

GELITECH

SHEITRA & SHAWI

- COSPLAY PERIL PART 2 -
- RUBBER BUGBUTTS -

RUBBER BUGBUTTS

There would be no denying the will of Team Glitter Purple's domineering Captain, that was for sure. She practically pushed me through the locker room doorway while allowing my bemused Asian lioness to trail behind and giggle at my various expressions of displeasure. I'd object, of course, but I can't quite bring myself to put a damper on my beloved tufty-tail's fun.

As usual, my lovely lioness doesn't seem to be even the least bit concerned about our impending fate, whatever that may be. No. She's only interested in watching me transform into a mostly biogel bug-butt. Watching me get reduced into what is almost sure to be as much a walnut-brained creature as any actual lesser rowaform.

That's where all the fun is. But when it comes time for her turn...

"You really do need a good lesson in obedience, don't you?" the Captain quips as she pushes me toward an open door to one side of the otherwise unoccupied locker room. "Well, you don't worry about a thing. We'll get that feisty individualism out of you and turn you into a good little gelifighting bug-butt. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

"Not really," I reply as I'm herded through the open doorway.

The Captain laughs. "Well then! I guess we can't say that you didn't ask for what you're about to get, can we?"

"What's she going to get?" Shawi asks with just the sort of giddy enthusiasm that I inevitably regret in various intensely physical, and sometimes deeply intimate, ways.

“You’ll see,” the Captain replies as she leads me into a smallish circular room with a high, domed concrete ceiling. “And once you’ve seen, then we can see about you, hmm?”

My beloved lioness grins and giggles as I look around the chamber. There’s little to suggest exactly what’s about to happen to my soon-to-be-very-sorry feline ass. Except where the single door opens into the room, there’s a concrete shelf of sorts, a bench upon which a glistening black biogel layer has been added to act as padding. The very center of the chamber floor is recessed by half a step. There, the floor itself is glistening blackness, a layer of biogel which, no doubt, is used to strip the inertness from supposedly inert biogel costumes such as the one I’m wearing.

“Sit down,” the Captain instructs my beautiful, rowa costumed lioness. Then she gives me a push toward the middle of the chamber. “And you can

step down there so we can take care of that attitude of yours.”

“Whatever,” I reply with a deep sigh and a casual shrug. I may not be able to free myself from the predicament my wonderful lioness has gotten us into, but I can at least annoy my captor. I’m *sure* I won’t come to regret that in the least.

I step down and find my costumed feet pressing into a strangely cold and soft feeling layer of shimmering black biogel. The fact that I can feel it so distinctly through the two-toed bug feet catches me a bit off guard. Real biogel suits are supposed to feel as if their outer surface is your skin. Body mods are supposed to feel like a natural part of your body. Has it already subsumed my body without me noticing?

No. No, it hasn’t. But it feels almost like it has. Is that just an effect of wearing a costume like this? Have I been able to feel things as if the suit were my body all this time? I honestly don’t know.

And that, in and of itself, is just as odd as the cold, gooey sensation on the soles of my feet.

I turn around to face the Captain and my seated lioness. A barely visible, almost perfectly clear force field rises up from a barely noticeable slot that runs around the periphery of the sunken, biogel filled floor. Or is it a force field? It seems to be... flexible. Wavering. Almost... jiggly?

“Really?” I inquire with a raised eyebrow and crossed arms. “Are you that afraid of me trying to run away that you...”

I can barely stifle an involuntary shriek as I’m suddenly pulled upward into the air by some unknown force. In an instant, I’m floating almost a meter off the floor. In another instant, the apparent force field collapses around me.

My suspicion about the nature of my prison proves quite well founded as I feel the cold, wet goo press in around me from all sides. Before I

can even think about reacting in any meaningful way, it's hugging every centimeter of my costumed body. For a brief moment I panic as it pushes into my nose and mouth. I don't really need to worry, of course. It's just crystal biogel. It will give me all the air I need to breathe. I hope.

It takes me a few long moments to regain my composure and assess my situation. By the time I dare to open my eyes within the thick wet goo, a dozen or so new figures have entered the room. They're all just like the team's Captain. Shiny biogel rowaform bodies. Heads unaltered. One mitanni. A few elf ears. A feathery rika. And the rest are fey'li.

The Captain turns to my lovely lioness. "What do *you* think?"

"What do you mean?" Shawi asks as she stares up at me with those bright green eyes of hers, filled with giddy anticipation of what's so soon to come.

