

# GELITECH

SHEITRA & SHAWI

- COSPLAY PERIL -

## COSPLAY PERIL

“Oh... oh WOW!” my beautiful Asian lioness exclaims with giddy excitement. “Those are *awesome!* They look *just* like the real thing!”

\*sigh\*

Now, don't get me wrong. I really don't mind hearing what my beloved companion has to say about the unusual sorts of alien attire we often see hanging in the windows of interstellar fashion boutique. Perusing all of the odd alien goods to be found in shop windows is one of the things that make our weekly sojourns into the big city so wonderfully entertaining. But here? In this place? Well, let's just say this isn't Market Street. Really.

Looking around, I honestly never imagined this place would be so sketchy. The further we move away from the bright lights and tourist friendly vibe of University Station, the more insidious and sketchy it seems to get. Maybe it's just the sickly, yellow-green tinge to the lighting that make the vast concrete canyon look like a scene from a low budget peril flick. Well, I certainly hope it's just that. The mix of piquant odors in the air, however, are definitely telling me otherwise.

The whole place smells of latex rubber. That's not really a surprise. It's not quite as intense as I'd imagined it would be, but it's certainly intense enough to mask the more subtle notes that are wafting their way through the air. Even my rather dull nose can clearly identify those.

*This place stinks of horny pussy*, I think to myself in silence as my eyes wander along the rows of Gelivend machines lining the wall to our left. I have to wonder if all those pheromones are being artificially induced to help convince visitors

like us to surrender ourselves to the biogel lifestyle. To go over to one of those machines and put in a measly five hundred credits, sit inside, and let the glistening black goo spread over our bodies...

*No*, I say to myself as I do my best to shake off the imagined sense of slick, wet slime spreading up between my legs. That scent of feminine arousal makes the effort far more difficult than it has any right to be. *No. Not here. Not that. We're just here to see the sights.*

Of course, there's a far more likely explanation staring me in the face, and probably having a nice longer gander at my soft feline rump to boot. The place is crowded with girls just like us, wandering through the display areas tucked in beneath the arena 'stands'. All of us are fixated upon the myriad selection of kinky curiosities and displays of various Biogel Games gear. And then there's all those Team Pink girls bouncing about, explaining it all, and doing their level best to get

the rest of us into all of the various, intimately interactive displays of arena perils.

I'm not going to lie. It's really, really fun to watch some random girl strip naked and get snatched up by some glistening biogel beast, or slowly vanish into a glossy black surface barely a hair's breadth thick. There's so many perils to be seen, and so many girls who want to test them out that the show seems almost endless. Endless, and extremely deleterious to one's already questionable ability of hormonal self-control.

The pheromones that are slowly eating away at my willpower are probably just a result of so many women being in such constant close contact with so much shiny black kinkiness. So many fey'li women, in particular. All it takes is one of us to get their motor running and anyone else nearby is sure to follow, fey'li or not. The horniness spreads outward like a pressure wave of physical inhibition. Before you know it, half the group is so aroused that convincing them to do crazy things

with their bodies is just a matter of pointing the way. And once enough of the crown starts moving in that direction, the rest almost can't help themselves but follow.

The real question I have is what brought all these women here to Anwae Arena, at this specific time. I've always been told that the place is never really busy except right before a game. Today's game isn't for another six hours. Home Team Pink isn't even playing, which is a real shame. Shawi and I are big Team Pink fans, though to be perfectly honest, we haven't quite worked up the courage to attend a game in person yet.

Well, I haven't worked up the courage yet. I'm sure the moment my lovely lioness finds a way to get me into the stands without my realizing what's happening until it's too late, she will. And I'm just as sure she's also going to contrive some way to get me out of the stands and into the game itself too. It's what she does, and she does it far too

well. But... goddess above, she's always so damned *cute* when she does it!

Anyhow, whatever the source of the pheromones, they're making me feel far less inhibited than I'd otherwise be. I've always had a bit of a thing for form-fitting shiny blackness, and here in the bowels of Anwae Arena, the form-fitting shiny blackness is absolutely *everywhere*. There's shiny black statuary. Shiny black employees. Shiny black visitors who've given themselves over to the shiny black lifestyle.

To make matters even more tempting, there's all those vending machines selling countless sorts of shiny black accessories, not to mention shiny black biogel suits that would look just so perfect gracing my lovely lioness' magnificent body. I'm sure she'd love to feel that goo spreading over her body. And there inlies the problem. I might have the wherewithal to resist the temptation. My kinky lioness, however...

“Come on!” Shawi chirps like a cat who desperately wants to get at the birds at the feeder outside the window. “They’re so cool! Let’s go look!”

