

GELITECH

“LOST EPISODES”

- AUCTIONATION -

AUCTIONATION

*This lost episode takes place shortly after Gelitech
Season 1, Episode 3.5: Wit Da Fishes.*

“All proceeds are directed to this month’s charity,” Chyka purred with a sweetly mischievous little smile on her feline face. “Not only can you enter into a whole new life of shiny black biogel fun, you can help the XenoArts Institution Interstellar Exposition Fund ensure that artwork from all across the galaxy is readily accessible to everyone in the whole of the Fey’li Empire!”

The little biogel clad snow leopardess just couldn’t help but have a go at the positively statuesque jaguaress twins. To say that they were ‘lookers’ would have been the grossest of

understatements. There didn't seem to be anyone who could resist taking more than just a passing gander at their glorious physiques and she was certainly no exception. They were absolutely glorious to behold, and their magnificent shapes were more than sufficient to get her mind running off to realms generally best left unexplored.

It wasn't entirely professional of Chyka's brain to go off on kinky tangents like that. Then again, there was a very kinky minded soul inhabiting her suit of glistening blackness. One who liked to pull the strings of her subconscious mind in inappropriate ways at the worst of times.

“The immediate goal of the I.E.F. is to fund locally run, annual interstellar art expositions in every major municipality throughout the frontier prefectures, with a focus on areas where art access is limited by economic factors,” Chyka continued, doing her best to ignore the kinky nagging coming from deep inside her. “So far this year, the I.E.F. has funded more than three thousand expositions,

both with direct financial support, and logistical support through acquisition and provision of artworks to the funded locations on a rotating basis.”

It was hard to make funding art sound sexy, and Chyka decided to quit before she bored her audience into disinterest. As weeks in the Gelarium went, this had been one of the least productive for the petite Gelitech model. She just had to make a catch before her last shift ended. Or, even better, two. The evening was late. The sun had set hours ago. It was now or never, and she wasn't about to let the I.E.F. spiel get in the way.

The beautiful twins had been spending more than the usual amount of time gazing upon the Gelarium's famous Auctionation Station. Clearly, they found the potentials offered by its four available pods more than just a little interesting. More than once, they'd seemed to be on the cusp of stepping into one of the pods together. But... they kept hesitating. They kept stepping back.

Perhaps all they needed was a little gentile encouragement. At least, that was what Chyka was hoping.

“Go ahead. Try it out!” Chyka cooed, opting to start with the most direct method. It was the job of Gelitech’s models to help hesitant guests get past their final few pesky inhibitions. Within reason, of course. According to the rules, they were just supposed to be neutral presenters of information, tour guides, showing off all the myriad possibilities of biogel. In practice, well...

The simple reality was that most guests didn’t bother coming to the Gelarium just to learn about various potential biogel transfigurations. They could do that at any Gelitech Biogel Boutique. They came to the Gelarium because they wanted to experience the fun of having the models coax and cajole them into trying one transformative thing or another. To convince them to do something they would never have contemplated on

their own. To push them over the edge and into the embrace of the magnificent blackness.

Making that kind of assumption about Gelarium guests and their desires was... sketchy at best. At least from the standpoint of the rules. But... why else would they have come all the way to the Gelarium, stripped naked, and started wandering about among hundreds of equally naked strangers if it wasn't to play 'the game'? It was *supposed* to be a game, wasn't it? It was their basic instincts and inhibitions pit against their own curiosities, piqued by models who's job it clearly was to ensure that they didn't leave without having at least one deeply intimate biogel experience. That was how it worked in their eyes. Far be it for the models to respond otherwise.

"All you have to do is step inside and let the machine handle the rest," Chyka continued, desperately hoping for any sort of positive response. She really needed some success after all that had happened during her 'mountain vacation'.

Another day with no catches and she'd probably wind up back at the spaceport terminal trying to avoid getting caught by the mermaids. Again.