The Captain offers my beautiful lioness a sly, up-to-no-good sort of grin. “It’s quite rare for us to acquire someone so willing and enthusiastic about dressing in our shape and being compelled to join the team. I’m quite inclined to give you an equally rare privilege in return. But... it’s up to you.”

Shawi smiled at the complement. Then she bit her lip as her nervous anticipation shifted from what was about to happen to me, to what was about to happen to her.

“I’ll give you a choice,” the Captain declared. “You and your friend can join Team Glitter Purple as powerful mid-level forms. Or... you can join the Team as a high-level ‘shaman’ like us, leading a squad of lesser gelfighters into battle. But... the consequence of becoming a shaman is that your friend here will become a low-level form, totally subservient to your will.”

“Okay,” Shawi replied with an encouraging level of hesitance. Surely she wants to share in every aspect of my experience. Doesn’t she?

“Loyalty to your friend,” the Captain adds. “Or loyalty to Team Glitter Purple. Which shall it be?”

Shawi looks around the room at the other ‘shamans’. Then she looks up at me. For a moment, her expression is fairly blank. Then she starts to get *that* look on her face.

“Well, if I’m going to be a Glitter Girl, I might as well go all the way, right?” my occasionally quite frustrating lioness finally replies to the Captain.

“I knew you’d make the right choice,” the Captain replies with a broad grin. “Good. Now, let’s see what the other shamans think of your friend’s new role on the team, shall we? What do you propose?”

“Well... um... what are the choices?” Shawi inquires with a giddy smile that made it clear that she wasn’t going to be having any second thoughts about her decision to place her own fun over... well... I have no idea, really.

“Well,” the Captain responds with an approving grin, “given that I’ve promised that she’ll be yours to command, there are three possibilities. If getting up close and personal is your idea of fun, perhaps we’ll give you charge of a phalanx, your friend included. Or perhaps you’re looking for a more typical sort of cannon fodder, with just enough range to ensure that she’ll be right in the middle of all the action, even if you aren’t. Or perhaps she’s offended your sensibilities with her attitude, and would be best sent off get into the opposing team’s face and try to splatter them before she gets glistened.”

“Hmm,” Shawi responds with a half-thoughtful, half-mischievous look at me. “Well... I guess... the middle option?”

If I could sigh, I would, but there's too much of that crystal biogel in my mouth for me to do much more than make a low, bubbly gurgle. I can wiggle and squirm too, but to be honest, that seems like far too much effort for something that's so far beyond my control that giving in is the only sensible option. Well, the only sensible option if I want to see what possible enjoyment I can get out of it. Or at least stimulation. Or something. Anything, really.

“Does anyone here object?” the Captain asks.

There's no reply.

“Alright!” the Captain declares. “It's decided! Transform her!”

My whole body twitches as everything from my neck down to my feet starts to feel tingly. The wetness of the biogel starts to feel more wet. Oily. Greasy. And it's spreading up my jaw. Up my chin. Around my mouth and nose.

The biogel bug-butt costume feels cold, even though I've been warming it with my body for quite some time. The cold starts to flow into my body, taking with it all my normal senses and replacing them with a stiff, almost unbearable uniformity. I'm all rubbery grub-segments now. From my neck down to my knees. And my legs and arms. They're hard and bony feeling. Just like those of a real rowaform. And my face...

I can feel my nose shrink to a little rubber nub. My jaw vanishing as stubby round 'mandibles' form around the gummy orifice that's replaced my mouth. The gummy, gooey tunnel pushing back. Back. Back into my head. I wiggle. I squirm. There's nothing I can do to stop it.

It's only taken a few short seconds. A few short seconds to transform me into a biogel bug. A... a... a...

I feel... good. I feel... natural. I feel... I feel like this is how I should always have been. Haven't I always been this way? I can't remember. It doesn't matter. I am what I was meant to be.

My feet are touching the soft, rubbery ground now. The shiny black ground feels nice. But the Mistress wants me to stand somewhere else. So I do.

"Now it's your turn," my Mistress says, gesturing for a familiar looking lioness faced female to rise and stand on the nice, soft blackness.

The lioness seems happy to stand on the blackness. She seems even happier when the glistening clear goo rises up all around her. She giggles as she hovers above the blackness. She

holds her breath. The glistening clear goo collapses around her, and holds her inside of it, just like it was holding me when... when...

Was I just like her? I have... I have a furry face. Furry ears. Was I? No. It doesn't seem right. I doesn't seem natural. But... I... I don't know. I don't understand.

