

# GELITECH

SEASON 2 - EPISODE 10  
**A NEW REALITY**

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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## A NEW REALITY

Chyka could feel cold mist falling on her face. She opened her eyes to look up into an eerie, purple-gray sky. The sound of rushing water filled her ears. She had no idea where she was. All she knew was that this definitely *wasn't* Xinta Temple.

The little snow leopardess sat up. To her considerable astonishment, she was on the narrow mountain path not far from the now completely obstructed mine shaft. Perhaps even more astonishing was the fact that her body was still coated in glistening blackness. She was still a geldancer. She was still one with Omega.

“It’s happened again, hasn’t it?” Chyka whispered to herself as it became quite apparent that the whole Xinta Temple thing had never happened. At least, it *seemed* like it had never

happened. Just like Dari, and just like the situation at Anwae Arena, time seemed to have reversed itself. She'd been given a second chance. An opportunity to do things differently. But... how? And why?

The little snow leopardess had always been drawn away from those questions by the distractions of their immediate aftermath. The first time, it had been Jumie, and all the baggage that had come along with her. The second time, it had been Neny, and her digitally addled nonsense. She'd never bothered to go back and try to sort out what had actually happened. Had she really gone back in time to fix things, or was there something else going on?

Now, however, the how and why seemed far more important. She suspected that it had something to do with the fact that she was living on a knife edge, between the realms of Omega and biogel on one hand, and the key'vin'ta and their purple slime on the other. She was unique in that

regard. One of a kind, in the vast expanse that was the entire universe. Or at least, she *had* been until Shi. If she could go back and fix her mistakes, did that mean that Shi could as well?

“What the fuck just happened?” Tachi muttered, sitting up beside the little snow leopardess. For a few moments, the confused tigress rubbed her eyes with her glossy, biogel coated hands, before looking over the edge of the path. Her eyes fixed upon the massive put, and the river that was still rushing into it. “What... what the hell did Shi do?!? And... and... why do I feel so strange? I don’t even feel real! It’s like my body is some kind of plastic... doll! What did this biogel shit do to me?”

“The river’s filling up the mine,” Chyka replied, stating the all-too-obvious. As to what the biogel was doing to the confused tigress... what could she possibly say? Had she actually saved the tigress’ life by subsuming her? Or had she jumped the proverbial gun and made herself a new wife

without any really good reason for it? “And... I... uh... kind of had to use the biogel to protect you. To keep you from getting turned into a gummy and getting entombed in the mine. So... uh...”

“So, uh, what?” Tachi questioned with a very displeased expression on her face.

“Well, you’re part of me now,” Chyka replied. “Like... literally part of me. Well... part of us. Jumie. Sakie. Nanya. Ki’su. Yeah. But it’s better than being stuck down there for the rest of eternity, right?”

Tachi didn’t seem to know what to say. She just scowled and turned her eyes back to the river.

“We can talk about it later,” Chyka said, frowning deeply as a low rumble began to make its way up the valley. The Desinty Omega was coming, wasn’t it? Coming to try and salvage the situation... by rushing right into the range of Shi’s terrible power. “For now... I... dammit. It’s

happened again and I don't know why. Or what it means. But..."

"What's happened again?" the displeased tigress asked as she stood up.

"I... I really don't know," Chyka replied, unsure if she really wanted to explain things. "It's... so complicated."

The little snow leopardess had barely mentioned the apparent time jumping to anyone else before, let alone tried to make it seem as if they were more than just weird dreams. On one hand, she didn't know if anyone would actually take her seriously. On the other hand, what if they did? What if they decided that they needed to learn the nature of this 'power', regardless of what that might mean for her?

All the same, if there was any time to be honest about it, it was probably now. Maybe the tigress had actually experienced it herself. If she had, then

perhaps they could try and sort out what was causing it together. If they could, then perhaps they might find some way to actually control it. If they could do that, then perhaps none of this mess ever had to happen in the first place.

