeched as the little snow leopardess sunk her sharp teeth into her left ankle. Whether or not it was from pain or simply shock at her combative victim's temerity was impossible to tell. The mitanni staggered back. She tripped over a large root that jutted out from the base of the tree. In order to steady herself, she reached out to grab onto one of those low hanging branches. Her hand missed, and her horns struck the wood with a loud, empty sounding *thunk*. The branch creaked. It cracked. An opening began to form behind her head.

The mitanni gasped in horror as the demonic wood drew her head in by the horns. Before she could react, she was in up to her ears. "No! No! You're my creation! You aren't... you can't!..." she swore at the tree as it gave her the same treatment that it has given to so

many of her captives. “Let me go! Let me go!”

Ky’tin began to struggle against the tree. She squirmed. She writhed. She flailed and kicked as her head was quickly pulled in until only her face was left exposed.

The terrified mitanni’s kicking did little to help her cause, but it did succeed in sending Chyka on a short flight down the garden path from which they’d come. That was perfectly fine by her, despite the painful tumble of a landing. She was now well out of reach and could watch without fear of being dragged in again.

“You... little... bitch!” Ky’tin swore as the wood began to close over her face, covering her cheeks, forehead and eyes.

“You asked me which one of us was the real demon here,” Chyka replied as she sat up with a smirk on her face. “I’d have thought a mitanni like you would have been prepared to be challenged for that title. Your loss. My win.”

“Bitch!” Ky’tin hissed one last curse as the branch finally drew what was left of her head within.

Chyka couldn’t help but smile as she watched the mitanni shudder and writhe, her whole head now completely encased within the branch. Or was it? Bark was beginning to spread down from where her neck was held within the wood. It was no mere covering though. It was a transformation of the faux-biogel that coated her body. It was a transformation of her skin. No doubt it was also a transformation of the flesh beneath.

Only Ky’tin’s continued struggles suggested that her mind was still attached to her body. That was no surprise, of course. In a place like the Hells, one’s soul was always firmly attached to one’s body no matter what kind of state it was in.

Chyka grinned as she watched the mitanni shudder and writhe. Despite her own personal

aversion to the tree and its powers, she just couldn't help but find the sight of Ky'tin's transformation more than just a bit arousing. She could feel a brief, distant tingle between her legs as she watched the line of bark slither downward, fusing the mitanni's arms to her sides as it began to spread over her large breasts.

"She was right about one thing, wasn't she?" the little snow leopardess mused as she reached down to gently rub the turn of her pelvis with her left hand. The mitanni's legs were fusing together in a mass of glistening blackness as her rock hard nipples turned into woody knobs. "That is pretty sexy, isn't it?"

Ky'tin's legs now split into a set of six large black petals that hung from her hip line in a closed, upside down floral bloom. Above these, her abdomen turned green and formed a bulbous base for the flower, while the bark spread down her upper belly to meet it. The whole shape gave one last twisting shudder as

the transformation came to its conclusion. The petals then opened. A drizzle of mitanni vaginal juices began to issue forth, oozing over the big root and forming a little puddle to one side of it.

Chyka stood up and approached the new bloom. “I just *have* to taste her. Just to know... what could have been if she’d let us both be the demons.”

Chyka stopped and reached under the bloom with her left hand, still toking between her legs with her right. Fresh warm mucous soon displaced the old, and she lifted it up to take in its slightly briny, slightly piquant scent. Her fingers dug into her faux-biogel covered womanhood as a wave of arousal swept through her entire body. She opened her mouth. She stretched out her tongue. She licked the goo from her fingers.

Before the little snow leopardess could even register what was happening, her body had

risen to such a state of stimulation that a massive orgasm thumped through her abdomen. Amid the resulting wave of heady euphoria, a sense of belonging filled her mind. A sense of understanding. She was the demon now. The garden was hers. Or was it?