“Fine, fine,” I sigh as she tugs on my arm. What’s cool is, of course, a matter of considerable opinion. It’s a matter on which my mischievous lioness and I often disagree. And that’s where all the trouble starts. “What’s... uh... oh...”

Trouble indeed. My beautiful lioness is fixated upon a small vendor stall that’s tucked in between the rows of Gelivend machines that line a considerable portion of the arena basement’s outer wall. There’s a tall glass display case to either side of the shimmering black biogel curtain that covers the temporary shop’s doorway. Each one contains a mannequin. And each of those mannequins are wearing...

“Oh! Wow! Cool!” Shawi sputters as she brings us to a stop in front of one of the cases. “Team



Glitter cosplay suits! They look just like the real things, don't they?"

I'm not sure what's more unsettling. Is it my giddy lioness' enthusiastic bubbling over the glistening black and off-white biogel suits? Or is the fact that I'm looking at full body suits designed to make their wearer look like a sexed up, glossy skinned rowa worker?

I definitely can't deny just how realistic they look, though. The black arms and lower legs are just shiny versions of a rowa worker's chitinous equivalents, with some accommodation made for a wearer's far less slender arms and legs. And the grub-like segments that cover the rest of the body are exactly the same, off-white color as the real thing, and complete with black eye-spots on each. The breasts, belly and crotch, however, are little more than a thin, glossy black layer. These patches make the suit seem far more attractive and inviting to the casually curious viewer, not to mention the Biogel Games audiences who are watching games

involving the rowa Glitter teams, who's permanent biogel body modifications the suits have been made to mimic.

I've honestly never been all that enthused by the whole Glitter team thing. The rowa are, honestly, disgusting. The smell like wet pussy. The drool and spit their oral-vaginal mucous all over anyone nearby. And they're always trying to get their 'bug juice' into your orifices, to transform you into a walnut brained insectoid servant creature just like them. And, I'm going to have to admit from more than one very intimate, and very vile, personal experience, they're awfully good at it. Almost as good, in fact, as my wonderful lioness is at getting me into other, equally transformative troubles.

"Look!" Shawi says, pointing toward a sign on the glass case. "Geligirl Certified Inert Biogel Team Glitter Purple Cosplay Suit. They're inert so that means they're totally safe to wear, right?"

Here we go again.

“Come on!” Shawi begs. “They’re only two hundred credits! It’ll be so much fun to run around with rubber bug butts! Can we? Yes? Please?”

“Shawi! Really?” I protest. I mean, it’s not like we don’t have the money. It’s just, well, bug butts are bug butts, and I’ve honestly had quiet enough of those to satisfy at least a few lifetime’s worth of curiosity.

“Really! Come on! It’ll be fun!” Shawi responds.

“But...” I sigh, looking for some excuse to avoid the inevitable. “Aren’t we Team Pink girls?”

“Team Pink doesn’t have *these*,” Shawi giggles, pulling me in until we’re shoulder to shoulder. “What about Team Glitter Purple, huh? We could be Team Glitter Purple girls. They’re playing tonight too, aren’t they? Oh! Oh! We could get the

suits and buy tickets and wear them to the game like all those other glitter fans in the videos! That would be so much fun, wouldn't it?"

"You... you seriously want to put that on and root for Glitter Purple?" I ask, again sighing deeply. I already know the answer, of course, but I might as well try. Maybe, just maybe, she'll have another idea before committing. Although... I'm not entirely sure I want to know what sort of idea would be sufficient to distract her...

"Why not?" Shawi purrs, licking at my ear playfully. "I mean, we've been bugbutts before, right? And we don't have anything else to do. Let's do this!"

"I really don't think..." I begin, struggling to find words for one last, vain effort to dissuade my rubber-bug-butt infatuated lioness.

"Hi there!" a voice chirps as the shimmering rubber curtain that covered the shop doorway is

pushed aside. “You sound like you’re ready to suit up and go all-in for Glitter Purple, so come on in and let me help you get your bug on!”

I knew it. I just knew it. Just when I was starting to find the right words to convince my lioness that there was more fun to be had elsewhere, this glossy, bug-assed leopardess just comes out of nowhere to push my lovely lioness over the edge!

“Let’s go!” Shawi declares, yanking me toward the shop door while the leopardess holds the curtain aside for us. “This is gonna be soooooo awesome!”

I roll my eyes. It’s all I can really do at this point. “Whatever you say, honey. Whatever you say.”

