

# **GELITECH**

**EPISODE 1**

**GETTING INTO GELITECH**

## I

Waiting. If there was one thing that the little snow leopardess just couldn't stand, it was waiting. She'd been waiting for at least an hour now, and there seemed to be no end in sight.

Chyka began to wonder if they'd forgotten about her. What could possibly be taking so long? All her paperwork had been in order. They'd seemed to genuinely like her during the interview. What was the big hold up? Surely they could tell her whether or not she'd gotten the job by now.

As if the time spent sitting in the little waiting room hadn't been more than enough to get her lush coat of silky, soft fur all up in ruffle, she'd been obligated to spend all of that time completely naked. Her clothing had been left behind, tucked into that little green bin in the dressing room where she'd been required to denude herself in

preparation for her interview. It was a requirement for anyone who wanted to enter the fancy, high-tech conference room to have their particular qualities examined. Poise and self-confidence while nude in front of strangers was pretty high on the list. While the job didn't technically involve public nudity, the company's required attire made the point more or less semantic.

Granted, Chyka wasn't nearly as naked as most of the others who'd passed through the waiting room while she was left to wait. Her thick coat of luxurious felyi fur was quite concealing. If the trio of nameless interviewers had been expecting a good look at her more intimate of assets, they must have been left quite disappointed. She began to wonder if that was the reason she was being left to fidget on the soft, glistening black couch, while the rest weren't even being given the chance to sit down.

Chyka wanted to relax, but in the absence of any real stimulus outside of the occasional passage of a naked job seeker through the little room, there was nothing to take her mind off the wait. The glossy, obsidian black

couch wasn't helping, either. It's deep seat cushion gave off an intensely piquant scent of warm latex rubber, and the odd way her posterior had sunk into its slippery surface was more than just a bit unsettling. It behaved almost as much like a liquid as it did a solid, embracing her cute little rump and shapely thighs in a firm, form-hugging fashion. If her brain wasn't playing tricks on her, the substance of the black cushion seemed to be moving of its own accord, in a strange and subtle way. It was edging up around the base of her long, floofy tail, almost as if it intended to surround and trap it within its mass.

*I have to be imagining it, the little snow leopardess thought to herself as she shifted about. The cushion made to attempt to restrain her. It even seemed loathe to fill in the space left by her movement. It reminded her of her bed at home, and the foam that held an indentation in her shape for a surprising length time after she'd gotten up. It's just like my mattress. Form fitting foam. Or something like that. But shiny. And so... slick. I wonder where I could buy a mattress like it?*

Chyka let out a deep, sonorous yawn. They simply *had* to have forgotten about her. It was the only logical possibility. Everyone else had been taken into the next room without a moment's delay. But what could she do? She didn't want to seem too overeager. Or to seem like a pest. Not if she wanted to get in on all the sexy fun the job seemed to offer. All she could do was wait. And wait. And wait.

The little snow leopardess yawned again. She picked up her legs and laid them across the couch. *Maybe it'll feel nicer if I stretch out*, she thought to herself as she rested her head against the pillowy armrest. *Or at least a bit less... odd. If I can just relax a bit, maybe the time will go by faster. Maybe. I hope.*

Chyka gasped sharply as her little fluffy body immediately sank straight into the couch. Without even a hint of a warning, the glistening blackness had become fluid. The thick, sticky goop flowed up around her sides as she wiggled and squirmed in a vain effort to stay afloat upon its shimmering

surface. A sloppy serenade of *glurps*, *blurps*, and *squitches* filled her ears as the smile sucked her down into its heavy, amorphous mass.

All that the snow leopardess could do was pant heavily and whine in lonely desperation as the ooze swirled and bubbled around her in ways that felt almost as sensuous as the whole thing was frightening. It had happened so suddenly, and was progressing so quickly, that she didn't have the chance to take a deep breath and try to sort out what the goo was doing to her. In an instant, she had been pulled within, only her chest and head were left exposed to the cool air of the waiting room. In another instant, she would be sucked completely within the voracious mass.

Chyka held her breath. She closed her eyes and contemplated the potential horrors that might be inflicted upon her body in the moments ahead. She definitely hadn't signed up for this. Or had she? She didn't know. She didn't remember exactly which boxes she had checked.

The little snow leopardess wasn't consumed by the hungry couch. She was left laying face up, tits out and held in place by the again-solid, rubbery surface of the couch cushion. She groaned. She struggled. She tried to pull herself free. It was no use. She was stuck like a fly in molasses. Never in her life has she felt so completely, physically helpless.

Chyka took a deep breath. "Don't panic," she murmured softly to herself as she tried to convince herself that her slimy prison was completely harmless. "It's not going to hurt you."

The couch cushion certainly didn't seem like it was going to do anything to actually hurt her. At least not at the moment. She was floating freely within its thick, liquid confines. She could move her legs and arms. She could wiggle and flex her fingers and toes. Only the cushion's tough, stretchy surface kept her from being able to break free.

*It's not going to hurt you,* Chyka thought in silence as she slowly flexed her hips and legs

within the heavy goo. With calm came clarity, and she quickly realized just what it was she was floating in. *It's just that biogel stuff. It's just a toy. It's not going to hurt you. It's all just for fun.*

Granted, it was hard for her to see the fun in being suddenly sucked into the confines of a sticky black blob that had been masquerading as a benign piece of luxury furniture. That said, this was exactly the sort of gooey black surprise that made working in a place like this so unique and exciting. It was what had drawn her to apply. And if she planned on keeping the job for any useful length of time, she was just going to have to get used to unexpected interactions with such things. On the positive side, it was becoming quickly obvious to her that unexpectedly interacting with such things could be quite an easy thing to get used to.