A loud laugh echoed through the garden. “Well, well, well,” the vaguely feminine voice remarked with thorough bemusement. “How utterly unexpected. Who would have thought the debtor would turn the debt collector into their payment?”

DEMONIZED

“What... what?” Chyka called out in response to the strange voice. She looked around at the plants. The eerily greenish sky. No matter how hard she looked, however, there was no sign of its source.

“Who... who are you?” the little snow leopardess questioned after a long and awkward silence.

“Who am I?” the voice laughed in reply. “Who are you to dare ask? You fancy yourself brave? Not afraid of anything? Not even the Mistress of the Hells herself?”

“You... you’re...” Chyka sputtered as a strange feeling came over her. It was a

powerful feeling, not unlike what she had once felt when Omega exerted control. Whoever the being was, it clearly held the same sort of power over her. Could it really be the fabled Mistress herself? “Are you really...”

“The mortals who inhabit your native reality have decided, for some unfathomable reason, to call me Key’sha,” the voice replied. “These nine realms of immortal pleasure are my domain. All who reside within them prostrate their souls before my whim and will. None dare contest my power. None dare question me. None, save you, it seems.”

Chyka bit her lip and waited for bad news. Given how badly she’d held up her side of the bargain before falling into the Hells, it was almost inevitable, wasn’t it? And it was almost sure to be far worse than getting turned into a flower on Ky’tin’s tree to boot.

“Curious, isn’t it?” the Mistress Key’sha continued. “A creature so desperate to be in

control of its own existence that it refuses to submit to those who have absolute control over it. Curious. Normally I would punish you for such a rebellious demeanor. But... I do not think that would serve my current interests at the moment. After all, you don't really belong here, do you?"

"I... don't?" Chyka questioned. She certainly felt like she belonged. She was the demon of the garden now, wasn't she?

The Mistress Key'sha again laughed. "No, you don't. You have a much more important place to be, and a much more important task to dedicate your immortal existence to. Don't you?"

"I'm not going to help you," Chyka responded with a deep frown. Going back to the mortal realm might be much nicer than staying in the Hells, but at what cost? She was tired of being forced to take those kinds of risks, over and over again to no apparently

good end. It was time to take a stand, even if it meant taking Ky'tin's place in the garden, and no doubt eventually sharing her fate in the process as well. "Not again. Not after all that happened to me. To everyone I love. No. I'm not going to do it. I'm going to stay here and I'm going to do whatever Ky'tin was doing and that's that. Period."

"Do you really think I'm giving you a choice?" the Mistress Key'sha replied. "No. There is no choice. But... no matter. You were never my true target. You were merely a catalyst for events. Expecting you to effect my ultimate purpose as well was, perhaps, a bit of unjustified optimism on my part."

"And who was your true target if it wasn't me?" Chyka questioned with considerable skepticism.

"And why should *you* be privy to such secrets?" the Mistress Key'sha answered. "No. No. These are not things which you have even

the slightest need to know. In fact, it would be most deleterious to the success of your new purpose if you understood.”

“New purpose?” Chyka hissed. “No. I am *not* going to be your puppet again! And besides, I’m a demon now, aren’t I? A demon of the Hells. I can’t just go back and live a mortal life again, right?”

“Indeed,” the Mistress Key’sha responded. “You are. Amusingly self-made, but a demon of the Hells nonetheless. But that just makes you even more perfectly suited for the task at hand.”

“You aren’t going to force me to...” Chyka snapped.

“I won’t be forcing you to do anything,” the Mistress Key’sha replied. “I won’t have to. You will do it all on your own. Because it is your nature. It is who you are. It is who you have always been.”

“Then just send me back and let me get on with my life,” Chyka responded with a snarl. “But I’m not doing your bidding no matter what. Ever!”

“Feisty!” the Mistress Key’sha chuckled. “As much as I would love to punish your insolence, I have to confess that it suits you quite well. Perhaps I shall. Omega is waiting, after all. It would be quite presumptuous of me to keep my successor waiting for her favorite little servant, wouldn’t it?”