“Once you're inside, it'll take about a minute for the charity auction to complete,” Chyka added when the pair failed to offer any sort of response to her suggestion. “Then, in a sweet, sexy, wet, and gooey moment, you'll be dressed in wonderfully sensuous bodies of pure, glistening black biogel! From there, nothing but a long, magnificent future steeped in dreams and dreamy pleasure awaits! Wouldn't that be so much fun?”

“I... I don't know,” one of the twins remarked with a soft, silky voice and a shallow, pensive shrug. She definitely looked interested, but not quite so interested that she was willing to just throw herself into it.

“I does seem...” the other added with a virtually identical voice and a far more uncertain

looking expression on her face. “I don’t know... a bit... you know...”

“Uncouth,” the first completed her sister’s statement with a slight grimace.

Chyka could tell that at least one of them was a bit more into the idea than the other. At least that was what the pheromones in the air were telling her. One of them clearly found the Gelarium, at least, just a bit physically arousing. Whether or not that was simply from sharing the space with dozens of other naked women or from their interest in all the biogel possibilities was impossible to tell. But one of them was aroused. Ever so slightly aroused. But aroused nonetheless.

The fact that one of them was already aroused was a lucky break for the little snow leopardess. It was sure to play into her favor. If she could figure out which one of them it was, that is. Without a closer, and completely inappropriate sniff, it was impossible to tell them apart.

“Uncouth?” Chyka replied with a smile and a silent prayer that she could use the information gained by her sensitive nose to her advantage. Granted, she didn’t exactly have a particularly good history when it came to that. Her last eight marks had been one-step-short-of-dripping horny, and she’d failed to turn even one into a credit-earning catch.

“Of course it’s uncouth!” the little snow leopardess continued, hoping against hope that this time would be different. “It’s a terrible offense against our sense of self. Our sense of uniqueness. Our sense of what it means to be alive. Everything that we are, reduced to a single uniform substance. Imparted with a single, perfectly generic, unsettlingly faceless shape. Inanimate. Helpless. Daring the world to offer gifts of pleasure, without condition or consequence.”

Both of the sisters responded with a raised eyebrow and indecisive expressions that were just

as impossible to tell apart as the rest of their bodies. Chyka couldn't help but notice just how perfectly identical they were, right down to the very last little spot. They might well have been clones. In fact, they almost surely *were* clones, albeit of a natural sort.

Fey'li didn't technically need the participation of a male to reproduce. Whether an evolutionary cause or result of the species' highly disparate birthrate, fey'li women could, on occasion, become pregnant on their own. The results would almost always be virtual clones of the mother, though on a very rare occasion, they might be clones of some grandmother, or even great grandmother depending on various factors. And, while natural identical twins would rarely be perfectly identical, identical twins from such a pregnancy would be so perfectly identical as to be completely indistinguishable.

Although such twins were physically identical, that didn't necessarily mean that their personalities

would be identical as well. Similar, but never quite the same. That was one way to identify such a pair from ‘technical’, and also generally illegal, clones, which would be developed in mature form with identical brain structures from the start. Of course, it didn’t really matter if these were one or the other. All that mattered was that they get themselves new biogel bodies, and the quicker, the better, at least so far as the little snow leopardess was concerned.

“It’s a transition to a completely different kind of existence,” Chyka continued. “An existence for which the life that you were born into could never prepare you to contemplate, let alone partake of. But that’s what’s so awesome about it, isn’t it? It’s all so completely new and fascinating to both the mind and the physical senses! All it requires is a bold mind to consider. The self-confidence to approach, without caring what anyone else thinks. And a deep desire for exotic physical pleasures to discover... and embrace!”

“Are you actually suggesting that we embrace the uncouthness of all this?” the first responded with an odd, scrunchy expression.

“We prefer to call it ‘the kinkiness’”, Chyka replied with a broad smile. There was something about the jaguaress’ relatively stiff poise and odd choice of words that made her wonder if she’d been living in a closet. A very fancy closet, the size of a mansion, with all the fancy, high class bells and whistles. “After all, what’s a kink but something uncouth that gets the sexy motor running?”