Whatever discomfort the little snow leopardess may have experienced in the wake of the initial surprise was fading fast. The warm, wet goo actually felt quite pleasant once she had worked up the courage to stop worrying about her



situation, and to begin contemplating the sensations that it offered to her captive body. It was very much like a warm mud bath, but without the lumps and dirt. And the dirtiness. It felt smooth. Clean. Sterile, even. And the way it oozed and flowed around her body every time she shifted felt absolutely amazing!

*Well, okay, Chyka pondered to herself as she wiggled about and savored the incredible feel of the sensuously fluid biogel swirling through her fur. Over and between her flexing thighs. And so much more. This isn't so bad, is it? It feels really nice. Kind of sexy. I wouldn't mind going a bit deeper, really. Just a bit deeper. I wonder if I can do that? Or won't it let me?*

Try as she might, the squirming snow leopardess just couldn't force her perky chest down and further into the goo. She was really curious to know how it would feel flowing over her tender little breasts. How it caressed her firm, succulent nipples. How it...

A sudden hiss snapped Chyka straight back to the cold, hard reality of the world outside of her glistening black cocoon. She turned her head as best she could. It wasn't the door to the conference room, opening to allow yet another favored applicant a quick passage into the inner office. It was the door to the inner office itself that had opened. Within the open doorway, a rather athletic tigress was standing, a big, silly grin on her face.

"I see you've made yourself quite comfortable," the tigress said with a giggle as she stepped into the waiting room. Her unbroken neck-to-toe coating of glossy black biogel made soft little *squitch* and *squip* sounds as she advanced to perch herself upon the couch opposite the helpless little snow leopardess. "Biogel furnishings can be quite comfortable all on their own, but the real enjoyment comes from the virtually unlimited ways you can program them to interact with the bodies of those who might be inclined to sit upon them. What do you think? Does it suit your tastes?"

"I... I guess so," Chyka replied, trying her best not to sound too disappointed with the interruption. She'd hardly even begun to enjoy herself, let alone spend enough time within the gel's embrace to decide if it was really her kind of thing. A few minutes more would have been nice. Or perhaps a few hours.

"I hope your wait wasn't too interminable," the tigress went on as she settled into her own glistening black seat with casual ease. The biogel that coated her body merged into that of the couch cushion, leaving her looking very much like an unfinished obsidian statue, still attached to the mass of raw material from which it was being fashioned. "There were certain, shall we say, 'signing bonuses' for me to attend to. They took a bit longer than expected, but I wanted to get them all out of the way before I came to you. Saving the best for last and all that."

Chyka couldn't find any words to respond to the bemused tigress. Her thoroughly distracted eyes were fixed upon the lines where the tigress' biogel coated body had merged so seamlessly with her seat. Did that

make her part of the couch? Or was the couch part of her? How could she make it look so easy? So casual? So... perfect? There were so many questions. Were they even possible to answer?

"Now, let's get down to business," the tigress said with a warm smile and a casual flick of her long back hair. "You obviously want to get that cute little fluffy rump of yours into a lovely coating of biogel just like mine. And, you're clearly willing to allow Gelitech a wide range of liberties in the use of that pleasing posterior, for the purpose of showcasing Gelitech's many biogel and biogel related goods and services. Now, what I really want to know is in what manner you'd prefer Gelitech to make initial use of that lovely body of yours? Don't be shy! What do you really have in mind?"

Chyka was puzzled by the question. Hadn't she answered that already? She'd applied to be a model, to work right here in the Gelitech Gelarium, enticing guests to purchase biogel goods, or enjoy the 'free' biogel related services. "Well... I'd like to be

a model. I thought that's what I was applying for."

"Oh, you're going to be a model, for sure!" the tygress chuckled. "A shiny black biogel model. But what sort of model? We have so many choices!"

"Really?" Chyka inquired with a puzzled expression. That there were different kinds of models hadn't been mentioned on the application. Or during the interview. "What are they?"

The tigress clasped her hands together and cocked her head to one side. "Well, you can just run around like me with a very permanent, and very shiny, coat of ever-so-sensually stimulating slime covering you from neck to toe," she mused with a decidedly mischievous tone. "But working the floor like that is just so plain and ordinary, isn't it? If you're really looking to get right into the real fun of it all, why not allow Gelitech to modify your body into something... more interesting. Imagine being almost completely transformed into pure biogel, shaped into something so different

from the shape that you've spent your life thus far, and yet still as vibrantly alive and as fully animate as can be! Something so strange and bizarre that everyone who sees you will stare in wonder, and want nothing more than to interact with your alien features. What would you think of something like that? Hmm?"

Chyka frowned. "By modify, you mean like the biogel mermaids?"

"Exactly!" the tigress purred. "But there are oh, so many other, far more interesting options to choose from! Other sapient species of unique and interesting form. Hybrid creatures, part humanoid and partially beast. Mythological beings of legend. Artificial forms specifically composed for entertainment and pleasure. Or maybe you're into things not quite so pleasing to the eye. Being turned into a biogel body-mod 'nasty' can be so much fun in so many unexpected ways!"

"That's not really what I had in mind," Chyka replied with a shake of her head. As much as she'd become fascinated with biogel and its

myriad erotic possibilities, being permanently transformed into unpleasant shapes wasn't something she'd ever considered doing herself. Watching others do it, on the other hand...