“Your... your what?” Chyka replied with surprise at the suggestion of Omega somehow being the successor to the current Mistress of the Hells.

“Does it really surprise you?” the Mistress Key’sha asked. “No matter. All that matters is that she has the tools she needs to ascend into my place. Only then can I finish the journey that began with the sacrifice of my whole people and many more alongside them. Only

then can I know what it is to become a true divinity.”

“You... you’re... you’re key’vin’ta?” Chyka asked as the Mistress Key’sha’s story struck a very familiar tone.

“I once was,” the Mistress Key’sha replied. “But that is all quite irrelevant. I imagine she has something quite special in store for you. A reward for all you’ve been through thus far. And if you embrace it, perhaps she’ll give you a layer of the Hells to rule yourself one day, to reshape into a place fitting your own darkest inclinations. But... that is for the very distant future, isn’t it? For now...”

The glistening black faux-biogel that coated Chyka’s body suddenly transformed into the real thing. An instant later, the whole of her body had become biogel, just as it had been when she had been a part of Omega. A part of the Unity. Something about it, however, was... different. It had a strangely ethereal feel that

imbued her with a deep sense of angelic purity. At the same time it had a rather piquant feel that gave her an equally deep sense of demonic mischievousness.

The puzzled little snow leopardess watched the Ky'tin's garden dissolve into the familiar transdimensional whirlpool of damnation. Rather than falling into its depths, however, this time she was being sent soaring upward, out of the Hells, and toward a blindingly bright light. Toward the real world, whatever form that might take this time around.

Chyka entered the light. Then it all went dark. Then she opened her eyes.

BACK TO GELITECH

“Oh... Goddess,” Chyka moaned as she opened her eyes and squinted into the bright beams of warm sunlight that were cascading into the giant windows of her luxurious Gelitech apartment. “What a crazy dream that was. It was a dream, wasn’t it? Yeah. It had to be. But... oh shit! What time is it? Did I forget to go to work? Classes start... today? They start today, don’t they?”

“Affirmative,” Vixie replied.

Chyka looked around the familiar room. Or at least it *seemed* familiar, on the face of it. There was the huge biogel bed fit for a small pride of biogel clad beauties. The dressers to either side. The cathedral ceiling. The massive

windows. It was all just like she remembered from that... previous life?

“This isn’t... wait... I’ve seen this place before,” Chyka said as she found herself looking into the large circular living chamber, with its artwork covered walls, its four support columns and the sunken seating area within. Above was a glowing dome that cast the area in an eerie pinkish purple light. “The wall between the bedroom and the... oh... oh Goddess... I’m still in the Hells!”

“Negative,” Vixie observed “You are in the Gelitech Gelarium, Mashiva, Maria IV, Marian Drift Prefecture, Fey’li Empire.”

“No,” Chyka muttered as she began to slide off the edge of the bed. “No. I may be stupid half the time, but I’m *not* that stupid! You are *not* going to trick me a second time.”

“I do not understand,” Vixie replied. “Please clarify your statement.”

Chyka was about to snap at her fake Vixie servant when one of the tall mirrors that lined the walls to either side of the bed caught her eye. She gasped in confused horror at the sight of her demonic reflection.

“Goddess,” Chyka murmured as she stared at her altered shape. There was no mistaking what she had become. “I... I really am a demon!”

The little snow leopardess body was no longer coated in glistening blackness. Instead, much of her body was coated in glossy, pure white biogel. Her boots, back, and much of her left side was coated patches and stringers of shiny black biogel that constantly shifted about in a deeply unsettling fashion. And, as if all that weren't enough to leave the little snow leopardess stunned silent, her back was adorned with black biogel versions of a slime-demon's quasi-skeletal wings. Between the bones were continuously shifting shapes of biogel sheen. The tips were adorned with

with glowing purple gobzite ‘gems’ which exuded a warm, fizzy transdimensional energy that she could manipulate with almost arbitrary ease.

