

GELITECH

TWEEN EPISODE 1.5

A LITTLE LIGHT ROLE-PLAY

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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A LITTLE LIGHT ROLE-PLAY

"Hey there, new girl!" the tall, muscular man called out from across the dimly lit canteen. His dull, ashen colored face was contorted into an exaggerated, machismo steeped grin. He winked in a sly, mischievous way toward the little snow leopardess who'd just picked up a packet of chocolate chip cookies from the counter. "How'd you like to try out a shiny new biogel body on for size this morning? We've got lots of very attractive options to choose from, and they're all available for a price so low, you'll think they're free! Because they are! What do you say? Interested?"

Chyka crossed her arms and looked over her shoulder at the overly enthusiastic interloper. "Dran. You know that I work here too, right?"

"Well, yeah," the big, gray nivandi replied with a deeply disappointed look on his face. "Still. Can't hurt to try. You never know, right?"

Chyka raised an eyebrow. "There's no bonuses for sweet talking the other staff," she noted as she tore open the packet of cookies. The sweet aroma of succulent dark chocolate filled her nose. Gelitech sure knew how to please its staff. Even the break room snacks were second to none.

"Well, I mean... I gotta practice somehow, right?" Dran responded with a less than convincing shrug. "I mean, let's face it. With that fine little body of yours, you'd make a great looking gummy. Really! You would! And I'll bet you'd bring in a heaping wad of cash in a charity auction. All proceeds go to the Frontier Assistance Fund. It's a wonderful organization dedicated to eliminating poverty and bringing the benefits of modern civilization to independent colony worlds in deep frontiers. Wouldn't it be great to help

support such a noble cause with that beautiful body? How about it?"

"You're going to have to do a hell of a lot better than that," Chyka replied with a smirk as she turned to pick up her mug of steaming hot nibune coffee. "I've heard those rowa robot hunters make a more convincing argument than that, and they've got about as much charisma as a moss covered rock."

Tashie chucked from her seat at a nearby table. "Seriously though. You need to lose that 'girls like to play kinky dress-up' trope. Coming from another girl, it might sound a bit silly or playful. Coming from a guy, it just sounds... well, let's just say it sounds a bit creepy. Like you don't really care about the woman you're supposed to be offering guidance to. Like you're just there to get her to do something so you can watch it for your own personal pleasure."

"Indeed," a lavender skinned elf-ear called Sey'li agreed from another table. "You are not selling a used car. You are not selling anything, really. You are supposed to be gently guiding someone into a complete transformation of how they will be living life for the rest of a virtually eternal future. You need inspiring adjectives. A bit of appropriate grandiosity. And you definitely need to learn how to convey convincing sincerity. Otherwise, you will just sound like a sexist ass."

Dran rolled his dark blue eyes.

"She's right, ye' know," Gorin, a short, bearded fellow with piercing green eyes noted as he sat down opposite Sey'li. "Gotta spend yerself a lot more time studyin' technique and a lot less time starin' at shiny black butts. Not that I personally mind, really. It's rather quite flattering."

The canteen burst in to laughter.

"But it ain't helpin' ye' get through practical training," Gorin added. "If ye' wanna get out on the floor with the rest of us, ye' gotta change how ye' look at people. An' women in particular. It might've worked in the ol' used car lot, but it ain't gonna work in civilized society here. Ye' cacthin' my drift?"

Dran shook his head. "I don't know what you think ladies like, but I've had plenty of experience..."

"Sellin' old junkers to foul mouthed farm girls," Gorin laughed. "Those lass's'l give it right back t' ye, and better than they got. And I'm bettin' that's why yer here right now, and not still tryin' t' push old hunks o' rusty metal on a bunch of sassy gearheads who a'ch'ly know how t' tell a lemon from a decent fixer-upper."

Dran's face turned a shade lighter.

"Now, that Tash," Gorin went on. "She knows how t' get it done. How many girls did'je get last week, love?"

"Eleven," Tashie replied with a casual flick of her tail. "And three guys. Gotta keep my numbers up for that big bonus at the end of the month, you know."