The tigress laughed. "More the talking people into doing things so you can watch type, hmm?"

"More or less," Chyka answered with a nod.

"That's perfectly fine," the tigress noted with an approving nod. "You can always get that cute little bum of yours modded later on. That said, you *do* truly understand that wearing the biogel means wearing it for the rest of your life, body-modded or not, right?"

"I do," Chyka replied. That was a given. Gelitech offered biogel. What they didn't offer to the general public was a way to get it off. If it could even be gotten off. No one seemed to know if it was actually removable.

"And you *do* understand that at some point that biogel is going to subsume you?" the

tigress asked. "Not might. It will. Do you understand that?"

Chyka nodded. That too was a given. Becoming a faceless, totally generic, and almost completely inanimate 'doll' of the appropriate physical sex was something every biogel host had to accept as part and parcel of the experience.

Biogel was a synthetic, symbiotic life form. It was designed to be nearly as one with its host, caring for her and keeping her whole and healthy to the best of its ability, even in the most extreme of conditions. It was well known for its ability to render its host largely immune to disease. It could accelerate natural healing to incredible speeds, making most penetrating wounds vanish in seconds. For more serious injuries, it could replace the damaged or missing flesh with its own substance, even to the point of replacing lost limbs. For more insidious threats, such as poisonous atmospheres, it could spread over the host's head and provide perfectly filtered air to breath. For a limited time, it could even



provide breathable air in a vacuum, and with it hydration and sustenance.

If all else failed, however, biogel had one last trick up its sleeve. If its host so much as seemed to be facing imminent death due to massive injury, imbalances within the biogel itself, or merely old age, it would completely transform its host's body into pure, solid biogel. The resulting, completely anonymous 'dolls' had come to be known as 'gummies'.

Gummies didn't have to be created by accident or old age, however. Transformation into a gummy could be deliberately triggered. Indeed, most gummies came into being in this fashion. Physical transformation as a generally acceptable, if relatively rare, fetish was a very real thing in the Feyli Empire. Strange and erotic transformations were very much sought after, though they could often be quite hard to obtain access to. Quite hard, that is, until the creation of biogel and the 'casualization' of the transformation fetish that came along with it.

Most of those who had chosen to spend their lives clad in a glistening sheen of perfectly black biogel weren't particularly interested in the transformation fetish aspect of it. They were often more interested in exotic shininess. Or the sensuous sliminess. Or the aura of rebelliousness that came from sacrificing a 'normal' life to a symbiotic substance that could never be removed, and all of the lifestyle changes that went along with it.

Chyka was definitely of the latter sort. She couldn't have cared less about biogel's transformative powers. She wasn't too fond of the skin tight, glossy blackness of it either. And the sliminess... well. That didn't seem *too* bad now that she could feel it for herself. But that didn't matter. All that mattered was that she was going to stop being that cute little fluffy snow leopardess and start being the glistening black temptress. There would be no more spending her days answering silly questions from flirtatious lugs about literary works of questionable character at the university library. She was going to be spending her days convincing people of the incredible wonders of having unspeakable

things done to their bodies. Unspeakable things, crafted from the very same blackness that coated her own body. And she was going to enjoy every moment of it. If that was what Gelitech actually allowed her to do, at any rate.

"And you *do* understand that working for Gelitech will result in your constant exposure to many varied forms of biogel experience?" the tigress went on. "Forms who's initiation can be engaged by accident, with processes that cannot be stopped, and results that cannot be reversed, for better or for worse, whether you like it or not?"

Chyka again nodded. "Yes. I read all the terms and conditions. All of them. More than once. I'm fine with it."

"And, finally, you *do* understand that you will be obligated to remain in the employment of Gelitech, as a Gelarium model, for a minimum of three years," the tigress said. "If you leave beforehand, and in the absence of some specific arrangement agreed upon in advance, you will lose the offered contract completion bonus, and virtually all prospect

of re-employment. The only exemptions, of course, are leaving to work in our parent company, Vixanti Corporation, or to engage in authorized, high marketing value activities such as joining a Biogel Games team. But those are the only exemptions. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Chyka replied. Three years was hardly a long time, even for such a potentially perilous a workplace as the Gelarium. And the benefits were just too good to pass up. The biogel suit. Free room and board. All for thirty thousand credits a year, not including bonuses.

As if the regular benefits weren't good enough, there was a fifty thousand credit bonus for the completion of the first three year contract. For every three years thereafter, the bonus went up by ten thousand credits. And after twelve years, four contracts worth of employment, Gelitech would provide a luxurious, modestly sized, prefabricated house with a complete set of the highest tier biogel amenities upon retirement, along with a lifetime supply of biogel care and maintenance consumables.

When it came to the extended benefits, it was the fully equipped home that had really piqued Chyka's interest. If she was going to get into biogel, she might as well go whole hog and embrace the lifestyle. And if she was going to go whole hog on that, she was going to make sure she was all set up to share the fun with someone special. Or maybe a few someone specials.

Getting into biogel was surprisingly inexpensive for the average citizen of the Feyli Empire. Indeed, money was hardly an obstacle. A basic kit cost a mere hundred and fifty credits, and the monthly consumables were only twenty-five. But that was all just a hook to snare people into the lifestyle. Getting deep into the lifestyle was much, much more expensive.

Getting Gelitech to pay for it all seemed like the ideal way to surrender oneself completely to the biogel lifestyle. All Chyka would have to do was stick to it for twelve years. If it was all as fun as she was imagining it was, that wouldn't be a problem. If.

