

GELITECH

- SIDES -

EPISODE 11

SANDY CLAWS

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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SANDY CLAWS

Sandy Claws seemed to be enjoying the novelty of her new Winter Throne and, in particular, the seemingly magical biogel snow that offered her gift seeking supplicants the sort of trademark Gelitech peril that everyone had come to expect. The little white flakes fluttered down around the cute little leopardess, dressed as she was in nothing but a flowing blue, green, and silver scarf. She was protected by the potently transformative potentials by a similarly covered canvas canopy. This canopy was located at the far end of of an obscure branch of the former Vixanti Facility Three, in a vast subterranean quarry chamber that served as an open courtyard for old, mostly disused offices that had been carved into the black granite walls.

Dotted around this courtyard were numerous biogel snow covered planters and trees, creating a maze through which supplicants had to pass in order to get to Sandy Claws for their gift, and through which they again had to pass in order to leave. Lining the walls were more than three dozen perfectly identical, snow white, female biogel figures, dressed in holiday colors, and raised up over the snowy rolls and drifts on stone block pedestals. These inanimate, living dolls stood in silent testament to the risk that every guest faced should they dare to seek one of the many Gelitech gifts that were on offer.

The whole sparkling, subterranean winter scene was illuminated by strings of colorful lights, hung from the trees, and the many white concrete office balconies that lined the gray cavern walls. These spacious platforms were filled with cheery spectators, Gelitech staff and guests who'd already braved the snow peril and received their biogel gifts. They were all now waiting for the last of the

gift seekers to make their short journeys through the transformative snow, before their holiday benefactor closed out the event with the sort of uniquely Gelitech show that would ensure that there would be a need for a brand new Sandy Claws every year.

Every Sandy Claws was a volunteer, selected at random from qualifying applicants who met certain special criteria. Every Sandy Claws had to be leopardess fey'li, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five, and who didn't mind spending six weeks practically naked while spreading holiday cheer around the former Vixanti Facility Three in a fey'li tradition spanning back to the dawn of recorded fey'li history. More importantly, however, they had to be totally willing to face the inevitable and very permanent transfiguration that was the ultimate fate of every Gelitech Sandy Claws.

This year's Sandy Claws was all of nineteen, on the slightly shortish side, slender, and so

irrepressibly enthusiastic that it had been almost impossible for anyone to refuse her grand holiday wonderland proposal. Snow. Biogel snow. It would be pretty. And it would also be pretty fun. That the stuff turned out to carry a very real risk of instant glistening just ensured that it would be pretty exciting as well.

Of the four-hundred and ninety-seven gift seekers who'd sought Sandy Claw's gifts on this final day of the holiday celebration, thirty-three had succumbed to the powers of the few potently transformative flakes that were mixed in with the otherwise inert remainder. They all lay where they'd fallen, further reminders of the risks each of the remaining guests faced on their journeys too and from her Winter Throne.

Only one guest remained to make her way though the gently falling biogel snow: a statuesque, ram-horned, deep violet mitanni. She clad from neck to toe in glistening black biogel, but she was no Gelitech employee. The final day of the event was

reserved for randomly selected members of the biogel clad public. The lottery had been held on VixNet. It was free to enter, but there was a very large string attached.

It was impossible to know what this bold mitanni was thinking as she waited for Sandy Claws to beckon her forward. She knew the bidding had started. Thousands, no doubt, were trying to claim her body. Or at least the virtually inanimate biogel doll, the gummy, that she risked becoming the moment she began to come into physical contact with the lightly fluttering bigoel snowflakes. If she made it to Sandy Claws and back, they'd be disappointed, of course. But if she was glistened, the last bid before the transformation commenced would own her new physical form, for better or for worse.

Sandy Claws was taking her time, no doubt quite conscious that the conclusion of the mitanni's holiday adventure would also mean the end of her own. Or perhaps she was letting the viewers on

VixNet some extra time to bid on the particularly stunning subject. It wasn't long, though, before she smiled across the vast quarry chamber, and beckoned her final guest to approach.

The mitanni didn't hesitate for even the slightest of moments. She stepped straight out into the shimmering white flurry. Her firmly set smile and confident stride made it clear that she wasn't concerned in the least by the peril the glimmering flakes posed. She immediately advanced straight toward Sandy Claws' canopy, stepping over the prostrate form of one the day's previous gift-seekers, half-hidden beneath the fluffy biogel snow.

The spectators on the balconies fell silent as they watched the tall, robustly built figure advance toward the middle of the chamber. The biogel snow flakes began to fall more heavily. They swirled about and even made their onto the balconies, much to the very mixed feelings of those standing upon them. It was all just part of

the typical Gelitech fun, of course. If you were going to enjoy watching everyone else risk their bodies in the artificial storm, you were going to have to share a little bit of that risk yourself.

The mitanni didn't hesitate in the face of the intensified snowfall. She pressed forward, toward her meeting with Sandy Claws, while bidders on VixNet kept adding their 'penny' bids to the ever-rising total. She was already commanding five thousand, glistened, packed, and shipped. If the bidding kept up at its current pace, she'd make fifty-one hundred before she got to Sandy Claws' canopy.

