

GELITECH

PAYMENT

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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SEASON 3 – EPISODE 7

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RUDE AWAKENING

Chyka could feel something moving. Something was sliding downward, slowly bumping over her modest little breasts and repeatedly tweaking her highly sensitive nipples as it passed. She began to feel a warm wetness upon her rock hard teats. A subtle odor of fresh sweet milk wafted into her twitching nose.

The strange sensations cut sharply against the smoothly pleasing grain of the little snow leopardess' magnificently sensual biogel dream. It was a wonderful dream filled with glossy black cuddles. Intertwined limbs. Probing fingers toking at that perfectly smooth surface between her beloved Vixie personal assistant's legs.

Chyka struggled to open her eyes as her wonderful dream faded into reality. The strange sensations became clearer and clearer as she began to wake up. Someone, it seemed, was pulling her shiny new rowa themed comforter down toward the foot of her bed. But... who could it possibly be?

The little snow leopardess rubbed her eyes and wondered if Vixie had decided that it was time for her to get out of bed. “What time is it?” she inquired. Her alarm hadn’t gone off yet, but who knew what the cuddly biogel clad personal assistant might decide to do in the absence of specific instructions. “It is really time to get up already?”

“Yes,” came a totally unexpected voice. “Yes, it is.”

“Gra... grandma?” Chyka sputtered as she found herself staring up at her grandmother, who was now sitting atop the rolled down comforter, near the end of the luxuriously

large bed. “What... what are you doing here?”

“I’m just... finishing up some very important business in town and thought I’d pay a late night visit,” a very naked General Takka Riyalli replied with a disturbingly emotionless smile down at her surprised granddaughter. “You know. Get caught up with you on some things. Our mutual interest and such.”

“Our mutual interest?” Chyka asked as she gave her grandmother a very puzzled look. Something about the elder snow leopardess was different. Strange. Unfamiliar. Even... wrong. “I... I’m not quite sure what you’re talking about.”

“No?” Takka replied. “Well, I’m not surprised. I’ve never really talked about it with anyone before. Not even you.”

“What is it?” Chyka asked as she pulled her legs out from under the comforter and slid herself sideways across the bed. She would have sat up next to her grandmother, but there

was just something so unsettling about her look and tone that she felt almost compelled to move away. There was always the chance that she was wrong, though, and laying across the bed seemed like a fair compromise.

Takka responded by lifting up a large segmented dildo from among the comforter's rumples. "Such an exquisite replica of a male rowa worm's oral phallus, isn't it?"

"Grandma!" Chyka groaned. "Have you really been going through my toy drawer?"

Takka laughed. "Who says this one's yours?"

"Oh, so that it," Chyka sighed. "You're into rowa porn too?"

"You might say that," Takka responded with a smile that seemed quite warm in contrast to her prior iciness.

"It's not just because I am, is it?" Chyka asked.

“Oh, no,” Takka replied. “Not at all. You know that I escorted the delegation to Fey’lin for the final peace... arrangements.”

“You never really told me about that,” Chyka responded with a shrug.

“It was quite an... interesting affair,” Takka answered. “Imagine being cooped up in a big liner with a few dozen rowa. A hive queen. A prince. And all their buggy entourage.”

“Must have smelled awful,” Chyka noted.

“Quite,” Takka replied. “But the most fascinating part of it was all of the other passengers who’d volunteered to come along. You see, no one had any illusions about what those rowa would do to anyone they could catch aboard the ship. So... we made sure they had plenty of people to catch who weren’t going to make a fuss about it.”

“And you?” Chyka asked.

“My job was to get the rowa to the Palace,” Takka responded. “And I did that. But that didn’t mean I couldn’t enjoy the show on the way, right?”

“I guess,” Chyka replied.

Takka chuckled. “It was a very big liner. A thousand other passengers. The rowa were more than happy to show me the full variety of their transformative ministrations. I have to admit... watching all those people transform was quite... stimulating.”

“I’d imagine so,” Chyka observed.

“I never forgot,” Takka went on. “I fulfilled one duty after another, but I never forgot how they made me feel. And now...”

Chyka responded with a raised eyebrow.

“Well now it’s time that I fulfilled my side of a bargain that I made with those rowa before I left them to transformed our beloved Empress

Maya into a practically mindless squirmy-worm,” Takka replied.