“Oh... oh wow,” Chyka murmured as she flexed her wings and tested her innate purple slime power. She could feel the throbbing energy. It felt quite similar to the power she had once wielded through her key’vin’ta holy staff. Now, however, it felt far more potent. Far more visceral. And far more natural, as if it were something that she had known and wielded all her life.

The little snow leopardess looked to her strange biogel coating. The passive white felt pure. Warm. Wholesome. And sexy, in a positive, constructive sort of way.

The crawling, creeping black biogel felt very different. In many ways, it felt just like black biogel had always felt. Dark. All encompassing. All consuming, even. Sexy, as well, but in a

way that drew the mind toward things it would never otherwise contemplate.

Chyka wasn't sure if it was the black biogel itself, or the contrast against the pure feeling of the white that made it feel so sensually unpleasant. It felt tempting. Corrupting. Almost... voracious, as if it actively wanted to subsume anyone and everyone its host might come into contact with.

"It's... so..." the little snow leopardess murmured as she tried to make sense of what she was feeling.

"Exquisite?" Lady Anwae inquired as she stood up from one of the couches in the sunken seating area.

"Wha... you!" Chyka sputtered, spinning around to face the gently smiling cheetah with a distrustful scowl on her face. Whatever confidence she had once had in the being called Omega had been shattered by the revelation that she was heiress to the Mistress

of the Hells. It was hard not to see her as a beast now. A monster, using her sexy biogel to ensnare and corrupt in order to achieve transcendence into the likes of a sensually sadistic demigoddess.

“I was wondering when you’d finally turn up,” Lady Anwae chuckled as she approached her deeply uncertain servant. “The Hells are quite an inhospitable place, aren’t they?”

“You... you could say that,” Chyka replied with a raised eyebrow. How did Lady Anwae know she’d been to the Hells? Was it confirmation that she was a willing participant in the Mistress Key’sha’s plan?

“I have to imagine that it found you more quite a bit more inhospitable to it than it was to you,” Lady Anwae noted with a smirk. “You didn’t escape unchanged, though, did you?”

“I wasn’t just going to roll over and get fucked for all eternity,” Chyka answered with a frown. “But you can’t just be you unless you’re

a demon so...”

Lady Anwae laughed. “I figured as much. So, what do you think? Does it suit you?”

Chyka’s first inclination was to make a snide remark about Omega’s secret intentions. Then she would refuse to have any part of it all. But she didn’t. In fact, she couldn’t. Despite her being a demon of the Hells, the dominance of Omega was still just as powerful as ever. All she could do was say, “Yes, Mistress.”

Granted, it wasn’t entirely a lie. Despite the unsettling appearance, her demonic shape actually did feel quite comfortable. Even the strange contrasting sensations of the two colors of biogel felt natural to her. As to whether or not it actually pleased her... of that she wasn’t quite sure.

“Good,” Lady Anwae replied with an approving nod and a mischievous smile. “Now... I suppose you’re wondering why your demonically angelic transformation doesn’t

bother me in the least, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Chyka replied. She certainly did, even though the Mistress Key'sha's revelations already offered more than enough in the way of explanation.

Lady Anwae grinned. "Well, you see, even after all that's happened. After Shi. After Dr. Kidan's poorly thought out temporal meddling. After your excursion to rowa buggidom. I still haven't forgotten about the special role I'd always wanted you to fulfill."

"And that was?" Chyka questioned. After all that had happened, she could barely remember which event had taken place when, let alone anything Lady Anwae, Omega, had mentioned about a special role.

"I wanted you and your growing pride to go out an experience the bizarre and alien," Lady Anwae replied. "And to study those experiences so that Gelitech could craft biogel versions to help attract far more customers that we ever

otherwise could.”