---

“This is so exciting!” my kinky lioness coos with unbridled delight at the opportunity to actually run her fingers over one of the glistening rowaform cosplay suit’s soft, supple gelatin surface. She seems particularly enthused with the grub-like segments that cover so much of the suit’s area. “Wow. Just... wow! I can’t wait to put this on!”

I, on the other hand, am anything but enthused. I just can’t get past my prior experience with the rowa. With the feel of the slow, uncomfortable progression of the changes that their foul genetic essence imposed on my body. With the creepy, leathery sound of the segments rubbing together as I moved. With the weird, empty feeling of the total lack of physical sex. And with that final, horrifying experience of enduring my mind being dissolved into only the bare necessities of life as a virtual slave to the rowa hive-mind.

Now, here I am, absolutely surrounded by racks containing at least a hundred of these glossy,

sexed-up rowa suits. Yeah, they're just biogel. Allegedly inert biogel. But still.

At the very least, I can console myself with the fact that these cosplay suits don't stink like actual rowa do. How anyone can convince themselves to put on that HiveWear stuff is beyond me. All that smelly mucous, slathering all over the place. Just... eeeeeew!

"You don't look so convinced, do you?" the leopardess observes with a sly smirk.

Yep. This one is definitely up to no good. Not that I should really be surprised. It's her job to get bods like ours into these cosplay suits, isn't it?

"You know, I *could* perhaps sweeten the deal for you," the leopardess purrs with just the sort of deeply sensual, enticingly inviting tone that my lovely lioness uses when she's about to surprise me with something she knows that she's going to enjoy way more than I am. "What do you say?"

You get in a suit, and I get you into tonight's game. Totally free! Premium seats in the Glitter Purple Fortress Zone too!"

"What's the catch?" I ask. There's always a catch. Always. Even if it is just the very real chance that I might actually get comfortable running around looking like a shiny half-rowa. But the way my luck usually goes, it's not going to be so simple. In fact, I'm almost sure it's going to be a real doozy.

The leopardess responds with a playful laugh. "Catch? Well, yeah. There's a bit of a catch. You know. The usual sort of Biogel Games thing."

"And that is?" I ask with a sigh. Yep. It's going to be a real doozy. It always is, isn't it?

"Well, for starters, if you want a suit, you have to agree to wear it until the match is over," the leopardess notes with a smile. "And, you have to stay within the confines of the overall Gelitech



property. That's the arena, it's gardens, and the Gelarium. If you agree to actively model for me... well, you can visit University Station too. That latter bit also includes quite a discount, along with those free tickets."

"What kind of a discount?" I ask.

"Half off," the leopardess replies. "And if you do a really good job swinging those shiny rowa hips around, I might be convinced to give you the suits for free."

"Okay," I respond with increasing skepticism. "Now... what's the *real* catch?"

"Well, there's a chance that you'll be... er... shall we say... 'asked' to join Team Glitter Purple before the match starts," the leopardess replies. with a mischievous wink. "You know. The usual sort of pumping up the entertainment value with audience participation and all that."

“Why do I feel like ‘asked’ to join actually means ‘required’ to join?” I question. “Are we going to put these things on and suddenly have our asses biogel-bugged without any warning?”

“Maybe,” the leopardess giggles. “But that’s all part of the fun, isn’t it?”

“Come on, ‘Tira,” Shawi bubbles. “You’re always watching those peril vids where girls do stuff or wear stuff, and they never know when something’s going to happen until it actually does. Don’t you actually want to try something like that yourself? You always talk about it. Let’s do it!”

“Oh! Well now,” the leopardess purrs, leaning into me and booping my nose with one of her long, glistening black biogel fingers. “I guess that settles it, doesn’t it?”

“Uh...” I reply as the leopardess takes one of the suits off the rack and hands it to me in all its shiny, crinkly sounding glory.

“There,” the leopardess giggles as she turns to take another suit of the rack to hand to my giddy lioness. “You go and put those on. Then you can let me know if you want to model for me. No... forget that. I’ll just assume you do and give you the discount. Send another couple of girls my way, and they’re free, no strings attached.”

“Aw, yes!” Shawi bubbles, holding her new cosplay suit against her chest with irrepressible glee. “This is gonna be so much fun! You just wait and see!”

---

“How do we even get into these damned things?” I ask as my beautiful lioness and I sit next to one another on the glossy black bench in the temporary shop’s rather makeshift looking dressing room. “Is there a zipper or something? They don’t really expect us to squeeze in through the tiny neck holes, do they?”

To call it a squeeze would have been a gross understatement. The hole was only about 11cm wide, barely enough for my neck, let alone my hips. And, despite being made of a material that mostly one of the softest, most supple forms of natural rubber known, the grub-segment rolls were far too thick and gelatin-like in consistency to stretch more than a few centimeters more.