“And that was...” Chyka inquired, biting her lip nervously as an odd smell began to waft into the open bedroom windows along with the cool breeze.

“To do something special for the rowa,” Takka responded. “To do something that would ensure against challenges that might interfere with the success of an important hive.”

Chyka frowned. Again, her grandmother seemed disconcertingly emotionless. Her eyes had again gone cold. “That’s nice,” the little snow leopardess said, starting every so slowly so slide across the bed, away from her grandmother. “I need to get something to drink. Where’s Nanya? I mean Vixie?”

“Working through her existential crisis in the living room,” Takka replied with a wry smirk. “What a good thing that mask wound up on her instead of you, wasn’t it?”

“I... I guess,” Chyka responded, sliding a bit further.

“You know, you may call it a fetish, but it’s plainly obvious to me that you’ve really fallen in love with the rowa, haven’t you?” Takka purred in the most disingenuous manner possible. “To be perfectly honest, so have I. So now let’s be good little girls and follow Empress Maya’s example together. Don’t worry! It’ll be fun. I promise!”

Chyka didn’t even have time to blurt out a reply. Nor did she have a chance to make good her escape. There was a sudden slithering sound behind her that sent her back toward her grandmother. Deeply alarmed, she lifted her ass up and was about to propel herself clean off that side of the bed with both legs when the head of a male rowa worm popped up in front of her, it’s mucous slathered phallus already poking out of it’s ‘mouth’.

“Wha... what? You! You...” the little snow leopardess stammered.

“That’s right,” Takka laughed as she watched her granddaughter start to wiggle herself backwards. “Tail up. Legs spread wide. I knew you were ready.”

“Ready? I... I’m... AAAH!” Chyka shrieked as the male worm that had been lurking behind her took good advantage of her welcoming pose. The feeling of warm goo being pressed into her soft feminine folds was all the warning she got. In an instant the worm’s big segmented mouth-cock had slipped deep into her completely unprepared body.

The creature’s whole chitinous head pressed hard between her legs, pushing her forward and down into one of her big gelatin pillows. This the horrified little snow leopardess grabbed with her right hand as the creature began to wiggle back and forth with wild abandon. “Oh... oh... ah!” she gasped as the

creature gave her helpless body just the same sort of treatment that she'd watched so many times in all those videos. Just like all those pretty girls she'd gotten of to as the bugs fill with their potent juices. As they transformed into new bugs. In body... and in mind.

Chyka didn't know what to think as the worm did its level best to tenderize her deeply filled pussy. Despite the shock, and despite the horror, it was quickly starting to arouse her. It was beginning to feel... not unpleasant. Perhaps even a bit nice.

The little snow leopardess grabbed at the edge of the bed with her left hand as she felt the creature's movements suddenly stiffen. She grasped the geltain sheet hard as it thumped its whole head hard up against her groin. It could mean only one thing.

"No! NO!" Chyka cried out as she felt sudden, dull pulses of pressure throbbing through her abdomen. Not only had the

creature had ejaculated a copious quantity of virulently transformative semen into her her helpless little pussy, it had somehow forced her to experience an orgasm in the process. A faint orgasm, but an orgasm nonetheless.

“Goddess! Oh... oh Goddess!” Chyka sputtered as her head spun about in a whirl of deeply mixed feelings. The worm sex might have actually been quite a bit of fun if she’d had long enough to get over the initial shock and horror of its sudden and forceful initiation. She could actually kind of understand why girls who did it more deliberately seemed to enjoy it so much. But... at what cost?

Takka giggled with darkly playful enthusiasm as little gobs of sticky bug spoo squirted from of her granddaughter’s tight body. They splattered all over the worm as it gave its helpless lover a few final spurts of buggy spoo. “That’s a good girl!”

Chyka panted and gasped as the creature withdrew almost as quickly as it had entered her. Bug spoo splattered all over legs and the bed in between them. “I... I... I don’t understand!” she moaned as she felt a strange numb tightness take hold inside her belly.

The countless sperm with which the creature had filled her tender little pussy were already hard at work corrupting her flesh. The fur of her abdomen and upper legs began to fall out all at once. The exposed skin pulled taut into firm leathery segments that felt... just plain wrong. Uncomfortable. Alien.

“Just tying up the final loose end that was getting in the way of my promise, sweetie,” Takka replied as she spread her own legs over the edge of the bed. The other worm had been patiently waiting for an orifice to fill. It took no time in taking full advantage of the newly available pussy.