“I suppose,” the first replied with even more scrunchiness.

“And let me assure you,” Chyka added with a grin, “biogel is very, very specifically engineered to get that sexy motor running, and keeping it running hard until the end of time. Plus or minus a few astronomical epochs or so.”

“I find it extremely hard to believe that becoming a sex doll can be so... pleasing,” the second noted with a frown. “I mean... if it was that pleasing then why haven’t you done it yourself?”

“Oh, don’t you worry about that,” Chyka answered with a chuckle. “I will. Eventually. Once you put on a suit of biogel like this, it’s pretty much inevitable.”

“Everyone who wears biogel is going to get turned into a doll?” the first inquired. “Everyone? As in, literally everyone?”

“Yes,” Chyka explained. “Unless you get yourself turned into some other biogel form beforehand. Otherwise, it’s going to happen, one way or another. You don’t even really know when it’s going to happen, and there’s nothing you can do to prevent it. I mean, it can take a hundred years, but eventually... gloop! You’re a doll and that’s that.”

“And you don’t care?” the first questioned. “Like... you really don’t care that you’re going to get turned into a doll?”

“Nope!” Chyka replied. “Not one bit. It’s all part of the fun!”

“That’s... weird,” the second replied.

“It really is, isn’t it?” Chyka answered with a grin. “But so is biogel. In a good way. A very good way. But you can’t really understand what that means unless you actually give it a try, can you?”

“I suppose...” the first murmured with a puzzled expression on her face.

“Just the idea of being turned into a nameless... faceless... thing...” the second muttered, crossing her arms as she looked into the open Auctionation chamber.

“It does seem very... outrageous, doesn’t it?”
the first responded.

“Very,” the second answered.

“And being sold to someone... for pleasure,”
the first noted with an expression of shallow
disdain. “But who’s pleasure? Is it ours? Or is it
really just for theirs?”

“Why can’t it be both?” Chyka cooed.

“Just the thought of being so... helpless,” the
second muttered, shaking her head. “With goddess
knows what inside of me... pumping me full of...
of...”

“Seed,” the first completed her sister’s remark
with a frown.

“Well, that *is* a fundamental part of the gummy
doll adventure,” Chyka noted. “You have to just
give in, and give up everything it means to be you.

You have to become the object. Become the toy. Once you become the toy, then everything that follows is astonishingly pleasing to the senses. Everything.”

“Such a strange concept,” the first responded with a return to her puzzled expression. “The very idea that one could give up... everything. Everything just to become a toy for another’s physical gratification...”

“It’s... unthinkable,” the second responded.

“And people actually do this?” the first asked. “People actually come here to this machine and step inside?”

“Lots!” Chyka replied, doing her best not to sound too excited at the first’s change in tone. “A few loners this morning. A group of eight this afternoon. At least a hundred this past week. And that’s just the Aucitonation Station here.”

“Interesting,” the first murmured.

“You don’t seriously want to try this, do you?”
the second questioned.

“We didn’t come here to window shop, did we?” the first answered. “This seems to be as good as any of the other offerings.”

The second shook her head and sighed.

“Would you rather be sold... goddess forbid it... retail?” the first asked. “Because that what all of the other things seem to involve.”

The second snarled at the suggestion.

“How about I set you two up to be auctioned as a matched pair?” Chyka offered with a smile and a wink. “Double the fun for all involved, right? And maybe double the proceeds for a very good cause. What do you think? Yes?”

The first of the twins looked the second in the eye. “Well?”

“Fine!” the second sighed.

“Then it is settled,” the first responded, turning to Chyka. “We will enter the machine together.”

“Wonderful!” Chyka chirped as she pulled out her comm and opened the Gelarium app. With a flick and a tap, she set the chamber to auction the two as a matched set. “Done! Go ahead. Step inside and let the machine do the rest! Just keep in mind there’s no way to stop it once the door closes, so no second thoughts!”