There are no clues to be found in the dressing room. The shimmering black rubber curtains that make up the walls are devoid of instructions, or illustrations, or anything at all. Nor was there anything left for us on the bench, with its glistening cushions of perfectly clear gel. In fact,

the only notable feature of the dressing room is the unmarked bin in which we'd placed our clothing.

My puzzled lioness is examining her own biogel bug suit with just as much skepticism as I am my own. I watch her run her hands around the puffy neck segments, pressing, squeezing and rubbing the glossy biogel with her fingers. I can't help myself but become slightly aroused as she teases out a strangely sensuous serenade of rubbery crinkles, squips, squeaks, and snaps. I bite my lip and abandon my own examinations to gaze in utter infatuation upon hers.

My wonderful lioness stops, looks up into my completely entranced eyes, and shrugs. "Well... I guess we've just got to stick our feet in and see what happens, huh?"

I nod.

"I'll go first," Shawi offers with a sexy little smile as she shifts her hips in preparation for her

attempt to squeeze her lovely lioness hips into that tight little hole.

Again, I nod. If she wants to go first, I'm definitely not going to argue. I'd much rather watch than do, and the longer I can put the doing off, the better.

Shawi wastes no time in pulling her legs up onto the bench. She leans forward and lowers the suit, eliciting yet another symphony of arousingly sensuous rubbery noises. She gives me another sexy little smile.

My lovely lioness certainly knows I've got a thing for shiny rubber. Shiny black rubber, in particular. The smells. The sounds. The look of girls prancing around in thin coatings of virtual black glass.

Shawi giggles as she begins to rub her toes against her rubber bug suit's neck, again making just the sorts of little rubbery sounds that she

knows are going to get me going. “This is gonna be so much fun,” she purrs as she holds her feet and tail together and begins to slide them into the glistening black opening. “We’re gonna be such sexy rubber bug-butt. I can’t wait to see that ass of yours. It’s gonna look sooooo flaming hot!”

I sigh as she begins to pull her glossy bug suit up over her ankles with much rubbery squitching and snapping. Despite her enthusiasm for the bug suit, and my own enthusiasm for having my soft, fuzzy feline butt being the center of her undivided attention, I’m far from enthused about the now inevitable mixing of the two. Flaming hot, my ass definitely isn’t going to be. But... well... if *she* thinks it’s going to be...

It’s no use, is it? I’m just going to wind up doing whatever she thinks is going to look sexy, consequences be damned. Just so she can get her fetish on. If that’s what makes her happy... well...

“Mmm,” my giddy lioness humms as she pulls her suit upward. Now it’s reached the point on her calves where she just can’t seem to pull it up any further. The opening is just too small. The biogel is just too thick. “Now what?”

I shrug. “It doesn’t stretch at all?”

“I don’t think so,” Shawi responds. She wiggles her legs and manages to get a few centimeters further. “It’s... giving? I can’t really tell. But it’s so soft inside and... and... it really feels nice.”

My sexy lioness pulls and wiggles some more. After a few very rubbery sounding moments, she manages to get it past the widest part of her calves and it comes right up over her knees.

“Ooh!” Shawi exclaims with a silly smile as she sits there, knee deep in her rubber bug suit. “Wow! Like... oh! It’s starting to feel... like... oh, that’s so weird!”



“What? What does it feel like?” I question as she seems to take considerable delight with whatever the suit is doing to her legs. “What’s going on? It’s not doing something... it’s not changing you, is it?”

“No!” Shawi replies. “It’s starting to feel so... gooey. And soft! I think I can...”

My lovely lioness gives her rubber bug suit another tug. The rubbery melody is joined by a subtle harmony of wet, gooey noises as the neck finally begins to stretch. She wastes no time in pulling it right up to the top of her thighs, a motion that she accompanies with just the sort of sexy bedtime giggles that I find so irresistible.

Despite the ease with which she can now slip into her glistening bug suit, Shawi is left in a bit of a conundrum. It’s not like a latex catsuit, where she could have scrunched up the limbs to make them easier to get into. It might have gotten soft

and stretchy, but the shape was still too rigid to roll, scrunch, or even fold.

How my beautiful lioness was going to get the rest of her body into her bug suit was a bit of a puzzle. It was going to be awkward at best. At worst she was going to throw out her back in the process. Or we were both going to wind up throwing out our backs in the process. Not that it'd be the first time that we'd managed to do that.

“I don't know,” Shawi murmurs as she let her legs down and pondered the conundrum. “I guess I could lay on the bench and wiggle it up? Or...”