“Why?” Chyka groaned as strange feeling of

dull flatness spread through her belly and into the place that cradled her womanly organs. In mere moments it had spread out from within. Nearly all sense of being physically female was consumed as her womanhood fused shut, leaving her groin as flat and plain as plain could be. But... it didn't stop there. It kept going, fusing her legs together as it spread rapidly down toward her feet. "Why? Why do you want us... to be... bugs? Why?!?"

"Don't worry about it," Takka replied as her wormy lover released its transformative load inside her own body. "I'm sure we'll both just love flopping around in stinky bug spoo and doing whatever it is that rowa worms do all day. The hive will thrive and never again be threatened by the power that... well. That's all quite moot now, isn't it?"

Chyka clenched her teeth as the transformation spread down over her ankles and up toward the base of her ribcage. As her soft mammaries were pulled sharply taut, all

she could think about was how the rowa in her precious videos had never filled their victims with so much spooage all at once. They'd been far more careful in their ministrations, treating their captives to only a few drips so that their transformations would take many minutes to complete. So that their victims could savor the alien sensations. So steep themselves in their fetish for as long as possible.

But not little Chyka. She wasn't even given the chance to really comprehend what was happening, let alone actually spend time just feeling it as it progressed. All she could do was huff and gasp. Struggle and write. Moan with quiet desperation as the final few seconds passed. As the transformation pulled in her arms. As it spread up her neck. As it...

CONFUSION

One moment, Chyka was wiggling her last wiggles as her genuine self. The very next, she was squirming about within impossibly tight and very rubbery cocoon. It was only now that she could really feel the shape of her rowaform body. Her weirdly moving segments. Her long, mucous gland tipped tail. Her round little head with its mucous spewing pussy-mouth.

By all rights, the little snow leopardess should have become a virtual beast. A creature, rather than a person. A barely self-aware monster who's only purpose was to wiggle around and spread smelly mucous all through her new hive. And maybe, just maybe she'd be lucky enough to get a chance to suck on a non-rowa cock once in a very long while.

But... Chyka hadn't completely turned into a beast. Her mind was still intact. Somehow, somehow, the transformation had been stopped right at the moment she was about to be stripped of virtually everything that made her who she was.

Seconds ticked past. Ever so slowly, the little snow leopardess' captive rowaform body began to change. To her complete and utter astonishment, she was somehow morphing back into the pretty little snow leopardess that she'd been mere minutes before. It didn't make sense. Unless...

It's... it's happening again isn't it? Chyka thought. I'm being sent back... back before this happened. But this time... it's going so... so slowly...

“What’s happening?” came a strange female voice from beyond the little snow leopardess’ rubbery cocoon. “Why is the biogel sheen beginning to activate?”

“I don’t know!” came a strange male voice. “It’s... it’s not supposed to! Something’s going wrong!”

All of a sudden, Chyka’s mind began to whirl. *What the... I... who...* she thought as a deep, disturbing confusion took hold of her. Many different versions of herself were flashing through her mind. Vying for control. Desperate to take over and be the one who was allowed a new chance at living a real life.

“Then stop it!” the female voice replied. “Can’t you stop it? Freeze the process? Anything?!?”

“I can’t!” the male responded. “It’s some kind of runaway process! I don’t understand! It shouldn’t be possible!”

Only one Chyka could win the struggle. Only one Chyka could exit the portal. Would it be the key’vin’ta demi-goddess? Would it be the innocent librarian? Or would it be one of the many versions in between?

“What’s it doing to her?” another female voice asked.

“Can’t you do something?” yet another snapped.

“You have to! Please! She’s...” a third cried out.

“If I knew what was happening, maybe I could but... this is just... impossible!” the male replied. “It’s impossible!!!”

“Here we go again,” the very first strange voice sighed. “How many times do I have to tell you...”

“Shut up! Dammit! It’s going to... we need to get out!” the male yelled. “Back into the clock chamber! Quickly! It’s the only way to stop this!”

“We can’t use the clock again!” the first female snapped as the voices began to fade into the distance. “We just can’t! The risk at

this point it far too...”

“We don’t have a choice!” the male replied.
“There’s absolutely no other...”

A loud thump cut off the rest of the male’s statement.