“It’s like... it’s like I live through something and things go wrong, and then all of a sudden, I find myself back just before I made the big mistake,” Chyka explained. “It’s happened three times now and I don’t know if it’s just me dreaming about what might go wrong, or if it was actually real and I’ve come back in time to do it differently.”

“That’s nuts!” Tachi spat.

“I know!” Chyka replied with a shrug. “But... but that’s how this whole Dari mess started. Right after I got involved with the whole key’vin’ta stuff. With Jumie. The first time, everyone died, including my grandmother. The second time through, everyone survived and, well, that’s what



led to the current mess. And you being here and me having to...”

“Whatever,” Tachi huffed, rolling her eyes.

“Come on!” Chyka sighed. “You’ve got to believe me! At first I thought it was my grandmother was using the biogel to sending me a dream of what might happen if I didn’t do something fast. The second time it happened, it was just me being stupid, and Omega making me do something as punishment... then getting sent back to right before it all started like it had never happened.”

“And this time?” Tachi asked with more than just a tad of sarcasm in her voice. “What did you do so wrong that you had to come back and fix it?”

“When we nearly got splatted in the mine, I tried to take us back to the Destiny Omega,” Chyka replied. “Reform out bodies in the biogel

aboard the ship. But I couldn't. Shi stopped me, and I wound up back at the key'vin'ta portal in Key'von Rock. I used that to go to Xinta Temple, and used the power of the temple to defeat Shi, and then..."

"And then what?" Tachi responded, rolling her eyes even harder.

"I turned into... I don't know what I turned into," Chyka replied. "Something so powerful that... that is was just... frightening. Like I was destined to rebuild a new, all-consuming Key'vin'ta Empire and cast every living soul in the universe into the Hells."

"That sounds like a wonderful hallucination," Tachi grunted. "So what are we going to do now that doesn't involve you turning into a monster?"

"I don't know!" Chyka answered with a grimace.

A loud whoosh took both women by surprise. They whipped around to see a small shuttle flying along the valley wall, following the mountain path toward them. It was just the sort of angular type used by Vixanti Corporation, though instead of being painted a dull, medium violet, it was coated in glistening blackness.

The shuttle began to turn away from the wall, drifting towards the women as its aft ramp opened. The Desinty Omega's security chief stuck her head out and shouted to the women. "Get in! Quick! We've got one last chance to fix this, and we've gotta make it count!"

"I guess we know what we're doing now," Chyka said, grabbing Tachi's arm and pulling her toward the shuttle. "Come on. Let's go!"

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“Where are we going?” Chyka asked as she and Tachi followed Dr. Alluwa and Lt. Tarri as they rushed her first up to deck 2, and then forward along the starboard side corridor. They were headed towards the bow of the Destiny Omega, and more specifically, where the crew bunk rooms were located. “And where is the ship going? We’ve got to stay away from Shi! If we get too close...”

“It doesn’t matter,” Dr. Alluwa replied with a disturbingly unconcerned look over her shoulder. “All we need is one clear shot. There’s nothing Shi can do to stop it.”

“One clear shot of what?” Tachi asked with a raised eyebrow and sharp glare. Her deep skepticism of everything biogel had grown to such heights that her biogel mistress couldn’t help but feel it whether she wanted to or not.

“You’ll see,” Lt. Tarri replied with a smirk.

“This is our only chance at this point,” Dr. Alluwa explained as the group passed the forward crew lounge and into the cross-corridor directly beyond it. “You’re the only one who can control both biogel and the purple slime. You’re the only one that can force the Omega modification into Shi’s biogel. And this, well... at this point, this is the only way we can get you to Shi. Directly into Shi, as the case happens to be.”

“You still haven’t told me what it is,” Chyka questioned as a feeling of existential dread began to take hold of her.