“Now... tell me, ladies,” the Mistress said, looking around at all the other Mistresses of our hive. “What do you think of her, hmm? Enthusiastic. Willing. Ready. But... is she really suitable to join your ranks? Perhaps she would better suit some other role on the team. What do you propose?”

The one with the azure skin and long, pointy horns scowls. “She's just another stupid fetishist. Make her just like her stupid friend here and be done with it.”

“She did put the Team before her friend, though,” a tigress replies. “Might as well make her a masked shaman, at least.”

A lavender skinned elf-ear shakes her head. “A promise is a promise, and you know how badly karma got us the last time we broke one.”

“Tell me about it,” a leopardess sighs. “Half of us are newbies this match already, aren’t we? Might as well take on one more. Better than going one short, right?”

“There’s others we can take,” the horned one grunts. “I’m sure at least one of them will be way better than this one.”

“We need to be careful,” a green skinned, not-quite-elf-ear observes. “It’s hard enough to get girls to try the suits on. If we grab more than a few more, everyone’s going to think they’re a trap.”

“Yeah,” a jaguaress says. “Let’s just take this one and get on with it. The longer she has to get oriented, the better.”

“Agreed,” the tigress responds as several others nodded in assent.

“Very well,” the Mistress nods. “She joins your ranks as a shaman unless there are any serious objections.”

No one responds.

“Transform her!” the Mistress orders.

The familiar looking lioness starts to squirm and wiggle as her limbs shrink into more natural proportions. A long stick with a shiny black bulb at its tip forms in her right hands. An oval shaped mass of segments forms on her left forearm. Then the clear goo releases her, and she drops back down onto the shiny blackness.

“Congratulations,” the Mistress says, smiling at the familiar lioness. “You’re now Team Glitter Purple’s newest shaman. There’s still a few hours left for you to get used to your new form, and your new... talents. I’ll show you and your friend to the training room now.”

“Awesome,” the familiar lioness replies with a warm smile to the Mistress, and much less warm glance over her shoulder at the scowling horned one.

“Follow me,” the Mistress directs, leading us out of the round room.

I don’t really know why I’m following the Mistress, but it’s what I’m supposed to do right now. It’s all that I’m supposed to be doing. If it wasn’t then I would know, wouldn’t I?

“Um... so... now that I’m a shaman,” the familiar lioness says as we wander through the strange room with all its little doors and benches

and things. “Shouldn’t I, you know, get to know everyone else? You know, introductions and all that?”

The Mistress smiled. “Introductions? No. There’s no need for introductions. We have no names here. We have no individual existence outside our biogel hive. We are just parts. Pieces. Slaves to the one mind.”

“We are?” the familiar lioness questioned.

The Mistress turned to look at the familiar lioness and grinned.

The familiar lioness’ expression went from curious to astonished. “Yes, Hive Princess,” she said in a strange, flat tone.

The Mistress laughed. “Don’t think I intend to treat you as my mindless servant like you will soon be treating your friend here. At least not all the time. It’s your job as a shaman to think

independently of me, after all. To act without needing my constant attention.”

“I understand,” the familiar lioness replied as we approached another door into another room.

“There,” the Mistress said, pointing to the door. “Go on inside. Unlike the real arena, there are no dangers to you. Take the time to become comfortable with what you are. And with what she is. Enjoy yourself... while you can.”

“Yes, Hive Princess,” the familiar lioness replies.

The Mistress looks at me and smiles. Now the familiar lioness is my mistress. I don't know why. I follow my new Mistress through the door, and into the strange new room.

The familiar lioness smirks at me as we stand next to a badly broken lump of rock. Or something like rock. It's gray and cracked and has a bunch of reddish-brown rods sticking out of it.

“You really *are* just a walnut-brained bug-butt now, aren't you?” she asks with a giggle. “And like... I can... I can actually feel it. I can feel your little buggy mind like... it's so freaking weird and I absolutely love it!”

The familiar lioness laughs. “You really don't know who I am, do you? Here. Let me help you.”

My mind suddenly seems... more free. Or is it more free? I don't know. I can't know. Are the memories mine? Or are do they belong to someone else? Is this just a game my new Mistress wants me to play? Does it even matter?

There is clarity now. Well... fuzzy clarity. And with clarity comes feelings. And those feelings...

You... you bitch! I say. Or I try to say. All that comes out of my rubbery, vulvic maw is a sputter of sticky gurgles accompanied by a spray of obsidian goo.

“Are you upset?” Shawi asks with a silly grin. “Don’t make me send you back to walnut-brain world!”