"Well, it seems like you've made up your mind," the tigress responded with a warm smile. "Do you have any last questions before your beautiful body is officially added to the Gelarium's modeling collection?"

"No," Chyka replied, shaking her head and wondering what the tigress had meant by 'modeling collection'. She wanted to ask, but didn't dare rock the boat now that she'd actually gotten the job she'd come looking for. "No. I don't have any questions."

"Alright! I guess there's nothing left to but say... Welcome to Gelitech!" the tigress purred with a sly, mischievous grin. "All I need you to do now is to take a deep breath. Relax. And let the biogel take you..."

## II

Chyka's warm, biogel cocoon shuddered. It thrust upward in a heaving undulation that crashed over her exposed chest and head like a gooey black tidal wave. With a single, loud *BLUP!*, her world was cast into total darkness. For a brief, terrifying moment, she felt as if she couldn't breathe.

*Oh! Oh! No no no no NO!* the little snow leopardess thought in forcibly imposed silence, as a sharp, tingly sensation filled her wide open mouth. Thick, slightly bitter tasting slime slithered down her throat, filling it made its way toward her desperate lungs. This rapid and unrelenting inward flow was quickly followed by an icy wave of absolute numbness.

It was as if her throat had simply vanished from within Chyka's neck. Behind her teeth. Behind her tonsils. There was nothing there. Nothing at all, save the spine tingling feel of

the slime as it penetrated ever deeper into her helpless body.

Down the goo and the numbness went. Down her throat and into her stomach. Down her esophagus and into her lungs. Her body was disappearing. Dissolving, it seemed, from the inside out.

Chyka's sense of being unable to breathe melted away along with the intensely physical sensation of inner dissolution. She began to feel strangely comfortable. Peaceful, in a wispy, disconnected sort of way. The biogel was caressing her body, flowing around it and making her feel as if she was starting to melt. As if she was becoming one with the biogel's own liquid mass. She probably should have been horrified, but the sensations were so weirdly pleasant that she could do little other than float there and savor every warm, and oily-slick moment.

Indeed, the biogel's sensuous ministrations felt so incredibly fascinating that she didn't notice that it had begun to explore far more intimate places than the interior of her



digestive tract. Before she knew it, the biogel was caressing all that could possibly be caressed, both on outside of it's quivering captive's helpless body and within. No accessible orifice or cavity was too sacred to be spared its tender attentions. Everything that could be filled, was filled, and with that filling came the same eerie numbness that had filled her lungs.

Chyka felt like an empty husk, a living shell bereft of vital contents. Muscle and bone, with no organs to support their continued life. It was as if she had become a mere frame to support the biogel in a shape like her own. All of the vital functions of the one were now the vital functions of the other. For all intents and purposes, she had become the biogel. The biogel had become her. There were a single organism. A single being. It felt so strange. So bizarre. So... incredible!

Something withing the little snow leopardess' mind broke. Something deep, and deeply fundamental. Her concept of life, and of knowing what life was, and what it was supposed to be, was shattered. Her sense of self as an individual dissolved. She

was no longer the center of her own world. She was no longer unique. No longer important. She was just... a thing. One unimportant thing among many equally unimportant things. Irrelevant. Pointless. And completely, utterly liberated.

A deep sense of intimate affection flowed through Chyka's suddenly liquid and malleable mind. She had no idea from where it had come. Nor did she particularly care. It didn't seem to matter. It just was. And it was very much to her enjoyment.

The biogel between the captive snow leopardess' shapely legs began to press and flutter. A sharp wave of sexual arousal crashed into her like an erotic tsunami. Unexpected. Uninvited. And unstoppable.

There was no way for the snow leopardess to tell if something else was playing with her body, or if she was inadvertently stimulating herself with her constant squirming and flexing. It seemed impossible to find any distinction between her body and the dense coating of biogel that had formed a heavy feeling layer which hugged every centimeter

of her captive body. Or between that newly formed coating and the liquid substance of the couch. It was all the same now, as far as she could discern.

It was an intriguing idea, accompanied by intriguing sensations. Chyka began to lose her sense of physical form. The humanoid shape she had been born in seemed to fade away, replaced by a plush, puffy smoothness. She could feel cool air, but it wasn't cool air wafting through her lush fur. It was flowing over her smooth, oily skin. But not the skin of her dense biogel coating. It was a smooth skin that seemed to be stretched over the shape... of the biogel couch cushion.

*Did... did I just get turned into a couch?* Chyka thought as she found herself bereft of all sense form other than the piece of inanimate furniture she seemed to have become. Her mind whirled and stretched to fit the new shape that had been so unexpectedly imposed upon her. *I didn't really want to become a couch. Am I supposed to be a couch? It's not so bad being a couch. It feels quite pleasant.*

For a few pleasantly confusing moments, it seemed like the captive snow leopardess had indeed become the couch. She could perceive nothing besides the couch cushion's form. Nothing else at all. The couch was all there was. The couch, and the hand that was gently caressing it.

Chyka could feel the smooth, slick fingers petting her cushion body. Caressing its oily black surface with tender affection. Who's fingers were they? Were they the tigress' fingers? Or did they belong to someone else? How could she know?

The couch cushion couldn't see. She couldn't hear. She couldn't smell. And she certainly couldn't taste. All of her senses were gone, save that of touch. Even that lone sense was left partially mute. It was dull. Distant. And so incredibly smooth that it left her with no ability to feel details.