Moments of terrifying silence ticked past as the many Chykas began to tear each other apart. Bits and pieces of personality were warped or destroyed. Memories were rent asunder. Instincts and inclinations whipped back and forth between passive innocence and vile evil. As everything that she was, or had been, was twisted and corrupted into unrecognizable mockeries of who she should have, or could have been.

A whirlpool was forming within the very core of Chyka’s soul. A very familiar whirlpool. She knew exactly where it lead. To the Nine Heavenly Hells.

A cacophony of corrupted minds finally

came together as one. The Hells were the one place where this new corrupted being could genuinely feel at home. There, she could become a vile purveyor of terrifying pleasure. Or she could become a helpless recipient thereof. There was no way to know which would be her eternal fate. She didn't care.

Chyka gleefully dove into the spiral of sensuous damnation. Strange threads of searing hot pleasure began to wend their way into her mind. Into the new immortal body that was being formed just for her to inhabit for the remainder of eternity. It felt so good. It felt so right. And, for the first time since she'd encountered that temptress Ki'su and her magnificent magics, it felt like she was about to find herself a truly perfect home.

STABILITY

“We did it! WE DID IT!!!” Dr. Kidan exclaimed, bouncing around the quantum clock chamber with childlike enthusiasm. “I can’t believe it, but we finally did it!”

“We did what, exactly?” Tachi asked with a raised eyebrow and crossed arms.

“We found a stable timeline!” Dr. Kidan replied, pointing at various indicators and displays on the quantum clock’s control panel. “Look! There are plenty of minor variances in the overall flow, but from past to present, all return to the center. Even better, this last activation of the clock is perfectly coincident with a centering point. That means we’re in our correct timeline!”

“That could just be coincidence,” Dr. Alluwa noted. “How many times have you let yourself be fooled before?”

“True,” Dr. Kidan replied. “But... all of our individual flows also hit center at the same time! You. Me. The girls. Even Omega as a total entity. It can’t get any better than that!”

“Are you *sure* about that?” Dr. Alluwa inquired with a tone of deep skepticism.

“Are you arguing about the stability of the timeline?” Dr. Kidan asked with a deep sigh.

“No,” Dr. Alluwa replied. “It’s the other part I’m concerned with.”

“What do you mean?” Dr. Kidan questioned. “The timeline is stable. Shi’s been disposed of. You can see that right over here. And the dragille never got summoned. You don’t see that right over there. We’re all here. We’re all fine. What’s wrong?”

“Chyka?” Dr. Alluwa inquired.

“Chyka!!!” Jumie cried out, bolting for the door that led into the resynthesis portal chamber.

“Wait! Stop!” Dr. Kidan yelled as the door opened. “Come back! Everything in there is dangerous!”

The whole group chased after Jumie in an effort to stop her. There had been catastrophe enough for one day. The last thing anyone wanted was a new one to deal with.

As they entered the chamber, the group found Jumie standing in silence. She had stopped just short of climbing up onto the padded portal platform. Her eyes were locked on the petite figure who was standing upon the platform, just in front of the portal itself. The petite figure of a biogel clad snow leopardess who was as still as still could be, staring blankly off into space.

“Chyka?” Sakie asked.

Dr. Kidan sighed in relief as he climbed the steps leading up onto the padded platform. “Thank the heavens! I didn’t think it was going to work for a moment. It would have been pretty awkward if you got stuck as a biogel worm with your intact mind stuck in it, wouldn’t it?”

“Intact mind?” Dr. Alluwa questioned, following her fellow scientist up onto the platform.

“Uh... Chyka?” Dr. Kidan questioned, waving his hand in front of the little snow leopardess’ face. “Chyka?”

The little snow leopardess didn’t respond to the waving hand. Her blank expression didn’t change in the slightest. She just continued to stare straight ahead, blinking occasionally but otherwise completely motionless.

“Walnut brain,” Dr. Alluwa noted with a

sigh. “Just like the girls who put on those horrid hivewear masks. Shame but... well. We knew about the potential of this sort of thing happening, didn’t we?”

“Well? How do we fix it?” Sakie demanded.

“There has to be a way!” Jumie replied with tears in her eyes. “Say there’s a way!”

“Put a hivewear mask on her and call it a day?” Dr. Alluwa replied with a thoroughly disgusted look on her face.