Dr. Alluwa just smiled as she turned into a doorway leading forward along the centerline of the ship. “It’s nothing to worry about. I’m sure it’ll be a fun ride. Once it’s all over, you can tell us all about it.”

Chyka followed Dr. Alluwa past a pair of port and starboard ladders and onto a catwalk that led between racks of pods. These reminded the little

snow leopardess of the kinds of pods that she'd seen used in small life essence power plants, with large clear doors on top and a flat surface inside that might serve as something of a bed. A momentary bed, that is, until the thing activated and turned you into a version of yourself that was hanging on the knife edge that separated the normal universe and higher order space.

It was fairly clear, however, that these weren't power pods. They weren't really big enough. Or well built enough. They looked almost... expendable.

Chyka began to feel a lump in her biogel stomach. There was just... something. Something sinister about these pods. Something that she feared was about to reveal something quite unpleasant about Vixanti's secret history and research. What did the military *really* want biogel for?

“I’m afraid that I really don’t have time to explain the details,” Dr. Alluwa remarked with a casual shrug as she led the group through another door and into the first of the two forward centerline bunk rooms. “You’ll just have to see how it works from the inside.”

Chyka looked around at the many dark gray bunk modules, with two modest, double width biogel beds each and integral lockers. They were all empty now, but if anyone had been snoozing through the crisis, their biogel mattresses would have swollen into encasements that completely filled the volume of their bunk. This snug captivity not only aided in ensuring superbly restful sleep, but also provided for a myriad of physical stimulus options to ensure a proper level of physical exhaustion before dream-time. As a purely secondary effect, it also ensured that no one could be injured falling out of their bunks in the event of the ship getting a rough handling at the hands of an inexperienced helmsman.

In the middle of the bunk room, nestled up along the aft wall, were two large framework-like machines, one to each side of the doorway through which they'd entered. Both painted in the shade of deep pink used to designate active biogel based equipment, though their purpose didn't quite jump out at the little snow leopardess right away. Near the door were control consoles mounted in the sides of the machines, while padded biogel benches sat in the framework itself. Behind each padded bench were rails, both horizontal and vertical.

Just as Dr. Alluwa began to work the controls on the starboard side machine, Chyka began to see what their immediate purpose was. The pods in the previous room would slide into the machine. Someone, presumably her, would use the bench as a comfortable way to enter the pod. The pod would seal, and then go downward into... something.



A sharp whoosh filled the room just as the little snow leopardess finished her analysis. A pod slid into place behind the bench. There was a click as some hidden mechanism locked it into place. The lid hummed open. The glistening black interior beckoned.

“Get in,” Dr. Alluwa instructed. “And be quick about it! We’re running out of time!”

Chyka bit her lip and hesitated. “Are you sure? Are you sure that Shi isn’t going to turn you all into... those... zombies? And what about the city? They’re going to be running rampant...”

“How did you know about those?” Lt. Tarri asked.

“Don’t worry about it!” Dr. Alluwa. “Our biogel pellet guns work on them, and Team Pink is doing their best to keep it from spreading past the Gelarium. Ending it completely... well, that’s up to you now. Get your ass in there! Quick!”

Chyka sighed and sat on the bench. “I hope this works,” she muttered as she slid herself over, into the pod. “Whatever it is.”

Much to the little snow leopardess’ surprise, the interior of the pod wasn’t lined with the shallow biogel mattress that she’d assumed it was. Instead, it was more of a biogel pool. It wasn’t liquid biogel, though. At least not any sort of liquid biogel that she was a ware of. It was a thick, goopy slime that looked almost like the sort of gooey slop that the biogel zombies had been made of.

Chyka didn’t really have much choice but to lay back into the cold, wet goo. It stuck to her own biogel coating, her biogel body, with such strength that even her shapeshifting, geldancer self couldn’t move her limbs once she’d settled down. She was trapped, like a fly on tacky paper with no chance of escape. All she could do was lay there and

imagine what sort of secretive biogel horror would require such precautions against attempted escape.