If Chyka could have panicked, she would have, if her mind hadn't so easily contorted itself to match her body's new shape. Just as her exterior senses had been stripped away, so had her inner senses. There was nothing

in her soft, jiggly shape to become tense, if she had been inclined to do so. There was nothing to make her feel the unsettling tightness of anxiety. The stomach wrenching nausea of sheer terror. It was all gone.

What the couch cushion was left with was a confusing cloud of ideas. Ideas that should have triggered all the complex mechanisms and feedback loops of emotion. With all of those mechanisms gone, the ideas remained ideas. She knew what she should be feeling. But she couldn't feel any of it. It was dull. Peaceful. And, in an oddly abstract way, euphoric.

Chyka began to feel a strange, nauseating sensation. It seemed to come from within her cushion body, but exactly where she couldn't tell. It was just there. And it made her feel as if she needed to expel something from her liquid mass. Something big. Something that just didn't belong. She pushed. She pushed hard. She could feel it floating. Moving. Breaking through her rubbery surface.

For a brief, mind blowing moment, Chyka became hyper-aware of the world around her. She could suddenly see in all directions at once. She could hear sounds that she'd never been able to hear before. She could smell scents with such intense clarity that every faint note wafting about in the air carried with it absolutely unambiguous meaning. She was so stunned by it all that she didn't even realized that she was in the process of tumbling out of the couch, onto the thickly carpeted waiting room floor.

The biogel that was covering Chyka's head in a featureless, vaguely effeminate encasement pulled away from her face with a slimy *shlick* sound. It melted away, into the thin coating of glossy, unadulterated blackness that now clung tightly to every centimeter of her petite little body, from the nape her neck all the way down to the modest heels that it had formed beneath her feet. She gasped and panted as she tried to steady herself. She rose up onto her knees and looked up to find the tigress gazing at her with a very satisfied look on her face.

"What... what was..." the snow leopardess stammered as struggled to get up onto her knees. Just as her senses had returned, so did the relative clarity of her mind. "Fuck... just... fuck..."

Chyka's sense of self reasserted itself, but not with the same force as it had before. The mind she'd been born with was only a part of the mind that controlled her unified, biogel coated body now. She was intensely aware that the dull, empty feeling husk that she'd become wasn't entirely under her control. It wasn't even mostly under her control. Indeed, as she struggled to make her limbs move as they had before, she felt as if she were not so much as in control, as she was along for the ride.

The biogel coated snow leopardess flailed about a bit before finally managing to get up onto her knees. Her attempt to stand was another exercise in futility. She'd never been one for elevated heels. Between those, and the disorientation produced by her feeling like someone else was controlling her body, she could barely get her footing. The only thing to grab onto to try and help

herself up was the couch, and she had no intention of going another round with that... thing. Not right now, at any rate.

"You've just had your first experience of the myriad wonders of life within the all-encompassing embrace of biogel," the tigress laughed as offered the struggling snow leopardess a helping hand. "How does it feel, now that you're well and truly as one with it?"

"I... I... it's so... so... weird," Chyka replied as the tigress lifted her up onto her wobbly feet. Weird indeed. She felt as if she was simultaneously swimming in a pool of thick, oily slime, and standing solidly on dry ground all at the same time. It was an impossible contradiction of the senses that she simply couldn't get her head around. "I just... I just don't have words..."

Chyka ran the fingers of her right hand over her left forearm. It felt like oil upon oil. Perfect lubrication. Not even the slightest hint of friction. It made her wonder how she could possibly pick anything up without having it immediately slide right out of her



hands. When she tried to grip her wrist, however, the oily slickness seemed to vanish, replaced by the stiff feel of unpolished latex.

"I just can't believe it," Chyka murmured as she looked down at her chest, and the perky little breasts that looked for all the world like they were now made of gleaming black glass. Her nipples, however, were nowhere to be seen, concealed by the biogel as the substance was generally wont to do with almost all of its hosts' sexual features. "Just... wow. Wow."

Some liked to say that biogel rendered its host sexless, only permitting them to feel like they possessed a physical gender when it suited some specific and useful purpose. That didn't seem to be quite the case, at least for the moment. The snow leopardess was feeling very much like a woman, and a very aroused woman at that. The biogel wasn't as passive as she'd imagined it would be. It was moving around underneath its surface, stroking her in sensuous ways. Around her thighs. Over her hips. Into the place right beneath her tail that sent twitchy tingles up and down her spine.

"Well now! She seems to be enjoying your body quite a bit, isn't she?" the tigress noted, patting the quivering snow leopardess on the shoulder. "I set her aside just so she could wrap herself around those cute little tits of yours, you know. She just loved watching fluffy feyli tails getting into biogel. Now she's got a feyli tail of her very own to play with. So sweet!"

"Who? She? What do you mean, she?" Chyka inquired as her biogel coating turned its affections toward deeper and more intimate places.

"Your new wife," the tigress purred. "The woman with whom you're now bound together in eternal marital bliss. You didn't check the box specifically requesting *not* to be united with a soul infused biogel coating, after all. And let's face it, that little body of yours is just the thing to get a girl all hot and bothered, right? So I thought, why not?"

"You mean... there's... there's a person inside this goo?" Chyka stammered in stunned disbelief. "A real, living person?"