“That’s... horrible!” Tachi snapped. “Fucking horrible! What is she to you? Just a tool? A toy? What is she?”

“Stop!” Dr. Kidan barked. “We’re never going to figure this out by fighting! We need to think. Think hard.”

“Do you want to know what I think?” Dr. Alluwa replied.

“Not really,” Tachi snarled.

“I think it’s kind of odd, isn’t it?” Dr. Alluwa responded.

“What’s odd?” Dr. Kidan asked, crossing his arms and scowling at the tigress.

“Kind of makes you wonder, doesn’t it?” Dr. Alluwa replied.

“Wonder *what?*” Dr. Kidan snapped. “We don’t have time for your... games!”

“Well... the timeline is ‘fixed’, isn’t it?” Dr. Alluwa replied with a contemplative expression on her face. “Everyone came to a center point. Even Chyka. And yet... there she is. Stuck with a rowa walnut brain and quite possibly no way to do anything about it. Kind of makes you wonder.”

“Are you suggesting that Chyka having a walnut brain is what was *supposed* to happen to her?” Dr. Kidan responded incredulously.

“You come up with a different theory and I’ll be happy to hear it,” Dr. Alluwa answered.

“Maybe I will,” Dr. Kidan replied.

“Good, now maybe we should be having a look at what sort of stable timeline we’re actually in,” Dr. Alluwa observed. “You girls come with me while I see what the rest of my extended self can tell me if everything really is... ‘normal’. If it’s ‘normal’, I’ll send Dr. Turi down to have a look at Chyka. She’ll know better than any of us if there’s more in there than a rowa worm brain having trouble understanding a humanoid body.”

“Do we have to?” Jumie asked.

“Yes,” Dr. Kidan replied with a shrug and a sigh. “I need to give Chyka a full scan to make sure there’s no lingering residual biogel activation effects on her body. There’s a chance of reactivation and it could be very dangerous if you were in here if that happened.”

“Let’s go,” Dr. Alluwa said, beckoning the three other women to follow. “And let’s hope all this temporal nonsense has finally come to an end.”

THE HELLS

“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. What time is it? Oh, shit! Did I forget to go to work? Classes start... today?”

“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... what is this place?” 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. “Where’s the wall between the bedroom and the...”

The little snow leopardess sat up. “I never really liked that wall there,” she remarked as she eyed the living chamber with suspicion. “But... am I... am I in the future now or something? Because how would it be gone unless I’d asked so... yeah. This has to be the future.”

“Negative,” Vixie replied.

“Then where am I?” Chyka questioned, turning to her biogel clad personal assistant. Her pleasing shape was perfectly familiar. It was Nanya. Or... was it?

“Gelitech Gelarium, Mashiva, Maria IV,

Marian Drift Prefecture, Fey’li Empire,” Vixie responded.

“Well, yeah, I know *that*,” Chyka muttered as she began to slide off the edge of the bed. It was only then that she realized that her body was now covered from neck to toe with glossy black biogel. “And apparently I’m all covered in this biogel shit again too. I thought I was supposed to be free from Omega!”

Chyka froze. She fully expected Omega to enter her mind, just like the being had done so many times before. Instead, there was only an eerie silence. Indeed, despite biogel’s powers of connection, there was nothing to be sensed beyond the edge of her own ability to perceive her immediate surroundings.

“Am I... am I in the Hells?” Chyka asked. That was what her strange dream had been all about. Throwing herself into the Hells, just to escape the insanity of her previous life. Or lives. Or whatever they really were.

“Affirmative,” Vixie replied.

“Oh... *greeeeeat*,” Chyka replied, rolling her eyes as she got up from the edge of the bed. “No. Seriously. Where am I?”

Vixie laughed. Her mask melted away. Her body suddenly changed shape to that of a very familiar blue skinned mitanni. “Seriously. Where do *you* think that you are?”

“Ky’tin!” Chyka exclaimed as she found herself face to face with the tall mitanni that she’d once so casually cast into the Hells with her newfound key’vin’ta magic. “You... I... oh... oh goddess...”

“There is no goddess here,” Ky’tin replied with a deep dark laugh. “There is only terror and pleasure here. Horrific beasts who know no rules and who don’t care one bit what their helpless captives think about their... ministrations. And then there are the captives who’s bodies are just flesh to be stuffed with the effluents so pleasingly foul as to be so

instantly addictive that one actually desires the terror. The corruption. The transformation into a mere meaty toy for dark angels of unending horror and glorious demons of heavenly pleasure.”