“I don’t think she’s even had first thoughts yet,” the second sister commented as the first took a hesitant step onto the low, step which led up to the open pod door.

Chyka just smiled as the first bit her lip and stepped up into the chamber. She wondered what

the jaguaress was thinking as she gingerly tiptoed about on the soft layer of glossy black biogel that covered the chamber floor. Did she like the cool, oily feel on her ‘paw pads’?

As the second silently mounted the step to follow her sister, Chyka wondered if either of them had watched videos of an Auctionation Chamber doing its thing. Did they know that the biogel on the floor was to be the very thing that would surround them? Subsume them? Transform them?

The second stepped into the chamber. The clear panel door immediately slid shut behind her.

There was a low, sonorous ‘boop’. The smooth, sexy voice of the VixNet Auctionation Server came to life. “Posting to VixNet. Matched pair. Twenty second quickie auction begins in... thirty seconds.”

The sisters could hear the computer, but they couldn't see out of the chamber. To them, the door wasn't a clear panel. It was a computer display which was now counting down the seconds to the commencement of their auction. Thirty impossibly long seconds, during which prospective purchasers were gazing upon their magnificently naked bodies, deciding whether or not they wanted to bid.

Chyka had never seen anyone so completely, casually disinterested looking than the two sisters as they stood there. They just looked at the eye-level timer, for the most part. Every so often, they took brief glances at one another. The first offered her sister mildly questioning glances. The second offered mildly displeased looking ones.

The little snow leopardess crossed her fingers as the timer ticked down. She'd locked in credit for the pair. She'd get an extra 'charity support' credit or two if they fetched a decent sum for the I.E.F.

These kinds of auctions were always hit-or-miss. They were completely dependent on VixNet users being online, and happening to be looking at the auction list at just the right time. Given all the auctions that were constantly being posted from Gelitech Gelariums and boutiques all over the Empire, there were plenty to peruse at any given time. But for the bit hits, the high tag tails, it took a bidder who just happened to find the subject's looks and poise a perfect match for their own personal preferences. Those were all too few and far between.

The timer hit zero. Inside the chamber, the display changed to show the auction time left, and the current bid on the two sisters. Twenty seconds wasn't long for an auction, but it was double the usual ten. Twice the time for twice the tail. It still limited just how high the price could go. But, along with other limitations, it also did much to limit the ability of high rollers to dominate the auctions.

The bidding took off immediately. It was made in increments of one ‘penny’. One one-hundredth of a credit. It was more of a race than an auction. In fact, it was more of a lottery couched in the language of an auction.

The clock ticked away in nanosecond increments. Every ‘penny’ bid, one one-hundredth of an Imperial Credit, that came in during any given nanosecond was grouped together, and a ‘winner’ for that nanosecond decided at random. In the event of a network interruption, the most recent ‘winner’ would win the auction. Otherwise, the ‘winner’ of the final nanosecond would win.

Theoretically, a twenty second auction could net proceeds of two hundred million credits, assuming a bid every nanosecond. In reality, the highest bidding auction, and by a very large margin, had twelve million. That had been for the famous singer Tchi’loo, who’d been auctionated while singling and pole dancing in a special

chamber custom built for her. Most auctions rarely netted more than a few thousand.

Chyka held her breath. A hundred credits. Two hundred. Three hundred. Things were off to a very slow start, especially considering that the auction was for the pair together. Unless someone was particularly attracted to their completely passive sort of participation, they weren't going to earn much.

The little snow leopardess began to wish she'd told the two to try and be a bit showy for the cameras that were giving bidders full 360, 3D imagery of the chamber's interior. Seven hundred. Eight hundred. Those were single participant, ten second quickie auction kinds of numbers.

Chyka bit her lip as the timer ticked down the final few seconds, still without any sort of expressiveness from the sisters. She began to wonder if they were some kind of robots or something. How could they not be feeling

something worth expressing as their impending transformation into biogel dolls approached?