You wouldn’t dare! I say. Well, I gurgle and spray liquid biogel. It’s all the same thing among biogel bug-butts, right?

“Isn’t this sooooo awesome?” my lovely lioness exclaims as she grins and prances around with her buggy staff and even buggier shield. “I had no idea the glitter teams got shields! Did you? Is it something new? Maybe they’re trying to compensate for the lack of good ranged weapons or something?”

"Mmphblp!" I reply with another spray of black goo. I can actually feel the ‘glands’ that take up

most of my skull volume now, as they exude liquid biogel into my oral tube. And I can feel that oral tube all the way from my oral labia, right straight back to the back of my skull. It feels so... so... strange.

On the positive side, at least I can still think despite the now walnut-sized brain that's been tucked away in the forward part of my skull. Well, I can think at least as much as my Mistress will allow me to. At any moment, she could switch me back to bug mode and I wouldn't even be bothered by it. Because I really am just a rubber bug.

On the positive side, getting put back into bug mode will get rid of all the useless intellectual baggage that would get in the way of me being a halfway decent gelfighter. No amount of thinking every did a gelfighter any good in the arena. Not once. Ever.

"I'm so excited! I can't wait for the match to

begin!" Shawi sputters with giddy delight. "How about you? Isn't this so exciting?"

"Rblrph!" I reply with some frustration at her insistence that I keep trying to answer questions. F So much frustration that I manage to get the liquid biogel pumping out of places I'd rather it not.

plip* *plup* *plip* *plood

"Don't do that!" Shawi laughs at my inability to control my 'weapons'. "That biogel's coming from your weenie little boobs! I don't know if you can get a refill during the match so don't waste it!"

"Lrblbp!" I respond. Of course I know that. Is it really my fault that I've got a small chest? Couldn't they have added some extra bounce with the body mod?

"Ah, whatever," Shawi replies with a shake of her head. All of a sudden her ears perk up and she

starts to stare off into space. “Ah... I... yes. Target practice.”

I have no idea what’s gotten into my lovely lioness. She turns and begins to walk like a zombie, toward the sound of girly giggles that’s been wafting through the air ever since we arrived. I don’t know why, but I follow her without question. I just... need to. It’s the strangest thing.

We step around the battered concrete wall and into a small, open area with similar walls on all sides. Although I can see more Team Glitter Purple gelfighters wandering about the room through the gaps in the walls, we’re otherwise alone in this particular area. Alone, that is, besides the giggly quartet of Team Pink girls who’ve been tied up to the far wall.

“Oh!” Shawi sputters as she snaps out of her trance-like state and stares in confused amazement at the four: a tigress, a violet elf-ear, a leopardess, and a deep tan ayarri. “Um... hi?”

“It’s about time someone decided to come get us,” the tall, raven-haired tigress giggles.

“Yeah,” the well endowed leopardess quips with a silly grin. “We’ve been here for like... I dunno. A half hour?”

“More like forty minutes,” the slender elf-ear remarks with a deep sigh and a laugh.

“So, are you going to do something with us, or what?” the tough looking ayarri demands with a smirk.

I’m honestly not sure which is more surprising. Is it the fact that there’s four Team Pink girls being held captive here in the Glitter Team practice area? Or is it the fact that they actually seem to be enjoying their captivity?

“Uh... I guess,” Shawi replies to the four captives with a shallow shrug. “I mean... uh... how did you wind up in here, anyway?”

“Well, to be honest, we got a little carried away with a game we were playing with some rowa drones who couldn’t keep their hands off our asses,” the tigress replies. “And... well... uh...”

“We got snatched,” the elf-ear continues the explanation. “Like, grabbed and dragged in here and properly tied up against our will, snatched.”

“Yeah,” the ayarri said, shaking her head. “And there’s nothing we can do about it but stand here and wait for one of your rubber bugs to do something to us.”

“Something buggy,” the leopardess adds.

“Ah... well...” Shawi replies, looking at each of the girls, then at me, then back to them. “I... I don’t...”

“So are you gonna just stand there and sputter?” the tigress giggles. “Or are you gonna turn us into more rubber bugs?”

“Yeah,” the elf-ear laughs. “I mean, come on! We’ve been waiting forever! Do it already!”

“Do it!” the leopardess chuckles. “You know you want to!”

“Come on!” the ayarri cooes. “Make us your kissy-kissy bug-butt slaves!”

“We want to be kissy-kissy bug-butt slaves!” the tigress purrs.

“Sexy hot kissy-kissy bug-butt slaves!” the elf-ear chirps.