“Well, yeah,” Chyka replied as she took a pensive step back from the insidiously grinning mitanni. “I know that. That’s what all the stories say.”

“Now,” Ky’tin chuckled as she stepped forward and reached out to caress the nervously quivering little snow leopardess’ chin. “There is only one question left, isn’t there?”

“And that is?” Chyka asked, biting her lip.

“Which one of us here is the beast?”

THE PERFECT GIRLFRIEND

“I’m sorry,” Dr. Kidan murmured as he waved a specially attuned scanner wand around the silent little snow leopardess. “I’m sorry for everything. It really is all my fault. Trying to force you to follow the path that I wanted you to follow. Trying to make you my... well... we kind of wound up there for a bit, didn’t we?”

Chyka didn’t respond.

“You know what I should have done?” Dr. Kidan continued. “I should have asked you out when I first met you in the library. Or when I saw you’d become a model. Or before you ran off with Mika. Or at least after that whole thing at Dari. I should have stopped then. But I didn’t. And now... I really do regret it. I

hope...”

Dr. Kidan shook his head. “How can you ever really forgive me? You can’t. And you won’t. And... and I really don’t blame you.”

Chyka still gave no sign of reply.

“There’s still some residual energy floating around in you,” Dr. Kidan noted as he reached out to touch the little snow leopardess’ cheek. “Please tell me its your mind having trouble figuring out your body. Please. Yes?”

Without warning, Chyka dropped to her knees. He blank gaze remained, but her face stretched forward until her nose was hovering just in front of the tiger’s crotch. His genitalia were concealed by the substance of his biogel coating, though clearly the little snow leopardess was keenly aware of their presence.

“Uh...” Dr. Kidan murmured as the little snow leopardess began to rub her face against the mound of biogel that contained his

manhood. “What are you...”

Chyka continued to rub against the tiger’s biogel mound until it made him begin to feel aroused. Slowly, the biogel shrunk around his large penis and amply proportioned testicles. Just as slowly, his penis began to grow and harden. She opened her mouth and began to suck on it.

“Oh... uh... I don’t think this is...” Dr. Kidan muttered in disbelief as he looked down at his would-be lover. “Why... oh. Right. Look at you holding your arms at your side like they aren’t even there. You think you’re still a worm, don’t you?”

Chyka didn’t respond. She simply kept sucking on her lover’s still growing penis.

“You realize your girls are going to kill me, right?” Dr. Kidan noted with a deep frown. “Oh... dammit. If it keeps you still enough for me to finish the scans then I guess... well. It’s an excuse, right?”

Chyka kept on sucking on the tiger's penis as he adjusted his sensor wand for a more focused scan of her cranium.

“Goddess, I already feel so hard and tingly,” Dr. Kidan murmured as he began to scan her head. “If you keep doing that, I’m going to jizz in your mouth. I don’t know if the biogel is going to contain it. But... that’s what you’re after, isn’t it?”

The sensor wand beeped. Then it emitted a warbling alarm.

“Oh... shit!” Dr. Kidan exclaimed as he moved to pull away from the little snow leopardess. Her teeth dissuaded him. “Let go! Let go! If it activates it can spread into my suit and then we’ll both...”

The biogel coating Chyka's body turned from black to bright luminous pink all at once. It began to liquefy and spread up her neck. In a virtual instant, it had completely covered her head.

“Oh! No! No! Dammit! NO!” Dr. Kidan groaned as the little snow leopardess’ shape began to change. The mouth upon his firmly erect penis went soft and squishy, with a strange firmness around the edges. A sharp sizzling sound filled the air as the light within the shape became almost too bright to look at. “Let go! Let go! Come on... LET GO!”

There was a sudden sharp snap. The light faded. Chyka’s whole body was now made of pure glistening blackness. Her whole, and still quite animate, rowa worm body.

“What... what the...” Dr. Kidan sputtered as the biogel worm sucked on his penis even harder than it had when it had been a little biogel clad snow leopardess. “Oh... goddess... I’m gonna...”

“Ah!” the tiger gasped as he ejaculated into the biogel worm’s gummy pussy-mouth. The biogel definitely failed to contain his seed, and the worm gulped it down just as fast as he

could produce it. “Ah... oh... that feels so... so... amazing!”