“Uh... what... the,” I stammer as I notice that both of Shawi's hands and the upper part of suit are sinking into the thick, clear biogel bench cushion.

“Oh!” Shawi responds with a brief cringe. That quickly turned into a giggle and a broad smile as she began to pull the suit up over her magnificent

feline rump, through the gel cushion. “That’s... that’s neat, isn’t it? Have you ever seen anything like it before? Where can we buy one? I want one for the house!”

“I guess we can see later,” I reply with a shrug. It’s never just one thing, is it? There’s always some accessory that you have to buy to make it work the way to expect. Or the most convenient way. Or whatever.

“This is so gooey feeling,” Shawi says as she pulls the neck of her bug suit up over her hips. “Gooey and... like it wants to stick. Like that polymer slime goo stuff. It feels so... like... neat. Come on! Get that cute ass of yours into your suit so you can feel it too!”

Yet again, I sigh. I’d much rather watch her finish than distract myself from the show by squeezing myself into my own bug suit. Whatever. The sooner I get this over with, the sooner I’ll be able to get on with my day. Our day, as much as

it's going to be with everyone staring at our shiny rubber bug butts.

I take a deep breath and contort myself sufficiently to push my feet into my bug suit's dark, tight neck hole. I can't help but wonder if there are any surprises in there waiting for me. I'm not allowed to take it off all day, so how am I supposed to pee? I'm going to have to at some point, aren't I? They don't really expect me to just pee in the suit and let the biogel absorb it, do they?

I bite my lip as I force my feet into the cool, somewhat slick feeling neck opening. The words 'I'm getting to old for this' pass through my mind unbidden as my middle aged back sees fit to remind me that sitting all scrunched up and straining to push my lower legs into far too small an opening are definitely not covered by my extended warranty. As much as I might want to delay matters, and as much as my beloved lioness might want me to linger on the sensations of impending rubber buggidom, it's plainly obvious

that I'm going to have to move matters along as quickly as I can to avoid the worst of consequences.

Shawi giggles as she tugs and pulls her suit up over the base of her ribcage. She's going to have to stick her arms in now. At least then, getting it the rest of the way on should be fairly easy. Getting it off again, however... well... I don't imagine its something she's going to be able to manage alone. Though to be perfectly honest, the thought of helping peel that shiny suit off her beautiful body is more than enough to make me look forward to the struggle.

I wiggle my legs and push hard down into the neck of my rubber bug suit. The faster I get my legs straightened out, the better for my strenuously protesting back. Just as my lioness described, the neck opening seems to soften in response to my efforts. In my legs go. Into the black interior of the suit. And into that...

“Oh! It’s... really, really gooey!” I exclaim as I find myself quite confused by the sticky, slime-like sensation. I’d always been told that Geligirl costumes were slick and oily feeling inside. This, however, feels more like the sort of form fitting rubber monster costume you’d find on the rack at a discount theater supply store, only stickier. At least I have smooth, silky fur to lubricate my entry. I can’t even begin to imagine a fur-less type trying to put it on. “Wow. This doesn’t feel like what they say about Geligirl stuff at all, does it?”

“No, it doesn’t,” Shawi replies with a thoughtful expression. It’s not one that I see often when we’re hips-deep in crazy stuff like this. Sometimes I wonder if it’s her way of expressing that she’s having second thoughts. “Weird, huh?”

“Very,” I reply as I go straight to pulling my rubber bug suit up over my hips. Though my back seems inclined to suspend its protest, I have no doubt whatsoever that it’s just waiting until

tomorrow morning to remind me of its real opinion on the matter.

My lovely lioness is now pressing her hands down beside her and trying to get them into her own bug suit's arms. I quickly yank my suit up to the same point as hers, just up over the base of my ribcage. I do my best to ignore the sensation of being so tightly wrapped in sticky rubber. I can only hope that once it's completely on, I'll be able to get used to it quick. If not, well, I don't think the rest of our day is going to be a very pleasant one.

I stick my hands down through the neck hole at my sides. I force my hands outwards, into the bug suit's shoulders and wiggle it upwards until I can finally get my lower arms all the way inside. I keep wiggling and doing my best to keep my modest little tits from getting squeezed to hard as they vanish down into the suit. My arms are almost all the way into the suit's arms now. A few

more wiggles and it should just roll right up over my shoulders...

*Pop!*

“Ow!” I groan as the neck snaps closed around my own. It’s not really painful, but the sudden tightness is very disconcerting. It takes a few moments for the rubber neck segments to find their equilibrium. They begin to relax a bit. In fact, the whole suit seems to relax a bit as it shifts and adjusts to the shape of my body.