“Oh, that,” Chyka responded with a roll of her eyes. She remembered Omega saying something along those lines in the past. She’d assumed it was just a passing idea that had almost immediately been forgotten.

“Just as important,” Lay Anwae continued, “you will help fulfill my own promise to the Empress to assist in the study of xenoexperiences in general. To provide a scientific basis for the identification and promotion of various positive experiences compatible with the government’s efforts to blunt population growth back to sustainable levels.”

“That’s not...” Chyka began as her mind turned toward the Mistress Key’sha’s stated intentions and the assumption that Lady Anwae was an aware and active participant.

“That’s not what the Mistress of the Hells wants you to do?” Lady Anwae chuckled. “Of

course it isn't. And why should we care? We have an eternity before us. Whatever her desires are, let her wait."

Chyka was confused. Shouldn't Lady Anwae actually *want* to take over the Hells?

"That confuses you?" Lady Anwae noted. "Yes, we defeated Shi. If Shi had achieved her goal, she would have taken over the Hells and reduced the Mistress to just another captive soul rather than allowing her to ascend to some higher state. Then she lured you into the Hells so you could become a pretty little demon girl in an effort to influence me into doing whatever it is she wants from me."

"Lured?" Chyka questioned with a sneer as she finally managed to find her own voice again. "You mean I was bounced around in time and turned into a rowa worm and then... I died and went to the Hells?"

Lady Anwae laughed. "Die? No. You never died. In fact, your old body is still present and

very much alive. Though... your premature abandonment *did* result in its reversion into a rowa worm. A biogel rowa worm. I imagine Dr. Kidan is going to be quite surprised to learn that he's only been 'dating' your lesser half. Surprised, and a bit embarrassed, I imagine."

Chyka bit her lip. The thought of Dr. Kidan getting sucked off by a biogel rowa worm was unsettling enough. That the worm had once been her own living body left her feeling quite conflicted. Should she be disturbed? Horrified? Embarrassed? Curious? Fascinated? Maybe even take it as a very personal compliment?

"Which brings me to just why your state as an actual demon girl is so perfect for the mission I have in mind," Lady Anwae said, reaching out to run a hand down the outer bone of Chyka's left wing. "Dr. Kidan has recently created the means to place any soul into a fully animate biogel body of virtually arbitrary form. A magnificent device which can fully restore anyone who has become a biogel

object, finally fulfilling the promise of biogel's military potential to create weapons which disable without fatalities, and who's innocent victims can be restored to some semblance of normal life. But..."

"But what?" Chyka questioned.

"It can also be used to allow *anyone* to experience *anything*, and then be restored into a biogel body to tell the tale," Lady Anwae replied. "I'm sure you can see just how drastically that changes how we can go about fulfilling our objective. We no longer have to rely on the subjective experiences of geldancers. Geldancers who are already quite accustomed to taking on drastically differing forms with all their drastically differing sensations. Now we can take anyone and throw them to the aliens and beasts and get their own honest assessment of the experience. We can take data from multiple subjects and use it to form conclusions which will inform the government's proposed xenoepereicne rating

system. Isn't that wonderful?"

Chyka didn't know quite what to think. It was certainly an interesting idea. Given how many people were more than happy to get into xenoexperiecnes already, there'd probably be no end to the supply of volunteers either. It would certainly be fun to observe the activities. It might even be just as much fun to hear what the volunteers had to say about it all afterwards. Would they be revolted? Would they find it fascinating? Would the be willing to do it again... perhaps even 'for real'? Or at least as 'for real' as a biogel person could?

"But... the technology is dangerous," Lady Anwae went on, shifting her caress to her little biogel demon's cheek. "It can become quite unpredictable. Your own randomly disjointed journey is more than enough evidence of that. Dr. Kidan never had the time to figure out why things always went off the rails. The matter of Shi was just far too pressing to allow for it. Until now."