"Welcome!" Sandy Claws purred in a light, girly manner that seemed perfectly matched to her broad, mischievous smile and shamelessly spread legs. There wasn't much to see amid all the soft, white fluff, but the implied invitation was too obvious for her guest not to notice. "Come! Let me offer you a gift to help you enjoy the biogel lifestyle even more this coming year!"

The mitanni stepped into the relative safety of canopy and stopped a meter in front of Sandy Claws' finely crafted wooden throne. She smirked as her gaze slid down the leopardess fluffy tummy and caressed the rolls of fluffy flesh between her legs.

“My elves tell me you might enjoy a new program for your biogel furnishings,” Sandy Claws cooed. Elves indeed. Gelitech kept good record of every customers biogel and biogel accessory acquisitions. They knew what floated the mitanni's proverbial boat, not to mention her entertainment consumption habits on VixNet. That information had been distilled into a simple script for the holiday leopardess to follow, and she did so with just the sort of silky enthusiasm that could get just about anyone to accept gifts of questionable intent. “Perhaps something... soothing? Or perhaps not. You seem like someone who'd enjoy something... sexy. Intense? Or perhaps... if you dare... transformative?”

The mitanni chuckled. “You seem to know my habits very well,” she rumbled. “Why don’t you surprise me, hmm?”

Sandy Claws giggled. “Oh! Well then,” she replied, grinning as she waved her right hand in the air, batting at luminous holographic controls that were only visible to her. “A surprise. A big surprise, hmm? How about a random premium level program from my special holiday collection, applied directly to your VixNet account... but... name and function hidden until you try it for the very first time. And you will try it soon, won’t you?”

“Thank you, and of course I will,” the mitanni laughed. “And I’m sure I’ll thoroughly enjoy it.”

“I’m very sure you will,” Sandy Claws replied as the mitanni turned to head back the way she’d come. “Have a wonderful holiday! Don’t miss the big party! It’s starting soon!”

The mitanni strode forth with as much confidence on her way out as she'd shown on her way in. About a third of the way through the quarry chamber, however, she gasped and came to an abrupt halt. A snow-white wash spread through the biogel that coated her body in a flash, even as that biogel spread up to cover her entire head. She shuddered and fell to her knees as the shape of her face vanished into a flat, featureless surface. As her body shrunk and shifted into that pleasingly attractive, unusually plain shape that all female gummies shared. As her flesh and bone were transformed into pure biogel, rendering her almost completely inanimate, yet still very much alive.

The live spectators laughed and applauded as the new gummy flopped down into the biogel snow. This wasn't in celebration of her fate, of course, or even of the impressive five-thousand, four-hundred, fifty-six point twenty-one credits that had been the final bid, almost a full thousand more than the whole event's next-highest. It was

because her transformation meant that the grand finale would begin all that much sooner, and that was the real show that everyone had been patiently waiting for.

The heavy snow subsided a bit, but at the center of the chamber it began to swirl about in virtual tornado. Heaps of biogel snow were cast against the natural rock walls, and even up into some of the lower level balconies, much to the considerable, if very momentary consternation of the three unlucky spectators who were suddenly glistened where they stood. No one else gave their fate much consideration, though. They were all focused on the clearing at the center of the chamber floor, and the path leading between it and the canopy.

The wind subsided and the biogel snow fell still. Sandy Claws stepped out from beneath her canopy and cast her long scarf to one side. She walked down the polished, natural stone path, to the large open clearing where a broad, obsidian black disk

was embedded into the floor. Its outer edge was carved with ancient pictographs and runes which described the faux-arcane function, a function which would only trigger on this specific day, and only for Sandy Claws herself.

Sandy Claws had no idea what any of it meant. She wasn't supposed to know, after all. It was supposed to be a surprise. All that she'd been told was to stand in the middle of the glossy black disk, and discover just what sort of biogel gift every Sandy Claws received at the end of her tenure.

“This is going to be fun,” Sandy Claws whispered to herself as she approached the disk. “I wonder what it's going to do to me?”

Sandy Claws stepped onto the disk's slippery surface without hesitation. For a few moments she looked around and smiled up at all the spectators who'd braved the biogel snow to receive their own biogel related gifts, and were now excitedly

waiting to see that their benefactor was going to get in return. Their enthusiasm was a chilly reminder that whatever was about to happen, it was definitely going to involve her conversion into a biogel... something. Exactly what that something was, however, was a complete mystery.

Sandy Claws didn't know that her fate was as much a mystery to everyone else as it was to her. It had been put up to a last-minute vote on VixNet, and the results were being kept hidden until the event had actually taken place. She was going to be finding out at the same time as everyone else, though whether or not she was going to enjoy it as much as they did was very much an open question.

Sandy Claws gasped as the disk beneath her feet began to feel wet. A moment later, she felt wet all the way up around her ankles. In another moment it was to her knees.