Shawi is still wiggling her own suit up over her shoulders. “You look so cute!” she coos as she finally gets her suit into place with its own loud pop around her neck. “Ooh! That was hard, wasn’t it? And... oh! Wow! It feels so soft and comfy now!”

Soft and comfy? More like sticky and tight. And every time I move, the segments rub, squitch and squeak. It’s very unsettling.



“Well, are we ready now?” Shawi asks as she stands up into her tri-toed rubber bug feet. The ease with which she can walk on those things, with their two toes forward and one in place of a heel is, I’m not going to lie, just a bit disturbing. Then again, we’ve both had experience with those kinds of feet before. But those were real bug feet, not rubber bug feet wrapped around our own.

I slowly stand, fully expecting to fall right over. There’s just no way those passive, immobile toes are going to be easy to balance on. But...

“Oh! They... they move!” I exclaim as I watch the rubber bug toes move to make every step as solid and stable as it would have been if I’d been walking on my own two feet.

“Neat!” Shawi giggles. “I didn’t know Geligirl stuff could do that!”

The dressing room curtain swept aside. “Ah! You’re both ready!” the leopardess chuckles with visible delight as she looks the two of us over. “Now all we have to do is get you both some glitter pink team bands and send you out to shake those shiny bug butts for all to enjoy!”

“Awesome!” Shawi giggles as she follows the leopardess back into the part of the shop where all the bug suits were hanging.

I follow, wondering just how I’m supposed to make use of my awkward rubber bug hands. The thumb works just fine, but having two of my fingers jammed into each bug finger is proving to be a bit of a frustration. I can hardly move them. But... to my surprise, just like the toes, the fingers seem to know where they need to go. Though I don’t feel like they’re moving naturally from the inside, on the outside, they look as natural as natural can be.

I take one of my bug hands and poke at my chest. The soft, shiny black lumps poke through the off-white segments, though thanks to my modest proportions, they don't really rise that far above the rest of the suit. That's just as well. I'm not keen on having tourists pawing at the 'sexy cheetah rowa' like I'm already an inanimate biogel doll.

I look my lioness over as we wait for the leopardess to hand us our pink neck, wrist and ankle bands. She's a bit bustier, but her bug suit hides it well. It's also hiding those soft folds she keeps down there between her legs. That's nice to see. Being a sexy rowa is one thing, disturbing as even that may be. Being a sexy rowa prancing around with an open invitation is another entirely.

It's really funny, isn't it? We fey'li run around in public naked all the time and no one thinks that's an open invitation for anything. And those that do get swiftly corrected, thanks to the fact that five of our six ends have been carefully crafted by

mother nature to swiftly remove faces from their biological mountings. But the moment you slap a coating of the shiny blackness down there, everyone knows that if you're showing, then your horny, and everyone thinks that condition is demanding of some immediate attention.

Of course, there's a good chance that these rubber bug suits are going to start showing the moment we step back out into that pheromone steeped hall. They're pretty active, what with the toes and fingers and all. There's no reason to think they'd be and different down between the legs. And what would the point of having a sexy rubber bug suit if you couldn't spend time exploring the sexy part?

And speaking of the sexy part, I can't help but feel like there's sticky goo pressing up into my womanly folds. And into my butt crack. It's not like it's just the shape of the solid suit inside. Nor is it the way the suit responds to my movements. It

straight up feels like goo is trying to find its way inside me.

Real biogel enters its hosts, both to enhance them and deal with body wastes. But real biogel is slick and smooth. If it wanted to subtly get inside of me without me noticing, it probably could. But this. This was different.

Granted, Geligirl is supposed to just be a programmable biogel object, like a piece of décor, or furniture, or something like that. It could do all sorts of things, but it was always biologically inert, unless specifically altered to turn it into some specific type of active biogel. Was it possible to program it to remove body wastes like normal biogel? And if it was, was there still as risk that it could be overloaded and turn us into rubber buggy gummies?

“Here you girls go,” the leopardess says, handing us our glittery pink team loyalty bands. “Don’t forget you’ve still got tails to adorn. Or

would you like to join Glitter Purple right now? That can be arranged, you know. Very quickly. What do you think?"

"No thank you!" I respond before my kinky lioness can get us into any further trouble. "The suits are more than enough fun for us today."

"Suit yourselves," the leopardess replied, turning to head back out to the hall. "You two have fun now. Just remember not to wander outside of the Arena, the Gelarium, and University Station. You can go as far in the pedestrian tunnel as the far end of the MMU Library. If you see any rowa, say hi!"

"Okay," I reply as the leopardess passes through the curtain. "We'll do that."