"Yes!" the tigress cooed. "And a very lovely one at that. Cute, dark haired elf-ear with lovely tanned skin and a sweet, sexy smile that was absolutely *irresistible!* Student over at MMU. Risha was her name, I think. Maybe you know her. She loved to watch guests get their bodies all done up in the Gelarium. Feyli girls in particular. To be honest, I was really convinced that she wanted to just cuddle them more than anything else. That's why I sweet-talked her into getting herself gooey'd and made into a biogel suit. Then she could cuddle a fine, fluffy rump to her heart's content. Granted, it was breaking the rules more than just a bit, but I made sure to get hold of her and stash her away as soon as she was finished liquefying herself, so I could match her up with a particularly fine feyli body. As it so happens, I've decided that that particularly fine feyli body is the one you happen to be residing in at the moment."

Chyka really didn't know what to think. She'd been ready for everything else. That had all been covered in the application form. Try as she might, she just couldn't remember seeing anything about being dressed in a

biogel suit with someone's soul living inside of it, let alone a soul so intent upon exploring its new companion as the one that was now enthusiastically toying with the soft folds between her legs.

"Trust me though, it's going to be so much fun that within a few days you won't even be able to imagine living any other way," the tigress continued with a warm smile. "Sure, she's going to take advantage of the situation for a little while. Who wouldn't, right? But before long, you'll be thinking and acting as one, and reserving your mutual pleasure for less public venues. That's how it goes, and I can assure you that from very, very personal experience. I've got a wife of my own. Well, I think she's a wife. I honestly don't know what sex she was before she spread herself over my body. You really aren't ever supposed to know who's in a soul infused mass of biogel. It prevents certain... abuses. That's why me doing what I did with your new wife is technically against the rules. Technically. At least for us peons."

Chyka bit her lower lip as the biogel of her suit pressed into her soft folds. She

instinctively grabbed herself with both hands to try and keep the probing goo from going any deeper. It was no use. She could hardly move the solid surface of the biogel around with her fingers. There was no way for her to affect what was happening beneath.

As shaken as she was by the idea of spending the rest of her life in the unending embrace of some person she'd never known, and who had unfettered access to every square centimeter of her body, inside and out, she didn't really mind having that unknown soul rub her into glossy black ecstasy. Wasn't letting the biogel have its unfettered way with your body half the point of the whole biogel lifestyle, after all? Did it really matter whether or not it was controlled by a computer or by a living mind?

Of course, there was a time and a place to explore such interactions of extreme intimacy. Right now, in this little waiting room, in the presence of a stranger she'd only just met, was neither. But she couldn't stop it. She could only stand there and let her 'wife' do as she pleased.

"You two really *are* getting on nicely, aren't you?" the tigress chuckled. "How about you follow me into one of our private rooms for so you can share a little mutual marital orientation without any unwelcome interruptions, hmm?"

Chyka could only nod in reply. That was the easy bit. Actually following the tigress into the inner office, and then into one of the small, attached private rooms was another thing entirely. Between her unsteady step on her elevated heels, the continued, and increasingly firm, probing of her unexpected companion, and the fact that every move of her legs only added to the rubbing between them, it was almost too much to handle all at once. The tigress had to hold her arm to steady her as waves of tense, tingling arousal accompanied every little *squeak* and *squitch* of her affectionate biogel coating.

The inner office door slid open. To Chyka's considerable surprise, the office space that she'd seen when the tigress had entered was no longer there. Instead, she found herself being gently led into a small, dimly lit

chamber. "Uh... this... this wasn't here before."

The tigress laughed. "Wasn't it? Perhaps. Perhaps not. It doesn't really matter, does it?"

"I... I guess not," Chyka replied as she began to feel like her 'wife' fully intended to make her orgasm before she had the chance get off her feet. For that, the room offered only one option. A thick, glistening biogel mattress had been laid out on a low table. For a moment, she recoiled from the idea of touching it. Surely, it was going to be no different from the couch that had clearly been trying to turn her into a couch cushion? Wouldn't it?

A strange urge to lay down came over the hesitant snow leopardess. An urge to lay down on that mattress. To surrender to whatever it might have in store for her body. And with each passing moment, that urge became more and more compelling.

At first, Chyka could clearly distinguish between the biogel's desire for her to lay

down and her own desire not to. Then it felt like she was having an argument with herself. After a few moments, she wasn't sure which desire was hers and which had come from the gel.

Chyka clearly needed to lay down. She was going to fall over if she didn't. It seemed silly that the thought not to had even crossed her mind. She turned and began to settle her rump down into the glistening black softness.

The tigress smiled. "There you go. Feels nice, doesn't it?"

Chyka nodded as the mattress hugged her hips just as the couch had done. "It does," she responded softly as she felt a strange, piquantly fizzy sensation where the biogel of the mattress touched the biogel coating her body. The two were merging together, no doubt making her look as much like an unfinished obsidian statue as the tigress had, seating within the embrace of the other waiting room couch. It felt strange, like the mattress surface was her skin, and whatever had sunk within it's thick, gooey mass was



no longer there. Except her womanhood, strangely disembodied as it now felt. "Really weird. But nice."

"Good. Good. Now, I guess I'll leave you two alone to do your thing together, hmm?," the tigress purred as she turned to leave. "Have fun! Lots of fun! I'll be seeing you again soon enough!"

The door slid closed behind the tigress. The lone little light above her head dimmed, and turned a deep shade of pink. Chyka was alone. Alone with her biogel suit, and the amorous woman who lived inside of it.

### III

Chyka laid back upon the glistening biogel mattress and surrendered to its strange powers with a long, soft sigh. There was nothing to do but let herself sink in, and become as one with its thick, gooey substance. To become the mattress, just as she had become the couch. If, that is, the other soul within her body allowed it.