The biogel worm pulled away from the spent tiger and began to slither away in search of another cock to help sate its bestial thirst.

“Oh, no. No you aren’t,” Dr. Kidan said, reaching down to lift the surprisingly light worm up off the platform. “You’re coming to the lab with me. And maybe... maybe once we’ve figured out why you turned into a worm like that your girlfriends will let me help keep you happy. I mean... after all I’ve done to you, it’s the least I can do, right? Yeah, that just sounds wrong, doesn’t it? But... well. We’ll see.”

A CHOICE

“Well?” Ky’tin asked as Chyka followed her through the hellish garden that surrounded the stony edifice that contained the faux Gelitech apartment. “What do you think of my gardening skills?”

The little snow leopardess genuinely didn’t know what to say. The monstrous shapes that surrounded her seemed far more like creatures made of corrupted green flesh than actual vegetation. True, they were all rooted firmly in the ground. They had stems, or trunks. Leaves. Quite a few even had what might pass for flowers from a distance.

There was, however, no beauty to Ky’tin’s carefully composed garden. The corrupted

plants clearly weren't there for their looks. They were there for what they did to the bodies of the captives whose eternal fate was to be subject to the mitanni's most deeply rooted personal fetish.

“Don't they all just make you feel so insanely horny?” Ky'tin mused as she caressed a nearby 'flower'. This particular example was attached to one of the many woody vines that were wrapped around the warped, half-dead looking trees that lined the garden path. “Aren't their scents so... wonderful? Come closer. Smell them. Trust me. It will help you feel comfortable with... well, here.”

Chyka bit her lip as she forced herself to look at the luxuriously tanned, legless and otherwise disembodied abdomen that had become fused into the end of one of the vine's many branches. It was a disturbing sight to behold. A woman, reduced to little more than a hips, rump, and pussy, anally penetrated by a constantly wiggling bit of plant matter that

stretched down its backside. A toy made eternally available for the use of the countless denizens of the Hells who were lucky enough to be counted among the givers of vile ministrations rather than the vast majority who were doomed to receive whatever the former might deign to impart upon them.

These demonic angels were lurking about the garden, always just out of the little snow leopard's view. No doubt the only thing dissuading them from approaching was the presence of the gardener. Had the helpless little fey'li been wandering alone... who knew what might happen. She might wind up being forced to become part of the garden... or worse. Far, far worse.

Then again, there really was no 'might' about it. Chyka knew that she was going to be taken. They were going to have their way with her, one way or another. On the positive side, whatever happened, it would feel absolutely incredible. She was going to love it, no matter

how much it terrified her, and whether she wanted it or not.

Ky'tin moved to another plant. This was actually more of a massive mound of fungus than a plant. The translucent, luminous violet mass occupied a bend in the path, accessible through a few narrow spaces between the trees. Dozens of feminine shapes could be seen squirming within.

It was difficult for Chyka to tell what the fungus was doing to its captives. It looked as if they were being slowly transformed into strangely shaped structures of disturbingly porous, even fibrous nature. These were then attached to other strangely shaped structures which stretched deeper into the fungal mass. What purpose they might serve in the organism was truly impossible to tell.

“Even fungus enjoys a woman’s pleasure,” Ky'tin commented as she poked at the surface of the highly adhesive mass. As she pulled her

finger away, the fungus tried to keep hold of her. She giggled at its vain attempt to pull her in. “This is one of my favorites. It takes its time. It warps its captive in ways that their minds just cannot even begin to comprehend. And when it is all finally done and she has become nothing but nutrients, then poof! She goes on to some other place in the Hells! Will she endure another such momentary horror? Or will she face something far more permanent? I do not know. It is not my place. But I cannot help but wonder.”

Chyka cringed as the fungus finally snapped away from the mitanni’s finger. It may have been powerless to restrain its mistress, but the little snow leopardess would be another matter entirely. She kept as far away from it as she could without blundering into some other horror.

“But I’m not so sure that would suit a beauty like you, hmm?” Ky’tin cooed. “You belong here. With me. And to that end, I’ve been

thinking about something a bit more... floral.”

“You’re really going to make me part of this garden, aren’t you?” Chyka asked as the mitanni led her further down the path. “Why... why can’t we... you know... just be together. We can do that here, right?”