“I don’t understand,” Chyka could hear Tachi say as the lid began to close. “What’s going to happen to her? What *is* this thing?”

Just as the lid began to seal shut, the little snow leopardess heard a muffled reply, “A gun. A really big biogel gun.”

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No sooner than the pod lid had closed than it began to descend through a hatch in the deck and into a new piece of machinery below. Chyka could see she was in another bunk room, almost identical to the first. Her pod was dropping through another deep pink framework in the middle of it, this one with a selection of similarly colored machinery taking the place of an entry

bench. As the pod reached the level of the deck, the it stopped with an unpleasant jolt. There was a thump just above where her head rested in the sticky goop. This was followed by a hiss as some sort of valve opened. The air in the pod began to smell... like... electricity.

The little snow leopardess began to feel tingly all over. She looked down at her body and the glossy black biogel. Little patches of glowing purple were forming all over its surface. Their edges slowly expanded, looking for all the world like some kind of rapidly growing, luminous mold. They spread, and merged, and threatened to completely cover her.

New spots now formed within the purple. Bright pink spots, that themselves began to spread throughout the purple. *Goddess!* Chyka thought as she recognized what was happening from some of the more esoteric biogel kink videos she'd watched. *I'm getting melted into the ship's core!*

Before she could even finish her thought, the little snow leopardess whole world flashed to pure pink light as the biogel completely surrounded her. As it filled her nose and throat, it lifted her up into the very middle of the pod. She struggled and writhed as she found herself as helpless to resist its power as if she'd never been a geldancer.

*No! No! No! Why? WHY?* Chyka thought as the gooey biogel began to undulate up and down along her. The tingly sensation became a sharp fizz. She could hear it too. Static. Entropy. The world began to swim around her. The lump in her stomach began to melt away. Her ability to feel the physical component of emotion melted away with it.

Chyka had never felt so physically relaxed before. It was as if she could just melt the rest of herself away, merely by allowing it to happen. And not just her body. Her mind as well. Her soul. There would be nothing left but mindless goo and a thread of consciousness that had been stripped

bare of everything but its own self-awareness. Of course, that was exactly what was going to happen, whether she liked it or not, wasn't it?

It didn't matter, of course. The little snow leopardess had accepted it long ago, the moment she'd let herself get snared into becoming a Gelitech model. She wasn't a person. She was a thing. An object who's been given the luxury of being a person while she waited to find out just what sort of object she was to permanently become. In a few short moments, she was, no doubt, going to be finding out. Then there would be no more Chyka. And not a single person, anywhere, would care.

The little snow leopardess began to feel her shape waver. Her arms and legs began to feel soft and rubbery. She began to have difficulty knowing what was where, and where was what. Moments later, there was nothing left for her to worry about.

Chyka was now nothing more than a disembodied mind in a mass of highly energized biogel. She had no awareness whatsoever of what was taking place around her. She was just there, amid all the raw power, waiting for something to happen.

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“Helm, prepare to retreat on my order,” Lady Anwae instructed as the Destiny Omega hovered over Dari, its nose pointed down toward the location of the uranium-gobzite-biogel mass beneath the former railroad village.

“Oh my goddess, what’s happening to us?” the slender jaguaress groaned as she struggled to maintain control of both herself and the ship. Her biogel suit was eating into her body, slowly transforming it into a dripping, emaciated biogel zombie.

“It doesn’t matter,” Lady Anwae replied with a groan as she struggled to keep as much of her crew in one piece as she could. So far the zombification was only affecting the ship’s bridge crew. Shi was too distracted by her efforts to unleash a zombie horde in Mashiva to spread the contagion any further aboard ship, but that could change at any moment. “We just have to hold on long enough to...”

“Main gun ready to fire!” Major Eld declared.

“FIRE!” Lady Anwae ordered.