On one glossy black hand, this definitely wasn't what the naive little snow leopardess thought she had signed up for. As she sank down into the mattress, she couldn't help but think she was being taken advantage of. That she was being used as an unwitting object for the personal pleasure of others. For the personal pleasure of a soul from whom she could never be separated, and to whom she would always be obligated to submit. On the other glossy black hand, the physical sensations of it all were so

incredibly arousing that she couldn't find any good reason to be upset.

The unknown soul living within Chyka's new suit of pure, unadulterated blackness seemed to understand exactly what it was that made a woman's body sign. She slithered her slimy substance into all of the right places. She pressed her thickness against all the right buttons. She took her captive host straight up to the soaring heights of supreme arousal. And then...

The little snow leopardess just couldn't contain herself any longer. She let loose with a shrill moan as the thumping pulses of orgasmic release took hold of her body. Waves of incredibly pleasure crashed over her, before settling down into a soft, heady haze of pure, unbridled ecstasy. Never before in her life had she felt this good. And this was only the beginning.

The unknown soul was unrelenting in her determination to please her new host's body. Time and time again, she brought Chyka to the heights of carnal pleasure. With each successive orgasm, the huffing, panting

snow leopardess sunk deeper into a strange, liquid sort of bliss. At first it as a bliss steeped in unrepentant lust. Lust for the substance that was making her body sing. Lust for the soul that was controlling it. But lust soon gave way to a deeper sense of intimate desire. Was it love?

Chyka was indeed in love. She was in love with the gel. In love with the way it touched her helpless body. In love with the way that it held her captive to its unknowable desires. In love with the mysterious soul who was working so hard to bring those desires to fruition. And there was nothing more that she wanted in the moment, than to be as truly as one with the object of her love as she could possibly be.

If there was any such thing as a perfect unity of partners, in love and in physical intimacy, the little snow leopardess was convinced that she had found it. What greater sort of unity could she ever possibly hope to achieve with another? Only if they became biogel together in one form, one mass, could they know true unity of body and mind, but then they would cease to know the wonders of

mutual physical bliss. Or would they? Who could possibly know?

Chyka's pleasure-addled mind wandered to darker thoughts. Insidious ideas. As with all things biogel, the only way to know was to try it out for oneself. Wouldn't it be amazing to experience such a total, all-encompassing oneness? Wouldn't it be incredible to become a completely new and unique being, even if it meant an eternity trapped in a barely animate biogel shape? Wouldn't it be wonderful? Magnificent? Glorious?

As Chyka descended through imaginations and into dreams, her body descended into the mass of biogel upon which she lay. The world faded away, even as her state of arousal rose to new and mind bending heights. There was one last, impossibly intense orgasm. And then there was nothing. Nothing but liquid warmth, and dreamy words that came unbidden, not through her ears, but directly into her mind.

*Blessed are the betrothed who live together as one through the gel, the smooth, airy*

voice fluttered through Chyka's mind. *And blessed is the produce of their pleasures.*

*So blessed are you, so too shall you bring the blessing to others,* the voice continued. *The blessing of biogel, and the prospect of eternal betrothal within its immortal substance.*

*Lay forth your existence for this purpose,* the voice concluded, *and exalt in the glories of the immortal substance which you shall one day become.*

Chyka jumped up, as wide awake as she could possibly be. She looked around in a frantic effort to find the source of the mysterious voice. There was no one in the room. She was alone.

The little, biogel clad snow leopardess was sitting atop the thick, biogel mattress. It wasn't the mattress in the little private room, however. It was a much bigger mattress that filled one wall of a furnished, though otherwise undecorated single room apartment. Everything was painted in a dark shade of metallic gray, with numerous

illuminated, deep pink accents. A desk and a small table were adorned with black glass surfaces. What few metallic accents there were were all polished silver.

Above the bed was a window almost as wide as the whole wall, rising up to the ceiling and offering an unobstructed view of the Mashiva Spaceport's western ramp. It was raining outside, and quite heavily. Rain hadn't been forecast for several days when the snow leopardess had arrived for her interview. How long had she been asleep?

Chyka sat up with crossed legs upon the biogel mattress. Even amid the downpour, there was no mistaking the dark, angular silhouette of the Destiny Omega. It was one of three such converted freighters that had been used to test the biogel and the biogel lifestyle as a fully self-contained spacefaring system. The ship was in port for the annual Team Pink vs. Team Aqua Biogel Games match, along with several other vessels belonging to Vixanti Corporation, the semi-nationalized business entity of which Gelitech was a subsidiary.

It was hard for Chyka to believe that the same substance which was coating her body could also control and power a starship. It could act as the starship's weapons too, if the rumors were true. And perhaps even more.

The snow leopardess turned her eyes further north along the ramp, toward the building hangars of the Mashiva Mariner's University. There too were biogel powered ships, in varying stages out fitting out. Gunships and light transports, mostly, but a brand new destroyer could be seen with its blunt nose poking out from the nearest of the hangars. All of these had been built in part by students at the university, as an integral part of the practical instruction every student received as they were prepared for a spacefaring career.

Chyka's mind turned to the story the nameless tigress had told her about the soul that was living inside her coating of glistening blackness. She wondered if the woman had really been a student at MMU. Or even a woman. Was Risha just a made up name, or a real person as much a willing



captive within the substance of the biogel as she was? And how had she actually come to be there?

There were so many questions to ask, but no one to ask them to. It was only her and the soul within the blackness, and she didn't seem to be the talkative time. Could she even speak to the snow leopardess through the biogel? Or were they left to communicate on the far more primal level of emotion and touch?