“Such a naive little one, aren’t you?” Ky’tin chuckled. “After all you owe the Mistress of the Hells, you think you deserve to become like me? To be a mistress and not a plaything? No. No. You owe and it’s time for you to make payment.”

“Owe?” Chyka questioned. “Since when do owe the Hells anything?”

“Since you accepted your role as a key’vin’ta priestess,” Ky’tin answered with a smirk. “You promised to use your powers to return the glory days of the key’vin’ta and the endless stream of souls cast directly into the Hells. And what of Omega? What of helping to expand that being to its limits and then casting all of

its constituent souls into the Hells all at once?”

“It wasn’t my fault that didn’t happen!” Chyka exclaimed as the mitanni lead her toward a place where the path split in two. “I wasn’t the one pulling the strings. Someone else was! I didn’t even get to find out who!”

“The Mistress of the Hells doesn’t care,” Ky’tin answered with a deeply insidious smile as a strange scent of sweep pollen and highly aroused pussy began to fill the air. “All she cares about is that you make up for your failure to fulfill your end of the bargain. And I think this right here would be the perfect place for you to do it.”

Chyka gasped as she found herself presented with a copse of huge trees as beautiful as they were deeply unsettling. Dangling from the branches of each were dozens of huge, upside down tulip blossoms in a rainbow of colors that only seemed to exclude shades of green. Each produced a nearly continuous drizzle of

clear goo from some hidden place within its petals, though this was only a hint at their deeply unsettling nature. A look up at what the flowers were attached to, however...

The little snow leopardess' heat skipped a beat as she gazed in fascination and horror at the form the trees' many victims had taken. Each was a woody armless torso, connected to its knobby branch at the neck, and leaking pale golden sap from knotty nipples. A green abdomen followed, its shape so smoothed over that it was more of a vaguely feminine tube of plant matter. It was this that the outer leaves and eerily pretty tulip-like petals that took the place of her legs.

"Such a pretty thing, isn't it?" Ky'tin asked as she reached out to draw her newest acquisition in for a closer look.

"I... I don't know," Chyka replied as the mitanni pulled her forward until she was standing nearly beneath a bright pink bloom. It

was only then that she could see inside, and gaze upon the mucous drizzling pussy up inside where a normal flower's female organs would have been. This was surrounded by six stamen, their bulbous tips covered in bright orange pollen. "Oh... that's..."

"Magnificent?" Ky'tin cooed as she pressed on the little snow leopardess' back until she was compelled to step into the flower's thick mucal shower.

"Oh! Nasty!" Chyka groaned as the clear mucous drizzled up her nose and onto her head. As of on cue, the flow of mucous increased quite sharply. It began to ooze downward on all sides. "Come on! This isn't..."

"What you had in mind when you sold your soul to the Mistress?" Ky'tin replied.

"No!" Chyka answered, pulling back from the stream of mucous and doing her best to shake the thick goo from her hair.

“Of course it isn’t,” Ky’tin responded with a thoroughly unsympathetic smile as she pushed her captive back into the stream of mucous. “It never is. But the Mistress doesn’t care. And neither do I. But...”

“But what?” Chyka snarled as she found herself compelled to let the sticky slime start to spread down over her shoulders, upper back and chest.

“It *would* be such a waste, wouldn’t it?” Ky’tin mused.

Chyka grimaced and spat as she tried, and failed, to prevent the mucous from completely covering her face. There was no way to keep it from getting into her mouth. It tasted slightly sweet, and slightly salty. It also tasted just a tad bit on the sharp side.

“What do you think, hmm?” Ky’tin cooed. “A second chance, perhaps?”

“I’m not serving your Mistress,” Chyka

replied as the events of her first time around flashed through her mind. “Not again. Ever.”

“Are you really sure about that?” Ky’tin asked as she watched the mucous spread down her captive’s abdomen and upper legs.

Chyka was silent as the mucous slipped down her lower legs and began to pool around her feet. She began to feel strange. She couldn’t move. Or, rather, she simply couldn’t force herself to move.

“Well, we shall see, won’t we?” Ky’tin chuckled as she picked up the now totally helpless little snow leopardess. “The Mistress may be ready to forgive your debt and give you a second chance. But for now, you owe *me* a bit of enjoyment. So, how about we see what color flower you make, hmm? I’m sure it will be quite... magnificent!”

TO BE CONTINUED...