"This is going to be so much fun, isn't it?" Shawi asks with a silly giggle.

“Maybe,” I reply with a squitchy, rubber buggy shrug. “We’ll see.”

---

Everyone is staring at us. Like... everyone. From the moment we stepped out of the shop. Everywhere we walk, the eyes follow. Every time we stop to look at some display or demonstration, the curious gather around us. You'd think we were proper aliens or something. Perhaps, to them, we are.

It takes almost an hour before the first Arena visitor asks if she can touch one of us. It's a cute little violet elf-ear with dark spots on her shoulders, back and thighs. I think they're called miyonni. From what I recall, they come from some world just beyond the Marian Drift Prefecture's outer frontier. This one, wearing nothing but a translucent blue skirt and sandals, is almost certainly a tourist. Or perhaps a diplomat, working at the consulate out in the diplomatic district, adjacent to Ey'lon University.

Whatever this cute little miyonni is doing here in Mashiva, let alone here at Anwae Arena, I doubt she's particularly well versed in the Empire's



social acceptance of extreme kinks. It would be pretty questionable for someone to take advantage of that. Then again, she did come to Anwae Arena of her own free will...

“Sure,” Shawi responds to the pretty miyonni with that mischievous smile of hers. “It’s just a costume.”

The miyonni runs her fingers over my beautiful bug-butt’s shoulders and arms. “It’s just a costume?”

“Yeah,” Shawi replies with a friendly giggle. “And it feels really cool, too. You ought to try one on for yourself.”

“Does it really feel good?” another elf-ear, a pale lavender ashiri asks.

“It does,” Shawi answers with what I would consider a questionable level of honesty. “Like, it really, really does.”

I hold back. If Shawi is keen on getting our bug suits for free, than the last thing I want to do is stop her. I just hope that if any of these girls actually do go and get their own rubber bug suits, that they aren't going to come back to let us know just how they feel once they're inside them.

I really can't lie. This bug suit just feels... icky. I really can't find the words for it. It's warm. It's soft. It's tight. But... the way it moves. I can feel the segments shifting and rubbing against one another almost constantly. And down yonder... how do I even begin to describe it?

It didn't take long for the goo down there to fill every crevice and then some. I can actually feel it in my ass. It's not some massive protrusion stretching me wide open and making it impossible to walk. It's actually barely noticeable for the most part. Barely noticeable until I move, that is. Then it starts to pull on my tailhole every time I shift

my hips or try to walk. Barely, yes. But just enough that I can't help but feel it.

My womanhood isn't really faring much better. It's stuck to everything down there. I can't really feel it delving all that deep, but it's delved deep enough to make it hard to keep from getting aroused as I walk. I really have to struggle to keep that from happening. The last thing I want to do right now is start showing and inviting more than just requests to lightly caress my costume.

Shawi's willingness to let a few girls run their fingers over her buggy body quickly spills over into half a dozen hands touching mine. She's made us into just another display among the arena's many. I don't really have any choice but to just smile and go along with it.

How many hours do we have left until the game? Five? I can do this for five hours. As long as no one gets too frisky.

“Where did you get these?” a tall, slender tigress asks as she paws at the off-white rubber rolls of my rubber buggy back.

“Over on the other side of the arena,” I reply. “There’s a stall there. Leopardess with a nice shiny bug butt will get you into one, if you ask nicely.”

“I don’t know,” an olive green kiyan says with her deep, guttural voice as she gently prods at my left shoulder. “I don’t think the look would suit me.”

“It’s kinda kinky though,” the lavender ashiri remarks as she begins to run her fingers down my lovely lioness’ back. “Nasty sexy like.”

“Does it take the edge off this smell in the air?” the tigress questions. “Because I’d honestly pay to feel a bit more level while I’m here waiting for tonight’s game. Really.”

“It’s very distracting,” the miyonni notes.

“Extremely distracting,” the kiyan agrees.

“Well, I can definitely say that I haven’t felt half as horny as I did before I put this on,” I reply. What I don’t say is that I’m only judging how the pheromones in the air are affecting me. The suit itself, well, the less I say about that, the better. At least if I want this thing to be free at the end of the day. And given how icky it feels, I definitely don’t want to be paying for it. To be quite frank, I’m starting to think that leopardess should be paying me to wear it. And for something like this, I definitely don’t come cheap.

“Maybe I’ll give it a try,” the tigress responds.

“I… I don’t know,” the miyonni says with an uncertain look on her face. “I’d like to feel less… aroused. But…”

“Come on! We can do it together,” the ashiri says, patting the miyonni on the shoulder.

“I... well...” the miyonni replies.