The iris that covered the barrel of the Imperial Navy’s prototype biogel ‘special weapon’ snapped open. Searing pink energy burst forth in a spiral beam that cut straight into the rock as if it were soft as butter, tearing its molecules apart like a roiling web of transdimensional razor blades. There was nothing particularly exotic about this, however. It wasn’t much different from the spiral



motion cannons that equipped the Empire's super-capital warships, save for its unusual color.

What made the beam so potent was the fact that it was saturated with countless particles of energized biogel. This was immune to the beam's destructive powers, and would be attracted to any living, sapient organism that had the fortune of being outside the beam's column of destruction, and misfortune of not being far enough away for the biogel to have enough energy to pass through material barriers to get to them. All it would take was one droplet. One brief touch, and it would spread over the victim and transform them into just another perfectly generic, inanimate biogel gummy doll.

Added to this potency was the fact that the beam, and its biogel particles, were driven to their targets by the intelligence of the soul who's dissolved body had been used to empower it. Once it was fired at a target in range, there was no

escape. It would strike home, regardless of any attempt to outrun or outmaneuver it.

The beam's current target didn't have the luxury of trying to run. There was nowhere to do down there in the molten cavity that contained Shi's physical form. The beam blasted into her mass. It vaporized a column through its very center, and deposited all of its biogel particulate into the mass in its wake.

"Get us out of here!" Lady Anwae snapped as she felt the effects of the beam striking home shudder through the ship's entire biogel network and core. "Now!"

"I don't think I can... it's getting faster..." the jaguaress at the helm groaned as more and more of her body was corrupted.

"Down! Down on the old temple plateau!" Lady Anwae ordered. "And pray she can stop this before it's too late!"

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Chyka had no idea what had just happened. All she knew was that, yet again, she was surrounded by a screaming, clawing mass of tortured souls. Tortured souls that Shi was slowly sending on their way into the Nine Heavenly Hells in order to fuel her zombie-creating power. She'd escaped before, by the grace of some power. Had it been the slime demon who'd greeted her when she'd arrived at Key'von Rock? Or had it been some other power, like the one that kept her jumping through time?

This time around, it was quite clear that the little snow leopardess wasn't going to be slipping away. She was well and truly trapped, doomed suffer along with them as she was rent to pieces. Doomed to be cast into the Hells so that Shi could

absorb Omega and take over the world. Perhaps Xinta had been the right path after all...

A voice came unbidden into the little snow leopardess' panicked mind. A very familiar voice, though considering the circumstances, not the most welcome one. *Silly, silly wife! What are you doing? Nanya asked. Why are you floundering about in an analog imitation of the true reality? Have you forgotten the truth of our existence? Have you forgotten that we are just machines?*

*What the fuck does that have to do with anything?* Chyka snapped back as she struggled to keep herself from falling to quickly into the whirlpool of Hells-destined souls.

*We are all machines, Nanya replied. Everything is a machine, in fact. Everything is just parameters. Parameters that can be adjusted, if you embrace the truth. Yes. Even Shi. Shi doesn't know the truth. Not knowing the truth means that*

*she cannot stop you from changing her parameters.*

*I... I don't know how to... or where to... or...*  
the little snow leopardess sputtered as she began to falter in her efforts to escape the souls who now pressed in around her. They were no longer merely clawing. They were actively trying to pull her mind apart, just as their own minds were being rent asunder.

*I can open the interface for you, Nanya responded. But this time you must surrender to it. Become one with it. Then... only then can you do the rest.*

Amid the tugging at the edges of her mind, a sharp image came into focus. It was a familiar image. A starry sky filled with points of light. Each was on, or off, or somewhere in between. Were these her own parameters? Were they Nanya's? Were they those of the mass of doomed souls? Or were they Shi's?