"See?" Gorin chuckled. "Jus' pay attention t' how she does it, an' ye'll be getting' butts into biogel in no time flat. Easy-peasy, fruity-squeezy."

"Mmm," Tashie purred, turning to Chyka with a warm, inviting smile. "Hey there! I've noticed you looking at our selection of exotic gummiforms. Is there anything you see that happens to pique your particular interest?"

"Well, I guess," Chyka responded with a curious expression. They'd been role playing interactions for days now, and it had become almost second nature to play along whenever

someone offered a reasonable sounding opener. It was all part of the training prior to the new hires' being sent out onto the Gelarium floor. Some were getting the hang of it far better than others. "A lot of these are awfully weird. It's hard to believe anyone would want to live in a shape like that. But... I honestly can't help but wonder what they might feel like."

"Much like the forms that inspired them, I would have to say," Tashie replied with well practiced smoothness. The tigress was one of the Gelarium's most experienced models. As such, one of her most important duties was to help new hires get into the groove of things before actually interacting with guests in the Gelarium. "But physical sensations aren't things that can be described in words without some relatable frame of reference. I can do my best to place what you see in terms that you might be able to relate to. Even then, the imagined feel you might picture in your mind could well be quite different from what the form actually provides."

"Convincing," Gorin noted with an approving nod.

"Mmm," Sey'li responded a much less convincing nod. Her skeptical expression seemed to suggest a rather different opinion.

"I just can't believe that people actually have themselves made into these things," Chyka said with soft sigh and a shake of her head. "I mean... look at these things. They look so... deeply unpleasant."

"You may be surprised to learn that the most unpleasant looking of the gummiforms are among the most popular," Tashie answered with a brief smirk a the rather chagrined looking nivandi. "In particular, forms which have a certain overall conceptual familiarity, but lack the particular erotic attractions normally found on the typical humanoid body. It's these forms that promise the most unusual, and might I say, stimulating of alien

sensations. It's that quality which many seem to find enticing enough to try these rather unpleasant looking forms out for themselves."

"That's... interesting," Chyka replied with a distinctly unconvinced tone. It was all well and good enough to play the girl who stepped through the Gelarium doors with the intention to go all-in. But they were few and far between. Most guests were just curious to see what it was all about, or just there to acquire relatively mundane biogel lifestyle goods from the relatively normal Gelitech showroom on the south side of the Gelarium's ground floor. This time, she was going to play one of those curious guests, interesting in exploring the idea rather than initiating the action. "Which one of these is *your* favorite?"

"Well, I'm quite honestly rather partial to the dorshin grub," Tashie replied without missing a single beat. "There's just something about the idea of being transformed into a segmented squirmy-wormy thing that... well... the more I think about

it, the more it gets my motor running, if you know what I mean. It's just so different. So bizarre. And it's fully functional too."

"Fully functional?" Chyka inquired, genuinely surprised by the suggestion that a shape with limited capacity for movement could possibly be described as having functionality. "How do you mean? I thought they were just objects that could move a bit when warm?"

"That's a common misconception, born of misunderstanding, fostered by media who often describe gummies as being mere poseable dolls," Tashie explained. "In reality, gummies have a very limited, albeit vastly weakened capacity for animation when exposed to the touch and body heat of other sapient beings. Many forms also have special functions that mimic those of their inspirations."

Chyka nodded. That made sense.

"Actual dorshin grubs spit copious quantities of sticky saliva in order to snare meals," Tashie continued. "The biogel versions are far more interested in biogel coating the bodies of those who might be inclined to cuddle, giving them their very own suits of living, glistening blackness. Suits just like the one I'm wearing right now. It really looks like so much fun in the videos. I honestly wouldn't mind giving it a try for myself at some point."

"If you like it that much, why haven't you already tried it?" Chyka inquired. It was a common enough question from guests. Talking up services you've never actually used didn't exactly present the best of images to the uninitiated consumer. It didn't really make much sense in the context of biogel, but the permanence of biogel transformation was a concept that never quite seemed to click with most folks. At least not until it came time to decide whether or not to try it for themselves.