The living liquid biogel came upon Sandy Claws as two waves. The first, a tight coating of

glistening whiteness, spreading up her legs so quickly that she didn't realize what was going on until it was already halfway up her thighs. The second wave followed only seven or eight centimeters behind. This mass of biogel was crystal clear, rising up around her in a beveled rectangular column that was just large enough to fully encase her body as it grew. And encase her body, it did, with a soft firmness that was both extremely comfortable and yet perturbingly confining all at the same time.

“Oh!” Sandy Claws softly exclaimed as the biogel rapidly spread up between her legs, over her hips, and around her waist. She began to huff and pant as it surged up her back and over her chest. As her arms were pulled to her sides, and held tightly in place by the rising column. As she felt it begin to flow around her neck. “Ah... oh... oh.. glk... gl...”

The snow-white biogel flowed straight into Sandy Claws' open mouth. It washed up her face, and

surrounded her entire head as she shook and shuddered in response to the wave of numbness that came along with its filling of her insides. The clear column followed a few moments behind, closing of her head and fixing it straight forward. It continued for a few more centimeters upward, while simultaneously growing from underneath, lifting its captive's feet an equal amount above the floor.

The helpless, biogel encased leopardess squirmed and wiggled within her prison. She certainly expected to be glistened at any moment. Instead, the biogel which filled her every opening was keeping her alive within the solid biogel block, though for what purpose she had no means to tell. All she could do was get comfortable and wait for whatever was to come.

Sandy Claws couldn't tell what was actually happening as her pleasantly jiggly prison was laid down and mounted in a special frame. She could only lay there and feel the strange, massage-like

sensations that washed over, and into her body. It felt good. Almost too good. She began to feel tingly. Aroused. And with every successive shift and jolt, her arousal only intensified.

There was no way for Sandy Claws to know that she had been moved into the old, disused cafeteria just off to one side of the quarry chamber where the holiday after-party had just begun. All of her senses were denied to her, save her sense of touch. All she could do was feel, and all she could feel was her prison wiggling and wobbling, and making her feel so aroused that she was sure to climax in very short order.

Sandy Claws wanted to unleash some deeply primal sound as her body reached a crescendo thanks to the all the unknown, unseen hands that were trying to see just how high on the 'gelgasm' meter they could get her. Not high enough for their liking, apparently, as her sudden, thumping release was met not with less manipulation, but instead

the activation of a much less forgiving means of stimulus.

Waves of vibration ebbed and flowed through Sandy Claws' biogel prison. In less than a minute, she found herself at the height of pleasure again. Release. Sweet, euphoric release. But the vibration continued, and the rise began again.

With each successive orgasm, the gelgasm meter jumped, and then came to rest at a new, higher base level. For the first ten minutes, it was all solid green. But then the spikes moved into the yellow. In fifteen minutes, the base was yellow, and the spikes were just starting to poke into the orange and red.

Sandy Claws' mind was jelly. There was nothing but vibration and pleasure and release and more pleasure and more and more and...

The base level of the gelgasm meter rose from yellow to orange. It had reached her safe limit of endurance. A soft chime sounded.

Sandy Claws could feel her body go dull as the biogel subsumed her. She could feel her face vanish. Her ears. Her tail. All physical sense of having muscles or ability to move of her own accord vanished. Her shape rapidly shifted into that identical to every other female gummy. Her crystalline biogel encasement shifted too, so that it could hug every centimeter of her body even more closely than it had before. It was an encasement that, she knew, she would almost certainly never escape.

The vibration continued. Her new body responded, though more slowly than her former. The arousal was less intense, but far more focused. It seemed as if that place between her legs was the only place that retained some modicum of its former sensitivity. After a few minutes, she could feel the

strange, rubbery thumping of a true gelgasm shuddering its way through her biogel abdomen.

The vibration continued. Physical endurance wasn't a concern any more. A gummy could go on gelgasming without any apparent limit, each time feeling just like its first.

What seemed like an eternity would pass before the now former Sandy Claws felt the vibrations abate. Soon after, she could feel the movement as she was freed from the frame and taken away to... someplace. It didn't take long for her mind to float off into that dreamy state in which all gummies resided, until movement or warmth woke them up. And there her mind would stay, until someone saw fit to stimulate her.

The former Sandy Claws had been brought to the maze of quarry chambers where all of the other encased gummies produced at the Gelarium were stacked up in piles. Most were anonymous souls, black gummies completely concealed within black

encasements, piled up with no particular regard to who they might have been. Far fewer were the black gummies in clear encasements, most of which were stood upright at the end of each stack to provide the chambers with some decoration.

The former Sandy Claws was the first Sandy Claws to be encased in such a fashion. She was also the first encased snow-white gummy. That meant she would receive a special place, a private alcove at a prominent intersection, where every passerby could gaze upon her beauty, and perhaps wake her up for a little bit of manual, encasement jiggling play.

*ANOTHER EPISODE
COMING NEXT MONTH...*