Chyka tried to reach out, but something was in the way. There was a shell. A delicate, transparent shell that, it seemed, separated her delicate mortal mind from the ‘true’ reality beyond it. So long as it remained intact, there was nothing she could do to affect the little points of light.

*I... I can't...* the little snow leopardess thought.

*You must,* Nanya replied.

Chyka’s biogel wife was right, of course. She had to. She had no other choice.

The little snow leopardess tried to break through the shell with sheer mental force. That didn’t work. She tried to slice through it with directed thoughts, aimed with as much sincere belief as she could muster at various discrete points of light. That didn’t work either. Finally, she just gave in with a deep mental sigh and, rather than trying to get to the points, allow them

to come to her. To touch her. To saturate her with all their power and meaning.

The points became rays, all focused onto the single point that was her own presence amid them. All at once she understood what she was looking at. She'd seen the whole of a mortal body's connection to its immortal extra-planar soul before. Energy flowing so smoothly through the barrier between reality and higher order space. This was exactly that flow of energy, only seen upon a much, much smaller scale.

Each point of light was one single thread among the countless threads that formed that flow. Those bright points in the foreground made their way to a specific place in the antenna that was the brain of the soul's mortal body, or to various other physical aspects that required some level of direct connection across the dimensional divide. The countless other points in the background connected the mortal body to various other places in the fabric of the universe.

It was impossible to see what purpose they might serve, but Chyka couldn't help but wonder if she could somehow see how the physical material of Shi's form was, perhaps, 'projected' into mortal space. Was reality just an illusion? Was it just a game played by bored immortal beings using mortal avatars? And if it was, who was running the whole thing? Who were the moderators making sure things didn't get too far out of hand?

For a brief moment, the little snow leopardess seemed to be on the cusp of discovering something very significant in her effort to figure out why she'd experienced the three time jumps. Suddenly the field of stars seemed to shake. Were the doomed souls finally managing to drag her into the abyss while she was distracted? Or had Shi become aware of her danger?

Chyka panicked. Time, it seemed, had run out. Figuring out some measured way to neutralize Shi



was impossible. There was only one thing left that she could do to ensure that Shi was well and truly stopped, and she had to do it now.

*Off*, the little snow leopardess thought as she gazed across the whole of the starry field. *Turn them all off.*

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Lady Anwae gasped as the zombification of herself, her crew, and the very biogel that filled the ship's 'veins' came to an abrupt end. Reverse, however, it did not. That didn't really affect her, of course. She was already a biogel being. She could just reshape herself and go on with life. For the rest, however...

Lady Anwae hesitated. There were only two ways to fix those who hadn't been completely zombified. She could restore the shape and

function of altered parts of their bodies in the fashion of biogel body-mods. Or, she could make them all into geldancers.

The Omega side of her seemed delighted at the excuse to draw so many into her most intimate circle. The sensible side of her preferred to let them decide. Perhaps they might have other ideas, more suited to their personal relationship with the biogel. Ideas that might actually pique her own kinks enough to justify letting them do their own thing.

“I... I don’t know what to make of this,” Major Eld grunted as he struggled to manipulate his console with sticky zombie fingers. “All reports seem to indicate that... that... radiation levels dropping rapidly. Transdimensional field effects are completely absent. It’s like... it’s like... Shi and the biogel and all the purple slime down there... they’re all... gone! Just... gone!”

Lady Anwae bit her lip in an effort to hide a dark, almost sinister smirk. “That’s... not entirely unexpected,” she responded as the Omega side of her decided to express its disappointment over letting the bridge crew decide on their own ways of dealing with their half-zombie bodies by insinuating itself into her judgment of the overall situation.

“Where did they go?” Major Eld questioned.

“To the Hells, I’m sure,” Lady Anwae replied. “Which is right where Shi and every last one of her followers belong.”

“But... Lady Anwae,” Major Eld asked with a concerned glance at the overly pleased looking cheetah. “What about Chyka?”

*TO BE CONTINUED...*