“I don’t even know when now actually is,” Chyka replied as she began to wonder just who was actually manipulating who. Until she’d wound up in the Hells, she’d assumed it was the dragille. But... had it really been Dr. Kidan? Why hadn’t he ever said anything about it?

In retrospect, it seemed like knowing about Dr. Kidan’s ability to create time jumps might have been quite useful in defeating Shi without nearly as much trouble as she’d been forced to endure. Or was he just another pawn as well? Was he the real target the Mistress Key’sha had mentioned? Was his new technology the result of her influence? If what Lady Anwae had said about animating gummies to give them relatively normal lives then it might well be. After all, what better way to get even more people into biogel bodies than to take away the worst of the consequences?

“It was only when your restoration went awry that he realized that he needed to add some sort of transdimensional anchor to the

mix,” Lady Anwae went on. “Apparently, the only truly effective option that exists right now is an anchor crafted from purple gobzite. To make matters more complicated, a new one is required for every use of that particular portion of his invention, something only a key’vin’ta priestess can provide. Or... a pretty little biogel demon girl like you.”

“So that’s why me being a demon is so perfect?” Chyka asked. “So I make these transdimensional anchor things?”

“Yes,” Lady Anwae replied. “In a nutshell.”

“That doesn’t sound like any fun at all,” Chyka quipped as she began to feel a bit more on the piquant side. The black biogel spread further through the white on her body, squirming and wiggling so energetically that it began to burst out in the form of bumps and small tendrils on its surface. “What’s the point of being a literal demon if I can’t have have fun?”

“Oh, don’t you worry about having fun,” Lady Anwae replied with a laugh. “I’m sure you’ll soon acquire plenty of your own servants to make the anchors for you. A biogel demon can create more of her own kind, after all. Then you can spend your time engaged in more, shall we say, academic pursuits. After all, who better than a librarian to see to the collection of all that data, hmm?”

Chyka shrugged. Collecting data didn’t seem like much fun either. At least, not on the face of it. If she could use it as an excuse to directly observe... would she be able to do that? Could she actually participate in these experiences without consequence, just like the subjects? She could join them and encourage them and learn what was needed to help draw out all the little details from them once their experience was done. And if they were biogel beings afterwards... could she see into their minds? Relive what they had felt directly through their memories?

“*The Librarian*, in fact,” Lady Anwae mused as she drew her hand back from the little biogel demon’s face. “You shall become the centralized source of all things related to xenoexperience, biogel included. How does that sound, hmm?”

Chyka shrugged.

“Of course, seeking out any new and interesting xenoexperience will require a means to travel to its source,” Lady Anwae added with a grin. “And, it just so happens, I’ve come into possession of just the perfect starship. One of the Imperial Yachts, to be exact. A luxurious vessel that will be sure to draw in volunteers like bears to a beehive. And one that will, perhaps, provide some compensation for the trials you’ve been through. I call it... the *Destiny Explorer*.”

“I suppose that could be... kind of fun,” Chyka answered with a skeptical sigh. She had no idea how to run a starship, let alone any

real inclination to go adventuring in space. But... did she have any real choice?

“I’m sure you’ll make it quite fun for all involved,” Lady Anwae replied as she turned to leave. “For now, though, I’m going to leave you to you to think about how you’re going to present yourself to the world. What shape you want to take when you aren’t being so beautifully demonic. And perhaps to decide just who you want to tempt into joining you in demonhood first.”

Chyka nodded as she watched Lady Anwae depart. She was still more than a bit confused. Yet again, things were moving so quickly that she didn’t really have time to catch up. She didn’t even know what sort of world it was she’d returned to. Was it the same one in which she’d become a rowa worm? Was the previous world, sans Shi? Or was it a new one altogether? She had to find, but first she had to figure out how to change her shape into something more amenable to the eyes of those

who'd knew her.

TO BE CONTINUED...