Tashie responded with a soft chuckle and a warm smile. "Well, I don't think Gelitech would be too enthusiastic about my sampling these kinds of wares before my current contract is finished," she said with convincing sincerity. "Gotta work off all the benefits paid up front before I can get away with getting frisky. But I definitely wouldn't mind a drastic change of body once it's through. But not an outrageously drastic one. Something more or less natural in origin, but without anything in common with my current body. That's why I'm so drawn to the grub. It's exotic. It's bizarre. And... it's honestly more than just a little bit disgusting. But it's something that's going to be completely new to my senses. And it's going to be amazing... in one way or another."

Chyka knew the tigress was telling a white lie. Gelitech didn't really discourage its employees from sampling the wares. Quite the opposite, in fact. That was why the Gelarium was always hiring.

The little snow leopardess contemplated calling the tigress out on her deception. Many guests would surely know that Gelarium staff were often quite willing to go all the way on the merest of whims. It didn't seem worth the mental effort, however. She wanted to drink her coffee, not spend all evening on yet another role-play when others in the room clearly needed more practice.

As to whether or not the tigress actually intended to give it a go at some point in the future, that was a question the little snow leopardess couldn't answer. Not that it mattered one way or the other. They could fib about that all they wanted, if it would help guide a guest into the sweet, sticky embrace of the biogel. All they had to do was keep their story straight for the duration of their interaction with a guest. That was a talent in and of itself, and one which she herself had already proved quite adept. Whether or not that would translate well to the Gelarium floor was yet to be seen.

Chyka decided to take the easy way out. She raised a skeptical eyebrow. "How many other girls have *actually* gotten themselves turned into these grub things?"

"Here at this Gelarium, at least five hundred," Tashie replied. "That would be over the past two years, since the Gelarium first opened its doors to the general public."

"And how many of them actually enjoyed it?" Chyka questioned. "I mean really? Did any of them *actually* enjoy it?"

"I honestly haven't seen one who didn't," Tashie answered with a warm, sincere tone. "While it was taking place, of course. What they think once it's done, well, that's the grand mystery of it, isn't it? You can never truly know what it feels like without actually doing it yourself. Fascinating, isn't it?"

"I suppose," Chyka replied with a shallow shrug.

"Perhaps you'd like to learn the secret for yourself?" Tashie asked, with a smooth purr and a very inviting smile. "Or the secret of any one of the strange and alien forms we have on offer? What do you think? Would you like to explore these a bit more, or perhaps something of a different nature might interest you?"

"Well, I... I don't know," Chyka responded with a hesitant tone. Stringing these sorts of conversations along was easy. Finding a way to conclude them was not. "I mean, it's certainly interesting and all... but..."

"Is there some specific concern that you would like me to address before you make a decision?" Tashie gently inquired.

"Well... if I do it," Chyka responded, giving in to a silly whim rather than trying to find some

sensible way to submit to the tigress' temptation. "If I agree to let you turn me into this... thing. This grub. Will you... will you join me and have yourself turned into a grub too?"

For a moment, the canteen was silent. Tashie's warm, sincere expression shifted to one of momentary puzzlement. Then she smirked. "Well, sure!" she replied with a sudden burst of, exaggerated enthusiasm. She cast aside all pretense of role-play, standing up from her chair and heading for the door. "I never thought you'd ask! Come on! Let's go!"

The canteen burst out into laughter.

"Aw, come on!" Tashie called out, pausing for a moment by the door before returning to her table with a silly grin on her face. "Oh well. Maybe next time, hmm?"

Again, there was a burst of laughter.

"See, Dran. That's how you do it," Tashie quipped as she picked up her own cup of coffee. "Smooth. Consistent. Reasonably neutral. Positive personal investment. Completely without any consideration of species, sex, expressed gender, age, religion, and so on and so forth. Everyone is the same. Except their personalities. That's what you focus on. And *nothing* else. Got it?"

"Yes ma'am," Dran replied with a resigned sigh.

"Good. Now, we've got another after-hours session tonight," Tashie added, addressing everyone in the room. "The topic will be body mods. Specifically nasties. It will be taking place in mod chamber number one, on the sixth floor, at exactly twenty-one-thirty. Be there."