Chyka sighed and slid herself off side of the bed. She hadn't noticed before, but the high heels that had caused her so much trouble had vanished. Vanished, that is, until her feet had just about come to touch the floor. Again, she found herself wobbling about on the sort of high heels she'd never been able to get used to. She struggled to stay upright as she made her way toward the little desk that was mounted on the south wall, along with some bookcases and a wardrobe.

As she approached the desk, a holographic display screen illuminated above a black keyboard that was hardly visible against the

black desk surface. She had done nothing to activate it. Nor did she do anything to cause it to open the universal messenger program. As if that weren't surprising enough, it promptly signed her in to her existing personal UMS account, using her very private credentials.

Chyka couldn't recall having provided her own personal digital credentials as a part of her application. It would have been very unusual, even for something so unusual an employer as Gelitech. Had she really been sleeping all this time, or had the biogel orgy addled her mind so badly that she just couldn't remember what she'd been doing for the past couple of days?

Of the dozen or so messages, only three were from Gelitech. One was a short welcome letter. The second contained digital copies of all of the forms that she'd filled out, and instructions on how to use the company's internal software interface to review training materials, technical manuals, and other such sundries. The third, however, was a bit more personal in nature.

*Hey there, sweetie! I trust you and your new wife are enjoying each other's company. You may find that a few days have passed since your wedding. A first encounter with biogel, and especially such an intimate one, can be quite draining on the soul. It's perfectly normal and quite common for newlyweds like yourselves. While you were dreaming away inside your mattress, I had it moved into your room and expanded to an appropriate size for such a vivacious pair of lovers as the two of you are no doubt going to be.*

*Just in case you missed it in the official notice, start the remote training as soon as you're lucid enough to understand it. You're not allowed out of your room until its finished! Usually takes about a week. Don't worry! There's plenty of snacks in the kitchenette behind you, and it's all free as free can be. It gets automatically restocked every morning, so don't worry about running out of anything. Your bed will take care of the rest of your bodily needs.*

*Hope to see you in the Gelarium soon!  
And who knows... maybe we can have a  
little fun together once you're in the  
groove of things. \*wink wink\**

*Hugs and licks!*

*Tashie Anya, Gelitech Model & Tempress*

Chyka sighed and closed out the tigress' letter. She reopened the second message and started to read the instructions for the remote training program. *A little fun together*, she thought to herself as she worked out exactly where she was supposed to start. *What an ass. What makes her think I'd ever want to have fun with her? Especially that kind of fun. After what she...*

An odd feeling came over the snow leopardess. An opinion, expressed as emotion. It wasn't her opinion. But it also was her opinion. It wasn't the first time she'd felt like some part of her mind was running off on its own and making decisions for her. Was it the biogel trying to manipulate her for some mysterious purpose. Or was it actually

the 'wife' within the biogel, expressing her opinion on the matter?

*Fine, fine*, Chyka thought to herself as she chose to believe the latter explanation, simply for her own sanity's sake than anything else. She did her best to let her displeasure toward the tigress fade. *If you really want to. You know her better than I do.*

A soft, satisfied feeling washed over the snow leopardess as she opened the training program. She smiled in reply. *Now don't you go distracting me*, she thought, wondering if her 'wife' could actually hear her mental words. *I didn't get myself married to your slimy goop just to sit in this room all day. I want to get out there and enjoy all the fun. You know. Just like she said you used to.*

At first, the biogel offered Chyka no response. It seemed as if her wife couldn't hear her thoughts after all. But then, she found herself consumed with a laser-like focus on the holographic video screen. Nothing else seemed to exist in the world. It was all just fuzzy darkness.

The little snow leopardess shook her head in surprise and sat back. The focus faded, replaced by an urge for something hot. Something... coffee. *I'm not going to get much done without a bit of caffeine to keep me awake*, she thought as she turned to the folding kitchenette. Everything except the stove top, sink, and a small counter space was concealed behind a patchwork of little doors and sliding panels. One of these opened without prompting, revealing a beverage dispensing machine. Inside, a big mug fill of steaming, dark roasted nibune coffee was being filled, complete with extra veyloo cream and sweet brown sugar.

For a moment, Chyka stared at the mug of coffee in stunned silence. How could the machine possibly have known her favorite coffee? Or how to brew it to get that perfect aroma? Or exactly what she liked to put in it?

"Was that... was that... you?" Chyka murmured aloud as a dawning realization slow came over her. It was hard enough to believe that an actual soul lived inside her

glossy black coating of biogel. Could she really control the drink dispenser too?

A warm, fuzzy feeling welled up within the amazed snow leopardess. *It was you!* She thought as she took the coffee from the machine held it up to take in its wonderful, nutty aroma. As she turned back to the desk, the computer selected the first training session, all on its own. It was titled 'Biogel Host Basics (Soul Infused Version)'. *Wow! Just... wow! This is... it's amazing! You're amazing! We're going to have so much fun together! You just wait and see!*

The fuzzy feeling felt even warmer as the first segment of video began. Chyka felt like she was being hugged by a teddy bear. A big, wet, slimy teddy bear that was all up in her everywhere. This feeling soon faded away, however, replaced by that laser-like focus that promised to make getting through the training material a total breeze. *Got it. No more distractions. Focus on the training,* she thought as she took a sip of coffee. The sooner the training was done, the sooner she could get out onto the Gelarium floor. The sooner she could get out there, the sooner

she'd be able to get neck deep in the real fun. *Gotta keep at it until I'm done. Until we're done. And I'm sure we'll be done in no time flat!*

TO BE CONTINUED...