Twelve hundred. Twelve-hundred and fifty. Twelve-hundred and sixty-two. Twelve-hundred, sixty-two and fifty-three cents.

Boop.

That's all? Chyka thought to herself with considerable disappointment at the final result. Whether or not the sisters had similar sentiments was indiscernible behind their continued expressions of casual indifference.

The biogel on the floor of the chamber began to liquefy. Both sisters looked down. Then, as it began to slither up their shapely legs, they look at each other. The first shrugged. She second shook her head.

The sisters just stood there and let the slime flow up their legs. They didn't react in the

slightest as it pressed up into their tender places. Up over their hips. Around their waists. Up their back and over their breasts.

Chyka wondered how in all the heavens the two couldn't be feeling so incredibly hot as the goo pressed into their beautiful folds. As it massaged their soft, round rumps. As it hugged their warm, inviting breasts. How could they not be gasping? Moaning? Enthralled in the embrace of the sheer, overwhelming pleasure?

I think they're defective, the little snow leopardess thought as the biogel flowed up over the sisters' shoulders. *I really hope that doesn't affect their performance for the buyer.*

Chyka's brain, egged on by that kinky soul within her biogel coating, had already switched to seeing the two sisters as objects rather than people. Living object, sure. But objects nonetheless.

The two women just stood there, patiently waiting as the biogel flowed up over their faces. Over their heads. They shuddered. Their shapes morphed into the totally generic form of every other female gummy. Only then did they collapse to the floor, rendered inanimate only at the very last moment of their transfiguration.

Now it was the little snow leopardess turn to become completely, casually indifferent to the situation. It had been such a strange thing to watch that she hadn't gotten warm between the legs like she usually did. It was just as well. Even a slight emotional attachment to the experience of guests brought a sharp increase in the chance of inadvertently convincing oneself to partake of the same.

“Oh! By the heavenly hells... did you seriously get them to do it?” came the voice of Tashie from the direction of the nearest lift.

“What?” Chyka asked, turning to find the tigress, accompanied by Dran and the almost completely body modded rowa worker-drone Sey’li. Only the latter’s upper head had been left unaltered by the transformation, and she’d been left unable to speak by her glistening black, vulvic rowaform mouth.

“Mphb,” Sey’li mouthed, little droplets of black biogel bubbling from her mouth.

“We’ve been trying all day!” Tashie replied. “Decor. Body mods. Everything! I don’t know how you managed it!”

Chyka shrugged. She hadn’t really managed much of her own accord. In fact, she wondered if her participation in the whole affair had even been remotely necessary.

“Whatever,” Dran said, waving back the way they’d come. “Are you coming?”

“Coming where?” Chyka asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Dr. Mika’s got a new mod for Sey’li!” Tashie replied.

“Mmrrmblmmbbbb,” Sey’li noised, with a more substantial spray of biogel droplets this time.

“I thought all she could do now was finish getting turned into a rowa gummy?” Chyka questioned.

“Sort of,” Tashie replied with a smile. “Dr. Mika figured out how to retro-mod the Biogel Games Team Glitter body for her.”

“Realistic colors, and she’ll get her tits back,” Dran added with a silly grin.

“But not her mouth,” Tashie giggled. “But she wears that pussy-face so well, why would she want it back anyway, right?”

“Mphblbb!” Sey’li replied, rolling her eyes.

“Come on!” Tashi said. “Dr. Mika’s waiting!”

“Alright,” Chyka replied, glancing back to the pair of inanimate biogel shapes still laying within the Aucitonation chamber. She wondered what they were feeling. Were they letting the beautiful, sexy dreams take them? Or were they still just as indifferent to it all?

Chyka shook her head and put the strange jaguaress sisters completely out of her mind. Watching biogel bug-butt Sey’li get made into something a bit sexier was going to be fun. Perhaps it might even lead to even more fun later in the evening. And that was a prospect that the little snow leopardess just wasn’t going to want to miss out on. “Let’s go.”

MORE LOST EPISODES TO COME...