“Is it really worth looking that... nasty?” the kiyani asks.

“You won’t know unless you try it,” Shawi responds with a smile. “And what have you got to lose? It’s just a costume, right?”

“Are you all seriously going to get into those things?” another tigress asks, overhearing the conversation.

“Yeah,” the ashiri bubbles. “Want to join us?”

“Why not?” the tigress replies.

Before I know it, there are at least twenty women heading toward the rubber bug butt shop. Whether or not they’re actually going to follow

through, I have no idea. But the leopardess only wanted two, and I'm quite positive that she's at least getting four out of the deal. That means our suits are going to be free, which is the least she can do for this goo poking into my ass.

“Wow,” Shawi comments as we are, for the moment, left alone. “That was easy! We should soooo sign up to be Gelitech models next! We'd be awesome!”

“No!” I reply. “No, no, no, no, no!”

“Aw, come on! Why not?” Shawi responds. “It'd be so much fun! Way more fun than writing stories and world building! Really. Wouldn't it be way more fun to just live in it for a few years? Enjoy the sights? The sensations?”

“Shawi!” I reply with a deep sigh. “Every time we try that, we wind up living life as something so different from ourselves that it's...”

“Crazy kinky fun!” Shawi responds with a giggle.

“Whatever,” I reply. “Come on. We haven’t seen the Hall of Shame yet, have we? The door’s right over...”

“Ooh! Rowa!” Shawi interrupts me, pointing at the approaching workers whose bodies our costumes are modeled after. “We’re supposed to say hi!”

“I don’t think she was being literal about that,” I respond with a roll of my eyes.

“Hi!” Shawi says as the little swarm of eight workers surround us and begin pawing at us without so much as a polite gurgle or burble. “Aren’t you all so cute!”

“Ugh!” I mutter with disgust as the hard, chitinous hands poke and prod at us. My nose wrinkles at the musty smell of the mucous that



constantly dribbles from their pussy-mouths.  
“Must you?”

“Brbl brb,” one of the ones pawing at my thighs noises. At least, that was the actual sound that came out of its mouth. What I hear in my head is something else entirely. “This one.”

“Did you... did you hear that?” I ask, looking at my equally surprised lioness.

“I did!” Shawi replies. “It said ‘this one’.”

“Brlbr brblbr,” one of the workers pawing at Shawi says. “Both ones.”

“Both ones?” Shawi asks. “What do they mean, both ones?”

“Shoo!” I say, gently swatting at the increasingly frisky rowa fingers. “Come on. It’s not Hive Week. Go find someone else to poke at.”

“Brlrblrl,” my most affectionate rowa says.  
“Must have.”

“No,” I reply. “Not today. Really. We’re just here to see the game tonight.”

“They’re so cute, aren’t they?” Shawi giggles.  
“So cute and single-minded. All they want is for us to be just like them!”

“Rblbrb brblrb!” one of Shawi’s rowa says.  
“Hive keeps!”

“Aw,” Shawi chuckles. “You want my cute little kitty butt, don’t you?”

“Shawi!” I sigh. “Don’t give them an excuse to keep trying. You know how they are.”

“I know,” Shawi replies. “But they’re just so cute!”

“They really are, aren’t they?” a silky voice inquires.

I turn to look over my shoulder at a lovely azure skinned ashiri who’s shiny bug body is definitely not one of these Geligirl costumes.

“So, you’re the ones responsible for the sudden line at the Glitter fan-wear shop, hmm?” the Team Glitter Purple captain asks. “Not a bad start. How about I up your game a bit, hmm? Get you in on the real Glitter team fun. What do you say?”

“Uh...” I begin.

“Oh, don’t be so silly, will you?” the team captain interrupts me. “It’s not your choice to make, is it? No. It’s mine. And I’m not going to let a pair of good little bug butts like you two get away from a good time, am I?”

I knew it. I just knew this was going to happen. I’ll bet it was planned out right from the start.

Hell, I'll be everyone who puts on one of these bug suits is going to wind up getting their asses bugged up for real. Dammit!

"I'm not sure we're the best..." is all I can get out in an attempt to dissuade her that I certainly won't come to regret in the very near future.

"We're going to have to deal with that yapper of yours, aren't we?" the team captain laughs as she points to a nearby door marked as access to the Team Glitter Purple locker room. "Let's go."

"Oh! Awesome!" Shawi sputters with her usual delight at such unexpected turns of events. "This is going to be so cool!"

"Good," the team captain responds. "That's the spirit! You're going to make a great Glitter girl. And the quicker we make you one, the better. It's less than five hours to game time, and you've got a lot to learn..."

*TO BE CONTINUED...*