“You’re... uh... a bit...” Shawi sputters in response. “I mean... if they tied you up against

your will, then why do you want us to turn you into rubber bugs?”

The tigress shruggs. “Eh. I guess, well... we’re here, right? Might as well try it out while we have the chance.”

“Yeah,” the ayarri says with a silly smile. “The only other way to get the kissy-kissy is to get it in the arena, and they never survive the match. So it’s now or never.”

“Mmm,” the leopardess purrs. “So don’t keep us waiting, will you? Get us all some hot-ass bug-bods, or find someone who will.”

“Well, I... uh.... okay,” Shawi responded with a shrug before turning to me. “Go ahead. Give one of them a rubber bug-bod.”

I can’t help but hesitate. The whole situation is so confusing. They were playing a game. They got carried away. Then they got carried away and tied

up in the Glitter Purple dungeon. And now they want us to turn them into more rubber bugs... just because they're already here and they might as well try it?

It doesn't make sense. It doesn't make any sense at all. Am I really just supposed to shoot one of these girls and turn them into a rubber bug like me, just because?

Of course I am. That's my whole purpose in life now. I exist to transform girls clad in the blackness into the more rubber bugs like me. And that's literally all I exist for.

My eyes lock with those of the smiling ayarri. I can't help but think how lovely she'd look with a glistening black biogel pussy-face just like mine. I raise my right arm and aim as best as I can.

pock* *plip* *pap* *pip* *plop* *splat

It takes five pellets unleashed in rapid succession for one to find its mark. The ayarri gasps as her skin tight coat of shiny black biogel rapidly morphs into a body just like mine, but without the pellet projecting protrusions. It only takes a few seconds, far too little time for me to enjoy watching the transformation.

“That was quick!” Shawi observes with a slight tone of annoyance in her voice. She’s all about the visuals, after all. She loves to watch things as they take hold, and especially how the subject reacts. This doesn’t give them much of a chance. “Ah. It’s the Biogel Games, right? No beating around the bush or letting a long transformation get in the way of turning your opponents against their own team. Oh well.”

“Do me!” the tigress exclaims with a smile. “Do me next!”

I have no idea what kind of insanity has gotten into these Team Pink girls. Probably the same sort

that gets into Shawi every time she encounters one of her kinks in person. At least they don't have anyone dragging them into it like she did to me. Or maybe they do. Who knows? Who cares?

pip* *plap* *plit* *fwip* *blap

The tigress transforms into another rubber bug-butt, giggling, gurgling, and spitting liquid biogel all the way to blissfully ignorant walnut-brainedness.

You know, I'm not going to lie. This really is a bit of fun. I aim at the leopardess.

pap* *plip* *splort

The leopardess laughs as she too becomes a rubber bug-butt.

“Your aim is getting pretty good already,” Shawi giggles. “Now it's my turn.”

I watch as my lovely rubber bug-butt lioness walks up to the violet elf ear. For a moment she seems to hesitate. Then she leans in, nuzzles her bemused victim's nose, and touches her on the arm with the glossy black tip of her spear.

The elf-ear rapidly transforms into another rubber bug-butt, my sexy lioness' nose nuzzling her all the way to biogel burbling, pussy-faced buggydom.

Shawi giggles as she turns back toward me, her muzzle covered with dripping black biogel. Much to our mutual amazement, it slowly fades away, almost as if it were being absorbed into her skin.

“That was awesome!” my lovely lioness giggles as she starts to awkwardly untie the four new rubber bugs with her unwieldy bug fingers. “Like... just... wow! And the match... it's going to be lots and lots more of that!”

Lots and lots more indeed. And knowing my luck, I'm going to get poked-off the moment I stick my nose out of the fortress zone.

"Wow," Shawi murmurs as the four new bug-butts hover around her, and follow her as she returns to me. "I can control them just like I can control you!"

I shrug. Of course she gets to have all the fun. And of course I'm going to have to find some way to keep these weaponless, pussy-mouthed, walnut-brained bug-bods safe long enough for them to get close enough to grab some of our opponents during the match, aren't I?

A chime sounds. Again, Shawi becomes entranced. She begins to move toward the far side of the chamber, along with all the other Glitter Purple gelfighters. Again, I follow her without knowing why, or having any part in the decision, or even any real control over my body. The four new bug-butts form a line behind me.

A voice comes over the loudspeaker. “Game time in one hour, thirty minutes. All team members proceed to the mustering points and remain in position until the arena configuration lockdown period has ended. Thank you, and have a great match!”

TO BE CONTINUED...